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THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL

AND

POULTRY EXCHANGE.

FOR THE

FANCIER, BREEDER, MARKET POULTERER, AND HOUSEHOLD.

VOLUME THREE—FOR THE YEAR 1876.

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
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POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 6, 1876. No. 1.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.—No. 1.

BY G. O. BROWN.

"There is that in every animal's eye, a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of control over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not the soul."

How many kinds of pets there are, would indeed be difficult to enumerate. Tastes or admiration of pets differ most wonderfully. What one favors another may dislike, yet that is but human nature, for none of us see everything precisely alike. A gentleman once, during a discussion, proved emphatically how tastes differ, when he exclaimed, as a clincher to his argument, "that every one has not the same taste or opinion; did they have, why, all would have wanted my wife." "Yes," exclaimed his opponent, "and if they were of my opinion none would have had her." Thus is it with pets.

Mrs. Dorgster will fondle and caress a small poodle which may, perhaps, strongly resemble a first-class window scrubbing-brush, and will indulge in a most fashionable hysterical scream at the sight of one of Miss Tabbyrinth's little white kittens, "the horrid thing"—the kitten. Miss Tabbyrinth fairly "doats" on her three little white kittens with blue ribbons around their necks, and at sight of a poodle will mount a chair or table with more haste than grace. Nevertheless, pets play an important part during the life of nearly every one; even commencing with the prattling child to the time-honored age of grandfatherhood, considerable might be said relative to the pets of the human family, but as they do not bear petting as well as the lower creation, and for fear some reader might get in a *pet* at the length of this article, we will, without further *pet*-tifogging, proceed—to begin again.

That pets possess an important influence upon the morals is certainly undeniable. One who is fond of pets, rarely ever is evil disposed. It is a noteworthy fact that the worst criminals *never* owned nor cared for pets of any description. The possession of a pet not only gives one a pleasant occupation for both mind and body, but they keep a tender spot ever fresh in the heart that, while keeping open the well-spring of mercy, begets confidence, and to one who really loves to administer to one of God's little creatures, and enjoys promoting its happiness, has an influence that will avail more for their good than can be found in many phases of society. A child that displays a love for pets should be indulged and encouraged, for in such a child's breast, kindness and mercy have commenced to germinate, and, if duly favored, will take root sufficiently strong to nobly encounter and overcome many of life's temptations. Pets, while thus encouraging the finer and purer instincts, also give employment where an idle brain might otherwise be engaged for no good. Who has not seen a mother's eyes sparkle with pride and delight as she listens to the prattle of her dear child? Who has not observed the wan face of the invalid illumine with a happy smile as some favorite pet has momentarily caused him to forget his suffering? Who has not noted how soon our pets learn our very step, how quickly they show their confidence and gratitude?

Pets afford us all an ever-varying pleasure; they smooth down many of life's rugged ways.

In many instances brute instinct has exhibited a degree of sense almost human. Instances of attachment might be mentioned of dogs, for their masters, which hardly seem credible. Let us give an illustration of what Mr. Squegee experienced, and called an *undue* attachment. It was in his younger days, when he was basking in the sunshine of Arabella's affection. A *cousin*, on a visit to Arabella and her fond parents, caused Squegee many nights of divers trouble. In fact, the pangs of jealousy in his breast so worked on his imagination, that one night he determined to satisfy himself that Arabella was either true or false. He stationed himself in a tree that commanded a full view of the parlor through a side window. It was a decidedly sharp night, and he shiveringly awaited and watched. He saw sufficient to convince him that this "cousin" was decidedly of the French order, and that Arabella was either false to him or a coquette. The distant town clock measuredly pealed out the hour of ten, and Squegee, full of revengful thoughts and *frost*, commenced to descend; but, to his astonishment and disgust, a large dog bounded up in a persuasive manner, as if he was anxious to assist him in coming down. He was in a cool fix. Evidently he concluded it was Jones' vicious bull-dog. He dare not descend, and to cry for assistance would discover him to the household, so he determined to *freeze* the dog out. He rubbed his feet, hands, and nose, until daylight began to streak the East, when he discovered it was *his own* faithful dog, who had been there *all night*. His feelings were—well considerable, if not more—and to this day, although that faithful animal saved him from a terrible fate, he says he never can forgive that dog. This reminds us of an instance that will illustrate what a person will *undergo* to even have the satisfaction of gazing at pets they cannot own. In Waverly, N. Y., a dozen years ago, there was a tame bear which a countryman was anxious to inspect. Arriving in town and inquiring for the "bar," he was sent to a butcher, a great practical joker. The butcher was sorry, but he had just the day before sent him up to Mr. Somebodys—about a mile—but there in the corner was a bull's head he was going to send up to feed him, and if the stranger desired he could carry it up, and save his quarter—for they charged that much to see him—and see the old fellow eat it. August weather daunted him

not, and perspiring as freely as a "harvest hand," he arrived at Mr. Somebodys, informing him that the butcher had sent up the bull's head, and that he was to see him free, etc. He was sorry—was this Mr. Somebody—but Mr. Whatsisname wanted him for a few days, and he would find him up there. Again shouldering the head "country" proceeded, but finding the bear had been from there sent to Whatyoucallems, he threw down his burden and went home. A year after, the butcher was in the country looking for fat cattle and met his "victim," but did not recognize him. In answer to the butcher's inquiries, victim knew just where he could buy three very nice, fat cattle which the owner was anxious to sell—it was about seven miles—but if he wanted something good, they were worth going after. The butcher was directed. Nearly six o'clock in the evening the parties met again, about five miles from town. The butcher cried out, "Look here, you —— ——, what do you mean by sending me on a Tom fool's errand? No one lives there." "I know it," said victim. "Didn't see anything of the *bar* up thar, did yer?"

(To be continued.)

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

OUR POULTRY AND OUR SHOWS.

"Whatever is permitted will probably continue to be done: if for good, going up to better; if for bad, going down to worse."

In No. 38 of your *Journal* we read, "Shall we award premiums according to merit, as decided by the points in the Standard of Excellence, or shall we award them by the old method of comparison?" And again, "Dominiques of to-day cannot be compared with those of a quarter of a century ago."

These two quotations embody in brief the whole substance of the poultry interest, namely, the improvement of breeds, and the method of determining such improvement. With regard to these two points there is a great diversity of opinion among fanciers the world over, and upon these points they will probably continue to disagree. There are, however, some things in this connection which are continually brought to our notice, from which we cannot turn away unless we choose "to walk in darkness rather than in the light."

Your correspondent tells us only a half truth when he says, "Dominiques of to-day cannot be compared with those of a quarter of a century ago;" for the statements will apply with equal force to several varieties of our fowls. We should judge it an act of folly to maintain that the Spanish of to-day could be compared with those exhibited at the early shows of the New England Society, and we think we are within bounds in saying that the Leghorns at those early exhibitions have never been equaled, certainly never surpassed. We are also of opinion that there has been a falling off in our Brahmas; but we do not expect much encouragement from the "fancy" in this theory. Yet Mr. Williams has told us that we have lost our faculty of breeding the dark variety, and that we cannot now show specimens which will compare favorably with those of four or five years ago. Why is this? Why, with our past experience, aided as it has been by all the skill and the science which has been brought to bear upon the subject of breeding, should our poultry deteriorate in our hands? It will be our purpose in this paper to try and answer these questions, and point out as well as we can the only method, as it appears to us, by which we can recover our lost ground, or hope to attain any permanent success in the future. The subject will undoubtedly appear a hackneyed one to many of your readers, but it contains elements important to the poultry fraternity, which have not been sufficiently emphasized by our writers upon poultry subjects, and too much ignored by our fanciers and breeders.

In approaching the subject two important considerations present themselves: "What do we require of our poultry?" or in other words, "What is the object to be attained in rearing poultry?" and "How shall we best attain that object?" If we turn to our poultry societies and their schedules of prizes for an answer, we should say without hesitation that the object was the most perfect bird in shape, color, size, and style. This is evidently the purpose for which these societies are working, namely, to produce the most perfect specimens in all their external features in each class, This is the answer from the standpoint of the exhibition; but is this all we require in our poultry? Is beauty of form and of plumage a sufficient guaranty for one who desires to embark in the mystery and uncertainty of breeding for the exhibition? Will size and style meet the increasing demand in a commercial point of view? These are questions which must be met, and which will require all the thought and judgment we can give if we hope to keep our poultry interest abreast the world in its other branches of rural economy.

This breeding for the exhibition or for "the fancy," as it is called, is very commendable so long as it is kept within proper bounds, for it is the means by which we are able to produce and perfect individual specimens; but there is a point in breeding beyond which we cannot go without deterioration in some essential qualities.

So far we have looked at this subject from the exhibition standpoint only; let us turn for a moment to the commercial standpoint. "Fowls," says Mr. Tegetmeier, "are either kept for the table or for eggs." Here, then, is an important consideration, and well worthy our attention. Before the existence of poultry shows, we possessed certain varieties of fowls more or less valued for health and hardihood, as layers and table fowls, sitters and non-sitters. A desire to improve these different varieties sprung up in the community, and poultry societies were organized for the purpose of creating an interest in the subject; but, with the growth of the poultry interest, there has also developed a fancy point bauble, in the pursuit of which our fanciers have wandered far away from the true ideal of improvement. They have turned their backs upon the idea that the breeding and rearing of poultry was for the purpose of placing in our markets and on our tables a cheap and nutritious article of food.

The demand for eggs and good poultry for the table was

never more imperative than now, and yet our poultry societies have made no important move to meet this demand. Their sole object, as expressed by their schedules and their arbitrations, has been to encourage the breeding of individual specimens up to the points required by an artificial standand rather than to develop the best qualities of our poultry.

A distinguished writer has said, "that notwithstanding the universal rage that prevailed a few years since, in regard to the rearing of poultry, the people seem to have acquired no useful experience." Fallacious ideas still exist in relation to breeds, and a prejudice in favor of those which will win rather than those upon which we must depend for the market or for profit. We are also constantly reminded of the fact that some of the best varieties of ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago, prized for their hardihood, the excellent quality of their flesh, or their productiveness, have so far deteriorated as to be dropped from our lists, or to make but a poor show therein, and their places supplied by others of delicate constitutions, questionable quality, and decidedly inferior as layers.

We have been for some time convinced that our poultry were deteriorating under the severe tests of our exhibition standards, and we are sometimes led to ask whether, in the light of past experience, we have made any advance in "poultry," and whether our poultry societies have in reality been of much service in advancing its true interest. That they have brought the subject more prominently before the community we are quite ready to admit; but whether they have been the instruments through which we have received better stock, more stamina and productiveness, or a better quality of flesh in our poultry, are questions which we are disposed to think will admit of considerable doubt. We can account for this degeneracy in our poultry only by the assumption that the strife for prizes, which has led to breeding exclusively for fancy points, has so changed a majority of our breeds of fowls from hardy and productive stock to petted favorites, that they have become utterly worthless for any purpose except the show pen. To a certain extent our poultry societies are responsible for this state of things. This strife for fancy points, which they have encouraged, can only be maintained at the cost or sacrifice of other points more or less valuable. In this respect our societies are doing a decided injury to the true poultry interest, and sowing the seed from which sooner or later we must inevitably reap a most disastrous harvest. In offering their prizes nominally to the best specimens, and taking the standard of excellence as their ideal, they overlook the fact, that our standard and the values attached to the several points therein laid down, are, at the best, but artificial expressions of our ideas, and that they do not, and cannot, fairly represent a perfect fowl, because they do not, and cannot, from the necessities of the case, take cognizance of the most important elements in our poultry,—hardihood, quality of flesh, and productiveness.

These are entirely ignored, but without these elements the most perfect fowl in shape, color, and style, becomes valueless, except for the exhibition. Hence, we cannot accept the counsel of your correspondent to continue our judging by the Standard of Excellence, for the reason that we believe our standards as now constructed do not represent the true ideal of what our poultry should be, and to judge them by such standards is to give encouragement to that which is artificial, useless, and false, instead of rewarding what is good, useful, and true.

Assuming, then, that a strict adherence to the requirements of our standards of excellence, or breeding up to exhibition points, is an undeniable cause of deterioration in our poultry, we believe the only method which will bring us back to a healthy condition of things and insure our future success is to retain and perpetuate the best qualities in our fowls at any cost, and, if necessary, make our standard conform to this end, and then if we choose to breed for the exhibition, well and good; but if the size of the comb, the increase of the white in the face or the ear-lobes, or the straining of any point, decreases the stamina, the quality of the flesh, or the productiveness of any breed, we must give less value to these points, or we are "paying too dear for our whistle," and will inevitably sacrifice our fowls.

We are well aware that beauty of form and of plumage are very attractive, but they are purchased at the cost of other points more or less valuable. So with size, which has many admirers and advocates; but size can only be obtained at the expense of symmetry, and too often at a sacrifice of quality. To those who believe that the exhibition and the prize-lists are the only objects of their ambition, we have but little to say; but to those who desire good and profitable poultry, we can and do say from our own experience, that beauty of plumage is no criterion of productiveness, nor size any indication of quality, and that standard fowls are not *always* the most profitable. FAN. C. HERR.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

FOWLS IN THE GARDEN.

I HAVE been counting up the profit and loss on letting fowls run in the garden, and this is the conclusion which I have arrived at. The loss is sometimes serious, and the trouble is a great annoyance. At the time of planting and during the early and tender growth of plants, the fowls may do a great deal of damage, and should be absolutely shut out of the vegetable garden, except to take a hasty run early in the morning to pick up insects, or just at evening for the same purpose; always under the eye of the gardener, to see that they do not stop to scratch up seed or pick off tender plants. When I am working fresh garden ground, my fowls attend me closely, and pick up a host of vermin, which do the fowls good, and rid the land of these pests. But I do not allow the fowls to stop and wallow, which they are apt to do at mid-day. As soon as they cease to busy themselves in hunting, they are sent out of the garden. When the plants are well grown, the fowls may be left more at liberty, provided they do not go to picking green peas and such.

In the fruit garden there is less danger of harm from the presence of fowls during a portion of the season, while the benefit of their foraging is quite as valuable as in the vegetable garden. In the flowery season of small fruits, the fowls may take to picking off the blossoms of currants and the like; but they are more likely to pick off the fruit in all stages of its growth, so I would not trust them among currants or raspberries or strawberries after they were done hunting for worms and insects, and when they began to look up for higher forage. In the destruction of insects for the last two *very buggy* seasons in my garden, I believe my fowls have paid for their whole keeping. In a fruit garden of an acre, the past season a couple of dozen fowls kept the premises clear of everything except potato-bugs—they decline to have anything to do with either of the two breeds of these numerous pests. While the lands of my neighbors were

swarming with grasshoppers, it was as much as a grasshopper's life was worth for him to venture on my premises; and the numerous moths of the army-worm met the same fate.

My fowls are Golden Polands, which are as spry as crickets and keen-sighted as hawks, and the little chicks learn to hunt with the mother as soon as they get the shells off. One of my hens marshalled a brood of eighteen, which followed her like a swarm of bumble-bees, and it was funny to see them tumbling over each other in chase of grasshoppers. For real pets I do not know of any breed of fowls equal to Golden Polands, and they are excellent layers too. Last year I could not get one hen to sit, but this year several of my yearling pullets went to sitting and behaved well, and nearly all the eggs are sure to hatch, if they have been well cared for. I would not have any of the big, lazy Asiatics in my garden. S. D. Harris.

Hudson, Ohio.

(From Journal of Horticulture.)

THE EXHIBITION DORKING—No. 6.

BY T. C. BURNELL.

Dorking chickens grow and mature faster than any other known variety, and it is for this reason that they are always kept where there is a regular large demand for early chickens of the finest quality. Hamburgs will excel them as layers, but it is very doubtful whether the large size of the Dorking egg does not more than compensate for any deficiency in numbers; and in this as in all other breeds hens vary as layers, but average Dorking hens lay eighty or ninety eggs in the year, besides hatching and rearing a couple of broods of chickens in the most exemplary manner, and notwithstanding all the tall talk to the contrary, I very much doubt if any other breed will do any better. I have heard several complaints this unusually severe winter of people being without eggs; but although I only keep a small number of hens, I have not known what it is to be without them. However, it is on their merits as chickens for the table that Dorkings must rise or fall, and to this I will now confine my remarks.

With prize stock, as with poultry, the desideratum is to produce as large as possible a quantity of the best meat in the shortest possible time—that is, to combine excellence of flesh with early maturity.

What the Shorthorn is to cattle the Dorking is to poultry, that is, not only will this fowl come to maturity sooner than any other, but when matured the principal portion of the meat will be found in the most desirable places—viz., on the breast, wings, and merrythought, instead of on the legs, as is generally the case with Cochins and Brahmas. The advantage this peculiarity gives to the Dorking is very great, and it is for this reason, independently of their white flesh, that they are so much sought after by higglers and dealers; the only fowl which can compete with them in this respect being the French Dorking, the Houdan, but as this variety is a non-sitter it is not generally suited for domestic purposes.

If it is only desired to rear chickens for the table we cannot well hatch them too early in the year, provided they can be kept out of the wet and damp, as the earlier they are the more valuable they will be. But if we hatch out a brood of Dorkings with the hope of finding some prize birds among them, it is very doubtful if anything is gained by beginning too soon.

I never hatch any chickens till February, and often not then. The early birds if not stunted by the cold will doubtless win at the summer shows, and it is for this reason people are so anxious to get them out; but the March and April birds, which have the whole summer to grow in without a check, always make the finest in the end, and it is a common thing to see an April-hatched Dorking winning in November against January and February birds. But not so with Asiatics: it is well known they take nine or ten months to mature, while a Dorking, if pure bred, will be as far advanced at six or seven.

The careful breeder will always like to be certain of having his chickens bred from certain cocks and certain hens, in order to supply on the one side what is wanting on the other, for perfect birds are hardly ever seen except in poultry books. To make sure of this the sexes must be separated in the winter, and the desired birds mated-up again at least a month before we think of setting their eggs.

It is commonly supposed that the strongest chickens are obtained from a cockerel mated with hens, or an old cock mated with pullets. But owing to Dorkings maturing so much earlier than any other breed, this rule I think hardly applies to them. I have certainly bred some of my finest chickens from cockerels and pullets running together, and if the latter are early-hatched birds of the previous year they will be at least ten months old and fully matured, and I cannot see that any harm will ensue. It is not advisable to sit the first few eggs of a pullet, as such, besides being small, seldom hatch; but a March or April pullet will, if well fed, be nearly sure to lay in the autumn, and will thus be to all intents and purposes a hen in February or March, and her eggs may be safely trusted.

I have laid great stress on the Dorking maturing so early, but we must also bear in mind that early maturity means early decay. Dorkings are not long-lived birds, the large show cocks seldom get over their fourth winter. I know several birds in a neighboring farmyard which are for certain twice that age. However, I am not now speaking about the common barndoor Dorking but the larger bird of the show pen, and I am justified in saying they are short-lived compared with some breeds, as I can hear of no instance of a well-known show cock lasting more than three seasons, while Cochins and Brahmas frequently hold out to five and six. The hens do better, though, and I now know a Dark Dorking hen which has twice won the cup at the Crystal Palace show, and which is still flourishing and winning, though certainly over eight years old.

It is for this reason—their comparatively short life, that fanciers will not be justified in giving the extraordinarily high prices for Dorkings which Cochins and Brahmas sometimes fetch. We may reasonably expect to have several years service and many shows out of these latter, but anyone who gives a high price for a Dorking cock, thinking to exhibit and win with him through the season, as is often done in some breeds, will find he is reckoning erroneously, as no Dorking, however carefully attended to, can stand knocking about from show to show, and certainly not for two or three seasons running.

To return to the mating of our birds. If we have an old cock which has not been overshown, and which we desire to use for stock purposes, put him with three or four pullets; but if we have only a nine-months cockerel there will not be the least reason to doubt the probable excellence of his chickens, even though mated with pullets. Besides, we are often compelled to breed from the latter, as it is seldom we

can get the old hens to lay soon enough for their eggs to be set for early chickens. In April and May seven or eight hens may be allowed to one cock, put in the early months it will be better not to allow more than four. When the birds have once been mated-up they should not be separated, as it is hopeless to expect to rear prize chickens if we keep on knocking the parents about from show to show. I should like to see the great winter shows end with December, when we could exhibit our best birds two or three times and afterwards breed from them, but I am afraid there is but very little chance of this coming to pass.

The eggs for sitting should be collected every afternoon, and if they have to be kept should be stored in chaff or bran, and turned every day. I do not believe there is any advantage to be derived from storing the eggs large or small end up, and most certainly a hen if she steals her nest does not do so, but eggs cannot be left for three or four days in one position with impunity. I should not care to sit eggs more than ten days old, and if they have to go a journey they should certainly not be more than two or three. If we wish the chickens to hatch out together the eggs should be as nearly as possible of the same age, as the staler the eggs are the longer will the chickens be in coming out. Dorking eggs are generally very large, and ten or eleven are quite enough for any hen to cover; in fact, nine will be better in the winter months.

The nests may be made either on the ground, in a manger, or in any other convenient place which the hen may select. But if we desire to rear a large number of chickens it will be found more convenient to set the hens in boxes or hampers with lids to each, and to take the hens off and to put them on again every day after feeding—the plan which is generally adopted by keepers, as by this means we shall avoid disappointment caused by the stupidity of the hens in getting on the wrong nests.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

JUDGING AT EXHIBITIONS.

THERE is scarcely a topic that could be presented to-day that is of more interest to the breeder of poultry than the one under consideration. Many persons disappear after a year or two from the field as breeders from this very cause. They buy high-priced fowls, and often very nice ones, breed them carefully a year, and then exhibit them in competition with their neighbors and friends, some of whom have nice birds also, and, standard in hand, same as have bred by, look the thing over.

They have spent a great deal of time and money in studying up the peculiarities of their pets, and think they can read understandingly and apply their knowledge in a straightforward, conscientious manner, and after going carefully over the exhibition, conclude their birds are at least second best. Then they take their friends and others, who are breeding and perhaps exhibiting the same breeds around, and their judgments vary from first to third; all admitting that the birds show points of *blood* and careful breeding.

Time passes on; our friend is a worker in this busy world, and goes to his place of business for the day. In the morning, soon after he leaves, the judges arrive, and who are they? Sometimes men of sense and honor; but too often men chosen by the "ring" who manage the society, because they are easily managed, and will trample on rules and regulations of the organization; yea! on the very standard itself, to please their employers. Like the judge of a court we read of, their decision was brought with them, and they make quick work.

Evening comes, and our friend returns to care for his pets, and, to his astonishment, he finds they have entirely escaped the eyes of the judges. If he has been brought up in pleasant ways, he submits patiently and quietly, leaves a business that he might have made pleasant and profitable, and been an ornament in; and we know him no more as an exhibitor. He may continue to breed poultry and sell it to those who are in the ring to take premiums on, but generally he becomes disgusted with the whole business, when he sees the man who took first premium on his disqualified stock, sell them, by virtue of said premium, for "fancy prices."

But, if our friend happens to be of a combative nature, descended from some old Scotch or Irish ancestry, you will hear from him immediately, and constantly, and at last will compel dishonesty to yield to right, and save "not the Commonwealth" but the poultry society.

There was a time when some people expected that the American Poultry Association would be able to assist in the matter; that, through their instrumentality, judges of competency and honesty would be selected. In some localities it may prove so, but in most cases persons will have to belong to the miserable rings to be able to get an appointment. Of course there will be a great many honest men appointed, but the evil of misjudging will still continue until poultry and agricultural papers allow free discussions in relation to awarding premiums to disqualified and unworthy birds.

It is the duty of reporters to inform themselves in relation to the various breeds of poultry, and then after reporting the premiums as given by the societies, criticise them and the judges as they may deserve; being able to *prove* any flagrant case of misjudging, if necessary. F. J. KINNEY.

A ROOSTER'S SUICIDAL MANIA.

THE San Francisco *Bulletin* is responsible for the following: Thomas Roach, keeper of a chicken ranch on the old San Jose road, purchased, several months ago, a lot of fine topknots, which he kept aloof from his less aristocratic fowls in a small yard. The chief of this family was a large black bird of an exceedingly haughty disposition. He was monarch of all he surveyed till about a week since, when Roach procured a white bird of the same breed and turned it into the yard of topknots. The two male birds immediately joined in battle, which, after a gallant display of courage by both contestants, resulted in the defeat of the black topknot. The unsuccessful bird took its defeat sorely to heart. In fact, life was no longer worth possessing since honor had departed. The bird was seen trying to kill itself with its own spurs. Not succeeding, it tried to jam its head under a gate, but again failed. It flew upon a barrel half filled with rain water, and after carefully surveying the situation plunged into the cask. Roach ran out and found the bird with its wings closely folded to its side, its beak open, and apparently endeavoring to repress the natural struggles at self-preservation. It was speedily rescued from its dangerous situation, but refused to take any further interest in life; and after a few days of mental torture and physical suffering it entered that eternal rest which was the one remaining desire of its heart.

"ENGAGED for every set—a hen."

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

HÉRÉDITÉ.

The subject of hérédité is a vast one; while much study and research have been given it by eminent thinkers and scientists, yet their writings show not many satisfactory results. And I do not know that the writers of the *Journal* are helping us much to a clearer knowledge of the subject by giving us the extreme cases of the books, or maybe a *book* together with their individual experience, some of which ought soon to lose their individuality from having been so oft quoted. Through my little reading of the subject, I have become interested in it, and therefore would like M. H. C. to enlighten us a little more on his Berkshires and Lancashires. I do not comprehend—I may be very dull—whether he "got the fine form of the Lancashire with the Berkshire color and stamina" from "the hérédité of influence," or how. Would he please inform us? I am sorry for the University of Pennsylvania to have a professor to make the assertion he did in regard to many Jewish children. It seems to be simply an assertion, because medical men of the Jewish faith—and it seems to me they ought to know—deny it as a fact. In regard to the "child about to be born" mutilated, and was not a surprise when "found so," I would like to know if it is cited as a case of hérédité? If so, from whom was the mutilation inherited, and under what law of hérédité classed? Cresheim.

By a blunder of the telegraph, a Springfield poultry dealer received 2000 pounds each of turkeys and chickens from Boston, when he only wanted 200 pounds. The manager of the telegraph office now devotes his spare time to selling the remainder.

Sportsman's Department.

MR. ALBERT BRASSEY'S HOUNDS.

While on a visit to the town of Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, Colonel Forney examined the large kennel of hounds owned by Mr. Albert Brassey, son of the famous contractor, and "Master of the Hounds" for his district. The hounds, all of the black-and-tan species, were confined in their kennels, each one opening into a yard with stone walls, over which it was easy to look. There were in all seventy-four couples. Mr. Hazleton, the huntsman, would stand at the door of the kennel, after having driven the dogs into the yard, and call them by name, to which they would each directly answer. For instance, in the ladies' pack he would ask for "Sparkle," "Fanny," "Dew Drop," "Rosy," "Charmer," etc., all through the catalogue, and each would spring up and pass under his hand into the kennel; and the same with the gentlemen's pack of the canine household, who responded with equal alacrity to their appellations.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A POT-HUNTER.

Chapter III.—In which Pot-hunter goes squirrel hunting.

Of course, now that I was the owner of a gun, I must go gunning.

Soon after my visit to the city, one evening I was sitting in the village store relating to an attentive audience the wonderful adventures which had befallen me in the city of Brotherly Love and Cheating Jews, when a youth of twenty, with sandy hair and a face covered with immense freckles, came swaggering up to me and, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, interrupted my discourse by saying: "Paul, I hear you bought a new gun when you was up to Philamaclink." (Philamaclink, you know, was a rolicking way this gushing youth had of signifying Philadelphia. The speaker was one Eureka Clam, by name, and the boys of the village called him "I have found it" Clam. He was a great liar, though a good-hearted fellow.)

"Yes," I replied, "I did."

"A bran-splinter new one?" I told him that the man of whom I had bought told me that it was.

"Well, Ben Thomaskittin, that married sister Suky, sent me down, the other day, a dog that is sartin death on squirrels. S'pose we go squirrel shootin to-morrow? That piece of swamp back of Squire Dauphin's is chuck full of the biggest kind of gray squirruls."

Though I knew Eureka to be a tremendous liar, and that very likely there was not a squirrel in the Squire's swamp—it was all guess work with Eureka; yet so anxious was I to try my new gun, that I eagerly embraced his proposal and made arrangements for meeting the next morning before sunrise.

"Whose gun are you going to get, Eureka?" I inquired, for I knew that he had none.

"A-hem! Well, I guess I won't take any. I'm gist goin' along to work the dog. O, he's a rouser is that dog. Brother Ben wrote me that, out in Pennsylvania, that dog just treed forty-nine squirrels and two grizzlies inside of an hour. O, he's sartin death on treein' animals."

I left Eureka relating the exploits of that wonderful dog to an unbelieving crowd, and went home to oil my gun for the next day's sport.

Before sunrise the next morning, Eureka was waiting at the gate with his paragon of dogs. The dog was certainly the most curious looking canine I ever had seen. The body of the creature was nearly devoid of hair, and when I remarked this fact to its master, he replied in a mysterious whisper: "Part Chinee. Its mother was imported direct. Was once owned by the Emperor of the Chinee. I would not have anybody but you to know of it for ten dollars; they'd steal him before I had him a week."

"And what was its father?" I inquired.

"Alas," replied Eureka, shaking his head mournfully, "the imported Chinee married beneath her—united herself to a butcher's cur. Come here Ketchem," and Eureka gently caressed the part-Chinee.

Despite the confidence reposed in me, and though Mr. Clam ingeniously accounted for the lack of hair on Ketchem's hide, I could not help suspecting that fleas had more to do with his hairless condition than his heathenish blood.

We started for the Squire's swamp, Ketchem trotting dutifully behind, and after an hour's walking through the dew-laden grass, reached its outskirts. Ketchem darted quickly into the thick underbrush and was soon lost to sight.

Eureka and I made our way more slowly, the briars catching hold of our clothing most unpolitely. Soon we heard a quick bark in the distance. Eureka shouted, "He's treed one! He's treed one," and off we both started, making our way as rapidly as possible. I soon lost sight of Eureka.

Guided by the barking of the part-Chinee, which all the time kept up an incessant howling, with blood trickling down my face where the briars had scratched me, I reached the tree, at the foot of which Ketchem was howling. Eureka had not yet arrived. Cocking my gun, I placed it in readiness to my shoulder, and looked cautiously up into the tree to discover the fated squirrel. I did not see a squirrel.

The tree was an oak which, some years previous, had been struck by lightning, and the branches were destitute of foliage. On the lowest limb of this unfortunate tree sat a species of small woodpecker (sap-suckers we, of Jersey, called them) hammering away at the rotten wood most industriously.

I was mad, and my anger boiled over when I discovered that, in making my way through the briars, the stopper of my powder-horn had fallen out and the powder was gone. I drew "bead" on the part-Chinee, who, with eyes starting from their sockets, was making most praiseworthy efforts to climb the tree.

Just as I was going to pull the trigger, Eureka, with his clothing torn in tatters, laid his hand on my shoulder and shouted: "Thunderation, Paul! what you trying to do?" I did not pull the trigger, because Eureka was a stronger youth than I and might thrash me if I shot his dog But I formed, then and there, a most diabolical plan for vengeance. It was this: "I would, at some future time, borrow Ketchem, take him into the depths of a lonely swamp, tie him to a tree, and shoot him with number twelve shot until he was half dead, and then finish him with buckshot. I would tell Eureka that the part-Chinee went mad and I had to shoot him in self-defence." Of course, that would be a lie, but then, you know, a pot-hunter is not troubled with a machine inside of him that is always whispering "that is wrong," "you will get caught." The "you will get caught" always being obeyed quicker than the "that is wrong."

That day the part-Chinee treed everything, from a bumble bee to a boy up a tree bird-nesting. Occasionally he treed a mosquito; but I could forgive him that, because a Jersey mosquito is of the size, and greatly resembles a pheasant (?), but to tree such an insignificant thing as a sap-sucker—ugh! We (Eureka, I, and Ketchem) tramped through the Squire's swamp, sometimes up to our middles in mud, and, at other times, making slow progress through briars which tore our clothing into shreds. Of course, you understand that Ketchem did not encounter these difficulties. He swam through the mud and water and crawled under the briars. Not a squirrel did we see. At length, Eureka offered to take the dog and hunt after squirrels while I sat under a tree and rested myself; when I heard the dog bark I was to hurry to him and shoot the treed animal. To this I agreed.

As soon as Eureka and the part-Chinee had disappeared among the scrub-oaks, I drew the top wad out of the left-hand barrel, emptied the shot upon the ground, substituted a mass of well-chewed paper, and stole noislessly after Eureka.

Soon I espied his back through the thick bushes. "Now," said I to myself, "I'll pay you for bringing a fellow into swamps where squirrels never were known, just to try that wretched cur of yours," and aiming three inches below the small of his back I pulled the trigger. Eureka threw up his arms and shouted, "My God! I'm shot," and fell senseless upon the ground. At the report of the gun, the part-Chinee rushed madly around in a circle several times and then struck a tangent for home.

When I reached Eureka, he was lying upon his back, and his face was so deadly pale that I thought I had pulled the wrong trigger and had really shot him. I turned him over rather nervously, but the soft paper spattered over his back soon reassured me. I dashed liquid mud into his face until he opened his eyes.

After gazing reproachfully at me for some time, he cried piteously, "Oh, Paul, how could you s-h-o-o-t m-e-e, just as the circus was coming to-o." I explained to him that the shooting was accidental (I had no conscience). Then I put on a most solemn resurrection-like look.

"Heavens!" he screamed, "Am I shot bad—dangerous!" I looked more solemn yet. "Don't keep the truth from me!" he fairly shrieked. "Tell me the worst, I can bear it." I gave him the soothing information that there was a hole in his back big enough to run my fist in. "Oh," he whispered, "I'll die, oh, I'll die, I know I shall." I told him that very likely he would (I mentioned no specified time); when he fainted, and I dashed liquid mud in his face until he revived.

(To be continued.)

THAT YELLOW DOG.

BY WILL O. GAUNT.

THAT yellow dog was give to me
When I was but a boy;
He was a puppy full of glee,
A little wild and coy.

When he was home a day and night
He to the pantry went,
And stole the cherry pie so light,
The Smiths to granny sent.

Alas! poor dog! he ate it all,
All that the Smiths did bake;
He could not come when I did call,
He had the stomach ache.

We clipped his ears and bobbed his tail,
To make him look more smart,
And then he sung a horrid wail,
And howled with perfect art.

That yellow cur, he was a trump,
He barked and yelped, too;
He raised old granny to a jump
By biting through her shoe.

And then he killed the chickens young,
To keep the garden clear,
And father said he should be hung,
'Cause Brahmas were so dear.

He worried hogs and scared the cow,
And ran the horses round,
For he did often bow-wow-wow,
With an infernal sound.

His cropped ears stood up before,
His tail stood out behind,
He always lay just by the door
To tell our friends his mind.

The boys did tie a pan one day,
On to his stumpy tail,
And then 'twas catch that dog who may,
Until his strength did fail.

He used to dream of that long race,
When he was fast asleep;
He'd wake and howl at such a pace,
You'd think him anguished deep.

And yet he would not stay at home
Until he killed a sheep,
And oft at night he'd go and roam,
His vigil for to keep.

And so one night he pick-ed up,
A sausage neatly trimmed,
To him it was a bitter sup,
And soon his eyes were dimmed.

—*Sunday Telegram.*

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

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NOTICE.—*Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.*

JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor,

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE EASTON POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW.

From many letters received from leading fanciers, mostly in this State, the indications are that the initial show at Easton will be a first-class affair. This comes of a liberal premium list and from the fact that Messrs. McKeen & Hulick, who are the prime movers in getting up this exhibition, are determined to make it a success, financially and otherwise. The great sale of fine stock will take place on Tuesday, January 11, 1876, when a large amount will no doubt change hands.

TO MANY OF OUR READERS

Bills will be sent in this number of the *Journal*, and to all such, and others who are indebted to us, we earnestly request a prompt remittance. By referring to our advertising pages a change will be noticed in the width of column, also a great reduction in the rates of advertising, which places the use of our columns within the reach of all. Our terms will be only ten cents per line, and cash payments.

WELL ENOUGH.

Messrs. McKeen & Hulick exhibited sixteen coops of fowls and chickens at Allentown and took fifteen premiums; on twelve pairs of pigeons they took eleven premiums; and yet they are "not happy," but are ambitious to make Easton the best show held in this State during the present season, always excepting Pittsburg.

THE DETROIT SHOW.

By a letter just received from Mr. E. C. Skinner, we are informed that "after all, they are going to have a fair, as first stated, but in a different place." They are having good luck in raising specials, and hope to carry through a successful show. It will open January 31 and close February 7, 1876.

THE DOYLESTOWN SHOW.

The Eastern Pennsylvania Poultry Association held their third annual exhibition, in Masonic Hall, Doylestown, Pa., last week, December 21 to 24. The display was not as large as last year, though this seems to be the rule this season, and is accounted for on the score of "hard times." The whole number of entries was about two hundred, though the most of the stock was high class in quality, which went far to make up for the small numbers, when compared with former shows made by this association.

McKeen & Hulick, of Easton, Pa., exhibited largely in Asiatics. Their display of Partridge and Buff Cochins was particularly fine; some of their Whites were also good. In Partridges and Buffs these gentlemen carried away most of the awards, while in Whites the prizes were divided between them and Mr. J. J. Berry, of Hackensack, N. J.

The display of Brahmas, both Light and Dark, was small, but the birds were fine. Mr. Flower, of Shoemakertown, carried away first on fowls, and Chas. Shoener, of Tamaqua, won first prize with a magnificent pair of chickens. In Darks, D. R. Jameson, of Quakertown, took first on fowls, and McKeen & Hulick first on chickens.

Plymouth Rocks were shown in greater numbers than ever before at a Pennsylvania show. This variety is fast pushing its way to the front, and seemed to attract a great deal of attention from visitors and fanciers. In this variety Dr. Dickie took first on fowls and chickens. The remaining awards being divided between Mr. Berry and Edwin Johnson, of Dolington, Pa. In Dominiques, there were several entries. Some of the pens contained very good birds.

Doylestown was always strong in Hamburgs, and its credit is fully sustained in this class, this year. In both Silver and Golden-penciled birds the display was very fine. The competition was close, but Mr. Rogers carried off first honors in both fowls and chickens in the Silver variety, followed very closely by Mr. Hurst, of Germantown. In Golden-penciled, Mr. Hurst was first on fowls; while Howard Twining took all on chickens. In Spangled birds, both Silver and Golden, there was a fine display, but we do not know who were the winners.

In the Game class, there were several first-class pens. Competition was sharp, but the awards were fairly made; though, perhaps, not entirely satisfactory to the owners. It may seem a little strange that only B. B. Reds were exhibited, none of the other varieties being represented.

The Leghorn class was much behind the show of last year. Of Whites, there were some good birds shown, but in Browns and Dominiques there was nothing above second-class pens in competition. In Polish, there was a meritorious display, especially of White-crested White. The honors in this class were divided between Messrs. Stone and Taylor.

The French class was represented by but two entries of Houdans, exhibited by Mr. Gross. Two coops of Black Russians were entered, which attracted considerable attention from their novelty.

The display of Bantams, both Game and other, was only moderate, though the specimens in both classes were fair. In the Miscellaneous class, there were several entries; but in the rabbit and minor pet class, there was a wonderful falling off from last year.

The show was noticeably strong in Pekin Ducks. There were a number of competing pens, all nearly equal in feather and condition. The awards were made upon the weight, which seemed to be the fairest way of testing birds so near alike in appearance. One fact was developed at this show which will, perhaps, not be particularly relished by breeders of Pekins. After weighing them, the judges, out of curiosity and for purposes of comparison, weighed a few pairs of Rouens. To the surprise of everyone, the Rouens *out-*

weighed the Pekins three pounds to the pair. Breeders of both may put this item in their pipes and smoke it. In summing up the Doylestown show, the strong features were Cochins, Hamburgs, Plymouth Rocks and Games. We should call it a nice little show, but are in doubt whether it will be a financial success.

On Wednesday evening, at seven o'clock, a meeting of fanciers was convened to discuss the project of an association or combination of the different local societies, in the eastern part of the state, with a view to the organization of a large strong society, which shall be able to compete with the foremost societies in the country. After a full discussion, on motion, a committee of three, viz., Dr. Dickie, W. T. Rogers, and T. P. Harvey, was appointed to confer with the officers of the surrounding local societies in reference to the matter. There seemed to be a complete unanimity of sentiment on the part of all present in favor of the association.

THE Penn Book and Periodical Agency of Shoemakertown, Pa., have issued a new catalogue of over five hundred first class newspapers and magazines, on which they offer inducements to subscribers, for the Centennial year. We would advise all our readers to get a copy before ordering for 1876,

They also publish the *Penn Record* a monthly journal devoted to literature and its production, at twenty-five cents per annum.

CENTRAL NEW YORK POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

WE have just received the advertisement of the above society, which we are informed will hold an exhibition only second to Chicago. They also intend to offer premiums for single birds, both old and young, as far as possible. Their premium list, which is nearly ready, will be very liberal, and can be had after January 1st, by addressing Newton Adams, Recording Secretary, Utica, N. Y.

TO PIGEON FANCIERS.

THERE having been considerable talk recently concerning the formation of a standard of excellence for pigeons, it is suggested that a movement towards the accomplishment of that object be made during the forthcoming national exhibition at Chicago. There will undoubtedly be a large number of pigeon fanciers in attendance as exhibitors, and we hope to see, in addition, all who are interested in the formation of a standard.

DR. HORACE ENOS,
Superintendent Pigeon Department.

CHAS. P. WILLARD, Secretary and Treasurer.

EDW. L. LAMB, President.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Why were the squirrels taken from our public squares?
PHILADELPHIAN.

—D. MOORE.—This office, wishes to correspond with persons interested in the marine aquarium.

—A friend mentioned to me that she one day killed with a broom a house mouse which had a perfect cross on the centre of its face; the cross was perfect in shape.
DANTE.

—THE GRAY SQUIRREL (*Sciurus Migratorius*).—Is it known to naturalists that Gray Squirrels castrate each other? I have examined a great many, and nine out of every ten are thus mutilated. The operation is performed by the old males upon the young while in the nest.
J. M. MCCANN.

—I mentioned the query of N. A. —"Why is it that the fish will not take the hook during the prevalence of an easterly wind?"—to an old sailor. His reply I give as nearly as possible in his own words: "Well," he said, "fish won't take a hook no time 'cept when 'tis baited; but the reason that they won't take the bait when the wind comes out in the north'ard is because the wind riles the water so they can't see the bait."
L. P.

—Huon, writing of arrivals at the Zoological Garden, says, in note, page 710, December 9: "The nest of the hare is *open* and constructed without care, and *has no fur lining.*" Now the nest of the hare is simply a hole in the ground, and *always* lined with its own fur, and carefully covered over with grass or leaves. I have examined quite a number and have never yet found one not lined with fur. The young are from three to eight in number, and are usually born in April.
J. M. MCCANN.

—CROSS BETWEEN A PIGEON AND A RING DOVE.—I heard a person—a stranger to me—state that a veteran poultry fancier of Pennsylvania, had succeeded in mating a cock pigeon of a small breed to a ring-dove, and during the last season had succeeded in rearing several young ones, which greatly resembled the ring-dove in appearance.
T. H.

[Though we greatly doubt the above statement, we give it hoping that the "veteran poultry fancier of Pennsylvania," will acknowledge or deny the statement.—ED.]

—"Gamble's Partridge is an inhabitant of Texas, and was first discovered by Dr. William Gamble in 1841. For beauty of plumage, it probably far surpasses any other species. The rich chestnut colored feathers which cover the sides, the white markings upon the face and sides of the head, and the singular plumes with which the head is ornamented, give it a very sprightly and pleasing appearance."

[If any of our southwestern readers are familiar with the above bird, or have the means of supplying them, we should be pleased to hear from them.]

—The two thousand bats in the natural history collections of the British Museum have recently been rearranged and classified, and within the past year numerous additions have been made in the various animal groups, comprising over thirty thousand new specimens, of which, however, a large proportion are insects. Among the more interesting acquisitions are fresh-water dolphins, extremely rare, from the rivers Indus and Ganges; a fresh-water shark from the Tigris; a perch which lives in hot springs; and a new species of pheasant from Borneo, larger than the ordinary bird, with a glossy black body, and a long, lyre-shaped, snow-white tail.

—CRAW FISH.—I have a craw fish in my fresh-water aquarium which is a constant source of amusement to me. He seems to be nocturnal in his habits, and during the night wanders about the tank committing depredations of various kinds, hiding during the day in a clump of water-plants. He digs the sand and gravel away from the corners, and throws the level bottom of the tank into heaps and hollows; so that each morning I have to level the surface, only for the craw-fish to repeat his outrages again during the night. I have seen him lift quite large stones by means of his claws. When frightened by being touched with a stick, the craw jumps backward with great velocity.—*Lobster.*

—RABBIT ON THE WALL.—Thinking some of the little folks would like to know how to make the above, I will try to inform them. First, place the hands back to back, with the right hand under. Now lock the two little fingers at the ends; pass the fore-finger of the right hand and place it on the fore-finger of the left hand, with the two middle fingers inclining down. Now place the thumb of the left hand on the two fore-fingers, with the middle fingers nearly in an upright position, which will represent the ears; while the under fingers and thumb will represent the legs. Now place yourself near the wall, with a lamp, and by a little practice you will be able to form the "rabbit on the wall."
S. B. K.

—"European House Sparrows Again."—The article in our last with the above heading should have been credited to the *Germantown Telegraph.*

—"Leaves" can easily preserve autumn leaves by sprinkling wax over the leaves, and then ironing them with a heated iron. S.

—Fish in Aquarium.—In last number of the *Journal*, a correspondent signing himself "L" desires to know why the fish in his aquarium, are incessantly swimming up and down the glass sides. I have noticed the same with the fish in my aquarium, and have always supposed it arose from their efforts to get at the image of themselves, which they saw swimming in water of immense length and breadth. A friend suggests another reason, it is to devour the air bubbles that cling to the glass. Aqua.

—Mr. Editor: You ask, in your last number, if it is true that a "bull terrier whose pups were taken from her" does duty as a nurse to two lion cubs in the Central Park (New York) menagerie?

Why not? Every menagerie manager will tell you that it can be true; and Mr. Nash, head keeper in the Philadelphia Zoological Society's garden, informed the writer that in case the lioness under his charge should present him with a cub or two, he was prepared to substitute a dog nurse, as he had found from experience that the lioness was unfit to do duty as a mother in that respect. Huon.

—Lime Water for Fowls.—The Watertown, N. Y., *Dispatch* says: "In caring for your fowls provide them with a vessel of lime water for an occasional drink. It is prepared by pouring hot water over quick lime, and after the water is settled and the water covering it has become clear, pour it off. It will keep fit for use for a considerable time."

[If the above could be given in proper doses, it might do good; but to place it before fowls, and compel them to drink it whether they desire to or not, would do more hurt than good. We would much prefer to give lime in some other form. That is if the fowls are confined. If at large, all such nostrums are unnecessary.—Ed.]

—Destruction of Birds at the Shrine of Fashion.—It is said that owing to the present style of decoration for ladies' hats, that some varieties of small birds are likely to be entirely exterminated. In England, the household robin is becoming scarce from this cause, while the kingfisher, finches and yellow hammers are scarcely procurable. The seagull has furnished an almost countlesss number of wings, with which to complete the saucy-looking hat of the stylish belle, who never thinks that she is wearing the price of a life. An exchange recommends that, if ladies must wear feathers in their hats, they should stick to the ostrich feather, as those, being in perfection only when the season of moulting comes, are dropped with no injury to the bird; and now that domestication of the ostrich is made a practicable project, the supply can be made equal to the demand.—*Spirit of the Times.*

—Flying Squirrels (*Pteromys Volucella*) are found from the Gulf of Mexico to Upper Canada. They are about ten inches long, from tip to tip, are of a brown color above, white beneath, a black ring surrounds the orbit of each eye. Their home is the hollow of trees, often in the open fields, far from woodland or water. They seek their food only at night, which consists of nuts, the young shoots of trees, and all kinds of grain; they are said also to be carnivorous, feeding on small birds and animals. They are gregarious, living twenty or thirty together. In gliding from tree to tree, their flight is a descending one, until near the tree they desire reaching; they then wheel rapidly upwards, alighting lower on the tree than they were on the one when starting. They can fly from two to three hundred yards with ease, though naturalists say only about fifty feet. Varieties of the Flying Squirrel are found in almost every part of the globe. I have often found them living in the same tree with the Gray Squirrel. They are easily domesticated and make interesting pets. J. M. McCann.

—Squirrels in Winter.—Where do you keep your Squirrels during the winter? I have tried several ways, but the best I ever found was to give them a large box (the one I had was 3 x 4 x 4 feet high) with a wire front, with gravel or dirt for covering the bottom (renewing it several times during the winter), then take a section of a hollow tree, so as to give them a place about the size of a peck measure, for a nest (for two) put in a false bottom of coarse twigs first, then fine moss with a little hair, make a hole in the side for them. Do not cover the top, leave it open for ventilation. I always give moss enough to cover them up well, and make them a large nest. I think one reason so many lose their Squirrels in the winter, is that their nest, which is generally of rags, becomes damp and frosty from want of proper ventilation. So much for the nest. Now do not give them all the rich nuts they can eat, but give them plain food, and try to have a variety. Then occasionally put in fresh cut limbs of different trees, and see how they love to knaw them, as well as to climb around on them. This furnishes work and play—in other words keep them employed, and they will be healthier and more contented. It is not always practicable for us to give our pets as much room during the winter as they need, but with the Squirrel fixed as above, they will do best away from artificial heat.

Edward Basset.

Correspondence.

PIGEON PREMIUM LISTS.

I notice in some of the premium lists of shows premiums offered on best display of one variety. Does this mean the best display in different colors of one variety? For instance: Would a number of pairs of one color of one variety win over one pair of each color of same variety?

D. E. Newell.

[If the birds were equally good, the five different colorings would certainly win. But another question arises: Suppose the collection to be Fantails. A. shows five pairs of Whites, which, if they are really fine, it would be impossible for B. to show five pairs of different colorings of Fantails that would beat them, presuming the Whites to be the best to be had,—as Yellows, Reds, and Blacks are very rarely as good as White,—and yet the collection of five colorings would be the most rare, valuable, and would be the most interesting to visitors. In this case, would it be fair for the owner of five pairs of White Fantails to take first over the colored collection? We hardly think it would. We are directly opposed to collection premiums of any kind, as they lead to dishonesty in all its various forms. This was so apparent at the two large shows at Philadelphia, in 1867 and 1868, and at the Rink show in New York, that we have been ever since a strong advocate of single-bird premiums, as far as practicable.—Ed.]

CORRECTION.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.

Dear Sir: In my report of the Venango County Poultry Association's exhibition in the *Fanciers' Journal* of last week, the number of entries reads "thirty-five or forty," when it should be *one hundred and thirty-five or forty.*

Bantam.

A MISTAKE.

The Venango County Poultry Association held their exhibition in the same building that the democratic paper is published, and during the show had a large sign with a "rooster" painted on it suspended from a window. The first morning after it was put up, a local "politition," whose brain was a little "befuddled," espied it, and called out to a friend, "Hallow there, Bill! there's another democratic victory, Whiticker has his 'rooster' out." Bantam.

IMPORTATION.

Mr. J. Neale Plumb, of New York, has received, per steamer "Canada," (about) eleven Aylesbury ducks, and thirteen Embden geese, all fine birds. MANHATTAN.

GENESEE POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

MR. EDITOR: The first annual show of the Genesee Poultry Association will be held at Batavia, N. Y., February 29 to March 4, inclusive. The following is a list of officers:

President—Henry Todd.

Vice President—J. Z. Terry.

Recording Secretary—Henry A. Cross.

Corresponding Secretary—A. N. Henshaw.

Treasurer—Henry T. Cross.

Executive Committee—Henry Todd, J. Z. Terry, Henry A. Cross, A. N. Henshaw, Henry T. Cross, W. H. Bradish, E. N. Crossman,

Yours respectfully, A. N. HENSHAW,

BATAVIA, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1875. Cor. Secretary.

NEW ENGLAND COLUMBARIAN SOCIETY.

MR. WADE.

DEAR SIR: At an adjourned meeting of this society, held Wednesday afternoon, December 31, 1875, an election was held, which resulted as follows:

President—Henry S. Ball, Shrewsbury, Mass.

Vice-Presidents—Philander Williams, Taunton; Dr. J. D. Mason, Arlington; Charles H. Adams, Boston; Albert Noyes, Bangor, Me.

Secretary—J. F. Movar, Hyde Park.

Auditor—W. F. Bacon, Lexington.

Treasurer—D. Frank Ellis, Cambridge.

Executive Committee—W. E. Shedd, Waltham; E. C. Aldrich, Hyde Park; D. C. Cooper, Franklin; P. N. Sprague, Hingham Centre; Charles G. Reed, Worcester; Jacob Graves, Boston; George F. Seavey, Cambridgeport; John Phillips, Fitchburg; H. F. Felch, Natick; D. H. Hayward, North Cambridge.

In haste. D. FRANK ELLIS,

BOSTON, December 31, 1875, Secretary of Meeting.

ADVICE TO COMBATANTS.

JOS. M. WADE.

DEAR SIR: The *Journal* has become a much-expected friend to me, and if it is not on time (which does not happen often) I am at a loss how to spend the Sunday afternoon. Your Christmas sermon in the last number has been read with a great deal of interest, and I hope that the contending parties will read it and take therefrom the true standpoint of the brotherhood of fanciers, and with the new year bury the hatchet and live henceforth in peace and good companionship. But I have already taken too much of your time, and in closing I will say that I shall do all in my power for the *Journal* to increase its circulation, and wishing it a hearty success and a long life and yourself a happy new year, I am, respectfully, W. H. Z.

EAST SAGINAW, MICH., December 28, 1875.

THE habit of a Boston dog was to put his fore paws on people, and tables, and other things, and sniff until he was satisfied with his investigation. At last he tried it on a loaded gun that stood in a corner, and now he has no nose with which to sniff.

SMALL PET DEPARTMENT

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(Reported for Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

Philadelphia, for the week ending January 5, 1876.

1 Small Owl (*Nictea acadia*). Presented by Frederick Brown, Philadelphia.

1 Weeper Capuchin (*Cebus apellà*). Presented by Dr. O'Connor, Harrisburg, Pa.

1 Green Monkey (*Cercopithecus callitrichus*). Presented by Dr. O'Connor, Harrisburg, Pa.

2 Snowy Owls (*Nictea nivea*). Purchased.

1 *Great Kangaroo (*Macropus giganteus*). Born in the Garden. HUON.

*The Kangaroo at birth is but little more than an inch in length, about as thick as your finger, and resembles a transparent earth-worm much more than a four-legged animal. Very few naturalists, with all their care and patience in watching and waiting, have been rewarded with the satisfaction of being present at the birth of a "Joey," hence, it has not been positively settled as to how, or at what moment, the little thing gets into the mother's pouch. An extended notice of the marsupial animals will shortly appear in the Zoo Notes of the *Fancier*.

THREE years ago two young ladies of Oakland, California, started a bee farm at Los Angelos, and this season they have sent 3500 pounds of honey to market.

SHOOTING BULLFROGS.—A Reading paper says: Charles V. Dauth, although old in years, is young in spirit and still fond of gunning and fishing. He and Philip McGovern, of this city, rode in the cars to Leesport lately and from there took a stroll into the country, carrying guns and fishing tackle. After walking about ten miles, and visiting numerous meadows and small streams, they returned with twenty-two bullfrogs, which they shot, and a fine mess of catfish, which they caught with hook and line.

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words, describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstance be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

CHAS. W. HOITT, P. O. Box 425, Nashua, N. H., will exchange White Frizzles, Golden-penciled Hamburgs (from imported stock), and Plymouth Rocks (Gilman's strain)—for good Red Pyle Bantams or Fancy Pigeons. I have good stock and want same. What offers?

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will exchange Essex Pigs, 5 months old; Shepherd sluts, Light Brahma hens, Brown Leghorn cockerels, two White Jacobin hens, One White Calcutta Fan hen, Red Mottled Fans—for Solid Black Fan cock, White Carrier cock, Gold-laced and Silver-laced Sebrights, and Duckwing Game Bantams. What offers?

V. M. JEPSON, Webster, Mass., will exchange one pair each of Red Barbs, Black Magpies, White Carriers—for one pair of Black, Red or Yellow Fans. Have Blue Fan and Blue Spot cocks, Yellow Spot and Yellow Jacobin hen; will exchange either two of these for mates to other two.

FRANK PEPPARD, Box 114, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange one trio of White Cochins, one Scroll Saw, (foot power), one Stevens' new Model Target Rifle (pocket)—for Printing Presses, Printing Material, or Electricity Engine. Speak quickly!

ANDREW RAMSEY, Manor Station, Pa., will exchange Houdans, three pullets and one cockerel, for Silkies. One Silver-laced Bantam pullet, weighs 12 ounces; one Black Cochin and three Partridge Cochin cockerels—for Silkies, Black Cochin pullets or hens, or Lop-eared Rabbits.

H. BURCHARD, Corry, Erie Co., Pa., will exchange a trio of first-class Dark Brahmas, mated for breeding; cock, solid black breast; pullets, well marked—for two Plymouth Rock hens equally as good. No disqualified birds wanted.

JEREMIAH HARMAN, Middletown, Dauphin Co., Pa., will exchange one Partridge Cochin cockerel for Rouen Ducks; one pair Brown Leghorns for one pair White-crested Black Polish; one pair Silver-spangled Hamburgs for one Partridge Cochin hen; one Dark Brahma cockerel for one Black Cochin hen. Must be A-No.-1, as mine are.

Dr. B. F. BEARDSLEY, Binghamton, N. Y., has two large very fine Pekin Drakes, one Plymouth Rock cockerel, one Black Cochin pullet (fine, large, early hatch, weighs 8½ pounds)—to exchange for a first-class large Light Brahma cockerel, fit to exhibit; or Silver-spangled Hamburgs, first-class.

WM. H. GIBSON, Turbotville, Northumberland Co., Pa., has one trio of fine Light Brahma chicks to exchange for a good trio of American Dominiques, rose comb; also one pair of very fine Dark Brahmas for A. No.-1 White-crested Black Poland cockerel.

W. R. STEVENSON, Oil City, Pa., will exchange Silver-spangled Hamburg cockerels or White-crested White Poland cockerels, Buff Cochin cockerels, or Black Hamburg pullets—for White-crested Black Polands, Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, or Circular Saw to run with treadle.

G. HUNOLD, 46 Page St., Providence, R. I., will exchange two Hounds one Fox, ears 21½ inches long; and one Rabbit Hound; one Black Setter slut, 5 months old, of fine breed—for Ferrets and Singing Birds.

PETER LEPP, P. O. Box 833, East Saginaw, Mich., will give one pair Moorcaps, one pair Red, one pair Black Short-faced Tumblers, heavy booted, performers, and one solid Black Fantail cock, for one pair Red Barbs, and one White or Red Barb hen; must be strictly first-class. Write quick.

BOX 2946, New York, will exchange one pair Red Jacobins, one pair White, and one pair Yellow Fantails—for Common Pigeons, which must be mated.

A. C. VAN DOREN, Washington, N. J., has for exchange, one trio Black Sumatra Games, two trios Strychnine and Clipper cross, one Strychnine cock, one Clipper hen, all warranted "Dead Game;" would like two or more Black-Red Derby hens or pullets, white legs, red eyes. What offers?

W. M. WARD, Peabody, Mass., will exchange Light Brahma cockerels, weight, from 8 to 10 lbs.—for a good Buffalo Robe. Make me an offer.

G. W. FREDERICK, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pa., has for exchange, two pairs good Partridge Cochin fowls, for White Cochin pullets or hens.

D. SHIELD, Florence, Mass., will exchange fine pure bred Black Hamburg cockerels, for good Light Brahma hens, 1875 hatch, or for fine cockerels of same variety to change strains. Nothing but good stock taken or sent in this exchange.

S. G. WOOD, Nashville, Tenn., will exchange two Peacocks in full feather, two Peahens, and four young Peacocks—for Aylesbury or Rouen ducks, or Fancy pigeons, Leghorn or Asiatic fowls, or other offers.

R. KIRBY, 12 Courtlandt St., N. Y., will exchange one or more of Welch's Non-Freezing Fountains, for Partridge Cochin pullets, early hatch, or hatch of 1874. Must be good stock. Fountains warranted under directions.

DR. H. ENOS, Milwaukee, Wis., wants to exchange three pairs Japanese Silkies, two pairs Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, one pair White Guineas—for Brown Leghorn or Black Cochin pullets. What offers?

C. A. STEELE, P. O. Box 17, North Adams, Mass., will exchange one trio Black B. Red Games, bred from A. D. Warren's and Bicknell's stock, for one trio good Brown Leghorns. What offers?

WM. CRASTON, Meadville, Pa., will exchange Partridge and Buff Cochins, fine birds, Golden-Spangled Polish (2d prem. at Meadville), Golden-Pencilled Hamburgs (1st at Meadville, and 1st at Titusville)—for first-class B. B. Red Stags, not later than June hatch, willow legs and bay eyes.

JNO. A. JONES, French Hay, Hanover Co., Va., will exchange a beautiful Gold Chain (gentlemen's), valued at $20, for A-No.-1 trio Aylesbury ducks; good, large size, and all right in every respect.

JOHN TATE, Jr., Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., will exchange one B. B. Red Game cock, two years old, for pit, and guaranteed No. 1 to stand steel, one Red Barb, male, No. 1—for offers. Also, one Sharp's Revolver, 4 shooter, in good order, for trio Duckwing Game cock, to stand the test of steel. Cock or stag to weigh from 5 to 7 lbs.

L. S. HUDSON, Lansing, Mich.—Pure Suffolk sow, from blooded stock, pedigree furnished, 10 weeks old—for a Berkshire sow as good, no inferior blood wanted. Write; satisfaction warranted.

THOMAS P. MONTGOMERY, 7 and 9 South Third Street, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange one pair Yellow Tumblers, one Goldfinch, one Writing Desk; one Smoothing, one Jack, and one Fore Plane; one Foot Ball, large—for Fancy Pigeons of any kind but Tumblers.

G. R. HAY, West Laurens, Otsego Co., N. Y., will exchange one Golden Sebright Bantam cock for Fanciers' Journal for 1876; a Rifle and Violin for Bronze Turkeys or a Honey Extractor.

J. T. BELL, Franklin, Pa., has a single-barrel, muzzle-loading Target Pistol, eight-inch rifled barrel, plain finish, valued at $8; and a good Microscope, in a neat box, valued at $10—to exchange for Black-breasted Red Game pullets of good stock.

J. W. WAMPLER, Enterprise, Preble Co., Ohio, has for exchange one very fine buck Lamb, Southdown and Cotswold cross; Poland China Pigs; well-bred Black-and-Tan Terrier pups; Revolver, etc.—for Fancy Pigeons; Carriers, Inside Tumblers, and Light-colored Pouters preferred.

G. W. HUBLEY, York, Pa., will exchange first-class Black-breasted Red Game Bantam cockerels for Canaries or anything else valuable. Also for exchange, Silver Duckwing Bantams, Crevecœur hens, Black Spanish and Golden Sebrights for what offers.

GEO. E. BRUORTON, 41 Court St., Boston, Mass., will exchange White Leghorns and Crevecœurs for Partridge Cochins. Fine stock given and required.

D. S. WENRICH, Bernville, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange two trios of White Holland Turkeys for Dark Brahmas or other offers.

PROF. R. F. GEORGE, Secretary Wisconsin Central Poultry Association, Madison, Wis., will exchange one compound Microscope, mahogany box, 18 mounted objects, extra glasses, forceps, cost $25—for good Lop-eared Rabbits, Plymouth Rock fowls, or Italian Greyhound slut. Do not write unless stock is first-class.

BOX 332, Vineland, N. J., will exchange a Gold Watch, a good Spencer Rifle, and a trio of pure-bred, good stock, Light Brahmas—for a Top Buggy.

ISAAC S. SHADE, Tulpenhocken, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange Angora Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, White Mice, Red Squirrels, Light Brahmas, and Fancy Pigeons—for A-No.-1 Partridge Cochin cockerel, Blue-pied or Blue Pouter hens, Black Magpies, Bluewing Turbits, Yellow Swallows. Make offers. Postal cards will answer.

J. T. BELL, Franklin, Pa., has four trios Golden-Spangled Hamburg chicks, choice birds, Ongley stock—to exchange for Black-breasted Red Game pullets. Must be good stock.

JOHN K. CAMP, Winsted, Conn., has for exchange one copy of Livingstone's Travels in Africa, by Chambliss, issued this year, cost, $3; also, a few pairs of A-No-1 Light Brahmas, young stock (Williams' and Dunbar's strains),—for Wright's or Tegetmeier's Poultry Books and a few nice standard Gray or Colored Dorking hens or pullets.

F. A. PENNINGTON, Delaware City, Del., will exchange one pair of White Fans, one pair of Magpies—for a Red or Dun Carrier hen; must be a good bird, as mine are.

F. A. PENNINGTON, Delaware City, Del., will exchange a walnut Mocking-Bird cage, new, three feet long, twenty inches wide, half-round top, morticed posts, thin glued, cost $15—for pair Red or Yellow Fans. Must be good birds.

ROBT. GRAY, Turtle Creek, Alleghany Co., Pa., will exchange one trio of White Guinea fowls for two Partridge Cochin pullets; two Pekin drakes (Clift's stock) for Partridge Cochin pullets; one trio S. S. Hamburgs (Sheppard's), one trio White Leghorns (Smith's and Pitkin's)—for Rose-comb American Dominique pullets.

CHAS. SELSER, Doylestown, Pa., will exchange Dominique Leghorn, Black and Golden-spangled Hamburg cocks and cockerels—for pullets of the same varieties, or Silver-spangled Hamburg.

M. N. CHAPPELL, Box 61, Peacedale, R. I., will exchange Black Breasted Red Game Bantams (cockerels), for Dark Brahmas or Plymouth Rocks (good birds, Spaulding stock), and nothing but good ones in exchange.

W. C. EATON, of Newark, N. J., has to exchange, a Graves' Incubator, also, White, Buff, and Partridge Cochins, Light Brahmas, Houdans, etc., for Singing Birds, Fancy Pigeons, etc.

JOSEPH L. VOSE, Kerserville, Pa., will exchange Black Cochin and White Leghorn cockerels for Light Brahma cockerels and Partridge Cochin pullets. My Black Cochins are June hatch, and weigh 8 pounds each.

H. C. GREEN, Indianapolis, Ind., will exchange one trio Partridge Cochins for Golden Sebright Bantams; one double-barrel Shot-gun (good shooter), one Pekin drake, one Wild Gander, one Black Muscovy duck, two Silver Cups (triple plated)—for Buff Cochins, Light Brahmas, or good Watch. Stock first-class; the same wanted or no trade.

G. J. BAKER, Oakville, Ont., Canada, will exchange Partridge and Black Cochins, S. S. Bantams, Pouters, and English Tumblers—for Rifle, double-barreled Gun, chest of Carpenters' Tools, or Black and Tan slut (must be small and well bred).

E. W. WATSON, Titusville, Pa., will exchange Target Rifle, with telescope and implements complete, cost $200, all in good shape for shooting—for a good double or single Harness, Portland Cutter, Robes, or anything that is used in a livery stable, except horses.

G. J. BAKER, Oakville, Ontario, Canada, has a Setter dog, 15 months old, well broken, out of the best stock in Canada, to exchange for a Double-barreled Breech-loader, with everything complete.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column until thoroughly exposed.

S. D. R. SMITH, Williamsport, Pa., wants, in good condition Folding Exhibition Coops for his exchange offers in No. 42.

FANCIER, Lock Box 35, Natchez, Miss., wants Game fowls or eggs, from fowls that will fight. B. B. R. Games preferred.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 13, 1876. No. 2.

"PRESS ON! you're rusting while you stand,
Inaction will not do.
Take life's small bundle in your hand,
And trudge it briskly through.

"Jump over all the 'ifs' and 'buts.'
There's always some kind hand
To lift life's wagon out the ruts,
And poke away the sand."

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

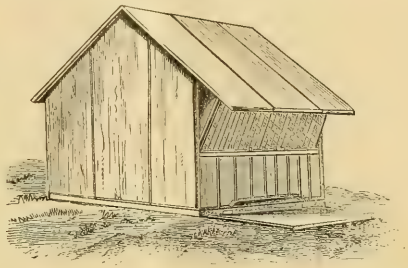
(From Journal of Horticulture.)

THE EXHIBITION DORKING.—No. 7.

BY. T. C. BURNELL.

No difficulty will be found in making a broody hen take to a strange nest, the only precautions necessary will be to move her when it is dark, to give her a china nest-egg or two, and to keep her shut in upon the new nest until she becomes accustomed to it. It will not be advisable to put the good eggs under her for a couple of days, until she has become thoroughly used to being taken off and put on the nest again by strangers. This should always be done every morning, and the hen put into a coop or other convenient place where she can be easily caught, with food and water for her to eat, and left there for about twenty minutes, and then replaced on the nest by hand and shut in. If a regular system be adopted, it is astonishing how many hens may be kept going in this way with very little trouble.

Two days before the eggs are due to hatch they should be well soused in tepid water when the hen is off the nest, and after being left in the water for two or three minutes they should be replaced, and the hen put on top of them. This will go a long way in preventing the chickens from becoming stuck to the membranous lining of the shell. If fresh, Dorking eggs will hatch on the twentieth day; but, if stale, they may be a day longer. For this reason the eggs in a sitting should, as nearly as possible, be of the same age, so as to hatch out altogether; but on no account should the hen be interfered with until the expiration of, at least, twenty-four hours from the appearance of the first chicken. I consider it waste of time to help chickens out of the shell. I have often done so, but believe it to be far better to let them die at once, as if they are not strong enough to get out of the shell they are pretty sure to die afterwards, and, at all events, will never make prize chickens. If possible, it will be better to sit two hens on the same day, so that if the eggs hatch out badly we may be able to make up one good brood by putting all the chickens under one hen. A little sulphur should always be sprinkled in the nests of the sitting hens, or otherwise they are likely to become infested with vermin.



The hen-coop, as illustrated in the accompanying sketch, is well worthy of the attention of amateurs. It has been designed by Mr. Henry Lingwood, who for many years has been one of the most successful exhibitors in the poultry fancy. Last year he very kindly let me have one as a pattern, and I have found it answer so well that I have asked and received permission from him to have it drawn for general information. It combines every requisite for rearing chickens successfully, and with it no shed or coop-house is required. It also possesses the merit of being vermin-proof when shut up, and this, too, without the ventilation being at all impeded. Owing to an error in shading, the engraving is not so intelligible as I could wish; but I will endeavor to make it a little more simple by explanation. Most hen-coops are entirely inadmissible for outdoor chicken-rearing for two reasons: One, that the wet drives into the front of the coop; the other, that in heavy rain the wet runs in underneath the sides. In Mr. Lingwood's model coop both these disadvantages are avoided, as the roof projects over the open front, and effectually keeps out the rain; while a wooden tray is made to fit inside (which should be always kept filled with sand or dry earth), which entirely keeps the little chickens out of the wet. The flap-door, which in the woodcut is seen lying on the ground, hinges at bottom on hooks, and when turned up and secured with a button, fastens the coop up for the night, secure against fox or rat.

The top part of the open front is made of small-mesh wire, and should be placed perpendicularly, and not be made, as in the drawing, to lean forward. This, besides giving light and ventilation, will be found convenient for feeding the chickens through on a very inclement morning when it is not desirable to let them run out at once.

When twenty-four hours old the chickens may be safely put into such a coop as I have described, or into any other description of coop with waterproof roof. The hen should be fed and watered, and the chickens, too, should receive their first feed of bread crumbs softened with milk, canary seed, or some such little delicacy.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SITTING HENS.

Editor Fanciers' Journal.

Everyone who has kept the Asiatics has been troubled, no doubt, by their sitting propensities. Usually there is no convenient coop to confine them in, and after they have been on the nest a day or two, their owner, in sheer desperation, shuts them in the first barrel or box he comes across. The hen generally manages to get out in a couple of days, and the consequence is she is strengthened in her stubborn desire to sit. If her owner succeeds in breaking her up in two weeks, he congratulates himself upon his good luck. If the hen is taken off the nest immediately when she first commences to sit, there will be no trouble in breaking her up. Very soon we will begin to be troubled with sitting hens again, and the winter is the best time to fix a coop to shut the sitters in.

I have had in use for two years a coop for breaking up sitters, and I can consistently say, it is the best thing for the purpose I have ever seen. The coop is five feet long and two feet wide; height, two feet. The floor is made of inch square pieces, placed one and one-half inches apart. The front part of the coop is of lath. The hen cannot very well sit on the slatted floor, and she will generally give up in disgust, and in a day or two will be willing to go back to her old quarters and do her duty. They do not like the slatted floor—it does not agree with them, and herein lies its efficiency.

The above plan may be in common use for aught I know, but I have never seen one like it before, and thought it might be of use to some of your readers. D.

Passaic, N. J.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

FACTS ARE STRONGER THAN FICTION.

Mr. Wade:

I see by last *Journal* you are asked to "tell how much Mr. Van Derveer's big brag Bronze Turkey weighs." Now, as *facts* are wanting, may I not have the privilege of replying to your enthusiastic correspondent, "Pacific"—not for an hour, as I have accepted an invitation to travel through Turkey (thirty pounds, dressed with oysters), consequently, I must be brief. I would say that "his very biggest" weighed at death, when twenty-two months old, forty-two pounds. "His very biggest" hen (now alive), at thirty months old, weighs, this New Year's morning, thirty pounds; the latter, without a doubt, is the "very biggest" hen turkey on this continent to-day. She may truly be called the Giantess turkey.

Now, it seems that when people cannot find anything else to talk about, they give Van Derveer's turkeys a going over, and some of 'em talk big, and here is where *fiction* comes in. It seems that when "Pacific" and her opponent get talking turkey, facts are of the things that were.

My turkeys are so large now that chicken thieves generally leave them roosting and take lighter weights. And it would take the combined skill of the Forty Thieves to carry off one of those of which our enthusiastics talk about. I always thought that twenty-six pounds was good for a six months turkey, but thirty-six pounds beats the Dutch all to smash.

In this world, at the present day, we are too apt to get things slightly mixed. At Buffalo, in 1874, I showed a pair of turkeys which weighed sixty-five pounds, and the papers in that city told the people to "go to the show and see the big turkey that weighed sixty-five pounds." At the same show a little girl was heard to inquire, when in front of the cage which contained this monstrosity, "Mamma, is it an elephant?" Again, my turkeys during the past summer were taken for berry-pickers, as they were roaming in the meadows after grasshoppers. Now, when turkeys are taken for elephants and berry-pickers, they are big enough for all work; but when "Pacific" gets them up to "either eighty-four or ninety-six pounds," they are too big by half.

Nothing but a "Ransom Range" can find accommodations for preparing a turkey of the period for the table New Year's now-a-days. What of the coming turkey, of which "Pacific" must be dreaming about. True, a story never loses by being told often. In telling stories (without they be fish stories), like everything else, we should all adopt Davy Crockett's motto, and then we would make no mistakes—"Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

Port Jackson, Jan. 1, 1876. Bronze.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE VIRDEN POULTRY ASSOCIATION,

Of Virden, Illinois, held its second annual exhibition on December 29 to 31, 1875. Their display of stock, and the management of the exhibition, was in every respect most creditable to the society.

The best of feeling prevailed among the competitors for the ribbons. The attendance was good, and the Virdenites seemed truly to enjoy and will doubtless be greatly benefited, poultrywise, by this second bringing together of fine poultry, for comparison, and study, as well as exchange or sale. P. M. S.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ILLINOIS POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Editor Fanciers' Journal.

The annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the Illinois Poultry Association took place at Springfield, Dec. 21, 1875. Present—B. L. T. Bourland, of Peoria; J. M. Wills, of Bloomington; Thos. Mason, of Jacksonville; I. J. Halsted, of Decatur; C. F. Mills and Phil. M. Springer, of Springfield.

The single bird premium list of last year was adopted, to which was added a classified list of pigeons. All first, second, and third premiums of the association, are to be paid in cash. Fourth premiums are "Highly Commended," and fifth premiums "Commended." A bench show for dogs in connection with the next poultry exhibition by the association was decided on, and a premium list ordered to be prepared.

The offices of assistant secretary and general superintendent were created. J. H. Leaton, of Bloomington, was chosen to the former, and H. C. Phelps, of Mansfield, to the latter.

Resolutions offered to hold the next exhibition in connection with the Illinois State Fair for 1876, failed of adoption, and a committee of three was appointed to decide on time and place for an exhibition during the winter of 1876-77.

The executive committee finding the association drifting from the original plan on which it was organized, appointed a committee to revise the constitution to suit the new policy which seems to be growing in favor.

The transactions of the association from its organization to the present time, are to be published without unnecessary delay. John T. Boyden, of Lincoln, was elected Treasurer of the association, *vice* Phil. M. Springer, resigned. Adjourned to meet at the call of the President.

Yours truly, P. M. S.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PERHAPS.

WHILE hearing the conversation of various members of the fancy we are struck with the diversity of opinion regarding the best breeds for their several purposes; and it is generally worthy of remark, that whatever breed or breeds a man may have, *he* considers them better than all others for the particular purpose for which he keeps them. We should be "charitable" till we are thoroughly convinced that the breed we are about to denounce has been tried by us and given every advantage before we condemn it too severely. We are not all constituted alike, and select the breed of poultry (if we are over wanting *all* breeds) which is best adapted for the object we have in view.

Perhaps we should like the Partridge, Grouse, Wild Duck, Goose, or Turkey better if we knew they had been fed on corn and pure water alone; but that peculiar constitution of flesh of the wilder fowls or birds, and to which nature so mysteriously provides, is far more preferable to my palate than your "corn and water" fowls that can eat off the top of a flour barrel. When we cannot readily obtain the wild fowls, then I should come so near to nature as possible, and select the breeds that can take care of themselves, and subsist for the most part, especially during the summer, on the food provided by nature, and on which man cannot improve.

I most heartily concur with "Burleigh" in his remarks on Brahmas and Games. He has thoroughly tried the Brahmas and they failed his expectations; they did not "fill the bill;" he reverts to the ever alert, graceful, juicy-fleshed Games, a fowl that can be picked up almost any time, from a good walk, well prepared for the table, and has not been, necessarily, fed from the filthy pools of the barnyard. Mr. "Young Breeder" do you not know of any one who has or is keeping Brahmas that live in the barnyard a goodly portion of the time? Please discuss *both* sides of the question.

It is not necessary for every breeder of Games to be a cock-fighter; some breed them for pleasure, some for profit, some for the pit; neither is it necessary for a Brahma cock to whip a "so-called" (well put in) Game, to prove that *Games* are not true to their name. Now, Mr. Y. B., if you should *assist* your fighting Brahma over the fence into my yard, you would soon have occasion to repent, and be obliged to kindly take him back, right soon too, place him "in his little bed," and for the next fortnight administer tonic paste to keep him alive, and bone meal to prevent bowleggedness.

You should be careful while endeavoring to step on other people's corns, for *you* may be blessed with the same protuberance, and bear in mind the Golden Rule, and remember that some breeds in summer will lay two eggs to one to your "gentle Brahmas;" so if eggs are twice as high in winter, others make up during the summer in *numbers;* what is the difference, "six of one and half a dozen of the other."

You, Mr. Y. B., should not try to fool those just catching the fever, for if your remarks should lead them to accept the Brahmas it might be the biggest "grind" they ever had played upon them. UNICORN.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

CONNECTICUT NOTES.

SUBSCRIBING FOR THE FANCIERS' JOURNAL—THE NEW ENGLAND CONSOLIDATED EXHIBITION—A GRAND AFFAIR PROMISED — NEW FEATURES — PERSONAL NOTES — THE BRISTOL EXHIBITION—GETTING READY FOR THE EXHIBITION, ETC., ETC.

MY DEAR WADE:—Your question, "What are the Connecticut fanciers doing?" has remained unanswered too long, and I will try to give you just a faint hint of what they are about.

In the first place, from what I hear, they are subscribing in an exceedingly lively manner, for the *Fanciers' Journal*, and saying lots of good things about it. You know when the Connecticut men like anything they go in for it strong, and so every one of them who reads your *Journal* takes every possible opportunity to commend it, and that sort of thing tells, as you know probably better than any one else.

In the second place, they are getting ready for the grand consolidated New England Exhibition, which is to be held at Springfield, next February. There was considerable hesitation at first on the part of the Connecticut Society in coming to a decision to give up its regular exhibition, but the benefits to be derived from a consolidation with the New England Club of Worcester was so apparent that it was finally decided to "pass" this year and go in for the best thing ever seen east of Buffalo. The exhibition is to be given under the auspices of the two societies above mentioned and the Rod and Gun Club, of Springfield, which gave, last April, as you well remember, a remarkably fine bench show of dogs. The society is composed of many of the leading men of that enterprising city, and seem determined that its reputation for doing handsome things shall not suffer at their hands.

The Massachusetts Society, which always gives splendid exhibitions, will also pass this year, and its officers and members will contribute very largely to the success of the "Consolidated." I know your readers will be interested in a statement of the principal features of the exhibition, and so I give them. The birds are to be entered in pairs, but are to be separated in the coops. The birds must score at least 85, 80, and 75 points for a first, second, and third premium. The exhibitors' names are to be placed upon the coops as soon as they are put in position. The score cards, which originated with the Connecticut Society, last year, are to be put upon the coops by the judges, thus showing in detail, the points of all premium birds.

In the sale department, from which all inferior birds will be excluded, exhibitors will be allowed to sell at their own prices, and will *not* be required to attach "sale cards" to

their coops. Their honor will be trusted to report sales and pay commissions. The entry fees are to be one dollar per pair for competition, and fifty cents for exhibition and sale. Many of the leading breeders of New England will send fine birds to the sale department, and the management intend to make this a prominent feature. The premium list will be a very liberal one, and, in addition, there will be offered several "combination" premiums of $100 and $50 each. The rules, which I am told were compiled by President Sperry, of the Connecticut Society, are a new departure from the old stereotyped form, and present many attractive improvements which will, without doubt, commend them to other societies in the future.

A mention of the names of the Executive Committee will convince you, I think, that the affair will prove all that is promised. Mr. George W. Ray, the chairman, is a retired merchant, very wealthy, very genial, very liberal, good-looking, and just the man for the position. C. N. Nichols, the treasurer, is a well-known book publisher, a clear-headed, far-sighted man, who is always connected with successful undertakings, very gentlemanly, and exceedingly fond of good jokes and good fellowship. D. J. Marsh, the secretary, is the treasurer of one of Springfield's leading savings banks. He is not so good-looking as Ray or Nichols, but possesses an even temper, is full of grit and drive, well liked by all his friends, and often bet on by those who do not know his weight. The representatives of the Connecticut Society in the board are President H. T. Sperry, familiarly known among fanciers as the "White Poland Man," and S. J. Bestor, who stands at the head of White Calcutta Fan *fan*ciers. The New England Club men are A. D. Warren, President, the Black-breasted Red Game man. He was never guilty of belonging to but one "ring," and that was a golden one, of course. President Sperry gave him the appellation of "Al Warren, My Boy," in a poem read last year at the Worcester supper, which you published, I believe, at the time, and it still sticks to him. The other is J. R. Pierce, the secretary, an elderly gentleman, well endowed with sterling good sense, which, with his dignified bearing and terse manner of putting things, always secures for him attentive listeners and willing followers. Altogether, as you can see, the management is in good hands.

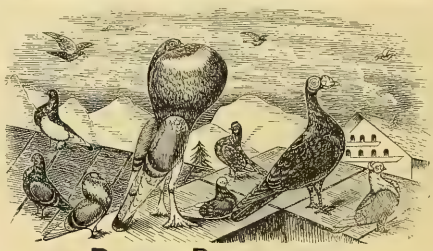
The Advisory Board is made up of such men as President Williams, of the Massachusetts Society; Hon. Dr. George B. Loring, President of the Essex County Society; General Chas. A. Johnson, President of the Merrimack Valley Association; Hon. V. C. Gilman, President of the New Hampshire Society; Hon. Albert Noyes, President of the Maine Society, and the presidents of some ten or fifteen other New England poultry organizations, all of which shows that the very best talent has been enlisted, and nothing that will tend to make the Exhibition in all respects *the best* will be overlooked.

A reunion of officers of poultry associations and fanciers generally, will be held at the Massoitt House, on some evening during the Exhibition. Of course, Friend Wade, you and the rest of our Quaker fanciers will come up and see what New England can do when she "consolidates."

In the third place: The Exhibition of the Central Connecticut Society at Bristol, held last week, was a fine affair. There were nearly seven hundred entries, and the proportion of meritorious birds was very large.

In the fourth place: Many of our fanciers are getting ready for the Chicago and other exhibitions. Mr. Sperry, who has offered his flocks of White Polish for sale, showed eight coops at the Easton exhibition last week. And, by the way, while we all want him to succeed in his wishes, we hope he will not succeed in selling out. We want him to stay with us.

There, Friend Wade, I think I have answered your question in part. If this dose is not strong enough, let me know, and I will mix up another. Conn.



Pigeon Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

INFORMATION WANTED.

J. M. Wade, Esq.

Dear Sir: I have watched the Pigeon Department of the *Journal* for some time, in hopes to see some information in regard to breeding and rearing. I have lately obtained two pairs of Pouters, and I know nothing of their habits, necessary food, etc., and thinking that, perhaps there might be others as green as I am, I apply to you for information.

Please give us, as soon as convenient, an article, giving just the information needed by amateurs. Surely the columns of your paper cannot be better employed than in spreading knowledge among the young and inexperienced.

I am a regular subscriber to seven papers, and prize the *Fanciers' Journal* above all the rest. Success to the Exchange column. Yours, etc.,

Eaton, N. Y., December 14, 1875. J. B. Tuckerman.

[We would be pleased to hear from any of our experienced pigeon fanciers on this subject, and would refer Mr. Tuckerman to page 504, Vol. II.—Ed.]

COLUMBARIAN SHOW AT ALLENTOWN, PA.

On Monday afternoon, last, I took my departure from Doylestown, at four o'clock, and at half past six my journey came to an end, having reached the thriving little city of Allentown. After a glorious night's rest, and partaking of a hearty breakfast at the American House, kept by that prince of landlords, Sheriff Newhard, who, by the way, is one of the few men who knows how to keep a hotel, I walked up Hamilton street to Centre square. In looking around I discovered the banner of the association floating out upon the cool morning air, and I then entered Kline's Hall. Chickens were crowing, pigeons cooing, and everything in grand confusion; however, all this was soon righted by the active, energetic committee, headed by that veteran fancier, Walter Miller. There was on exhibition about fifty coops containing pigeons. There was some very good birds on exhibition, and of course some very poor ones. The display was not equal to the last year's show, but the quality was far superior.

McKeen & Hulick, of Easton, Pa., had quite a fine display of pigeons, those of particular note were a pair of splendid Blue Antwerps; in using the word splendid, I wish it understood that they were not the dirty blue birds that we are accustomed to see, but in coloring almost up to the pictures in some of our pigeon books. Black Carriers, good; Blue Owls, Blue-wing Turbits, Black Magpies, and White Carriers, a pair of Silver Owls very fine, would have received a first premium, but were entered wrong.

Charles Trexler, of Allentown, showed a very large collection of fancy pigeons, some of them being Black Barbs, White Fans, Black Nuns, Magpies, and Trumpeters. Mr. Trexler received the special on pigeons, he having received the largest number of first premiums. There was several small exhibitors, but there was nothing worthy of mention concerning their birds. I might say, in regard to the poultry department of the show, that it was far ahead of Philadelphia, Tamaqua, and Doylestown. Miller's Light Brahmas, McKeen & Hulick's Buff and Partridge Cochins, were a grand sight to look upon. Mr. Keen had on exhibition an extraordinary fine Partridge Cochin hen. Mr. Otto, of Easton, showed some of the finest Polands I ever saw, perfect pictures some of them. The Lehigh Valley Poultry Association may congratulate themselves on this, their second poultry and pigeon show. Mr. Moore, the President of the association, has met with a sad bereavement, and was too unnerved to pay much attention to the poultry show. He has the sympathy of the whole community in this his sad hour of trial. Hearty thanks to Messrs. Shimer, Worman, Rhue, Miller, Trexler, and others, for kindness shown. The visit of the past week, will long remain as a green spot within my memory. TENNET.

DOYLESTOWN, PA.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PIGEON RACE.

THE pigeon race from Spring Mill to Philadelphia came off on January 8th. Fifteen birds were entered and flown in this match. The following is the distance and the time made by the three winners: The pigeon owned by Mr. John Parker, of 502 North Eleventh St., Philadelphia, flew ten miles, bee line, in 16 minutes and 15 seconds, winning first prize, a very handsome urn. The second, which was a money prize, was won by John Parker, Jr.'s bird in 16 minutes and 30 seconds. The third money prize was won by Mr. Stephen Kershaw's bird, the distance being nine miles and three hundred and eighty-seven yards; time, 15 minutes and 57 seconds. Many of the other birds came in close to the winners.

This race was got up, and first prize so kindly given, by the well-known sportsman, Mr. Fred. Smith, of the Centennial Hotel, corner of Twelfth and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia, who served up a good lunch after the race was over; also filled the urn with the very best of wine. Mr. Parker also filled it. Many of the Philadelphia fanciers were very sorry to see so few birds entered for this handsome prize. It is owing to the season of the year and the distance being so short. We finished up the evening on the English free and easy style. I hope all who get in the neighborhood of Twelfth and Callowhill Street will give Mr. Smith a call, as he is a jolly good fellow, and will make them welcome. T. GRIST,

PHILADELPHIA, January 10, 1875. Timekeeper.

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SETTER AND POINTER CROSS, OR DROPPER.

IN the last issue of the *Journal*, I find an article by "Vic" on this subject, in which he alludes to "Greenhorn's dog" (whose vagaries as a field dog created a sensation among your sporting readers some months since, several writers accounting for his worthlessness by reason of his being a dropper), and says, "Now, from actual experience with a 'dropper,' or cross between a setter dog and a pointer bitch, I can very positively assert that these parties were mistaken."

Now this is a pretty strong position to take, as "Vic's" experience, judging from his article, is altogether based on the performance of this particular dog.

Before going further, I will state that "Greenhorn's" dog was a *myth*, and his eccentricities were saddled on him for the purpose of eliciting a discussion in the Sportsman's Department of the *Journal;* all the replies were against the theory of cross-breeding field dogs, and I am glad that "Vic" has come to the front as his champion.

But, now to come to the pith of the subject. Granted, for the sake of argument, that "Vic's" dog is perfection, is this enough to warrant him to advise sportsmen to breed their dogs in this way, when arrayed against it is the experience of scores of practical sportsmen and breeders? Does he not know that for every prize drawn, twenty blanks will occur? No, we cannot afford to waste time and labor in attempting to improve our field dogs by hybridizing; and in the face of such an array of facts as come within every breeder's knowledge, what can be gained by it? this taking a step backwards. Surely the setter is good enough as we now find him. Where would the leading British breeds—the Gordon, the red Irish, and the Lavarack—be today if the mongrelizing system had obtained? Purity of breeding intensifies qualities, whilst hybridizing runs off on a tangent to—nowhere.

The setter and pointer are distinct breeds, and each has reached the acme of perfection; each has a specific place in field sports; under some conditions a setter is preferable, under others a pointer. To attempt to make a dog for all work by crossing is idle; for where you might by chance improve one quality, you would lose in another, and make the moral instincts of the brute a hopeless jumble, as in the instance of Greenhorn's dog.

And again, of what use is Vic's dog? Can he breed from him and feel sure of the quality of his produce? Every one knows that cross-bred stock of any kind is entirely unreliable to breed from, absolutely worthless, you never know what is going to turn up. Any well-bred setter or pointer will do all that Vic's dog will do, if, as he observes, "such a dog be trained as he should be," and with the advantage of being able to *reproduce his quality in his progeny.*

GREENHORN.

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

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JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

A. N. Raub, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

STILL ANOTHER NEW SOCIETY.

Rev. C. W. Bolton, Armonk, Westchester Co., N. Y., informs us, that a society has been formed and christened "The Westchester County Poultry Association," with the following list of officers: President, James Wood; Secretary, Rev. C. W. Bolton. They are to have an exhibition at Mount Kisco, on the Harlem Railroad, on February 8, 9, 10, 11, 1876. A good hall has been secured. Any further information can be had by addressing the secretary as above.

TWO ADMIRABLE CORRECTIVES,

For use in poultry feeding, may be found in charcoal and Cayenne pepper, judiciously provided and not given too often, to both young and old fowls. The best way to administer these condiments efficaciously, is to pulverize the charcoal to a powder and mix it with soft food. In this shape the birds eat it freely, and it is a grand purifier of the system. The Cayenne should be procured of the best quality (always the cheapest in the end), and a tablespoonful should be thoroughly mixed through a pail of water and given them to drink. This last method is an admirable preventive of gapes in chickens, and for older fowls it is found an excellent thing in cold or chilly weather.

Neither of these aids should be used oftener than every other day in the week, and only for a week or two at a time, anyway, to be effective; but if managed with discretion they are more valuable, as a common preventive to disease, and a corrector to the internal composition of domestic poultry, than all the medicines that can be given fowls after they once get sick. Both charcoal and Cayenne can thus be very easily used, and after a little while, it will be found that the chickens become fond of this change for their benefit.

EXTENSION OF TIME.

To the Editor of Fanciers' Journal.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Poultry Association, January 6th, the time for making the entries in the fowl and pigeon classes was extended to January 18th, at 12 o'clock, noon, to accommodate many fanciers who wish to exhibit, but did not get premium list and blanks in time to make necessary arrangements.

C. P. Willard, Secretary.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—"Philadelphia," if you will turn back to page 686, of the *Journal*, dated November 25th, you will find why "the squirrels were taken from the public squares."

—Col. Bee shot a hare (*Lepus sylvaticus*, Huon's name; *Jackass rabbit*, the localism) and sent it over to my chickens. The boys skinned it to make bridles of the hide, but not before I had measured it, and found that it was 31 inches from tip of nose to end of tail, 38 inches from tip of foreleg to tip of hind-leg, 15 inches from tip to tip of ears (they being set on the head one inch apart). The color is a yellowish-brown and black, eyes red.

I noticed several swellings, nearly two inches high, on the back and legs. Cutting into one, I found the contents to be numberless white eggs, resembling in shape and size a white mustard seed, inclosed in an opaque, white membrane; the whole floating in a fluid clear as crystal. I was told that a disease seizes many of them at this season of the year. Those that do not die, are called "grubby," some say "wormy." E. S. S.

—One of the Delaware County papers complains that hawks are particularly numerous and very destructive this season, in that and the neighboring county of Chester.

Of all the hawk family, the *Buteo Borealis*, or red-tailed hawk, is the most to be dreaded for the havoc he commits on game. Bold, wary, and watchful, he haunts the neighborhood of the farmyard; always on the alert, and ready to seize any luckless fowl that strays outside the pale of the farmer's protecting gun; or, failing in that, he lurks near the feeding-ground of the partridge, and in a short space of time will annihilate an entire covey. In fact, nothing comes amiss to this rapacious and powerful bird; rabbits, pigeons, small bird, and even reptiles are equally acceptable as a repast. Every farmer, poultry breeder, and sportsman is interested in his destruction. But how is this to be accomplished? Ah! there is the rub. Perched on the topmost branch of some tall tree, his piercing eye roves incessantly in search of prey, and at the same time warns him of any threatened danger. He seems to have a correct idea of the range of a shot gun, and the shooter, be he ever so careful, is never allowed to get within the danger line. We must, therefore, have recourse to strategy. Of a team and driver he seems to have little fear; possibly, not possessing an analytical mind, he looks upon them as a harmless centaur, and the shooter may generally approach with oxen or horseback sufficiently near to riddle him with a charge of No. 5. But one of the best ways to destroy him, is to bait an ordinary steel trap, with the head or offal of a fowl, place it on a fence post near his lookout tree, securely tied with a strong cord to prevent his carrying it away if caught by the legs, scatter some feathers in the vicinity to attract his attention. This generally brings the answer.

Greenhorn.

SMALL PET DEPARTMENT

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(Reported for Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

Philadelphia, for the week ending January 12, 1876.

1 Horned Owl (*Bubo Virginianus*). Presented by I. W. Ransom, Philadelphia.

1 Screech Owl (*Scops asio*). Presented by Otto Weber, Philadelphia.

1 Cardinal Grosbeak (*Cardinalis Virginianus*). Presented by Daniel K. Polk, Philadelphia.

1 Red Fox (*Vulpes fulvus*). Presented by —— ——, New York.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"ZOO" NOTES.—No. 9.

VULTURES.

In the southern end of the now completed Carnivora House, a rather remarkable bird has his winter quarters.

His name is "*Gyparchus papa*," though, should you prefer it, you may call him king vulture. He may have burst his egg-shell in Peru, Brazil, Guiana, Paraguay, or Mexico, for in all these places, do the king vultures reside, though they are only known there as "Condors."

I have no good word to say of vultures in general, or of king vultures in particular. They are all large birds, most of them gorgeously feathered, with a flight more graceful than that of the eagle, and equally as bold; but they are cowardly and filthy birds, feeding and gorging themselves on carrion, in good aldermanic fashion, to an aldermanic state of inactivity. Still, disgusting as are their habits they are invaluable in tropical regions, devouring animal substances whose speedy decomposition would otherwise, engender pestilential diseases. In this way the vultures fill the same place in the economy of nature, as the Jackal and Hyena.

Until Humboldt visited South America, the most extravagant ideas prevailed as to the size, and consequent strength of this bird, even to the belief that it could carry off a full grown man, while children of whatever age or size, were "nowhere." The great traveller exploded all that, as, after much time spent among them, and great research, he could not find any native who had known, personally, even the smallest babe to have been "appropriated;" but, on the contrary, the natives asserted that the birds were not at all dangerous to either man or beast, and even their young children were allowed to sleep in the open air without the least fear of danger from the vultures. Another instance that a nameless individual is never as black as he is painted.

The king vultures, like all of their kin, are disgusting to us in their choice of food, as well as in their gluttonous appetites. Preferring meat which has been dead some time, and consequently "high," they do not care to kill it for themselves, and have it fresh, only doing the battle when pressed by extreme hunger. On this "high" flesh will the king feed, tearing it with both beak and claws, overloading his crop to a fearful extent, until he becomes too stupid to move, when he is easily knocked over with a club and killed, or captured alive with the lasso.

The head and neck of the king vulture are of bright colors, the eyes are bold, beautiful and expressive, and the general color of the plumage is white, hence the Spaniards called it a "white crow." The name of king vulture was applied from the fact, that being of greater strength than other vultures, he forces them to stand aloof from a carcass, until his highness has finished his repast. Weakness must go to the wall, and ever bend to strength.

The king vulture clings to life with the tenacity of a cat, and, like the Irish gintleman in the song, "he's mighty hard to kill."

Happy king vulture now in the Zoo. You need never more indulge in "high" food, or disgustingly play the glutton; henceforth for fresh meat, and enough (which we are told is quite as good a feast) will be provided for you, and we hope you may pass down the rate of vulture years, living an ungorging peaceful life, and that your captivity may not prevent you from arriving at the appointed goal of vulture existence.

Yea, Gyparchus, may it be long, very long, before Dr. Chapman the accomplished prosector of the Zoo, places your bones to bleach on the roof of the Carnivora House, alongside of those of the dear departed Empress, giant elephant of India. HUON.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PRAIRIE DOG VILLAGE.

From notes I made of "items of interest" for my little folks, modified from the guide book to suit little ears and understandings.

FOUR hundred and thirty-five miles west of Omaha is situated the great Prairie Dog City, one of the largest settlements on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad. Several hundred acres, each side of the track, have been taken up by the sagacious little prairie dogs, and there they have made their homes, and that without buying one lot from the company, or as much as saying, "By your leave." The dwellings consist of little mounds, from a foot to eighteen inches in height, raised by the dirt excavated by their burrows. On the approach of a train, the little inhabitants can be seen scampering for their homes. Arrived there, they squat upon their hams or stand upon their hind feet at the entrance—a hole in the top—barking at the train as it passes. Should anyone venture too near, down they go, and their city is as silent as the "city of the dead." It is said that the opening in the top leads to a subterraneous chamber, connecting with the next dwelling, and so on through the settlement; but this is a mistake, as a few buckets of water will drown out any one of them.

The prairie dog is of a sandy-brown color, and about the size of a large gray squirrel. In their nest, living with them, are found the owl and rattlesnake, though whether welcome or not is uncertain. He lives upon grasses and roots, and is generally fat, and is by some, Mexicans especially, considered good eating, as his flesh is sweet and tender, though rather greasy. Wolves prey on the little fellows, and may be seen sneaking near the town, hoping, by chance, to pick up some straggler. But the dogs are not easily caught. Some one is always on the lookout for danger, and gives the alarm on the first intimation of trouble. Then away they all scamper to their holes.

There are settlements for miles up and down the road, but none that can compare in size with what is dignified on the map as Prairie Dog City. C. S. S.

[A prairie dog village was one of the first things of interest started in the "Zoo" in this city, and, judging from the number of inhabitants and their activity, it would soon become a city were they not restrained by brick and iron. But probably "Huon" will tell us all about them ere long. —ED.]

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

CAT SQUIRREL (Sciurus Cinereus).

BY O. D. FOULKE.

I NOTICE in your paper many references to the Fox and Gray squirrels, but nothing about the Cat squirrel, which, I believe, is peculiar to the middle states. Is it so rare that none of your many correspondents meet with it, or do they take it for merely a variety of the Fox squirrel? In my collection trips, in the mountains of Pennsylvania, I have shot numbers of Gray, Black, and Fox squirrels, but have only been able to procure four specimens of the Cat squirrel, and these in but one place: in the Cumberland valley, at the foot of the South mountains, in a tract of heavily wooded bottomland, known, I believe, as the Rich Lands.

Two of the specimens were of a beautiful light silvery-gray color, one a reddish orange slightly sprinkled with gray, while the other was nearly black. I showed the skins to Professor Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, who was staying at Carlisle at that time, and he pronounced them to be fine specimens of the Cat squirrel (*S. Cinereus*).

They are much larger than the common Gray, and a little smaller than the Fox squirrel, being about twelve inches long in the body, with a broad flat tail about eleven inches, just an inch shorter than the body. In form, they are much stouter than either the above varieties, and I found them much less active in their movements and more covered with fat than any other variety of squirrel. The fur is a little inclined to be woolly, but, aside from this, they much resemble the Fox squirrel, and might easily be taken for it by persons unacquainted with that peculiar mark of the *S. Vulpines*—the white ears and nose.

A GALESBURG farmer, whose pew rent was raised to twenty-five dollars, exclaimed: "Great Cæsar! here's a nice state of affairs—the gospel going up, and pork coming down. What's to become of us?"

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words, describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstance be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

MILTON J. RUTH, Globe Hotel, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange a few numbers of "The Illustrated Book of Pigeons," by Robert Fulton—for Fancy Pigeons; books in best of order.

FRANK R. HOWELL, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange Yellow Duckwing Game cockerel (took first prize at York last week), and one Guinea Pig, heavy with young—for Red Pyle, White or Black African Game Bantams. None but good birds wanted.

I. P. LORD & BRO., Waupaca, Wis., will exchange one pair fine Tartar Games, young, for Dr. J. W. Cooper's work on "Game Fowls," or trio of same for "Tegetmeier's Poultry Book."

WINTER BROTHERS, Lock Box 5, Southbridge, Mass., has for exchange, first-class Dominique Leghorns (Lowe's strain), for Dark Brahmas and Black-breasted Red Game Bantams. What offers?

GEO. A. MEACHAM, North Cambridge, Mass., will exchange Black Spanish cockerels, White Cochin cockerels, Light Brahma cockerels, one Setter dog, almost nine month's old—for Plymouth Rocks and White-crested Black Polands.

FANCIER, Box 314, Worcester, Mass., will exchange choice Brown Leghorn hens (Wheeler's strain),; also, White Fantail Pigeons—for a good Rifle, Revolver, Jewelry, or other articles. Write description.

W. W. ELLIOTT, McEwensville, Pa., has for exchange one trio Aylesbury Ducks (Todd's stock), Light Brahma cockerels (Williams' strain), and a fine collection of postage stamps—for Winged Turbits, Bald Tumblers, Moorcaps, Magpies, Archangels, and a White Fan hen. None but good birds wanted.

D. S. WENRICH, Bernville, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange two trios of White Holland Turkeys for Dark Brahmas. What other offers?

H. K. OSBORN, Cambridgeport, Mass., will exchange a fine muzzle-loading Rifle, with patent steel hardened breech, also bullet moulds, etc.—for Fancy Fowls or Pigeons. Rifle cost $125, and is as good as new. Make me an offer.

GEO. SHIRAS & BRO., No. 3 Stockton Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., will exchange Blue Antwerp cocks (partly trained). A single cock for any of the following pairs: Red or Blue Swallows, Tumblers, or Moorcaps. Two cocks for Red or Mottled Jacobins or Baldheads. Must be first-class.

W. S. KEMP, Dayton, Ohio, will exchange one pair Buff Cochins, one pair W. F. B. Spanish, one pair G. L. S. Bantams, one trio Sultans, one pair Red Barbs, one pair Archangels, one pair Black Magpies, one Black Swallow hen—for one Yellow Pouter hen, one Black Swallow cock, one Yellow-winged Turbit hen, or other offers in pigeons, books, etc.

JAS. W. McMAKIN, 25th Ward, Cincinnati, Ohio, will exchange Black Cochin fowls or chicks (P. Williams' strain), B. B. R. Game Bantam and Buff Cochin cockerels—for Buff Cochin pullets, White Cochin cockerels, or Bronze Turkeys. Must be good, as mine are.

D. F. PARKER, Station A, Cincinnati, Ohio, will exchange Black Carriers, Blue Pouters, Redwing Turbits, and Archangels—for Yellow Carriers, Yellow Pouters, or Houdan pullets.

H. T. BOLLES, Rockville, Conn., will exchange Stationary Steam Engine (six horse-power), Boiler, twenty feet of Shafting, Hangers, etc., —for offers.

J. F. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., would like to exchange White Leghorns of his celebrated strain, for good light Harness, Carriage Robe, etc. Also, Dark Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, Aylesbury Ducks, and fine Bantams of all kinds—for Pekin Ducks.

J. F. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., wants choice Light Brahmas in exchange for extra fine Red Pyle Game Bantams, Gold-laced Sebright Bantams, or White Leghorns of my well-known strain.

H. T. BOLLES, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a few thoroughbred Brown Leghorns, American Dominiques, Pea-comb P. Cochins, and Light Brahmas—for white Fantails or White Pouters.

HARRY K. WELSH, York, Pa., will exchange one pair White Fantails, one pair Mottled Tumblers, Brent's Book on Pigeons, 112 pages, and A No. 1 Allen (seven-shooter) Revolver—for A No. 1 nickel-plated Revolver (seven-shooter), Game Bantams, Red Pyle or B. B. Reds, or offers.

T. H. CARPENTER, Foxburg, Clarion Co., Pa., will exchange three first-premium Plymouth Rock cockerels for pullets or Dark Brahma hens or pullets; also, one trio P. Cochins and one pair Houdans (chicks) to exchange as above.

S. NEWTON, Oakdale Station, Alleghany Co., Pa., will exchange Dark Brahmas (A. A. Miller's strain), three White Leghorn hens—for Planet, Jr., No. 2, Seed Drill, in good order. Also, Golden Polish cock, first-premium bird, for pair Guinea pigs.

BOX 474, Orange, N. J., has to exchange, fine Partridge Cochins, S. S. Hamburgs, or Dark Brahmas—for a good single light buggy harness.

W. W. MARTIN, York, Pa., will exchange two Black Cochin cockerels and two Black Cochin pullets (Todd)—for Fancy Pigeons or what offers. P. O. Box 246.

ERNEST W. WIDER, East St. Louis, Illinois, has to exchange two pairs Runts for two trios B. B. Red Game Bantams or Duckwing Game Bantams; two pairs Barbs for one pair Black Baldheads! two pairs Pigmy Pouters for one pair Blue Baldheads; two pairs Carriers for one pair Black and one pair Blue Beard Tumblers.

IF YOU WISH TO MAKE A TRADE of any kind, write to J. F. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn. Will take anything of value that does not eat in trade for really choice fowls! Read this twice at home; profit by it; and say what we shall do for you.

W. ATLEE BURPEE, Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange Dark Brahma, Partridge Cochin, Brown and White Leghorn cockerels, Buff Cochins, Rouen and Aylesbury Ducks, Fancy Pigeons, etc.—for pullets, Bremen Geese, Pekin and Cayuga Ducks, Poultry, Pigeons, Ferrets, and Rabbits.

L. A. HAYS, Spring City, Chester Co., Pa., will exchange two Rouen drakes, White Fantails, Pearl Guineas, extra-large Black Gobbler, Pea cock, two pairs Snells, pair Black Carriers—for Light Brahmas, three White-crested Black Polands, pair Maltese cats, or Blue, Black, or Yellow Fans. Good stock wanted.

CHARLES LIPPOLD, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange one pair of White Frizzles, fowls (took first at York), German Canaries, Goldfinches, Linnets, Guinea Pigs, White Rabbits, one Red Squirrel, Red, Black, Yellow-mottled Tumblers; White, Blue, and Mottled Trumpeters—for White Owl cock, White Turbit hen, and Bantams of all kinds; none but good birds wanted.

J. T. BELL, Franklin, Pa., has a single-barrel, muzzle-loading Target Pistol, eight-inch rifled barrel, plain finish, valued at $8; and a good Microscope, in a neat box, valued at $10—to exchange for Black-breasted Red Game pullets of good stock.

JAMES L. VOSE, Kerserville, Pa., will exchange Buff Cochin and White Leghorn cockerels for Light Brahma cockerels and Partridge Cochin pullets. My Black Cochins are June hatch, and weigh 8 pounds each.

G. J. BAKER, Oakville, Ont., Canada, will exchange Partridge and Black Cochins, S. S. Bantams, Pouters, and English Tumblers—for Rifle, double-barreled Gun, chest of Carpenters' Tools, or Black and Tan slut (must be small and well bred).

E. W. WATSON, Titusville, Pa., will exchange Target Rifle, with telescope and implements complete, cost $200, all in good shape for shooting—for a good double or single Harness, Portland Cutter, Robes, or anything that is used in a livery stable, except horses.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column until thoroughly exposed.

J. F. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., wants at once a good Light Harness, new or nearly so, in exchange for choice thorough-bred fowls. Also, Pekin Ducks and Light Brahmas wanted in exchange for Bantams of superior merit.

H. B. GIBSON, Lock Box R, Cincinnati, Ohio, wants the name and P. O. address of all the Pigeon Breeders in the United States, with a view of purchasing enough to stock a large loft.

J. B. COLVILL, 411 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa., wants six Silver-spangled hens; nothing but first-class stock wanted. Address above, with particulars.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 20, 1876. No. 3.

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

WISCONSIN STATE POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

WE are indebted to G. H. Spear, Secretary, for the following list of awards:

CLASS I.—ASIATICS.

First premium, $3; second premium, $2.

Brahmas—Light—Cock, C. Robertson, Beloit, 1st. Hen, S. H. Seamans, Wauwatosa, 1st; C. Robertson, 2d. Cockerel, Ziegler & Williams, 1st; S. A. Philbrook, Brookfield, 2d; S. H. Seamans, 3d. Pullet, C. Robertson, 1st; Ziegler & Williams, 2d; S. A. Philbrook, 3d. Dark—Cock, S. H. Seamans, 1st; John Mueller, 2d; Peter Schoen, 3d. Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st and 3d; J. Mueller, 2d. Cockerel, S. H. Seamans, 1st; Peter Schoen, 2d; C. A. Kœffler, 3d. Pullet, J. Mueller, 1st; C. A. Kœffler, 2d; S. H. Seamans, 3d.

Cochins—Partridge—Cock, H. D. Gardner, 1st; J. Miller, 2d; C. Robertson, 3d. Hen, C. Robertson, 1st; J. Miller, 2d and 3d. Cockerel, C. Robertson, 1st; S. A. Philbrook, 2d; S. H. Seamans, 3d. Pullet, H. D. Gardner, 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d; J. B. Crosby, St. Joseph, Mich., 3d. White—Cock, J. B. Crosby, 3d. Hen, J. B. Crosby, 3d. Cockerel, S. H. Seamans, 1st and 2d; S. A. Philbrook, 3d. Pullet, S. H. Seamans, 1st and 2d; S. A. Philbrook, 3d. Black—Cockerel, Dr. H. Enos, 1st. Pullet, Dr. H. Enos, 1st and 2d.

CLASS II.—DORKINGS.

Silver-gray—Cock, S. H. Seamans, 1st. Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st. Gray—Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st.

Plymouth Rocks—Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st. Cockerel, J. B. Judson, 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d and 3d. Pullet, J. B. Judson, 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d and 3d.

CLASS IV.—SPANISH.

Black—Cock, H. D. Gardner, 1st and 2d; J. W. Steffen, 3d. Hen, H. D. Gardner, 1st and 2d. Cockerel, H. D. Gardner, 1st; Ziegler & Williams, 2d; S. H. Seamans, 3d. Pullet, S. H. Seamans, 2d and 3d.

Leghorns—White—Cock, S. H. Seamans, 1st; J. B. Crosby, 3d. Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st; Leon Howard, 3d. Cockerel, S. H. Seamans, 2d and 3d. Pullet, S. H. Seamans, 1st; G. A. Cunningham, 2d; Leon Howard, 3d. Brown—Hen, G. A. Cunningham, 1st. Cockerel, M. J. Lane, 1st. Pullet, M. J. Lane, 1st; G. A. Cunningham, 3d.

CLASS V.—POLISH.

Polands—White-crested Black—Cock, Dr. Horace Enos, 1st. Hen, Dr. Enos, 1st. Cockerel, S. H. Seamans, 1st. Pullet, S. H. Seamans, 1st; Dr. Enos, 2d; G. W. Lee, 3d.

CLASS VI.—FRENCH.

Houdans—Cock, S. H. Seamans, 1st; George Butters, Oak Park, Ill., 2d; S. H. Seamans, 3d. Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st and 3d; George Butters, 3d. Cockerel, George Butters, 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d. Pullet, George Butters, 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d.

CLASS VII.—HAMBURGS.

Golden-spangled—Cock, S. H. Seamans, 2d. Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st. Silver-spangled—Cock, S. A. Philbrook, 1st. Hen, Hermann Preusser, 1st. Cockerel, G. W. Lee, 1st. Pullet, S. A. Philbrook, 1st, 2d, and 3d.

CLASS VIII.—GAMES.

Black-breasted Red—Cock, J. W. Cross & Bro., Winneconne, 1st and 2d; G. A. Cunningham, 3d. Hen, J. W. Cross & Bro., 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d; W. Lindman, Milwaukee, 3d. Cockerel, J. W. Cross & Bro., 1st, 2d, and 3d. Pullet, J. W. Cross & Bro., 1st, 2d, and 3d. Brown-breasted Red—Cock, G. A. Cunningham, 1st. Hen, G. A. Cunningham, 1st. Cockerel, S. H. Seamans, 1st. Pullet, S. H. Seamans, 1st. Silver Duckwing—Cockerel, H. D. Gardner, 1st. Pullet, H. D. Gardner, 2d. Spangled—Cock, F. J. Kline, 1st. Cockerel, F. J. Kline, 1st. Pullet, F. J. Kline, 1st. Pyle—Cockerel, S. H. Seamans, 1st and 2d.

CLASS IX.

Silkies—Cock, Dr. H. Enos, 1st. Hen, Dr. Enos, 1st. Cockerel, Dr. Enos, 1st and 2d. Pullet, Dr. Enos, 1st and 2d.

Frizzles—Cock, Dr. Enos, 1st; H. D. Gardner, 2d. Hen, H. D. Gardner, 1st; Dr. Enos, 2d.

CLASS X.—TURKEYS.

Bronze—Gobbler, S. H. Seamans, 1st; M. Robinson, 2d. Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st; M. Robinson, 2d. Cockerel and pullet, S. H. Seamans, 1st in each. Best fat turkey—J. Johnson.

Guineas—White—Fowls, pair, Dr. H. Enos, 1st and 2d.

CLASS XII.—GEESE.

Toulouse—C. Robertson, 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d.
Bremen—S. H. Seamans, 1st; C. Robertson, 2d.
Wild—John Stuart, 1st.
African—J. Johnson, 1st; Mrs. Said, 2d.
Best fat goose, J. Johnson.

CLASS XIII.—DUCKS.

Rouen—S. H. Seamans, 1st and 2d.
Aylesbury—White—S. H. Seamans.
Pekin—Amos Sawyer.
Muscovy—White—S. H. Seamans.

CLASS XVI.—BIRDS.

German Canaries—Pair, Mrs. F. W. Spear, 1st and 2d. Cardinal Red-bird—Dr. H. Enos.

CLASS XVII.

Guinea Pigs—S. A. Philbrook, 1st and 2d; J. E. Bast, 3d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Heaviest Turkey—S. H. Seamans. Heaviest Goose—C. Robertson. Heaviest Pair of Ducks—S. H. Seamans.

CLASS XV.—PIGEONS.

First premium, $3; second premium, $2.

English Carriers—Black, G H. Spear, Milwaukee, 1st: Dun, G. H. Spear, 1st. Red, G. W. Lee, Milwaukee, 1st. Blue, G. H. Spear, 1st. White, G. H. Spear, 1st. Mottled, G. H. Spear, 1st. Barbs—White, G. H. Spear, 1st. Black, G. H. Spear, 1st. Red, G. H. Spear, 1st and 2d. Yellow, G. H. Spear, 1st and 2d. African Owls—Blue, G. H. Spear, 1st. Tumblers—Button-head, G. H. Spear, 1st and 2d. Almond, W. A. Collins, Milwaukee, 1st and 2d. Black Mottled Trumpeters, W. A. Collins, 1st and 2d. Splashed, W. A. Collins, 1st and 2d. Black, W. A. Collins, 1st. White, F. C. Germain, Milwaukee, 1st. Pouters—Yellow, J. Williams, Milwaukee, 2d. White, G. H. Spear, 1st; J. Williams, 2d. Blue, J. Williams, 1st and 2d. Red, J. Williams, 1st and 2d. Blue-checkered, W. A. Collins, 1st. Fans—White-crested Calcutta, F. C. Germain, 1st; W. A. Collins, 2d. White Plain-head, F. C. Germain, 1st. Black, G. H. Spear, 1st. Blue, W. A. Collins.

SWALLOW PIGEONS.

First premium, $2; second premium, $1.

Blue, G. H. Spear, 1st. Black, J. Williams, 1st; F. C. Germain, 2d. Red, G. H. Spear, 1st; J. Williams, 2d. Yellow, J. Williams, 2d. Blue Swallows, white bars, W. A. Collins, 2d. Turbits—Silver-wing, F. C. Germain. Yellow-wing, W. A. Collins, 1st; F. C. Germain, 2d. Red-wing, F. C. Germain, 1st; J. Williams, 2d. Blue-check Wing, F. C. Germain, 1st. Black-wing, F. C. Germain, 1st; J. Williams, 2d. Tumblers—Yellow, F. C. Germain, 2d. Black Mottled, W. A. Collins, 1st and 2d. Black, G. H. Spear, 1st. Kite, G. H. Spear, 1st. Black Bald-head, G. H. Spear, 1st. Blue-beard, F. C. Germain, 1st. Red-beard, F. C. Germain, 1st. Red, W. A. Collins. Nuns—Black, W. A. Collins, 1st and 2d. Archangels—J. Williams, 1st. Priests—Black, G. H. Spear, 1st. Red, J. Williams, 2d. Spangled, J. Williams, 1st. Yellow, J. Williams, 1st. Jacobins—Red, Black, White, Red-mottled, and Yellow, J. Williams, 1st in each. Helmets—Yellow, G. W. Lee, 1st. Ice Pigeons—G. H. Spear, 1st; W. A. Collins, 2d. Moorheads—Blue, G. H. Spear, 1st. Black, J. W. Williams, 1st.

CLASS XVIII.—BANTAMS.

Game—Black-breasted Red—Cock, S. H. Seamans, 1st; S. A. Philbrook, 2d; H. D. Gardner, 3d. Hen, G. A. Cunningham, 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d and 3d. Cockerel, S. A. Philbrook, 1st; Miss Alice Wells, Milwaukee, 2d; S. H. Seamans, 3d. Pullet, S. H. Seamans, 1st; S. H. Philbrook, 2d; Miss Alice Wells, 3d. Silver Duckwing—Cock, S. A. Philbrook, 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d and 3d. Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st, 2d, and 3d. Cockerel, S. H. Seamans, 1st and 3d; F. Ricketson, Milwaukee, 2d. Pullet, S. H. Seamans, 1st and 2d; F. Ricketson, 3d. Yellow Duckwing—Cock, S. A. Philbrook, 3d. Hen, S. A. Philbrook, 1st and 2d. Pyle—Cock, S. H. Seamans, 1st. Hen, Houghton Bros., Milwaukee; S. H. Seamans, 2d. Cockerel, Houghton Bros., 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d and 3d. Pullet, S. H. Seamans, 1st and 2d.

Gold-laced Sebright—Hen, S. A. Philbrook, 1st. Cockerel, S. H. Seamans, 1st and second. Pullet, S. H. Seamans; S. A. Philbrook, 2d. Silver-laced Sebright—Cockerel, H. I. Allen, Schoolcraft, Mich., 1st. Pullet, H. I. Allen, 1st. Black African—Cock, S. H. Seamans, 1st; Dr. H. Enos, 2d. Hen, S. H. Seamans, 1st; Dr. H. Enos, 2d. Cockerel, Dr. H. Enos, 1st; S. H. Seamans, 2d; S. A. Philbrook, 3d. Pullet, S. H. Seamans, 1st and 2d; S. A. Philbrook, 3d.

DOGS.

Pointer—F. A. Turner, Stoughton, Wis., 1st. Spaniel—Jacob Wisher, Milwaukee, 1st. Native English Setter—J. S. Ormsby, 1st. Black-and-tan Gordon Setter—J. S. Ormsby, 1st. Setter Pups—Charles Goets, 1st and 2d. Bull Terrier—J. L. Griffen, 1st; Frank Whitney, 2d.

It was decided that a bird must figure eighty-five points for first premium; eighty points for second, and seventy-five points for third.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

MARYLAND POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Baltimore is ahead. The third annual exhibition of the above-named association took place in Baltimore, January 3d to 7th, and was decidedly a success. The interest manifested by the public in this show was of a character both gratifying and remarkable. The attendance of visitors, on the first and second days, was so great, that to judge many of the fowls properly was difficult and the judges were fain to request the officers to have a portion of the aisles closed until they had completed their labors. Taking the number of ladies and children that visited the show, as an index of the interest felt in fancy poultry, etc., Maryland must be singularly favored, for they surely composed a large proportion of the visitors. All things taken into consideration, we believe this to be the finest show of the season. Maryland Institute, where it was held, is well adapted for the purpose, as it is large, well-lighted and conveniently located. Outside the hall, near the entrance, were displayed beautiful paintings of fowls and pigeons, which presented an attractive appearance and caught the eye of the passing throng, giving a vivid and life-like picture of the living specimens to be seen within the hall, and we doubt not, lured many for the first time into a poultry show. In fowls, the interest apparently centred on the Asiatics. Of Light Brahmas, there were nineteen coops. The first prize pens were remarkably fine in color and of good size; this pair were awarded the silver cup for best pair of Asiatics; also, special for best cock. The second prize pair were also good, both in point of size and markings. There were several more coops shown in this class to which the judges would gladly have awarded premiums, but, as only first and second prizes were offered, they were compelled to pass them. Dark Brahmas, ten coops. Taken as a whole, this class was not very good, the prize birds being the only ones worthy of notice, the majority of the hens showing the white shaft plainly, while many of the cocks were brassy or brown on the back.

Buff Cochins were not a large class, nor were they particularly good, many of the hens being marbled or mottled in color; this, however, seems to be prevalent in Buffs this year, both here and in England. Partridge Cochins mustered ten coops; some of the hens were remarkably well penciled and of good size. The first and second prize hens were good birds, the cocks especially so. White Cochins were a very small class, only three coops, and of passable quality. Black Cochins, of this variety, we did not see a single coop; they ought to be more popular, but do not seem to meet with much favor. Dorkings were a small class, one pen of Silver-gray and two or three of colored Dominiques—Plymouth Rocks were also few in numbers and of fair quality. The Hamburg classes were not strong in numbers, but some excellent fowls were shown. Black Spanish were a good class, in fact the best display we have seen for some time, and contained some really good birds. Brown Leghorns were a poor class, two pens, and both were disqualified. White Leghorns were quite a good display, and some excellent birds were shown. The French classes were also small in numbers, but contained some good specimens. Polish were represented by White-crested, Black, and Silver-spangled. The first prize cock, of the Silver variety, was a grand bird. The White-crested Blacks were also fine, the first prize pen especially so, winning silver

cup for best pair of Polish. Games were well represented by Black-reds, Brown-red, Gray, Spangle, Duckwing, etc. The Black-reds were undoubtedly the best, and won the cup for best pair of Games. Bantams were small classes, but contained some good specimens. Black-reds were rather the best class, Sebrights, both Golden and Silver, were about the average. Turkeys were well represented by Bronze, and one or two pens of White. The display of water-fowls was not large, but some good Rouens and Aylesburys were shown.

The display of pigeons was simply grand. We doubt if such a magnificent show of really high-class birds was ever before seen in this country. There being over five hundred entries of pigeons, and all strictly first-class specimens, we confess our inability to do the pigeon department justice; hence, shall not attempt it, but leave it for a more abler pen. The exhibition was to conclude the last two days with a display of pure-bred dogs. Judging from the numerous inquiries, of would-be exhibitors, this also promised to be a success. We regretted our inability to remain until the close of the show. The arrangements of the show and its management were a credit to the officers, who have good reason to congratulate themselves upon the success of their exhibition, which they well deserved, as the energy displayed by Mr. Slifer, the President, and Mr. G. O. Brown, the courteous and gentlemanly Secretary, would insure the success of anything, in the way of a poultry show, they might undertake. We are especially grateful to them and others for the pleasure we enjoyed while at the show, and when Baltimore has a hen show again, may we be there to see. W. E. FLOWER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE DUCK QUESTION.—No. 1.

BY J. Y. BICKNELL.

IN presenting this subject to the readers of the *Fanciers' Journal*, I shall, for want of a larger store of language, be obliged to copy in part from my Catalogue of 1871; yet I hope to present some ideas that will be new and interesting to such as are seeking instruction. In treating of the comparative merits of the different varieties of ducks, I shall not aim to establish or overthrow any hobby, but present facts candidly and fearlessly, regardless of frown or favor. In view of the fact that Pekins have held so prominent a place, I shall digress from the natural order and discuss their comparative merits at the outset.

It is well known, that they have been recently introduced into this country, and that the entire stock, except a very few, have descended from Mr. Palmer's first importation. Notice of their arrival was duly chronicled, and their wonderful merits were conjectured. On account of their scarcity and supposed superiority, they have sold at extravagant prices, and purchasers have been found among those who never before supposed they had any affection for ducks.

Some purchasers fully believed in their represented superiority, while others supposed that high prices would be maintained, and great profits would accrue therefrom. With some, this last supposition has been realized while others have their Pekins on hand longing for customers.

I have found no other variety of ducks so plenty at our shows this season as Pekins, and I have been urged by several parties to purchase their entire stock. My first introduction to Pekins was at the Buffalo show, while judging ducks in 1874.

I was favorably impressed with them, and believed them to be a valuable addition to our stock of water fowls, but I did *not* believe they were much superior to our old varieties. My experience with them since verifies my first impression. In the early autumn of 1874, I procured, from headquarters, two pairs of early hatched birds. On their arrival, their size seemed immense, but on handling them they seemed light. I gave them a splendid chance; they shared the pond and stream with my Aylesburys for a few months, and, although they appeared so much larger, when tested by the scales the Aylesburys fell short of them in weight, just one pound to the pair.

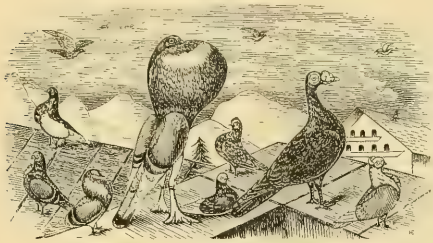
During the winter I exhibited them successfully at two shows, then gave them as good a chance as my facilities, which are unexcelled, would admit of. The record that followed is so discouragingly bad that I omit it. In two instances I crossed a Pekin drake with an Aylesbury duck, as an experiment. The result was quite an improvement on the Pekins, both as to size and symmetry. The crosses bore no resemblance at all to the Pekins, but could easily have been mistaken for Aylesburys, with a slight tinge of yellow on the bills.

All the crosses have been slaughtered except four ducks, which I propose to experiment with the coming season. A neighbor of mine, last spring, crossed a Pekin drake with a Rouen duck, and the result was a splendid lot of black and white ducks that also outweighed the Pekins. Noticing a very nice lot of Pekins at a show last fall, I purchased the best pair, which were afterwards shipped to me. On their arrival I was again disappointed in their actual weight. A pair of late hatched Cayugas weighed in the same notch, although the Pekins looked to be one-third heavier. The scales informed me, also, that my young Aylesburys, Rouens, and Cayugas outweighed them by from one to three pounds per pair.

Pekins look much larger than either of the above-named varieties, but it is because their feathers are loose and fluffy. In view of these facts, have I not a right to claim that we have other varieties of ducks as valuable as Pekins? I discard the idea that they possess a *single point* of superiority over Rouens or Aylesburys. The compact, glossy plumage of the latter finds no comparison in the Pekin, and in symmetry and beauty the Aylesbury is ahead. It is of no account to us whether they come from the Imperial yards of the great heathen city or from the desert of Arabia—whether they are as plentiful as the sands of the seashore or as rare as pearls among pebbles. The point of interest with us is, Are they what they have been represented to be? I predict, and time will sanction my assertion, that to place Pekins on a par with our other valuable varieties is all that their merits will warrant. If they can rise higher, let them do so on their own merits, and not because others quack for them. I hope to hear from "Pekin" again; her articles are sensible and spicy.

"IT makes good garden sass" to let your hens and chickens into your neighbor's grounds to take an Easter holiday.

"THAT bed is not long enough for me," said a tall, gruff Englishman, on being ushered into his bedroom by an Irish waiter at one of our hotels. "Faith, an' you'll find it's plenty long enough, sir, when you get into it," was the reply; "for then there'll be two more feet added to it."



PIGEON DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SHOW OF PIGEONS AT BALTIMORE.

THE liberal schedule offered by the Maryland Poultry Association, together with the cups and other valuable prizes, brought out a large and beautiful collection of pigeons. The cream of the country were in the show. The high-class varieties contained some of the best birds ever shown on this side of the Atlantic; they were a great treat to behold and a surprise to all—not only to gentlemen of the fancy, but to the uninitiated in these feathered pets. We were pleased to see so many fanciers from neighboring cities, which happy meeting is the life of these interesting exhibitions, and many exchanges and purchases were made, to their mutual benefit, not forgetting the advantages in the comparing of good and bad studs of birds. Last year, the hall in which the show was held was found too small for the number of entries, which caused a fancier to wish that the largest hall in Baltimore would not be of sufficient size to hold the number of coops another season, which caused us to smile; but that enthusiastic fancier's wild expression (as we thought) has disappointed the hopes of the most sanguine and has been realized, as the hall was packed and no space for any more. The attendance of visitors was greater than at any exhibition of a similar character we have ever visited. The interest being taken in our pets we attribute partly to the large circulation of our poultry and pigeon periodicals, now to be seen in nearly every household. The grand display pleased all, which must have been very gratifying to the getters-up of so successful an exhibition. The birds had the best of attention given them, with good food and water. The well-sanded and new wire coops belonging to the association gave a neatness to the entire arrangement. In another season we hope to see printed labels of each variety posted on the coops, that strangers may recognize a Carrier from a flying Antwerp.

The society having offered a silver cup for the bird that would make the best time in a fly from Washington City to Baltimore, brought out several contestants. The race was won by Mr. Strine's Silver-dun Antwerp; time, one hour and forty-nine minutes; weather very cloudy. The time made did not satisfy the flying fanciers, as the same birds had flown the distance in much quicker time. The race created considerable excitement both in Washington and this city. Many persons witnessed the start from the dome of the capitol. The winning birds were again placed on exhibition, and attracted considerable attention and were much admired, as were also the beautiful Antwerps of Mr. Van Opstal, of New York, his birds having won prizes in races of several hundred miles in Europe. Many fanciers are now starting with this fashionable and intelligent variety of pigeons. The crowded state of the aisles prevented us examining critically many of the birds; however, we managed to take a look at the winners and a few others. The judges were Mr. Long, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Stunyse, of this city, whose awards gave satisfaction in nearly all cases. We did not envy their work, as points in pigeons are so much finer now-a-days that it requires good and careful judgment to satisfy fanciers of the times.

There were ninety-one coops of Pouters, one fancier of this favorite variety (Mr. Becker) showing forty-two birds. First prize, Blue cock, very stylish and good in girth, rough limbed. Second prize (Caughey), a splendid bird, good in nearly all points, excellent in leg, crop, and moon, wanting only shoulder-marks. 705, very stylish and long in feather. 295, good color, large bird, but too thick. 475, highly commended, nice bird, fair marking, good legs. 476, rather small, good in girth and limb. First Blue hen, a very large bird and winner wherever shown; first two years in succession at New York; many supposed her to be a cock. Second prize hen, well placed, color and limb very good, no shoulder-mark. 480, nicely-marked hen. 481, highly commended, fair bird. First Black cock, a grand Pouter in all points and shown in splendid condi-

BLACK CARRIER COCK—SECOND PRIZE.

tion, the best for color and marking in the show. Second, fine bird, wanting in limb and color. 484, highly commended, excellent in limb and color, rather short in feather, good crop. First Black hen, not in good show condition, color and marking very good; we preferred second prize, with her good clean legs and feathered to our taste. 486, good in crop only. 487, fair bird, good crop. 703, unnoticed baby, we liked very much. The Black hen shown by Mr. Becker beat all the cocks in the show for crop. In Reds we find a great improvement in color of the cocks; some excellent birds in the class, and the winners hard to choose; nearly every bird deserving of a prize. First and second Reds very equal in points, the former the best in marking, the other best in leg and color; the prizes could have been reversed, second being such a stylish bird. 351, unnoticed, beat the pair in all points; a clean-marked bird, slightly ring-necked; he was sold, we believe, at what we thought a low price, to a New Yorker. Red hens not so good in color as is wanted. First Red hen, bad color, very long bird, good limbs, and a splendid stock bird; we preferred second prize hen. 493; a nice bird. Yellows were a good show, and well-known birds competed. First, a grand bird and no mistake, very long in feather, capital color, wanting only the rose to make him a bird hard to match. Second, a good Pouter. 353 seemed very young, only

wanting in leg-feathering; with a little more age he will be a good one; very long, thin girth, and quite stylish, with good marking. 228, worthy of a prize. First Yellow hen, a large bird. Second, we liked best; her being lame lost her the usual place; she is good enough to win anywhere. 677, a good hen. In young hens there were some good birds, 501 being the best in the lot, which won the special, 1875. First White cock will keep his place, and well deserves it, although some young ones coming on may take it from him. Second, also a good one. Several other White cocks deserved notice. Some very pretty young Whites shown. This class is always admired, especially by the ladies. The first White hen is always in her place; she changed hands, and now goes back to her old home; she recognized her old mate when she was put in an adjoining coop, and looked another bird just in time to catch the judges' eyes. Mealeys and Splashes contained some good birds and some inferior ones. One of the best in the lot was shown by Scheld, of Brooklyn.

BLACK CARRIER COCK—FIRST PRIZE.

Carriers, twenty-six entries. First prize Black cock (Yewdall) was a grand bird, sound color, thick box beak, and the handsomest eye-wattle ever seen, and as near perfect as any Carrier ever shown; the condition of the bird attracted much attention; it will be difficult to find his equal. Second prize was a raven black, very long in face, beautiful in eye-wattle, and a very thin, long neck; a grand bird for the show-coop; head well up all the time, with that race-horse-like appearance so characteristic of these famous birds; he was a little faulty in beak; some fanciers regarded him as a dangerous competitor. The other Black cocks were good birds, but much behind the winners. First Black hen, good in head points. Second was a fair bird, her color very good; too young to compete with older birds. The first Dun cock was a magnificent bird, grand eye and beak-wattle, very strong in build, perhaps the best beak in the show; he was preferred by some to any bird shown; we thought he showed a little too much gullet, which gave him too thick an appearance about the head. Second prize Dun was a good bird in the show-coop, beautiful eye-wattle, rather too thick and short in neck, excellent beak. First prize Dun hen, a beautiful Carrier all over, very straight beak, excellent in color, and grand style, quite equal in size to most of the cocks. Second prize was not much behind, color not quite right. Pen 577, the best Dun Carrier hen we ever saw, good everywhere, and we think we are safe in calling her the best Carrier for a hen shown; we cannot see how she escaped the judge's notice; she deserved first prize, although her wattles were not quite as heavy as the winner; one fancier of this noble bird tried hard for her, but she could not be left in Baltimore; she is a model of a Carrier, having all the points required in a first-class specimen. The other colors in Carriers need no special remarks.

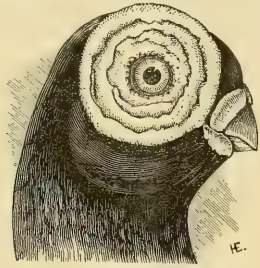
Judging seventy-four short-faced Tumblers was no easy matter, the entire lot being so even throughout. First and second prize Almond cocks were two such birds as are not often seen, the latter only beaten in feather; he was a little gem, and had a wonderful head. Several others unnoticed were also good birds, especially the well-known Boston bird, who is now growing too dark. First prize Almond hen, excellent in step and carriage. Second, we preferred to the winner. Two others unnoticed were much better than the prize birds. The well-known little Scotch Lassie was again left out on account of a slight defect in beak. The highly commended hen was a grand bird in carriage and color, with the right Almond ground, beautifully spangled. The Reds were a grand class. First prize cock has won many prizes in Great Britain; he was the best Short-faced Tumbler in the show, so remarked a good Scotch judge of Short-faces. Second Red was a very fine style bird and excellent color. First Red hen (Wall), a neat little bird. Second, not so good in color. Agates were up in all points. Second Agate cock (Purvis), very good in head and beak. We preferred his hen to the first-prize hen, beating her in all points save feather. 746 contained a beautiful pair of Yellow Agates. Some good Mottles, Kites and Splashes were shown. The two latter colors we always like to see in the prize list; without them we could not well keep up our strain of Almonds.

A few very pretty Short-faced Balds were placed too high to be seen. They were very good in head, and some really clean cut, especially coops 452, 453, and 455. A nice pair of Yellows (long faces) were shown, also one pair of very small Blue Beards. Almonds always takes precedence in the Short-faced class. We preferred many of the other colors, especially the Red and Yellow Agate Mottles. The former, unless in their prime for feather, are not near so attractive. A special prize for the best pair of Short-faces (any color) might settle this question of feather.

RED BARB—FIRST PRIZE.

Sixty-two Barbs competed, and the winners well selected. Nothing wanting in the prize birds. The first Black cock (Slifer) was a Barb throughout, and we thought the best in the class. It was a grand show of Barbs, and many good birds changed hands. A few were not in prime show condition, and it would have been better had they been left at home; but a cup was at stake, and they all tried hard for it. We think the judges awarded the prizes to the right birds, without fear or favor.

The sixty-five Owls caused much talk in the judges' decision. The Blue Africans were very good in head points, and with their muffled frills were very pretty, yet we thought them very deficient in color. The latter we think a very important point in this favorite variety. We think the English and foreign should have separate classes. The several coops of White Africans were very clean and neat. In Blue and Powdered, as well as Yellows and Blacks, we saw some grand birds.



BLACK BARB COCK—FIRST PRIZE.

Thirty-six Swallows, nearly every coop good. The Blues, Reds, and Blacks with white bars, shown by Colell, of New York, were certainly deserving of the extra prizes. But the most perfect Swallow ever seen in Baltimore, the Blue Barless hen, coop 355, was as perfect as any of the Swallows in Fulton's new work, whether they are overdrawn or not. She is matchless. Her owner deserves much credit for showing such a faultless bird, which is as hard to breed true to feather as any of the Toy varieties. All of the known colors in Swallows in a row was quite a pretty sight.

Twenty-six Trumpeters, and four of them fine Russians, good Black and Mottles, the latter entirely too gay. Nice Yellows and Blues were shown. What has become of the pretty Reds we used to see so much?

Thirty-eight Turbits, all colors. A very pretty pair with white bars. Yellows few and good: points won over shells—why not? Reds were few, as were also Self-colors.

Twelve Jacobins. Not a first-class bird in the lot.

Eighteen Magpies, some very clean in marking. A very pretty pair of Reds won.

Twenty Fantails, some very fair birds. A beautiful pair of Whites, with shoulder-marks similar to Turbits.

Twenty Priests, consisting of Reds, Yellows, Starling, Spangled, and Ice—a very good collection. A famous pair of Yellows lost their place this time. The hooked-nose pair were given the preference. They were very pretty and won by having this extra point.

Eighteen Homing Antwerps. Their performance wins them the prize—not looks any more.

Archangels, Nuns, and other varieties contained nothing extra.

A good number of Short-faced Berlin (Magpie-marked) Tumblers were shown by Colell. They were new to the fancy here. Extra prizes were given to each color.

PRIZE LIST OF THE MARYLAND SHOW OF PIGEONS.

Pouters—Blue—Cock, 1st, J. Yewdall, Philadelphia, Pa.; 2d, N. W. Caughy, Baltimore; highly commended, A. Scheld, Brooklyn, N. Y. Hen, 1st, A. Scheld; 2d, N. W. Caughy; highly commended, C. Becker, Baltimore. Black—Cock, 1st, J. Yewdall; 2d, A. Scheld; highly commended, C. Becker. Red—Cock, 1st, 2d, and highly commended, J. Yewdall. Hen, 1st, A. Scheld; 2d, J. Yewdall; highly commended, N. M. Pusey, Catonsville, Md. Yellow—Cock, 1st and highly commended, J. Yewdall; 2d, C. Becker; highly commended, A. Scheld. Hen, 1st and 2d, J. Yewdall. White—Cock, 1st and 2d, J. Yewdall; highly commended, C. Becker; highly commended, N. W. Caughy. Hen, 1st, John Yewdall; 2d and highly commended, C. Becker. Any other color—The following won prizes: A. Scheld, C. Becker, C. H. Clemm. Young Black cock, A. Scheld, $5; Yellow, C. Becker, $5; White, C. Becker, $5; White hen, C. Becker, $5. Best—Blue, C. Becker, $5; Splash, A. Scheld; Mealy, A Scheld, C. W. Clemm. N. W. Caughy's special for best Blue and White, J. Yewdall, $10. Cup (value $23), for best collection of Pouters, J. Yewdall; Carriers, J. Yewdall.

Carriers—Black—Cock, 1st and highly commended, J. Yewdall; 2d and highly commended, T. S. Gaddess, Baltimore. Hen, 1st and highly commended, J. Yewdall; 2d, T. S. Gaddess. Dun—Cock, 1st, J. Yewdall; 2d, T. S. Gaddess. Hen, 1st and highly commended, J. Yewdall; 2d and highly commended, T. S. Gaddess. Red—Cock, 1st, W. B. Cochran, Baltimore. Yellows—2d, F. Heine, Baltimore. Whites—1st and 2d, D. F. Wall, Baltimore.

Short-faced Tumblers—Almonds—Cock, 1st and highly commended, T. S. Gaddess; 2d, G. Purvis, New York; highly commended, S. H. Slifer, Baltimore. Hen, 1st and highly commended, T. S. Gaddess; 2d, G. Purvis. Red—Cock, 1st, T. S. Gaddess; 2d, D. F. Wall. Hen, 1st, D. F. Wall; 2d, T. S. Gaddess. Agate—Cock, 1st, T. S. Gaddess; 2d, Geo. Purvis. Hen, 1st and 2d, T. S. Gaddess. Black Mottled—Cock, 1st, T. S. Gaddess. Hen, 1st, T. S. Gaddess. Kite—Cock, 1st, S. H. Slifer; 2d, H. Colell; highly commended, T. S. Gaddess. Hen, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, S. H. Slifer; highly commended, T. S. Gaddess. Splashed—Cock, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, S. H. Slifer. Hen, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, S. H. Slifer. Silver pitcher and cup for best collection of Short-faced Tumblers, T. S. Gaddess. Short-faced Berlin Tumblers—Extra prizes were awarded to H. Colell for his collection of these varieties of Berlins. Extra prizes were also given for Yellow Short-faced Tumblers, 1st, D. F. Wall; 2d, C. Becker.

Balds and Beards—Cock, 1st and 2d, J. E. Koons. Hen, 1st and highly commended, J. E. Koons. *Beards*—1st in Yellow, 2d in Blue, 1st in Blacks, H. Colell; 2d, J. Oler, Baltimore.

Barbs—Black—Cock, 1st, S. H. Slifer; 2d, H. Colell; highly commended, D. Mordecai, Baltimore. Hen, 1st, D. Mordecai; 2d, H. Colell. White—Cock, 1st and 2d, S. H. Slifer. Hen, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, S. H. Slifer. Red—Cock, 1st, D. Mordecai; 2d, S. H. Slifer; highly commended, H. Colell. Hen, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, D. Mordecai. Yellow—Cock, 1st and highly commended, S. H. Slifer; 2d, D. Mordecai; Hen, 1st, S. H. Slifer; 2d, D. Mordecai. Dun—Cock, 1st, D. E. Newall, New York; 2d, S. H. Slifer. Cup (value $23) and beautiful vase of wax flower offered by a lady friend of the society, won by S. H. Slifer.

Owls—White—Pairs, 1st, D. Mordecai; 2d, W. B. Cochran. Black—Pairs, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, D. Mordecai. Yellow—Pairs, 1st and 2d, D. Mordecai. Blue—Pairs, 1st, J. Schminck, Baltimore; 2d, W. B. Cochran. Blue-powdered—Pairs, 1st and 2d, D. Mordecai. Dun—Pairs, 1st, H. Colell. Cup, value $23, for best collection of Owls, D. Mordecai.

Swallows—Black—Pairs, 1st, J. Schminck; 2d, T. Symington, Baltimore. Yellow—Pairs, 1st and 2d, T. S. Gaddess; highly commended, H. Colell and T. Symington. Red—Pairs, 1st, T. S. Gaddess; 2d, J. Oler. Blue—Pairs, 1st, J. Oler; 2d, T. Symington. Blue (barless), 1st, T. S. Gaddess. Extra prizes were awarded to H. Colell for Blue, Red, and Black Swallows with white bars.

Trumpeters—Black—Pairs, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, T. S. Gaddess; highly commended, D. Mordecai. Mottled—Pairs, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, T. S. Gaddess. Yellow—Pairs, 1st, F. Rommell, Baltimore; 2d, J. Schminck. White—Pairs, 1st, D. Mordecai; 2d, F. A. Rommell. Blue—Pairs, 1st and 2d, D. Mordecai.

Turbits—Black (self-color)—1st, W. B. Cochran; 2d, J. H. Lammers, Baltimore. Yellow (self-color)—1st and 2d,

C. Becker. White (self-color)—1st, T. Symington; 2d, W. B. Cochran. Red (self-color)—1st and 2d, L. Roll, Baltimore. Black and Blue-tail—1st and 2d, C. H. Clemm, Baltimore. Red—1st, W. B. Cochran. Yellows—1st, T. S. Gaddess. Blues (shouldered)—1st and 2d, L. Roll. Blues (white bars)—1st, D. Mordecai (extra prize).

Jacobins—Self-color—Pairs, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, D. F. Wall. Yellow—1st and 2d. L. Roll. White—1st, L. Roll. Blue—1st, L. Roll. Red—1st, L. Roll.

Magpies—Black—Pairs, 1st, D. Mordecai; 2d, L. Roll. Yellow—Pairs, 1st, J. Oler; 2d, J. H. Lammers. Red—Pairs, 1st, J. H. Lammers; 2d, F. A. Rommell. Blue—1st, L. Roll.

Fantails—White—Pairs, 1st and 2d, D. Mordecai. Black—1st and 2d, J. E. Deleplaine, Baltimore. Splashed—1st and 2d, J. E. Deleplaine. Black-shouldered, extra prize, H. Colell.

Homing Antwerps—Blue-checker—1st, J. J. Strine, Baltimore; 2d, J. Van Opstal, New York. Blue—1st, J. Van Opstal; 2d, E. Whitman, Baltimore. Silver-dun—1st, J. Van Opstal; 2d, J. J. Strine.

Priests—Red—Pairs, 1st, T. S. Gaddess; 2d, A. Mueller, Baltimore. Yellow—Pairs, 1st, H. Colell; 2d, T. S. Gaddess. Spangled—1st, T. A. Symington; 2d, L. Roll.

Nuns—Red—1st, H. Colell. Black—1st, H. Colell. Yellow—1st, H. Colell; 2d, L. Roll

Archangels—1st, T. S. Gaddess. MARBLE.

BALTIMORE, January 10, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SUPREME SELFISHNESS.

A WRITER in No. 50, Vol. II., of the *Journal*, who signs himself "Young Breeder," seems to be greatly troubled by the action of the Elmira poultry fanciers. As I do not know who this writer is, he cannot regard anything which I may say as personal.

The resolutions adopted by this meeting, are a step in the right direction, and what all our poultry societies require, not only that the name of the breeder of the specimens offered for prizes be entered on the books of the society, but also placed with the name of the exhibitor on the coops, and published in the premium list it will be better for the mass of breeders.

So much depends upon the care of stock before and during the laying season, and upon that given to the chicks after they leave the shell, that he who raises a fine exhibition trio deserves the credit of it, even though the stock from which they were bred came direct from the yards of some of our noted fanciers. Very many fine trios are sent out from the yards of the noted breeders every year, and yet how few comparatively real fine exhibition birds are produced from them. The reason of this is that most of those who purchase this poultry, often at very high figures, do not care properly for the original stock and its progeny. Disappointment is the inevitable result, and in a large majority of cases the blame is laid upon the parties from whom the birds were received. Much of the worthless stock referred to by "Young Breeder," has proven worthless because of the ignorance, or carelessness, or general incompetency of those who bought it. It is time that it was understood that it requires natural taste, experience, skill, patience, and perseverance, to breed fine poultry successfully, and that the purchase of a trio, or a dozen trios, of the very best birds to be had, will not make any green hand who may undertake the business a successful poultry raiser.

Several years ago, a gentleman, in speaking of the editor of the *Fanciers' Journal*, said, "He can sell his best birds in the fall, and from those which appear to be inferior in quality, he can raise splendid chicks. He understands so well how to mate his birds, that some which would be regarded as second-class exhibition birds, are first-class as breeders, perhaps the very best in the lot. Then he understands how to feed and care for the chicks, so as to produce far better results than most of those attained who purchased his best show birds." "Young Breeder" thinks that this arrangement would destroy the value of exhibition birds. If the chief value of these birds is to blind and deceive the public, the sooner they loose their value the better for the fancy.

Why should any one object to putting the breeder's name on the coop, unless he wants to buy a reputation, which he knows he does not deserve? How many have bought an exhibition trio at a high figure, and under cover of the premiums received have sold much inferior stock? Some whose names appear conspicuously in the premium list, seldom breed a bird worth showing. They thus by practicing this from year to year, get a reputation which they do not deserve, and they are really practicing a fraud upon the public. It is time this should cease, or a premium will come to be regarded as of little value. There are some, however, who purchase birds and exhibit them, who do not deserve this censure, as they have no hesitation in stating either in the show-room, or in print, that they are not the breeders.

Some of the highest prices that have ever been paid for birds, have been paid at shows where the birds were intended for breeding, and not for future exhibition. Extra fine birds will always command a good price. Let "Young Breeder" and all who are embarking in the business remember that in these days of exhibitions, and poultry papers, a reputation that is bought will be of little value. Q.

A GOOD many stories of stammerers are told, but none of recent date better than the following of Platt Evans, of Cincinnati: It was one of his pleasures to teach his friends how to purchase tender geese, though he could not always get them in the market. One morning he saw a lot, and inquired of the farmer how many there were.

"About a dozen," was the reply.

"W-w-ell," said Platt, "I k-k-keep b-boarding-house, and my b-b-boarders are the biggest e-eaters you ever s-s-saw. P-p-pick out n-n-nine of the t-t-toughest you've g-g-got."

The farmer complied, and laid aside the other three tender ones. Platt picked them up carefully, and putting them in his basket, said,

"I b-b-believe I'll t-t-take these three."

A MAN some time ago threw a small dog into a river at Rochester from a railroad bridge, Instead of passing over the falls, as was expected, the dog reached a large piece of ice close to the brink. He was seen there for three days, but no one ventured to rescue him. An attempt was made to induce him to jump into the river by throwing stones at him, but it failed. The moaning of the dog was painful to listen to. Finally, two boys, in passing over the bridge, saw the dog and determined to rescue him. Neither one of them would go alone, but each challenged the other to go with him. They started, walked through the cold water to where a single misstep would have sent them to their death below the falls, picked up the poor dog and regained the bridge in safety to receive the hearty compliments of those who had witnessed their daring adventure. The dog, when rescued, had been on the ice just above the brink of the falls for four days, and was so weak that he could not stand up.

THE

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JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

A. N. Raub, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

MICHIGAN STATE POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.

Dear Sir: Our arrangements for holding a union fair of poultry, dogs, cats, fish, fruits, flowers, vegetables, and babies, are progressing favorably, and our premium lists will be distributed this week. The fish commissioners are making an effort to hold a convention of all interested in pisciculture, and also of the state sportsmen's club, to secure some action for the preservation of game and fish. We hope to see here most of the eastern breeders who intend to visit Chicago, as our fair begins directly after the close of that of the National Association. Our most noticeable prizes will be $25 for best five Light Brahma cocks or cockerels; $50 for best Tortoise-shell Tom cat; golden double eagle for best baby under five years, and an excellent list on dogs of over $300. Prize list and rules sent on application. E. C. Skinner, Secretary,

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—The Skunk (*Mephitis*) is, we believe, the only undomesticated animal that always varies in color in the different individuals; no two are ever seen alike. Some are almost entirely black, others striped or spotted; some again nearly white. The skunk is found only in America, from the Strait of Megellan to Hudson's Bay. The colors are always white and black, none are ever seen entirely of either. They belong to the weasel family, but resemble the gluttons and badgers in habits aud general appearance. They dwell, often, many families together, and are frequently found in the same hole with the woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*). They are active by day as well as by night, and when discovered, make no effort to escape, but are aggressive—acting always on the *offensive*. They are the most beautiful of American carnivora, and perhaps of any of our small quadrupeds. J. M. McCam.

—If "L" and "Aqua" could place the inside of the glass of their aquariums beneath the focus of a powerful microscope, they would behold a magnificent and boundless prairie, or pasture field, teeming with life of all imaginable shapes. They might behold terrific combats between monsters of the most grotesque and horrible forms. It is in the confervoid growth in the aquarium that the animalcula shelter, feed and propagate; and it is in the pursuit of these, to us invisible forms of life, that the fish execute the double-quick movements up and down the glass. At night the fish will be found on the glass next to the light, where the animalcula are most easily seen. C. Vitulinus.

—Jet Black Buck.—While hunting with a party of friends in the mountains, last fall, a *jet black* buck was seen, of unusual size and with noble antlers. White, or spotted deer are sometimes seen, but this is the only black one ever seen in these mountains. Any variation from the ordinary color is extremely rare. We also found and brought away, as a curiosity, a buck's horn of great size, and entirely free from "prongs" or "spikes," being as smooth as the horn of an ox. J. M. McCam.

—"Greeny" wants to know if the judge who made the following awards could be considered *consistent*, and whether the decisions were correct: 1, A. showed a pair of White Jacobins which were *disqualified* on account of not matching in eyes, being otherwise very fair birds; 2, B. showed a pair of Turbits, one a black wing, the other a red wing, which were awarded first premium over a pair of matched Reds that were very near, if not equal to, the odd pairs; 3, C. showed a pair of Colored Fantails, one having a slight crest, the other smooth head, one having darker eyes than the other, which were awarded third premium.

—A Californian is an authority upon any flea question: For that squirrel, Persian Insect Powder is good. For puppies, we wash in water with six drops of carbolic acid added to each pint; a salt-water bath is also good. A sure remedy is to catch the fleas, *drown* them in coal oil, then *burn* the oil. I wonder why their motive power couldn't be utilized. I think I saw once in some Turkish statistics, "If all the fleas a Turk carries in his clothes were to jump at once they'd carry him across the Bosphorus." E. S. S.

—"E's" English Sparrows (No. 48)—I am the friend of our native birds, so copy with pleasure this fling at the foreigners, by Wm. Flagg, in *Scribner's*, for December: "Since our people are resolutely bent on the destruction of our native birds, it may be fortunate that there exists a foreign species of such a character, that, like the white-weed and the witch-grass, after once being introduced, they cannot by any possible human means be extirpated. When all the native species are gone, we may be happy to hear the unmusical twitter of the house-sparrow, and gladly watch them and protect them, as we should if all the human race had perished but our single self, welcome the society of the ourang-outang." E. S. S.

—A white snake was exhibited in this village by a traveller, some time since. It was about four feet in length, and had a horny protuberance on the point of its tail about half an inch long, and very sharp. He said he captured it in the mountains, and that it instantly killed one of his dogs by a blow of its tail. I am of the opinion that the horn was artificial; if so, it was so cleverly adjusted as to deceive the eye. That the snake was pure white there can be no doubt. J. M. McCam.

—The Council of the London Zoological Society have procured and deposited in their gardens a fine specimen of the Chimpanzee. It is a male and about five years old. It is playful and rather timid in disposition, and especially alarmed at the sight of a horse and cart. It was for some time in captivity in Africa before being shipped for England. It sits up and drinks out of a cup or from a spoon, and has learned to fold its hands and to box in a quiet way with its keeper, who can also make it laugh after a fashion of its own when pleased and caressed.

—Squirrels.—In *Journal* for January 6th, J. M. McCam says, "that gray squirrels castrate each other." Is he *sure* of it? I have always supposed the operation was performed by the black squirrel (*Sciurus Caroliniensis*). I once shot a gray squirrel which was fighting with a black squirrel, and found him very severly wounded in the parts mentioned. I killed him with a bullet in the head, and the wound was fresh. So I am confident that he received it in the battle with his black cousin. Mr. McCam also says that the flying squirrel (*Pteromys Volucella*) "can fly from two to three hundred yards with ease." I have spent a great many years in the woods where these squirrels abounded, but sixty feet, with descent of at least twenty, is the longest flight I have ever witnessed. J. M. Tracy.

—Snow-white hares are plentiful all through the mountains of this State. They are very much larger than the common gray variety, and are never found of any other color. They are very shy and as fleet as a greyhound, and and are but seldom caught. Their habitats are the almost impenetrable Rhododendron thickets that fringe the mountain streams. J. M. McCAM.

—COMB PROTECTORS.—Have I, or have I not, improved on M. W. Miner's plan of comb protection? I found it very difficult to tie the flannel "caps" on my two favorite Leghorn cocks, and so I *sewed* them on with silk thread at front and rear of comb, by passing a needle once through the comb, and back, and tying the thread in a good knot. The chickens do not seem to mind it, and the cap stays on. Will it hurt them? J. W. GREENE.

CHILLICOTHE, MO.

—SQUIRRELS.—The Santa Cruz *Sentinel* says, that in time, if no measures are used to check his ravages, the squirrel plague will soon be as fatal to California as the grasshopper has been to Kansas. Spasmodic and unsystematic efforts to abate him have been made, but without much success, except in a few localities. Occasionally, the inhabitants of a neighborhood turn out, and from time to time destroy thousands of the rodents, by poison and other destructive agents, and, in many instances, almost exterminate the pests; but, in a few weeks or months the number is as large as though none had been destroyed, for the simple reason that they emigrate in countless thousands from surrounding neighborhoods where they had not been poisoned. Hence, it is as useless as the endeavor to pump out the ocean, for any one community to exterminate them. All must join in the work at the same time, to make it effective. Therefore, we suggest that the law relating to the destruction of squirrels should be made applicable to all the counties of the state, and that every land owner should be compelled, at stated periods during each year, to devote a given number of days to the destruction of the pests; and for refusal or neglect to do so, be subjected to a penalty. We have the authority of farmers for saying that under some such system the state can be rid of a pest that now consumes not less than five per cent. of its products annually.

—RABBITS, HARES AND SQUIRRELS—Your correspondent, J. M. McCam, seems to have fallen into the very error which note, page 710, December 9th, of *Fanciers' Journal*, has intended to correct. He has evidently taken, as usual, the rabbit for the hare. He says: "The nest of the hare is simply a hole in the ground, always lined with fur, and carefully covered with grass and leaves."

Dr. John D. Goodman says (American Natural History, Vol. 2, page 158): "The form (nest) of the hare is a mere space, of the size of the animal *upon the surface* of the ground, cleared of grass." And, on page 159, he says: "The American hare *never* burrows in the ground like the European rabbit."

S. G. Goodrich (Animal Kingdom, Vol. 1, page 341) says: "The breeding place of a hare is under a tuft of grass, a high brake, brushwood, or standing corn;" and on page 348, the same author says: "The rabbit *digs a hole* and pulls from her body a quantity of fur with which she makes a warm bed for her young." J. G. Wood (Animal Kingdom, page 582,) says: "The hare does not live in burrows like the rabbit, but only makes a slight depression in the ground." On page 585 we read: "The female rabbit digs a burrow in which she places a quantity of dried herbage and down."

The American Cyclopœdia (Art. hare), page 718, says: "The form (nest) is a mere depression of the ground." So much for the nests. Now for the young. J. M. McCam says: "The young of the hare are from three to eight in number, and are usually born in April." Now, all the authors above quoted, and others not quoted, as Buffon, Audubon, etc., state the young of the hare to be from two to five, and instead of being born in April exclusively, are littered, at least, in *five* months of the year. "The rabbit," says J. G. Wood, page 585, "gives birth to seven or eight." And Goodrich says, page 348: "A vigorous female will produce about eight young rabbits, not only in April, but seven times in the course of a year. I think, here are authorities enough to show that J. M. McCam mistook the hare for the rabbit.

Now, a word about the flying squirrel. J. M. McCam says: "They can fly from two to three hundred yards with ease." I must confess that this takes me "on the fly." "And that naturalists say only about fifty feet." Now, I know not where J. M. McCam gets his authority for either of these statements. Goodrich (Animal Kingdom, page 355,) says forty or fifty yards (not feet), and the American Cyclopedia, page 583, says: "It sails a distance of forty or fifty yards." Buffon, Goodrich, and Wood, merely say it can leap or fly quite a distance; and, surely, if they could have even dreamed of a *volucella* getting over ground, or air, to the extent of three hundred yards, nine hundred feet, between a fifth and a sixth of a mile, they would not have been content with such a simple statement, but would rather have given full value to the animal power and placed it among the wonders of nature.

If J. M. McCam, or any of our readers, will turn to page 583, American Cyclopœdia, he, or they, will see how this mistake, if it is one, has been made. As to the habits of the gray squirrels castrating each other, I can find no authority for it, in a vast amount of reading; nor can I that of the flying squirrel to live in the same tree with the gray. Each of these habits are certainly too strange to have escaped the especial notice of such naturalists as Audubon, Charles Bonaparte, and others, who wandered for seasons through our American forests, making them and their inhabitants their study. HUON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIANA POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

EDITOR FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR: The Indiana Poultry Association held their annual meeting January 6th, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

President—A. C. Shortridge.

Vice-President—Robert Mitchell.

Secretary—Wm. H. Fry.

Treasurer—W. F. Christian.

Executive Committee—I. N. Barker, E. G. Bagley, O. W. Brownbeck, with the President and Secretary ex-officio.

The Association is in a prosperous condition, financially, and decided to hold an exhibition at Indianapolis, January 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1877. Respectfully yours,

W. H. FRY,

INDIANAPOLIS, January 14, 1876. Secretary.

ANOTHER FOLLY.

MR. WADE.

DEAR SIR: Last week, with the wisdom of an *Owl*, I visited your city in pursuit of a *Pouter*, whom I have *spotted*, and whom I shall prevent becoming a *Nun*, by calling in a *Priest* to assist me to *Carri-er* off, though she will surely *Tern* me from a *Laugher* into a *Tumbler* for *Trumpeter*-ing like a *Magpie*, that my *Helmet*, *Shield*, and *Breastplate*, have not protected me from the *Barbs* of that *Archangel*, poetically known as Cupid. Of course, I had no time to visit No. 39 N. Ninth Street, but you know how a fellow feels under such circumstances [No, we don't.—ED.], and I will try to do better next time. If you have not already enough on Hérédité, make use of the inclosed and possibly when I settle the present (it will not do to call it folly, she might broomstick me), I may return to "Youthful Follies." Do not forget to send me a few copies of No. 52, Vol. II. See postal card. The *Journal* is universally liked, and is certainly a successful fancier's paper.

Very respectfully, WILL. BURLEIGH.

POULTRY AND PIGEON HOUSE WANTED.

JOS. M. WADE, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: I would request (through the medium of your valuable paper) that some of the old "fanciers" furnish a plan of a poultry house, for four different varieties of fancy poultry; the second story of which is to be devoted to the breeding of four different varieties of fancy pigeons.

Hoping that some one will respond,

I remain, truly yours,

JANUARY 12, 1876. J. E. M.

TEACHER—"What is the definition of flirtation?" Intelligent young pupil—"It is attention without intention."

"NEVER enumerate your juvenile poultry anterior to the period of incubation;" or, in other words, "Never count your chickens before they are hatched."

SMALL PET DEPARTMENT

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

SUBDUED in plumage, sensitive of ear,
Gliding through the thickets when ther's danger near,
He does not prink—true poets never do—
He leaves such fopperies to the cockatoo,
The parrot tribe, whose ear-offending notes
Betray their breeding when they ope' their throats.
Graceful in motion, elegant, tho' shy,
His is the style we judge not by the eye.
Fine feathers mark the finch of gilded wing;
The bird of genius calmly waits to sing.
Ah, then! the magic of his art is shown
In twenty voices, none of them his own;
Now thrush, now robin—then to hear, you think,
The sweet bravura of the bobolink.
The black-bird's litting call, the blue-bird's sharp
Staccato, chiming with the March wind's harp.
The round he runs of each familiar strain,
We scarce catch one before he's off again.
With the hawk's scream, the frightened hen deceives;
Twitters like sparrows underneath the eaves;
Trills till the vexed canary, in his cage,
Sulks on his perch in jealous, baffled rage;
Yelps like the puppy, like the kitten mews,
The lazy pigeon on the barn outcoos,
And crowns the whole with one triumphant note
Of joyous laughter from the human throat.
But when in midnight's hush the full moon's beams
Flings the black shadows on Pilatka's stream,
Silvering the summit of the moss-hung pines,
And decks with diamond dews the tangled vines,
Then, when all else is hushed, hear him repeat
His native love-notes, witching, wild and sweet.

—WALTER MITCHELL, in *Scribner's*.

(Reported for Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

Philadelphia, for the week ending January 18, 1876.

1 Screech Owl (*Scops asio*). Presented by F. W. Sobyeo, Philadelphia.

3 Musk-Rats (*Fiber zibetrecus*). Presented by C. B. Rossell, Trenton, N. J.

1 Raccoon (*Procyon lotor*). Presented by Master H. B. Miller, Philadelphia.

1 Banded Rattlesnake (*Crotalus durissus*). Presented by Dr. A. C. Beecher, Philadelphia.

1 Weasel (*Putorius fuscus?*). Presented by John Horan, Overbrook, Penna. R. R. HUON.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"ZOO" NOTES.—No. 10.

BY HUON.

OWLS.

"In the hollow tree, in the old gray tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him,
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away.
Oh! when the night falls and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the Horned Owl."

THE Owl family in the Zoo, which comprises some of the most prominent members of the *Striginæ*, has a quiet home in the southern end of the Eagle aviary, where, perched upon artificial trees, their cat-like eyes wink and blink at their visitors through all the long hours of the day. By name these feathered animals, which in their habits and facial appearance seem as much cat as bird, are known as the Great Horned Owl, the Java Owl, the Screech Owl, the Barn Owl, the Mottled Owl, the Barred Owl, the Burrowing Owl, the Snowy Owl, etc.

Of owls there are about one hundred and fifty species, more than forty of which are Americans. The whole race may at once be distinguished from all other birds by their short, bulky form, their disproportioned head, false horns, and cat face and eyes. But few of them are day birds, all are solitary, roosting and breeding in caves, hollow trees, or ruined and deserted buildings.

In the Bible, the owl is nearly always associated with gloom, ruin, and desolation. Painters have ever represented it as a bird of ill omen. The old Romans did something to redeem it by consecrating it to Minerva and nominating it the emblem of wisdom—an unfortunate selection. Wisdom requires brains; the owl has none to speak of.

One of the worst evils in life is to have to fight against a bad reputation, especially when one does not deserve the same; and no description of biped, be it a man without feathers or a bird with, has suffered more from this cause than the owl. Why, their very scientific titles, such as *Bubo*, *Strix*, and *Scops* are words conveying the idea of something noisy and unpleasant. Pliney—but that "old father" was always falling into some absurdity—says of the owl: "He betokeneth alwais some heavie news, and he is most execrable and accursed in the presages of publick affaires." Another writer—Alexander Ross by name—says that an owl perched upon the roof-top of Valentinian (third Roman emperor of that name, and assassinated for his crimes, A. D. 455) and presaged that emperor's death! Obsequeus tells us of an owl roosting upon the top of the chamber of Commodus (that beastly, scoundrelly emperor, who should have been assassinated long before he was), and by its presence there predicted the tyrant's end. The Emperor Augustus also had his prophetic owl to sit in the pediment of the "curiæ" (court house) for several days consecutively, and there sing of that emperor's coming demise. Think of an owl singing! And yet, Shakspeare says he does sing:

"To whit! To who! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot."

In 1542,—yes, quite a jump; some fifteen hundred and twenty-eight years from the time of Augustus,—the doleful

songs of the owls in northern France denoted something terrible, the people said, and, sure enough, soon there followed a great plague, a small war, and divers other calamities, though what the poor owls had to do with them I have been unable to discover.

Once having had a bad name established by the ancient writers, it was both natural and easy for the modern ones to follow in their wake, and even Shakspeare must have his ill word for the poor bird. When Lady Macbeth is waiting to hear of the murder of King Duncan, she cries:

"It was the owl that shrieked—the fatal bellman!"

meaning thereby that the owl's voice was the voice of fate, compelling her husband, in spite of himself, to commit the "murder most foul."

Buffon also abuses the owl. However, there is much chaff in his wheat, and we should know how to separate the one from the other. Of the *Bubo maximus* he says: "He is of that tribe of birds who fear the light of day, and only fly when it is gone;" that "his cry is fearful;" calls him a "groaning cat," and declares that "he spends the day in making ridiculous, buffoon-like gestures in the presence of men and other birds." For shame, Father Buffon! How could you?

In later days, when the credit of the owl was very low (from all these false reports), Audubon came to the rescue. Many a good word does he have for him, and much credit does he give him for intellect. He says: "Such persons as conclude, when looking upon owls in the glare of day, that they are, as they then appear, extremely dull, are greatly mistaken." Much does Audubon say in favor of the owl, very interesting, but quite too long for my limited space in the *Fancier*.

Let us say a word about the moral qualities of the owls, one of which is their extraordinary attachment for their young. Proof: Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, England, tells of a pair of old birds that carried dead game every night to feed an unfortunate little one who had been captured. And then, what a happy married life the owls lead! Observe the husband as he sits by the side of his mate, looking as wise as a stick of wood with a great coat on. Note Mrs. Owl's demeanor, too. No bickering or snubbing there! No; they nestle close together, enjoy each other's company, and sing owl duets, when the moon is brightly shining on the ivy-mantled tower. By the way, Gray, for all he could write such a beautiful elegy, knew nothing about these birds when he said,

"The *moping* owl does to the moon complain."

The owl does not mope. The genial Audubon calls him the "Sancho Panza" of the woods, and the readers of Don Quixote know how much wit, fun, and humor lies hidden under that name.

The owl, too, is a provident bird. He looks well to the larder; for food his young never wants. Can you have a better sign of a good housekeeper? Nor is he ever wasteful. He may not be, as King Arthur was with his pudding, —"What he does not eat one day, the next day he has fried,"—but what he has left to-day when his hunger is satisfied, *Bubo strix* or *scops* puts carefully by for to-morrow.

Very regular are the owls in their habits. The genus *Strix scops* keeps up its cry of "Kew, kew" all through the night, at intervals of two seconds, as regularly as the ticking of a Waltham watch!

Here, then, we have conclusive evidence of a number of estimable qualities possessed by the owl. He is proved to be a good husband, an affectionate father, a frugal steward, an excellent chronometer, and a jolly fellow. There are great ones on this earth who have failed, with all their greatness, to merit such a eulogy.

"Mourn not for the owl nor his gloomy plight!
The owl hath his share of good.
If a prisoner he be in the broad daylight,
He is lord in the dark green wood!
Nor lonely the bird, nor his solemn mate;
They are each unto each a pride;
Thrice fonder, perhaps, since a strange dark fate
Hath rent them from all beside!
So, when the night falls and dogs do howl,
Sing ho! for the reign of the Horned Owl!
We know not alway
Who are kings of the day,
But the king of the night is the Horned Owl!"

THE BIRDS OF BRAZIL.

Two remarkable ornithological specimens of birds from Brazil have recently been domesticated in the gardens of the Royal Zoological Society of London, in Regent's Park.

The first is the Bell-bird, the celebrated *Campanero* of the Spaniards, called *Dara* by the Indians. He is about the size of the Jay. His plumage is white as snow. On his forehead rises a spiral tube, nearly three inches long. It is jet black, dotted all over with small white feathers. It has a communication with the palate, and when filled with air looks like a spire; when empty, it becomes pendulous. His note is loud and clear, like the sound of a bell, and may be heard at the distance of three miles. In the midst of Brazil's extensive wilds, almost out of gun reach, you will see the Campanero. No sound or song from any of the winged inhabitants of the forest, not even the clearly pronounced "Whip-poor-Will" from the goatsucker, causes such astonishment as the toll of the Campanero.

With many of the feathered race, he pays the common tribute of a morning and evening song; and even when the meridian sun has shut in silence the mouths of almost the whole of animated nature, the Campanero still cheers the forest. You hear his toll, and then a pause for a minute, then another toll, and then a pause again, and then a toll, and again a pause. Then he is silent for six or eight minutes, and then another toll, and so on. "Actæon would stop in the mid-chase," says Waterton, "Maria would defer her evening song, and Orpheus himself would drop his lute to listen to him, so sweet, so novel, and so romantic is the toll of the pretty snow-white Campanero. He is never seen to feed with the other Cotingas, nor is it known in what part of Guiana he makes his nest."

The second specimen is a relative of the Bell-bird, and is known to ornithologists as the *Cotinga cincta*. Of these, in their natural state, even less is known than of the Bell-birds. The Cotingas are distinguished by the brilliancy of the coloration of the males. In the species at present under notice, the under parts are of a deep plum color, while the upper parts, with the band or cinctus across the breast, are of a magnificent ultramarine blue. In size this Cotinga equals a Blackbird. Their food consists of fruits, which their wide gape enables them to swallow with ease. Like their allies, the Bell-birds, they are solitary in their habits, keeping to the topmost branches of trees, and generally residing in the dense forest, though at times they approach the cultivated grounds in search of their food.—*Illustrated in Scientific American.*

"Noted quacks—ducks."

A business house in Columbus has conspicuously displayed in its show-window a man's skull, and printed in large letters across the forehead these words of warning to the daily swarm of traveling salesmen: "This was a drummer."

Exchanges.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words, describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "To exchange for cash" or "greenbacks," "wanted a purchaser," or "wanted an offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstance be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

A. M. CAREY, Selinsgrove, Pa., will exchange superior P. Cochins, L. and D. Brahmas, Brown Leghorn cockerels, and Houdans. See Want Column.

CHARLES B. JAQUES, Box 123, Metochen, N. J., will exchange Partridge Cochins, Light Brahmas, a Walnut Tool Chest, 30 x 16, and 14 deep, with two drawers—for Printing Press, Type, and Cabinet, or for Merchandise. What offers? Don't all speak at once.

E. S. WHITING, Plainville, Mass., will exchange one good pair Black Jacobins, for a Yellow Jacobin hen, equally as good, or a good pair Short-faced Almond Tumblers, or pair Silver-gray Dorkings, or Brown Leghorns. Must be good ones.

W. McANALLY, Newark, Del., will exchange two hen-feathered Game stags, from an imported Irish cock, stags not trimmed—for either Scotch or Skye Blue Terriers (the Terriers to be young and small), or for anything else that will not fight with Leghorns. The stags must go.

G. H. WEISNER, Blandon, Berks County, Pa,, has for exchange a fine pair of solid Black Carriers, for a pair of fine Ferrets, dark in color, between five and eight months old. Send Ferrets and prepay expressage, and I will pay expressage on birds. Write quick. No Humbug.

W. B. SHERRY, Stony Brook, L. I., will exchange one pair of Black-Red Game Bantams, Poultry World of 1875, and one pair of White Fantails, good birds—for Dominiques. Speak quick, as my stock must be disposed of.

R. Y. FAIRSERVICE, East Newark, N. J., will exchange a fine Newfoundland dog, large and handsome, and an excellent watch dog, and a White Spitz bitch, very fine—for Pekin ducks, Partridge Cochin pullets, or offers.

W. H. PERKINS, Watertown, Mass., has to exchange one trio of Rouen ducks, for Fancy Pigeons of any variety; Yellow-pied or clear white Pouters preferred.

A. H. SHREINER, Manheim, Lancaster County, Pa., will exchange one Smith & Wesson Revolver, and one Smooth-bore Rifle, both in good order—for first-class fowls of Golden-spangled Hamburgs and Rose-comb American Dominiques; also, one trio Black Cochins (Herstine strain), for same breed of some other strain. Must be good, as mine are.

G. A. WIDMER, Rochester, N. Y,, will give one pair of White feather-legged Bantams, for Duckwings only. Also, Prairie Dogs, Angora Rabbits, White (clean-legged) and Spangled Bantams, for new Printing Press, new Squirrel Cage, Flour, or Butter. Send stamp for particulars.

M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange one pair B. B. R. G, Bantams, one pair Ginger-red Game Bantams, one trio G. S, Hamburgs, six G. S. Hamburg pullets (laying), one G. S. Hamburg cock, one pair Red Pied Pouters, one pair Black Balds, and one Black-mottled Trumpeter cock. See Wants. 3,tf

W. F. BACON, Lexington, Mass., will exchange a pair White Fantails, Black Carriers, or Mottled Tumblers, for Black Spots, Black Jacobins, Black Trumpeters, or other varieties.

R. Y. FAIRSERVICE, East Newark, N. J., will exchange a fine Partridge Cochin cockerel, eleven and a half pounds, and well marked, value $20; a Light Brahma cockeral, eleven pounds; well marked, value $15—for Partridge Cochin pullets, Pekin ducks, or offers.

M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange Pure-bred Setter dogs and bitches, broken and unbroken, and Setter and Pouter whelps, none superior in America; will send on approval, with pedigree; also, one well-broken Water Spaniel, and Double Shot Gun. See Wants. 3,tf

ASH H. PENNINGTON, Middletown, Del., will exchange a full-bred Bull Bitch, for Black-breasted Red or Pyle Games. Must stand steel. What else offers?

F. PETRIE, Cooperstown, N. Y., has a fine Accordion, two pairs of Blue-Red Games, and one Fox Hound to exchange for B. B. Red Games. My fowls are first-class, and no others wanted. What other offers. No postal cards.

W. F. BACON, Lexington, Mass., will exchange Red Priest cock, for Blue Swallow hen.

D. A. CARTER, 37 Kimble St., Utica, N. Y., will exchange Silkies, Angora Rabbits, Scroll Saw (foot power), for Dutch and Himalayan Rabbits, right away. Who wants?

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will exchange Brown Leghorn cockerels, Light Brahma hens, White Fan hens, Black Barb cock, and White Jacobin hen—for G. L. Sebright hens, Black Fan cock, and White Carrier cock.

M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange the following books; Wells' Every Man His Own Lawyer, Scottish Sports and Passtimes, The Wood Turner's Companion, Davies' Practical Mathamatics, Miniature Fruit Garden, Modern Practice of American Machinists and Engineers, The Tin, Sheet-Iron, and Copper-Plate Worker, The Marine Steam Engine, The Brass and Iron Founder's Guide, 507 Mechanical Movements, The Marble Worker's Companion, Bowman's Medical Chemistry, Channing's Medical Electricity, Hartshorn's Essentials of the Practice of Medicine, Longfellow's Poems, Grayjacket's Stories, etc., of the Rebelion, Youatt on the Dog, and Laverack on the Setter; also, one Drawing Board and Square, one 4 x 5 Printing Press, and Scientific American for the last six months. See Wants. 3,tf

SMITH & BRO., Stony Brook, Long Island, N. Y., will exchange Brahmas, Cochins, Crevecœurs, Hamburgs, Leghorns, Bantams and Game Bantams, Ducks, Geese, and Fancy Pigeons—for anything of value, jewelry preferred.

M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange one Clark's Expansive Auger, bit cuts from ⅜ to 1½ inches; a 100 foot wire-lined tape line, one joint (brass) plumb bob, one 1½ inch Lathe Dog, one pair Flat Plyers, two pairs Dividers, three pairs Callipers, one steel Wire Guage, one six-inch (Col's) Monkey Wrench, one Chuck Tool, Handle, and Tools, and one Spoke Shave. See Wants. 3,tf

JAS. C. ROBERTS, Box 113, Westchester, Chester County, Pa. has to exchange, for first-class Light Brahma pullets, one pair Hong Kong Geese, one trio Buff Cochin hens, and six Gray Dorking hens. Sent on approval to responsible persons.

J. H. HUNT, M.D., Valley Junction, Ohio, will exchange a pair of female Goats, suitable for a child to drive—for Pouter Pigeons. Who will make an offer?

OSGOOD PLUMMER, Worcester, Mass., will exchange one pair imported trained Antwerps (have flown from Paris to Antwerp, two hundred and sixteen miles), and in addition young birds from same stock, to make values equal—for one pair Black Barbs. Only the best accepted.

B. R. HOUGHTON, 18 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass., has to exchange a Whitmore Muzzle-loading Rifle, hair trigger, about nine pounds, cost $80, uninjured, no outs—for a couple of Dachshunds, large English Beagles, or one or two Fox Hounds that can carry a fox trail on dry ground. ii

C. G. WILSON, Millbury, Mass., has to exchange, for Leghorns, Houdans, or Plymouth Rocks, six D of Y hens and cockerel, very large and good stock. ii

D. S. WENRICH, Bernville, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange one Silver-spangled Hamburg cock, or one fine Houdan hen—for a fine Golden-Spangled Hamburg cock; also, White Holland Turkeys, for Dark Brahmas. What offers?

JAMES CAREY, Bath Road, Newport, R. I., will exchange two pairs Silver Dun show Antwerps—for other Fancy Pigeons or Fowls.

W. G. BAKER, Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio, will exchange one Green Talking Parrot and Cage, two Knitting Machines—for Scroll Saw, Power Straw Cutter, Type, or Target Rifle; also, some very fine pigeons for what offers.

I. W. HARTMAN, Westchester, Pa., will exchange two Duchess cocks, one Spotted Trumpeter cock, one young Red Barb cock, Tumblers in pairs, or odd birds, Carriers, etc., for Yellow Barbs, Antwerps, etc. Write.

C. E. COOK, Union, McHenry Co., Illinois, will exchange one hundred Common Pigeons, all colors, Houdans, Black Hamburgs, Aylesbury White-crested Ducks, Buff Cochins, Japanese Frizzles (Black), White Holland Turkeys—for Wright's Poultry Book, Bantams, Pigeons, Rabbits, or Ferrets. Give full description and make offers soon.

H. A. NEITZ, Millersburg, Dauphin Co., Pa., will exchange all kinds of Fancy or Plain Job Printing, done to order—for pure-bred Poultry or Fancy Pigeons. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Write soon.

J. BERST, Jr., Erie, Pa., will exchange one pair of B. B. Red Game Bantams, one pair Dominique Leghorns, one pair Brown Leghorns, one Golden-pencilled Hamburg cockerel—for Lop-eared and Angora rabbits, or Golden and Silver Sebright Bantams.

DR. J. W. GREENE, Chillicothe, Mo., will exchange four "Laughing Doves" for a pair English Rose-comb White Dorkings. Must be good chickens.

R. S. DUDLEY, Newport, Sullivan Co., N. H., will exchange a few more pairs early hatch Heathwood Games—for Gun, Saddle, Books, Plymouth Rocks, American Dominiques, Houdans, Ducks, Turkeys, or most anything useful. Good stock, as mine is.

JOHN S. DUNKLE, Kutztown, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange one trio Buff Cochin fowls (1874 hatch)—for one trio P. Cochin fowls or chicks. One trio Buff Cochin chicks, for three S. S. Hamburg chicks.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 27, 1876. No. 4.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS AND THEIR INFLUENCE.—No. 2.

BY G. O. BROWN.

"There is that in every animal's eye, a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of control over them, and claims the fellowship of the creature, if not the soul."

BY the farmers' sons and daughters pets are just as much appreciated as by those who may possess them in cities and towns, although many farmers seem to think their children need no other recreation than that afforded by the monotonous every-day life incidental to farm labor. It is the nature of youth to desire to possess something they may designate as solely and truly their own; and by arbitrary restraint, and a total disregard of this natural "longing," parents have often made home-life uncongenial; that the "boys" were driven out to meet the many temptations of the world. If farmers would only indulge their children in this respect, they would find it one of the best paying investments they ever made, and would soon discover that home would afford an attractive pleasure, a congenial mingling of happy hearts drawn together by influences, that will ever cause a constantly growing love for the old homestead, which will become so impressed that even time and gray hairs will not efface the fond recollections. Not only is there in thus encouraging them the satisfaction of seeing instilled in their nature a sacred love for home, but it enables them, gradually, to realize the importance of self-dependence, and often inculcates a business principle which proves of much importance in after years. A few dollars invested in pure-bred fowls, fancy pigeons, or rabbits, will inaugurate a system of home contentment that will cause the farmer to wonder that the scales did not drop from his eyes sooner. I will close this already too long article by quoting the following, which I clipped from some of my papers a good while since, but it will, no doubt, be equally as appropriate as when first the author wrote it:

"It is surprising what a spring it gives to all the powers, to have the element of self-interest introduced into all the work. An invalid was directed to try gardening for a time every day as a medicine. He tried it one season, but derived no benefit from it. The next year he was told to try again for "a share in the profits." That year he gained rapidly and became in time a sound man—his mind was interested. Get your boy's mind wide awake on the subject of the growth of his melons and onions, and you will have no reason to complain that they are not well cultivated. If you have a narrow soul that grudges your boy his hard-earned dollars, then he does right to leave you when he becomes of age, if only in self-defense. If he stays he may grow like you, which would be a worse calamity than losing his right hand.

"A farmer near my former home encouraged all his boys and girls to have some little projected enterprise of their own on hand. Even the little ones had their hills of pop-corn, which they learned to cultivate, and when the grain was dried it was shelled by their own hands and then popped and stored in bags, ready when the market wagon went to the city. Every week the farmer drove his market wagon into Philadelphia, and whatever the children had to sell was disposed of to the best advantage, and the money carefully counted out to them on his return. You will hardly find a thriftier, happier, more intelligent farmer's family. Each had an interest in his own, yet all worked together most harmoniously. With their combined savings, and a little help from mother, they bought a nice melodeon, on which the boys learned to play as well as the girls. The value of such a possession in refining and elevating a family of children cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. It was the aim of the whole household to make home pleasant, and farm life was to them the most delightful in the world. There is little probability of their sons going into other business as they grow up. They have found farming too pleasant, profitable, and healthful to take their chances at something else about which they know nothing.

"Make the farm-house pleasant; plant trees about in abundance, ornamental as well as fruit trees. Oh, these bleak, bad, red-painted houses, 'blistering in the sun,' which we see dotting so many wide farms, are a disgrace to the land. No wonder that we find within

> "Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,
> Untidy and old before their time,
> With scarce a human interest save their own
> Monotonous round of small ceremonies,
> Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood.

"Don't let the children's minds be narrowed down to the petty concerns of their small world, but give them books and good newspapers in abundance, which shall furnish a bright outlook to the great, beaming world which lies beyond and around them, so near and yet so far away, without this medium of communication with it. A home without newspapers is almost as cheerless as a home without windows.

"While you make it a rule that the boys shall not lounge around stores and saloons in the evening, be sure if a useful entertainment, like an elevating concert, instructive panorama or lecture comes to your village, to give all a chance to attend. Scrape up the money somehow, if you hurry off a pair of fat chickens to market to get it. Farmers' folks have the least excuse of any for denying their children these advantages, for they are great advantages in many respects, and not the least among them is the happiness they afford and the store of pleasant memories they lay up. Oh! what a 'penny wise' policy it is to grudge them the money for these simple enjoyments.

"It is an old Spanish proverb that 'there are no ungrateful children.' If we have given our children a childhood to be grateful for, they will not fail to keep our memory green and fragrant when our heads have long laid under the willows. If our training has developed only hard and selfish traits of character, we shall not fail to reap as we have sown."

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE BONNY GAME STAG.

BY WILLIAM M'FARLANE, MILWAUKEE.

I'm a bonny Black-red, a pure-blooded Game,
For years my old stock it has born a good name;
And now to the standard, for color and show,
Our owners will take us wherever they go.
Some shrewd, knotty points their standard requires,
While a judge he inspects and my carriage admires,
From the tip of my beak ev'ry point he'll disclose,
'Till he reaches the end of my sharp-scratching toes.
My beak must be strong, slightly curved, and well set,
Of a dark, horny color as near's you can get,
To match with my shanks, be they willow serene,
A yellow, a black, or a fine olive green.
He will symmetry scan, proportion, and build,
With condition of health, as in plumage he's skilled,
Denoting my station for carriage and style,
While these brilliant colors, well matched, draw a smile.
I've a fine snaky head, long, slender, and neat,
Comb single, upright, serrated, complete,
Two prominent eyes, both in color alike,
With a fearless expression all ready to strike.
My face must be smooth, have a deep, bright red skin;
On the ears not a speck of pure white must be seen.
These wings retain force on the shoulder butts strength,
And are not really long, tho' a medium length.
My neck rather long, with a slight curving arch,
And my hackle, tho' short, does not wave on the march,
But reaches, just scant, between shoulder and back,
While my gait, to be active, no motion must lack.
My back it is flat, at the shoulder full wide,
Has wings ever ready to spring from the side.
From the bow of the wing, you may all now discern
How I gradually taper right off to the stern.
There are men, to be sure, who delight in a crest,
While others admire my bonny black breast.
It is round, it is plump, and contains a stout heart,
And where's the usurper can make me depart?
See these thighs, round and stout, full of muscle they turn,
Carried close to the body—not lanky, but firm—
With a shank not too long, of a moderate size,
Scales running in harmony, never disguise;
My spurs set low down, do incline to the rear,
While my toes, rather long, spread out firmly and clear,
With scratchers, or nails, that are willing to toil,
For they are the members can turn up the soil.
Now, as to my tail, it must not be too long,
Nor spread o'er my back in a squirrelly form;
Or, if drooping too much, 'twill my beauty obscure,
And leave me at discount the prize to secure.
I've an olio plumage of colors defined—
On my hackle, clear red, not a stripe can you find;
With brilliant maroon my back is now clad,
And the feathers fixed on it as close as a pad.
That bar on my wing has the color of steel;
These primaries uniform, hard, as you feel,
Like ebony, black, and as tough as whalebone,
From the breast to the hock not a fault, all atone.
These coverts are bronzed in the sun—see them shine.
Look! these sickles, arched over, in color combine,
With a carriage upright I step active and firm,
Fear no chanticleer, be he ever so stern.
But, when I am handled, my frame full of life,
In active commotion is ready for strife;
Tho' nothing delights me so much as to be
In the beautiful meadows where I can rove free.
Vast heaving young stag, I would like to inquire
What kind of a pullet your heart would desire
To strut through the fields, or wherever you roam,
Would accord with your wishes and make you love home?
You may call me a Mormon, a sinner, a saint,
For of prejudice I have not yet got a taint;
Dame Nature's my guide, and her laws I respect,
Hand me over five wives and you'll never regret
Let their carriage and symmetry be like my own,
A golden neck-hackle well striped to adorn;
Be their backs like a partridge, 'twill colors unfold
That you'll not regret when my stock's to be sold.
Now, from what I have said you can judge of the rest.
Select them from colors you know are the best;
So if with these wishes you mean to accede,
When the duty's performed, you'll have done a good deed.
Then you'll find that in courage I'm second to none,
That for pluck and endurance I rate number one,
And to whatever sphere I may chance to be led,
Remember me truly, your bonny Black-red.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

MARYLAND POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

PREMIUM LIST.

Poultry Judges—A. M. Halsted, W. E. Flower, and J. C. Long, Jr.

Asiatics—Brahmas—Light, best pair, 1st, C. B. Wise, Great Falls, Md.; 2d and best hen, J. E. Lloyd, Baltimore; very highly commended, Philip Royers, Baltimore. Dark, 1st and 2d and best cock and hen, George Colton, Baltimore. Cochins—Buff, 1st and best cock and hen, J. Chandler, Kennett Square, Pa.; 2d, George Colton. Partridge, 1st and best cock, George Colton; 2d and best hen, J. K. McKissick, Oxford, Pa. White, 1st and best cock, William Bowman, Baltimore; 2d, J. K. McKissick; best hen, J. Chandler.

Games—Black-breasted Red, 1st and best cock and hen, G. O. Brown, Brooklandville, Md.; 2d, John Oler, Baltimore. Brown-red, 1st and best cock and hen, T. A. Cochran, Baltimore. Silver Duckwing, 1st and best cock and hen, T. A. Cochran. White, 1st and 2d and best cock and hen, George Colton. Black, best hen, John Oler. Blue, best hen, John Merryman, Cockeysville, Md. Blue-reds, best cock and hen, William T. Long, Baltimore. Gray, best hen, John Oler. Spangled, 1st and best cock and hen, William T. Long. Dominique, 1st and best cock and hen, William T. Long.

Game Bantams—Black-breasted Red, 1st and best cock, J. Randolph Mordecai, Baltimore; 2d and best hen, F. A. Parker, Annapolis, Md.

Bantams—White, 1st, George Colton. Golden Sebright, 1st and best cock, George Colton; 2d and best hen, W. S. G. Baker, Baltimore. Black African, 1st and best hen, G. O. Brown; 2d and best cock, George Colton. Dominique, 2d, T. A. Symington, Baltimore.

Hamburgs—Golden-spangled, 1st and best cock and hen, G. O. Brown; 2d, Francis Taylor, Oakdale, Pa. Silver-spangled, 1st and best cock, G. O. Brown; 2d and best hen, F. Taylor. Golden-penciled, 1st and best cock and hen, G. O. Brown. Silver-penciled, 1st and best cock and hen, F. Taylor. Black, 1st and best cock and hen, G. O. Brown.

French—Houdans, 1st and best cock, George Colton; 2d, T. A. Symington; best hen, J. P. Sanderson, Arlington, Md. Crevecœurs, 1st, J. Henry Symonds, Boston, Mass.

Polish—White-crested Black, 1st and best cock and hen, G. O. Brown. Golden-spangled, 1st and best cock, G. O. Brown; 2d and best hen, George Colton. Silver-spangled, 1st and best cock and hen, E. J. Chandler, Kennett Square, Pa.; 2d, John Oler. White-crested White, 2d and best cock and hen, George Colton.

Spanish—White-face Black, 1st and 2d and best cock, William Bowman; best hen, G. O. Brown. White Leghorns, 1st and best cock and hen, William McAnally, Newark, Del.; 2d, John P. Shriner, Baltimore.

American—Dominiques, 1st and best cock and hen, E. J. Chandler. Plymouth Rocks, 1st and best cock and hen, J. K. McKissick.

Dorkings—Colored, 1st and best cock, J. K. McKissick; best hen, G. O. Brown. Silver-gray, 1st and best cock and hen, G. B. Milligan, Baltimore.

Water Fowls—Ducks—Rouen, 1st and 2d, T. A. Cochran. Aylesbury, 2d, T. A. Cochran. Pekin, 1st and 2d, J. P. Sanderson. Geese—Chinese, 1st and 2d, Joseph Gorsuch, Towsontown, Md.

Turkeys—Bronze, 1st and best hen, John White, Adamstown, Md.; 2d, W. A. Myers, New Oxford, Pa; best cock, J. E. Delaplane, Baltimore. White, 1st and best cock and hen, W. A. Myers; 2d, E. Whitman, Baltimore.

Call of Song and Ornamental Birds, 1st, H. Thomas, Baltimore; also diploma on Partridges and California Quail. Lewis Gilbert, 1st each on German Hares, English Hares, and Guinea Pigs. G. O. Brown, 1st each on Madagascar and White Angora Rabbits. J. C. Gareis, diploma, Belgian Canaries. Best Cross or Grade, J. K. McKissick, Partridge Cochin and Brown Leghorn; 2d, G. O. Brown, Houdan and White-crested Black Polish. Best specimen of Taxidermy, David Mordecai. Best pair of Asiatics, any variety, silver cup, C. B. Wise, Light Brahmas. Best pair of Games, any variety, silver cup, G. O. Brown, Black-breasted Reds. Best pair of Bantams, any variety, silver cup, J. Randolph Mordecai, Black-breasted Red Game Bantams. Best pair of Polands, any variety, silver cup, G. O. Brown, White-crested Blacks. Best pair of French, any variety, silver cup, George Colton, Houdans. Largest and best variety of fowls taking most premiums, silver cup, G. O. Brown; also to same for largest collection of different varieties, Wright's Poultry Book.

DOG PRIZES.

JUDGES—George S. Brown, Thomas W. Levering, J. Dickinson Logan, John F. Preston, and G. B. Milligan—made the following awards:

Red Irish Setters, 1st, J. H. Stromberg; 2d, E. Schenck. Black-and-tan Setters, 1st, Samuel Willie; 2d, J. H. Stromberg. Setters, 1st, J. Addison Smith; 2d, C. W. Warfield. Pointers, 1st, H. B. Welles; 2d, J. H. Stromberg. Beagles, 1st, J. Addison Smith; 2d, W. Ahrens. Skye Terrier, 1st, Charles Spence. Dandy Dinmont, 1st, Charles Englehardt; 2d, W. F. Jones. Miscellaneous, 1st, Louis Roll, John Chrystal, E. P. Suter, H. Easter, Jr., H. B. Welles, Mrs. S. Smith, J. Randolph Mordecai, Charles Englehardt, and R. Stewart Latrobe; 2d, George W. Kemp and Jacob Albert.

The very large hall, known as the Maryland Institute, was completely filled, and in addition to the finest display of pigeons we have ever seen, there were numerous cages of song and ornamental birds, and the Armadillo, a South American animal, and the only living one that has ever been exhibited in this country. This peculiar little creature drew his share of admirers. Some very choice specimens of taxidermy were exhibited by Mr. David Mordecai, among which we noticed a splendid Austrian Bastard, nearly as large as the Emu or Ostrich. Each day, from the opening until the closing of the exhibition, the hall was crowded with visitors, and during the four days nearly ten thousand visitors were present. The dog show, although gotten up at very short notice, was a genuine success, as there were sixty-five choice specimens entered. The Remington breech-loading shot-gun was awarded to J. Addison Smith, who donated it back again to the Association to be offered for the same premium at the next annual show. The Association are fitting up their headquarters in fine style, and will soon have an appropriate place to receive visiting fanciers from other States. The poultry which was awarded first premiums were in all cases meritorious birds. The Light Brahmas winning the cup were very excellent birds. Mr. Geo. Colton's Dark Brahmas were also very choice, as were his Partridge Cochins. The Black-breasted Red Games belonging to Mr. G. O. Brown, winning game cup, were magnificent birds, and were much admired. The cup Houdans of Mr. Colton, well merited their honors, as also did Mr. Brown's truly grand White-crested Black Polands, cup birds. The premium White Leghorns were unusually fine specimens. The Hamburgs exhibited by Mr. Brown, were all very fine in feather and condition. The Silver-spangled Polish premium birds were also good, the cock especially. Among the miscellaneous class we noticed an Eagle, two Hawks, a large Owl, and a little one, in a cage together. His owlship, however, *canibaled* the little fellow the third day of the show, and on the morning after sat blinking as unconcernedly as though nothing had happened. Several parties were heard to ask where the "*show went next?*" All in all, we think the Bantam show was a huge success, and well repaid the trip of a HARRISBURGER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

BLOOMINGTON POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

FRIEND WADE:

I inclose herewith a list of awards at the first exhibition of the Bloomington Poultry Association, held in this city, December 14, 15, 16, 17, and 18, 1875.

Our Association made a bold strike at this their first exhibition, first, in adopting the *single judge* plan, and secondly, in making eighty-five points the minimum number which first premium birds should scale.

The Association was fortunate in securing the services of W. H. Todd, Esq., as judge; and on the perusal of the following awards by such a capable judge, none will fail to observe the excellence of our exhibition.

CLASS 1—*Asiatics.*—Brahmas—Light, Fowls, 1st, Stone & Leaton, Bloomington, Ill.; 2d, James M. Wills, Bloomington, Ill.; 3d, J. S. Hilscher, Lincoln, Ill. Chicks, 1st and 3d, Stone & Leaton; 2d, J. S. Hilscher. Dark, Fowls, John T. Boyden, Lincoln, Ill. Chicks, 1st, J. C. Allabam, Polo, Ill.; 2d, F. W. Burns & Bro., New Rutland, Ill.; 3d, John T. Boyden. Cochins—Buff, Fowls. 1st and 3d, Stone & Leaton. Chicks, 1st and 3d, John T. Boyden; 2d, F. W. Burns & Bro. Partridge, Fowls, 1st, Bartholomew Brothers, Elmwood, Ill.; 2d, George Dunlap, Bloomington, Ill.; 3d, F. W. Burns & Bro. Chicks, 1st and 3d, F. W. Burns & Bro. Pea-comb Partridge, Fowls, 2d, John T. Boyden. Chicks, 2d, John T. Boyden. White, Fowls, 2d, Mrs. J. E. Gray, Bloomington, Ill. Chicks, 1st, Stone & Leaton; 2d, Mrs. J. E. Gray. Black, Fowls, 1st, Bartholomew Brothers. Chicks, 1st, Bartholomew Brothers.

CLASS 2.—*Dorkings*—Silver-gray, Fowls, 1st, Mrs. W. R. Duncan, Towanda, Ill. Chicks, 1st and 3d, Mrs. W. R. Duncan. Colored, Fowls, 1st, Mrs. W. R. Duncan. Chicks, 1st, A. S. Ross, Bloomington; 2d, Mrs. W. R. Duncan.

CLASS 3.—*Hamburgs*—Golden-spangled, Fowls, 1st, Stone & Leaton. Chicks, 3d, Stone & Leaton. Silver-spangled, Fowls, 3d, Stone & Leaton. Chicks, 1st and 2d, Stone & Leaton; 3d, J. M. Wills.

Class 4.—*Spanish*—Black, Fowls, 1st, Stone & Leaton. Chicks, 1st, W. R. Miller, Polo, Ill.; 2d, J. M. Wills; 3d, Stone & Leaton. Leghorns—White, Fowls, 3d, Stone & Leaton. Chicks, 1st and 2d, Stone & Leaton; 3d, Joseph H. Hamill, St. Louis. Brown, Chicks, 1st and 2d, Charles H. Carpenter, Danvers.

Class 5.—*French*—Houdans, Fowls, 1st and 2d, J. M. Wills. Chicks, 1st, J. W. Clinton, Polo, Ill.; 2d, J. M. Wills.

Class 6.—*Polish*—White-crested Black, Fowls, 1st, Stone & Leaton. Golden, Fowls, 3d, Louis Frey, Bloomington.

Class 8.—*Games*—Black-breasted Red, Fowls, 1st and 2d, Joseph H. Hamill; 3d, Alexander Frazer, Polo, Ill. Chicks, 1st, Joseph H. Hamill; 2d, Alexander Frazer.

Class 9.—*Game Bantams*—Black-breasted Red, Fowls, 1st, G. A. Butler, Lincoln, Ill.; 2d, J. M. Wills. Chicks, 1st, J. W. Clinton, Polo, Ill.; 2d, Joseph H. Hamill; 3d, J. M. Wills.

Class 10.—*Bantams*—Golden Sebright, Chicks, 1st, Stone & Leaton. White Rose-comb, Chicks, 2d, Alexander Stump, Bloomington.

Class 13.—*Ornamental, Gallinaceous*—White Guineas, 1st and 2d, J. M. Wills. English Pheasants, 1st, George O. Smith, Bloomington.

Class 14.—*Geese*—African, 1st, Ferdinand Basting, Bloomington; 2d, G. W. Smith, Elmwood, Ill. Embden, 1st and 2d, J. M. Wills. Toulouse, 1st, Bartholomew Brothers.

Class 15.—*Ducks*—Rouen, 1st, Charles V. Holder, Bloomington. Aylesbury, 1st and 2d, J. M. Wills. Crested White, 1st, George Dunlap. Pekin, 1st, G. W. Smith.

Class 12.—*Turkeys*—Bronze, Fowls, 1st, W. J. Holder, Hudson, Ill.; 2d, J. M. Wills; 3d, J. S. Hilscher. Chicks, 1st, O. Rugg. White, Fowls, 1st, J. M. Wills.

Class 17.—*Pigeons*—Tumblers, 1st, Charles V. Holder.

Class 18.—*Rabbits*—Madagascar, 1st and 2d, Charles V. Holder. Silver-gray, Angora, and Dutch, 1st each, Charles V. Holder.

The following is a list of special premiums awarded:

Best pair of Light Brahma fowls, Stone & Leaton; best pair of Light Brahma chicks, Stone & Leaton; best pair of Dark Brahma fowls, John T. Boyden; best display of Light Brahmas, Stone & Leaton; best Dark Brahma male, John T. Boyden; best Dark Brahma female, John T. Boyden; best male and five female Dark Brahma chicks, John T. Boyden; best pair of Partridge Cochin fowls, Bartholomew Bros.; best pair of Partridge Cochin chicks, F. W. Burns & Bro.; best Buff Cochin pullet, John T. Boyden; best male and five female Buff Cochin chicks, John T. Boyden; best Pea-comb Partridge Cochin fowls, John T. Boyden; best Buff Cochin fowls, Stone and Leaton; best pair of White Cochin chicks, Stone & Leaton; best White Cochin cockerel, Stone & Leaton; best pair of Buff Cochin chicks, John T. Boyden; best display of Asiatics, Stone & Leaton; best Golden-spangled Hamburg fowls, Stone & Leaton; best pair of Silver-spangled Hamburg chicks, J. M. Wills; best pair of Golden-spangled Hamburg chicks, Stone & Leaton; best pair Black Spanish fowls, Stone & Leaton; best pair White Leghorn chicks, Stone & Leaton; best Houdan cockerel, J. W. Clinton; best pair of Houdan fowls, J. M. Wills; best pair White-crested Black Poland fowls, Stone & Leaton; best Plymouth Rock cockerel, M. B. Gray; best pair Black-breasted Red Game fowls, Joseph H. Hamill; best pair Black-breasted Red Game chicks, Joseph H. Hamill; best pair Black-breasted Red Game Bantam fowls, J. M. Wills; best Bronze Turkey, male, O. Rugg; best pair Toulouse Geese, Bartholomew Bros.; best Tumbler Pigeons, Charles V. Holder; best pair Madagascar Rabbits, Charles V. Holder; best pair Silver-gray Rabbits, Charles V. Holder; best pair Canaries, Mrs. J. E. Gray; best pair Guinea Pigs, Jack Clark; best display of Cage and Song Birds by a lady exhibitor, Mrs. J. E. Gray.

Bloomington, Ill., January 6, 1876. L.

There's lots of men in this world like roosters—Take the cockade and spurs off from them and you couldn't tell them from a hen.—*Billings.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

A NEW USE FOR CHICKEN FEATHERS.

"According to statistics very carefully compiled," says a writer in *La Nature*, "we throw away yearly a quantity of chicken feathers, the intrinsic value of which is equal to the money we pay out for cotton." A startling statement, but the author considers it true; and he proceeds to explain how the feathers are prepared to make them valuable. The operation is to cut the plume portions of the feathers from the stem, by means of ordinary hand scissors. The former are placed in quantities in a coarse bag, which, when full, is closed and subjected to a thorough kneading with the hands. At the end of five minutes, the feathers, it is stated, become disaggregated and felted together, forming a down, perfectly homogeneous and of great lightness. It is even lighter than natural eider down, because the latter contains the ribs of the feathers which give extra weight. The material thus prepared is worth, and readily sells in Paris, for about two dollars a pound. About 1.6 troy ounces of this down can be obtained from the feathers of an ordinary sized pullet; and this, on the above valuation is worth about twenty cents. It is suggested that, through the winter, children might collect all the feathers about a farm, and cut the ribs out, as we have stated. By the spring time a large quantity of other down would be prepared, which could be disposed of to upholsterers or employed for domestic use. Goose feathers may be treated in a similar manner, and thus two-thirds of the product of the bird utilized, instead of only about one-fifth, as is at present the case.

The chicken down is said to form a beautiful cloth when woven. For about a square yard of the material a pound and a half of down is required. The fabric is said to be almost indestructible, as, in place of fraying or wearing out at folds, it only seems to felt the tighter. It takes dye readily, and is thoroughly waterproof. There appears to be a good opportunity here for some ingenious person to invent machines to cut and treat the feathers.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE SALE AT EASTON.

The sale was a success, except in the case of some Light Brahma chicks, that were sent from Allentown. The cockerels were all light on the hackle, and the gentleman sent no pairs of pullets to make a better average. McKeen & Hulick sold all of their Buffs and Dark Brahmas, and a few Light Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, and White Cochins.

The first-premium pair of Buff fowls brought $25, and they and some of the best hens and pullets will be kept and bred here. The Dark Brahma pullet that took first at Philadelphia, Doylestown, and Allentown, brought $9, bid in for D. C. Waterhouse, of New Haven. The average on their fowls was $3.45. The pigeons brought good prices, the average being $3 per pair. The entries for fowls reached 124, and for pigeons, 13; the whole were sold in three hours.

H. Hammond, Secretary.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

NORTHERN ILLINOIS POULTRY SOCIETY.

The second annual meeting of this society was held in Rockford, Illinois, Tuesday, January 11th. The attendance was good and much interest was manifested. In view of the liberal accommodations and premiums offered in the poultry department of our Agricultural Society, the mem-

bers of this society have subscribed a liberal amount to be offered as special premiums at the next annual exhibition in September. The prospects are that the people of Rockford will then have an opportunity of viewing a large collection of the finest poultry in the West.

Now let all interested in poultry, whether for profit, pleasure, or its edible qualities, join the society at once, and so encourage the interest in improved poultry in Northern Illinois. Copies of constitution and by-laws can be had by applying to either of the following officers, which were elected for the ensuing year:

President—R. E. Mills, Rockford.

Vice-Presidents—L. J. Witbeck, Belvidere; J. Brown Taylor, Freeport; M. W. Elliott, Elgin; Evans Blake, Rockford; Rev. G. C. Partridge, Batavio; L. H. Fassett, Roscoe; Dr. F. W. Byers, Lena; Eb. Denney, Aurora; Henry Foulds, Lanark; I. B. Lippitt, Marengo.

Executive Committee—R. E. Mills, J. W. Hale, J. Coshun, I. B. Lippitt, W. J. Hamley, J. J. Lake, A. H. Currier, W. F. Seeley.

Secretary—A. H. Currier, Rockford.

Treasurer—J. J. Lake, Rockford.

Yours truly, A. H. CURRIER Secretary.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE COLORADO POULTRY AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.

THIS show, which occurred on the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st of December, 1875, was in all respects a most creditable one.

The poultry interest in Colorado is comparatively new; although a few individuals have bred fancy fowls for several years, the attention of the general public has not been directed to this industry.

In March last, a Poultry Association was formed of which Mr. Robert James was elected President. Its work has been to awaken interest, spread information, and excite a spirit of confidence in the future of the poultry business. This preliminary effort laid broad and deep foundations, and will ever be regarded as the corner-stone of the future of this most necessary industry.

In September, at the annual election, Hon. Wm. D. Todd was elected President, Mr. James taking the place of Secretary. For these duties he is peculiarly fitted, and has discharged them thus far in a most acceptable manner. To him, above all others, the success of the annual show may be attributed. His portion of the work has been done thoroughly and carefully; although, owing to domestic afflictions and ill-health, the duties of his office, for three weeks, were performed by the President. Mr. Todd has devoted many weeks of valuable time from his business to forwarding the interests of the Association and may justly feel proud of the success of the enterprise.

Mr. Treasurer Clark, A. M. Wylan, Vice-President, Messrs. Talcott, Haff, Mattie Wilbur, Hiram Witter, E. T. Nichols, of Greely, G. K. Kimball, of Golden, and others, have devoted their whole time, for ten days, to the work, and have the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts are fully appreciated by those who have been fortunate enough to visit the exhibition.

The judges appointed by the Executive Committee on Asiatics, were John B. Platt and A. M. Wylan; on Games and Game Bantams, C. G. Chever, H. P. Bearce, and Captain Farrand; on Leghorns, Houdans, and Hamburgs, Messrs. Kimball, Witter, and Talcott; on ducks, turkeys, and miscellaneous, Messrs. D. Witter, Generals Pierce and Bearce. Their awards gave general satisfaction.

The Association feels much indebted to the business men, who have come forward with their usual liberality, in contributing specials, some seventy in number, varying in value from $2 to $15.

There were over two hundred entries, and nearly six hundred specimens, for which the following awards were made:

CLASS 1.—*Asiatics*—Brahmas—Light, 1st and 2d and four specials, J. W. Talcott, Denver. Dark—1st and five specials, Robert James, Denver; 2d, J. M. Clark, Denver. Cochins—Buff, 1st and special, William Burgess, Denver; 2d, L. H. Stryker, Golden. Black, 1st and special, Wm. D. Todd, Denver. Partridge, 1st and two specials, M. H. Wilbur, Denver; 2d, Henri R. Foster, Highlands. White, 1st, H. Witter, Denver.

CLASS 3.—*Hamburgs*—Silver-spangled, 1st and special, M. H. Wilbur. Silver-penciled, 1st and special, M. H. Wilbur.

CLASS 4.—*Spanish*—Leghorns—White, 1st and special, J. L. Hill, Golden; 2d, W. D. Todd; special, W. H. Green, Denver. Brown—1st and special, A. M. Wylan, Davidson; 2d, Robert James. Spanish—Black, 1st and two specials, William Seechrist, Denver.

CLASS 6.—*French*—Houdans, 1st and special, Henri R. Foster; 2d and special, A. M. Wylan; special, J. C. Shattuck, Greeley.

CLASS 7.—*Games*—Black-breasted Red, 1st and two specials, H. Chamberlain, Golden; 2d, George K. Kimball, Golden. Blue, 1st and special, F. L. Bird, Denver; 2d, D. E. Kurtz, Gilman, Colorado. Black, 1st and two specials, C. E. Anthony, Denver; 2d, F. L. Bird.

CLASS 8.—*Game Bantams*—Pile, 1st and special, W. H. Green. Black-breasted Red, 1st and special, W. D. Todd; 2d, W. H. Green.

CLASS 10.—*Miscellaneous*—Plymouth Rocks, 1st, W. D. Todd. Best Exhibition Coop, standard size, 1st, Robert James; also, 1st and special on best and largest display of poultry.

CLASS 12.—*Grades*—Best coop of grade hens or pullets, 1st and special, William Burgess; 2d, A. M. Wylan; two specials on grade pullets, J. M. Clark.

CLASS 13.—*Turkeys*—Bronze, 1st and two specials, H. R. Foster; 2d, William Seechrist.

CLASS 15.—*Ducks*—Pekin, 1st and special, Henri R. Foster. Aylesbury, 1st and special, Robert James; 2d, David Lees, Golden. Rouen, 1st, David Lees.

CLASS 16.—*Pigeons*—Fantails, 1st and two specials, M. H. Wilbur.

CLASS 17.—*Cage Birds*—Canaries, 1st and two specials, Mrs. M. J. Roberts, Denver; special for best display, M. H. Wilbur. Parrots, 1st and special, M. H. Wilbur.

Miscellaneous—Special for heaviest dozen eggs from one hen, William Seechrist, weight thirty-one ounces. Special for largest and best cock, Robert James, weight eleven pounds and four and a half ounces. Special for best display of chickens other than Asiatics, Robert James. Special for Dark Brahmas, David Lees.

CLASS 19.—*Dressed Poultry*—Special for best pair dressed chickens, Mary Seechrist, Denver.

CLASS 20.—*Cats*—Black, 1st and special, A. W. Barnes, Denver. Largest cat, 1st and special, M. F. Case, Denver.

CLASS 21.—*Dogs*—Rat Terrier, 1st and special, F. P. Cobham. Greyhound, 1st and special, J. B. Forrest, Denver. Bull, 1st and special, W. H. Green. Pet, 1st and special, H. Witter, Denver.

CLASS 22.—*Fish*—Best display of live Trout, 1st and two specials, N. A. Baker, Denver. Best display Gold-fish, N. A. Baker.

A PHILADELPHIA body-snatcher defends his business on the ground that the dead are clay, and so long as the spirit is in heaven it matters not what becomes of the mortal shell.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

CAPITOL POULTRY AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.

LIST OF AWARDS, DECEMBER 27, 1875.

JOS. M. WADE.

DEAR SIR: The first annual exhibition of the Capitol Poultry and Pet Stock Association was a financial success. Although we did not have many fowls from abroad, the birds exhibited, with a few exceptions, were very fine and of extra quality, and showed good breeding. After paying premiums, the Association has a handsome sum left. I inclose you a slip cut from a paper containing the awards of premiums, which I have corrected.

Brahmas—Light—Fowls, 1st and 2d, P. M. Springer, Springfield. Chicks, 1st and 2d, J. S. Hilscher, Lincoln. Dark—Chicks, 1st, Frank Ridgely, Springfield.

Cochins—Buff—Fowls, 1st, W. H. Lightfoot, Springfield. Partridge—Chicks, 1st, C. T. Williamson, Springfield; 2d, I. J. Halsted, Decatur. Pea-comb Partridge—Chicks, 1st, P. M. Springer.

Dominiques—American—Fowls, 1st, W. H. Lightfoot.

Spanish—Black—Fowls, 2d, A. Leggott. Chicks, 1st, W. H. Lightfoot.

Plymouth Rocks—2d, A. Leggott.

Leghorns—White, 1st and 2d, C. Bressmer, Springfield.

Hamburgs—Silver-spangled—Chicks, 1st, W. J. Foote, Springfield; 2d, S. M. Clark, Springfield.

Polands—Golden-spangled—Fowls, 1st, C. T. Williamson; 2d, A. Leggott. Chicks, 1st, Henry Dose, Springfield. Silver-spangled—Fowls, 1st, C. Landgraff, Springfield; 2d, C. T. Williamson. Chicks, 1st, C. Landgraff.

Houdans—Fowls, 1st, C. Landgraff; 2d, J. Q. A. Floyd, Springfield. Chicks, 1st, J. Q. A. Floyd.

Games—Black-breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, J. M. Smith, Springfield; 2d, James Sarver, Springfield. Chicks, 1st, John H. Nickerson, Springfield; 2d, J. Halfen, Springfield. Brown Red—Chicks, 1st, J. M. Smith.

Bantams—Sebright—Fowls, 1st, Frank Ridgely.

Game Bantams—Black-breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, W. H. Lightfoot. Chicks, 1st, W. H. Lightfoot. Duckwing—Fowls, J. Q. A. Floyd. Chicks, 1st, C. T. Williamson; 2d, Bertie Bates, Springfield.

Pigeons—Fantails, 1st, C. T. Williamson; 2d, A. Leggott. Pouters, 1st, A. Leggott. Trumpeters, 1st, A. Leggott. Carmelite, 1st, A. Leggott. Jacobins, 2d, A. Leggott.

Jack Rabbit—1st, Bertie Bates.

Fox Squirrel—1st, Bertie Bates.

Guinea Pigs—1st, John B. Conant, Springfield.

Ferrets—1st, James C. Conklin, Springfield.

Maltese Cats—1st, A. Q. Booth, Springfield.

Dogs—Spitz, 1st, Frank Ridgely. Poodle, 1st, W. B. Hatchett. King Charles, 1st, W. B. Hatchett. Pointer, 1st, Frank Ridgely. Black-and-tan Terrier, 1st, Frank Godley; 2d, E. Little. Scotch Terrier, 1st, Frank Godley. Coach, 1st, Eddie Green. Bull and Greyhound, cross, 2d, M. Palmer.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

Best collection of Light Brahmas, not less than ten birds, Frank Richardson, Springfield. Best three pairs Light Brahma chicks, Frank Richardson. Best two pairs White China Geese, W. H. Lightfoot. Best pair Pea-comb Partridge Cochin chicks, P. M. Springer. Best pair Guinea Pigs, John B. Conant. Best pair White Cochin chicks, C. T. Williamson. Best pair Trumpeter Pigeons, A. Leggott. Largest hen, of any breed or variety, W. H. Lightfoot, Buff Cochin, twelve and a half pounds.

W. H. LIGHTFOOT,
Secretary.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

FIRST EXHIBITION OF THE EASTON POULTRY AND SALE ASSOCIATION.

THE first exhibition that was held here I think we can call a success. Parties here, from the East and from neighboring towns, were delighted with the way the exhibition was got up, and the manner in which it was managed. The room is the best suited to an exhibition of this kind of any I have ever seen. It is lighted by skylights, which throws the light in all directions, and the gas-lights are so arranged that every coop in the room is lighted up.

There were three hundred and twenty-three entries, about seventy-five being pigeons, and splendid birds they were, too. The principal exhibitors were Rev. T. A. Schwartz, with his Black, Blue, Yellow, and Red Pied Pouters; D. E. Newell, with Black and White Carriers, Black, Red, and White Barbs, some of which, I believe, he valued at $200 per pair; C. G. Trexler, of Allentown, with sixteen entries of fine birds; Levi Bennet, with sixteen entries, among which was a magnificent pair of White Barbs, which carried off the first prize; McKeen & Hulick had twenty-four entries of pigeons, carrying off quite a number of premiums, the most noted of which were their Dun Carriers, which got 1st; Silver Turbits, 1st and 2d; Blue Owls, 1st and 2d; Silver Owls, 1st; Yellow Barbs, 1st and 2d; Blue Antwerps, 1st and 2d.

The principal exhibitors of poultry were D. C. Waterhouse, of New Haven, who had Dark Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, and Plymouth Rocks, and took a premium on every coop; H. T. Sperry, of Hartford, with his beautiful little White Polish; John J. Berry, of Hackensack, had four coops of White Cochins and three of Plymouth Rocks that were somewhat out of condition on account of being shown so much, but, nevertheless, took five premiums on seven coops exhibited; Jacob L. Otto had a fine display of White, Silver, and Black Polish, taking quite a number of premiums. The largest exhibitors of Asiatics were McKeen & Hulick, who carried away enough prizes to win the special of $50 for the largest and best display. Their Light Brahma chickens, of which they showed fifteen coops, were said by the judges to be a better lot than could be shown by any one party in the country, the three winning cockerels scoring ninety-one, ninety-two, and ninety-three; the bird that won the second prize at Brooklyn and 1st at Philadelphia being beaten two points by a later-hatched bird. Their late pullets, too, were much better than those shown early in the season, one of them figuring ninety-three. The cockerels that won 1st and 4th at Allentown were beaten by these birds kept at home. Their display of Buffs, too, was very fine, having won everything they showed for; they also showed a fine lot of Partridge and White Cochins, the Partridge Cochin cockerels being remarkably good.

There was a good display of ducks and turkeys, Mr. Christian Knecht, of Nazareth, showing some very fine White Holland and Bronze turkeys, and Mr. A. B. Holcombe, of Lambertville, N. J., showing the best Pekin and Rouen ducks. The ducks and turkeys were arranged in a very unique manner, being built up in a pyramid in the rear of the room, an immense Bronze gobbler topping out the pile.

The awards of the judges seemed to give general satisfaction, and they deserve a great deal of credit for the prompt manner in which they put it through. The room was all arranged Wednesday morning; a great many of the premium cards were on before one o'clock (when the hall was opened to the public), all of them being on by six o'clock. The judges were Messrs. Plaisted and Bradley, of Connecticut, on Asiatics; Major Cryer, of Philadelphia, on Games and Game Bantams; Dr. A. M. Dickie, of Doylestown, on the small breeds, and Mr. W. T. Rogers, of the same place, on pigeons.

I neglected to mention, in their proper order, the Games and Game Bantams, of which the display was good, there being twenty-five coops of Games and about the same of Bantams. The largest exhibitor of Games was Mr. F. Freeland, of Easton. The largest of Game Bantams was Charles E. Long, of Lancaster, who had some very fine ones, but the handsomest were a pair of Black Africans by the same exhibitor. We will be able to hold an exhibition here next year which cannot be surpassed in quality, and hope that Mr. Wade may have leisure enough to attend.

Yours, VICTOR.

N.B. I neglected to mention Mr. Rogers' display of Silver-penciled Hamburgs, which I do not think can be surpassed.

PIGEON DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE COLUMBARIAN SHOW AT KUTZTOWN, PA.

I LEFT Doylestown on Tuesday morning, on the ten o'clock train, over the N. P. R. R. to Bethlehem, then, by the Reading road, to Kutztown. Meeting a small boy, he pointed out to me the residence of Dr. L. C. Berkemeyer, the President and the head of the Kutztown Poultry Association, and he at once conducted me to the Washington Hotel, presided over by that fine old German gentleman, Ulrich Miller. For mince pies, sausages, coffee, and good bread and butter, friend Ulrich is ahead, and old Berks County has reason to be justly proud of the Washington Hotel and mine host. Ulrich often spends a pleasant evening at the house of Dr. Berkemeyer. I retired to bed, and when the morning sun rose brightly over Kutztown, I was refreshed and ready for work at the show. The building in which the exhibition was held was well adapted for that purpose; the coops were nicely arranged and the stock showed off to a good advantage. There was, I think, about fifty coops containing fancy pigeons, many of them very fine birds.

Among the principal exhibitors were Mr. C. B. Bast, of Kutztown, Pa.; Mr. D. H. Hinterleiter, of Kutztown, Pa.; Oliver D. Shock, of Hamburg, Pa., and C. E. Long, of Lancaster, Pa. Some of the first premiums awarded to the gentlemen named above, were to birds of a high order of perfection, and the columbarian part of the show will compare with that held in Philadelphia, Doylestown, Tamaqua, and Allentown. Dr. Berkemeyer, the President of the Association, worked hard to make the show a success, and when it is understood that the Kutztown fair was held after all the others in Eastern Pennsylvania, the Doctor may be proud of this his first effort. I had the pleasure of visiting the Doctor's poultry yards, and found that he had things nicely arranged. His stock consists of White Leghorns and Silver-spangled Hamburgs, and some of them were fine birds. A new feature was introduced at this poultry show, namely, a lecture by that able writer and breeder of poultry, Dr. A. M. Dickie, of Doylestown, Pa. His remarks were listened to with marked respect by a large audience. At the conclusion of his address on the care and management of poultry, he was greeted with applause. I might mention here that Kutztown has a large normal school in successful operation. Take it all in all, Kutztown is a very beautiful place, and the residents are noted for their hospitality. It is mostly composed of Germans, and of all people with whom I have come in contact, for large and noble-heartedness, commend me to the honest Germans of old Berks County. Thanks to Prof. Mark, Bair, Berkemeyer, Schmehl, Gehring, and others, for their kindness and hospitality.

TENNET.

DOYLESTOWN, PA.

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE DROPPER.

I AM sorry to see anyone advocating, in your interesting paper, the use of that miserable nondescript, the dropper. Not only advising the use, but also the breeding of this mule among dogs, holding it up as the perfection of canine life, when, in reality, it is the worst of vermin. No one can say they resemble either of their parents, for to the most inexperienced eye they show the cross, imitation Pointers loosing the close, fine coat peculiar to the race. They endeavor to represent, or burlesque, the Setter by having a feathered tail and outline of head, both imitations lacking the satin gloss, soft, silky hair, and length of feather. It is just this system of breeding cross breeds, anything, in fact, that will run about a field and stand a bird, that has so far depreciated our stock, that, with few exceptions, there is not a pure-blooded dog in America. One or two whelps from the first cross of a Setter and Pointer may turn out good dogs, but no better than either a pure Setter or Pointer; while, in the majority of cases, they will all be curs. If anyone doubts their capacity of breeding curs, let him cross two droppers, or a dropper and a full blood, and see what a kennel of big-tailed, thick-headed whelps he will have. It is a law of nature, that hybrids cannot propagate. It would be well if droppers could not, since their first get must disgrace their grandparents.

If a dog is wanted for open country, get a Pointer; he will work over prairie and meadow, and, if needs be, will work out a cripple, for I never saw a good-blooded Pointer refuse to enter a thicket. If a dog is wanted for low, unbroken, bushy country, a Setter will answer; but do not try to combine the two, when, by careful breaking, the full-blood may be made to do all the work that is required, and, at the same time, can be the means of adding value to your kennel by reproducing its own, or imparting better qualities to its offspring.

O. D. F.

[The above article was received after we had gone to press with Greenhorn's article.—ED.]

THE

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The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets

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JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

A. N. RAUB, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE CHICAGO SHOW.

As we go to press, Mr. Mack W. Miner writes us, "The big show is opened, and bids fair to be a grand success. There are two thousand entries of fowls and pigeons, of the very best quality."

IMPORTATION.

MR. J. O. THURSTON, 786 Broadway, N. Y., has recently added to his stock of Carriers by importation from England, three pairs of fine birds; one pair purchased at the Crystal Palace show by Mr. W. Masey, are particularly so. Mr. Thurston's imported Carriers have just taken two firsts, two seconds, and four specials.

AMUSEMENT AND KNOWLEDGE.

AN able scientist, versed in Ornithology and kindred subjects, writes that "the man is happy indeed who possesses an inborn taste for soft and quiet amusements, which he may resort to at any time of the day. He is still happier when he has good ground to expect from the said amusements, curious branches of knowledge that may become useful or valuable to mankind."

These may be very properly called philosophical amusements, he adds. The birds in a poultry-yard, for example, will afford diversions of this character to any one who may be fond enough of seeing, observing, and caring for them. If a man is obliged to pass a portion of his life in the country, he must be well pleased to experience within himself an inclination that will daily ensure a very laudable pastime to him.

In the rearing of poultry and other pet-stock, we may find them very fit to inspire us with this sort of taste. It is natural that we are thus tempted to try whether they will produce the effects we may aim at in various experiments made with them. And whoever undertakes to raise fowls or other small live-stock, cannot fail to grow fond of such reproductions, as they grow up under his supervision.

So long as they owe their lives and their progress to the care we bestow upon them, we behold their advancement and daily improvement with increasing pleasure. We follow their growth and development with satisfaction in every stage of their lives. We love to see them approach from infancy to maturity, and enjoy their comparison with those produced by our neighbors or competitors. We look to see if the originals bring forth their like—and thus we are tempted to observe them more critically, and are induced to make new trials, towards improving and increasing their best qualities—through which pleasant operations we obtain fresh knowledge, and acquire an increasing spirit of laudable curiosity, leading us to inquiries not previously attempted.

All this is entertaining, healthy, and commendable. The man who indulges in this pastime lengthens his natural lease of life. He grows wiser, not only in this especial work itself, but he adds to his philosophical knowledge, upon general principles, by the indicated means. The suburban or country resident, who devotes a part of his time to this agreeable pursuit, may do this with pecuniary profit, too; and while he may thus contribute to the general knowledge of the community, through the promulgated results of his experience with these pets, he enhances his own personal weal and attainments, and makes himself, his family, and his friends wiser and better as the years go by.

CONSOLIDATION.

A GRAND mass meeting of the poultry and pigeon fanciers of the eastern part of the State of Pennsylvania will be held at the American Hotel, Allentown, Pa., on Thursday, March 2d, at 11 o'clock A.M., to take into consideration the matter of forming all the poultry associations in the eastern part of the State into one grand consolidated body.

WE are in receipt of the *Fanciers' Journal and Poultry Exchange*, published weekly at Philadelphia, at $2.50 per year. It is devoted to Poultry, Pigeons, Dogs, Rabbits, Pets, etc., treating on their breeding, care, successful management, etc., and each number is handsomely illustrated. We pronounce it one of the ablest journals of its class in this country, one which every breeder of poultry and pets should possess.—*The Lake County (Wis) Patriot.*

A MISTAKEN POLICY.

A YEAR or more ago, some one who had never tried it, adopted the experiment proposed by a novice, of spreading pine saw-dust upon the hen-house floor, say six inches deep, into which was to be raked oats, barley, and broken corn daily, as dry food for the fowls confined in close winter quarters. It was claimed that they thus obtained exercise by scratching for their food, and were prevented, through thus being kept occupied, from eating the feathers off each other, etc.

Another use to which this same pine saw-dust has been largely put, is its adoption by managers of poultry shows for the bottoms of coops and cages sent to our fall and winter fairs. Either or both of these plans we look upon as objectionable, for the reason that, in the first instance, it has been found that in picking the oats and small grains out of the saw-dust in the hen-house, a great many particles of the powdered pine wood adheres to the broken kernels, and goes into the crops of the fowls, with the corn, oats, etc. And we have not found, and have never yet heard that this pine saw-dust is particularly digestible,

In the other case, the objection holds good for similar reasons. In the coops at our fairs, to be sure it is a pleasant sight to observe the cleanliness which this substance affords in the bottom of the cages. But the birds not only manage to get a great many particles of the wood-dust into their crops from picking food from amongst it, but in scratching, as they do frequently, they throw it into their drinking cups; and thus they swallow more of it, whenever they sip the water, and it will not digest well. This is a very sure thing, as anyone may imagine on a moment's reflection.

Now for the hen-house, dry leaves, or chopped straw and coarse hay, is infinitely better, for the floors; and for our coops at the shows, fine chopped straw (which can ordinarily be quite as easily obtained) is an improvement upon this pine saw-dust.

We throw out these hints for the benefit of all interested; merely adding that either of the ingredients we recommend are both as palatable and as digestible as are the grains; they fully answer the purpose for the "exercising" proposal, they are as cleanly and sightly, and that the saw-dust is not only indigestible, but it is very pungent, and more or less injurious to the birds as well.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—The Lake Merritt dam question, which has caused an agitation of the Oakland mind for several weeks, was the topic under discussion referred to a special meeting of the Oak and City Council, which was in session last evening. The cause of this agitation lies in the fact that the Lake Merritt dam has given way, and does not hold water. Earnest speeches were made by the City Engineer, T. J. Arnold, Dr. Merrit and Geo. C. Potter, after which a resolution was unanimously adopted to the effect that the City Marshal, with the co-operation of the City Engineer, proceed at once with the work of reparation. The primary cause of the damage is attributed to the teredo, or some such species of worm, which has eaten the plank work of the dam, low down beneath the surface of the water. This ordinary dam was built about seven years ago, and an entirely new one is what is now needed. This idea was strongly intimated to the Council last evening, and the cost was roughly estimated at from $12,000 to 15,000.—*Cal. Ex.*

—MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent, E. S. S., page 18, of the *Journal*, says, "Col. Bee shot a hare (*Lepus sylvaticus*, local name *Jackass* rabbit)." Now here is another confounding of animals. *Lepus sylvaticus*, improperly called rabbit, is common to the Middle, Northern, and many of the Southern States; while the Jackass rabbit (name given by our soldiers in the Mexican war) is only found in Texas, Mexico, and Oregon. This is the *Lepus callotus*, or *Lepus Texanius*, of the naturalists. If the measurement, as given by E. S. S., be correct, he must have had a "giant in those days." *Lepus sylvaticus* has never been known to measure more than 17 inches from the tip of nose to root of tail, and 27 inches from tip of nose to the end of outstretched legs. E. S. S. gives him "38 inches from tip of forehead to tip of hind leg." Evidently this was not a Jackass rabbit, for its length from tip of nose to root of tail does not exceed 23 inches, while E. S. S. gives his animal 31 inches from tip of nose to end of tail. As to the "swellings" and "white eggs" found in the flesh, E. S. S. should know that nearly all the genus are infested, in the summer and autumn, with the larvæ of the Gad-fly (*Œstrus*), which penetrates the flesh, and the leanness of the animals at those seasons is caused by a constant irritation from the insect. Lovers of hare-meat will please make a note of it, if they are not aware of the fact already (it seems E. S. S. was not), and never use it as food out of season. HUON.

—HEREDITE.—Cresheim, I attribute the fine form of the Lancashire with Berkshire color and stamina coming through *hérédité*, not *influence*. In case of the child it is a difficult question. M. H. C.

—BULLFROGS.—Seeing notice of shooting bullfrogs in No. 1, *Fanciers' Journal*, I thought it might interest some of your readers to know, that two old frog hunters came up the Indian River and its inlets (small lakes and ponds), and in two days, in July, caught eight hundred frogs, dressed and sent them to New York, where they got seven cents per saddle for them; thereby making forty dollars clear, after paying all expenses, and allowing them three dollars per day each for their work.

I was one of three who went to Bonaparte Lake about the same time, and in one hour and twenty minutes, we caught one hundred and sixty nice bullfrogs.

Later in the fall (15th October), the same party again went to Bonaparte, when the frogs had ceased their song of *go around*, and we caught one hundred and twenty-two pounds of trout. Twelve of which weighed seventy pounds, averaging nearly six pounds each. At the same time we got a nice venison. If Messrs. Dauth & McGovern, want sport catching bullfrogs, and if they have any doubts of what I write, let them come up in this Black-river-big-woods-country, and be convinced. JEFFERSON COUNTY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IMPORTATION.

I RECEIVED, December 31st, a fine trio Brown-red chicks, from Henry Beldon, Bingley, Yorkshire, England. They came out in the "Germania," and arrived in very fine condition. Yours truly, E. P. HOWLETT.

IMPORTING.

MR. WADE:

Can any of your readers inform me what line I could import pigeons on from England. I have talked with the shipping agents here, and my brother has inquired in England, but we could not find any company that would import them. I have imported a number, but by private individuals. T. STEVENSON.

[Major Cryer, Southport, England, is the most reliable party we know to import either fancy stock or merchandise from. Inclose stamp to him for reply.—ED.]

NEW SOCIETY.

THE Poultry and Pet Stock Society of Hornellsville, N. Y., was organized here to-day, with W. W. Ford, of Canister, as President, and J. R. Sheldon, of Hornellsville, Secretary. Yours, J. R. SHELDON.

HORNELLSVILLE, January 18, 1876.

A CURIOUS CASE.

MR. JOS. M. WADE.

DEAR SIR: The following circumstance occurred with a Light Brahma hen belonging to a friend of mine:

The first thing about the hen that attracted attention was the fullness of the crop when it came from the roost in the morning. The crop continued to fill out more and more for about a week. Her health seemed good until her crop was so full that she could not eat, when she was killed. In the crop was found a wad of grass, such as would be found this time of year, rolled up together, which completely filled it. She was very fat, her gizzard being covered with layers of it. Have any of the readers of this *Journal* ever heard of or seen a like instance, and what is the reason the grass would not pass from the crop; also, is there any remedy?

Yours respectfully, F. A. M.

SUSQUEHANNA DEPOT, PA., January 12, 1876.

GOOD STOCK.

FRIEND WADE: I have purchased from P. Williams, the cock "Atlas," winner of first and specials at Boston and Buffalo shows last season. He is sire of the winner of the fifty dollar prize cockerel at Brooklyn show in December last. Atlas also won first at Dunkirk last week. I have also purchased a pen of C. A. Sweet's best Dark Brahmas.

Yours truly, GEO. S. JOSSELYN.

FREDONIA, N. Y., January 17, 1876.

A SURE REMEDY.

Friend Wade:

I desire to communicate a fact for the benefit of my brother fanciers. In this changeable weather we all know how apt our fowls are to take cold, and if not cured a worse state follows. I have used a remedy for years that has never failed me, the first dose being generally sufficient, the second always successful. Take a common troche, crush it in the mouth, then hold the bird, opening the beak, and spit the whole well into the throat. I have told this to many, and they all testify that it works like a charm.

Big Flats, Chemung Co., N. Y. Wm. Atwood.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.

Dear Sir; At a meeting of the Pennsylvania State Poultry Society, held this day, the following officers were elected to serve for the year 1876.

President—William Wister.

Vice Presidents—John E. Diehl, Samuel J. Sharpless, Samuel P. Courtney, John Clapp, Thos. B. Raynor.

Treasurer—G. W. Frederick.

Corresponding Secretary—A. P. Groves.

Recording Secretary—J. D. Nevius.

Executive Committee—Jos. M. Wade, W. F. Miskey, H. M. Phillips, Mark Schofield, John Stone, Jesse G. Darlington, Benjamin Mann, J. C. Long, Jr., Geo. C. Potts, Isaac F. Baker. Yours truly, A. P. Groves,

Philadelphia, January 18, 1876. Corresponding Secretary.

IMPORTATION.

R. F. Shannon received per steamship "Idaho," from Major Cryer, three Black and two Blue Bald-head pigeons. One of the Blacks a prize winner at Manchester, December, 1875. The Blues are also first-prize winners. Also, one trio of Red Pyle Game Bantams, first-prize winners. They all arrived in very good condition.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(Reported for Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

Philadelphia, for the week ending January 22, 1876.

2 Flying Squirrels (*Sciuropterus volucella*). Presented by Geo. Thayer, Delaware Co., Pa.

3 * Javanese Leopards (*Felis pardus*). Born in the Garden.

1 Golden Eagle (*Aguila chrysætos*). Presented by Paul & Heichhold, Philadelphia.

2 Snowy Owl (*Nyctea nirea*). Presented by Geo. De Haven, Philadelphia.

1 Zebra (*Bos Indicus*, sacred to the Hindoos). Purchased.

1 Yak (*Bison grunniers*). Purchased.

1 Axis Deer (*Axis maculata*). Purchased.

3 White Deer.

* Short-lived were the young leopards, being born in the evening, and in the same night eaten by the parent. However unnatural this may seem, it is well known that the morbid habit or propensity is common to all the cat tribe—lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, etc.—and also to the hippopotamus, bear, hog, rabbit, and hare, as well as to fish in general. It is not long since a fine young hippopotamus, born in the London Zoo, and whose advent was most anxiously looked for, notwithstanding all the care of the keeper to prevent such a catastrophe, was taken as a breakfast by its mother.

THE DEATH OF BLUE BIRD.

"He is dead!" said the Wind,
"Oh, who?" asked the Rose,
"The prince of the wildwood—the Blue Bird."
"And he died," said the Wind,
"Oh, why?" asked the Rose,
"Because she he loved was no true bird."

"Alas!" sighed the Rose,
"Ah, me!" said the Wind,
"So handsome, so tuneful, so clever."
"And she?" asked the Rose,
"False one!" said the Wind,
"In the maple chirps gaily as ever."

"And he lies," said the Wind,
"Oh, where?" asked the Rose,
"At the foot of the oak, in the clover."
"And the grass," said the Wind,
"Droops low," wept the Rose,
"O'er the form of the ill-fated lover."

"Oh, list!" said the Wind,
"I hear," sighed the Rose,
"The grave-digging beetles are coming."
"And that sound?" asked the Wind,
"Is a hymn," wept the Rose,
"That the Bee folks are solemnly humming."

"They are there," said the Wind,
"And at work?" asked the Rose,
"Yes, the ground very softly they're breaking."
"They are kind," said the Wind,
"Most kind," wept the Rose,
"Such a pretty wee grave to be making."

"They are done," said the Wind,
"And I'll fling," said the Wind,
"A rose leaf or two where he's lying."
"Take myself," sighed the Rose,
"All myself," wept the Rose,
"He is dead, and for him—I am dying!"

—Madge Elliott.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE AQUARIUM.

The aquarium, properly managed, is an absorbingly interesting and instructive ornament. That it is not more popular in this country is due to the fact that the business has not fallen into the hands of enthusiasts on the subject. Instead of endeavoring to cultivate a popular taste for the aquarium, dealers have been content to await its growth, believing that all that is required of them, as educators of the public taste in this direction, is to be able to furnish a receptacle which will hold water, without regard to its fitness. That most of the aquariums in use in this country since its introduction, in the condition in which they were sold, have been unfit for the purpose, the hundreds of unused aquariums throughout the country bear witness. That no vessel in which iron is exposed to the water can ever be made an aquarium is a scientific certainty. I will relate my first experience with an iron tank, stating first that I do not intend to condemn the tank itself, but simply to show the necessity for protecting every particle of iron inside the aquarium from contact with the water. I had endeavored for a long time, with the advantage of all the knowledge to be derived from dealers and from books on the aquarium, to accomplish the results they had promised, but in vain In the morning I would approach my aquarium hopefully, but only to find the plants loosened and floating on the surface of the water. Why would they not root? They had the most favorable condition of light and temperature. I had introduced a few snails of the genus *Physa*. They had increased, in the course of a month, an hundred fold, in

spite of the depredations of sticklebacks and sunfish on the spawn. Here, I thought, is the trouble: this snail is a feeder on growing instead of decaying vegetation. They are nocturnal depredators; and that the plants were eaten off at the bottom was further proof that it was the work of the snails, as to get on the plant they would commence at its base. Then commenced a work of extermination. Each evening I would retire from the field, thinking the foe vanquished; but, like Banquo's ghost, "they would not down," and each morning would disclose a new and formidable array arisen from their haunts among the rocks and pebbles.

But all things have an ending,
And this one was heartrending,
For the slaughtered snails were counted by the score;
Their character was damaged
By the plants I thought they cabbaged,
And I'd never have another—thus I swore.

I will digress here to say that this is an example of the way in which opinions are formed, and accounts for the many inaccuracies of and controversies among naturalists. This snail, which is harmless to living vegetation except of confervoid growth, was held responsible for the results of a destructive chemical action; and it is thus that many observations are made and many conclusions arrived at by naturalists, under conditions unfavorable to the animal. Everything is lost sight of but the object itself.

My aquarium did no better after the extermination of the snails, while their loss detracted from its interest and deprived the fish of a large amount of food in the spawn and young snails; the plants floated gracefully to the top as of yore, and I was in despair, believing the aquarium a delusion and a snare. At this juncture I saw in some newspaper a paragraph, of which I can give the purport, but of which I forget the exact phraseology. It said, "Muspratt (some European chemist, I suppose) calls iron nature's great scavenger," and said the oxidation of iron in connection with decaying animal and vegetable matter formed, among other combinations, nitric acid, which will destroy all organic matter. I exultingly exclaimed, Eureka! I had in my tank these very elements of destruction. Now all I had to do was to cover the iron with some pure and indestructible material. I tried in turn various paints, shellac, asphaltum, varnish, etc., but all were soon decomposed by the acids formed by the decaying animal and vegetable matter. I then tried Portland cement, and the result was a covering over the iron as hard, pure, and indestructible as granite. I now had a tank in which at the end of a year, without change of water, the sand was as sweet and pure as when introduced.

In other articles to follow, I will discuss the principles of the aquarium and the proper mode of stocking it.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

CAT SQUIRRELS.

O. D. FOULKE (*Fanciers' Journal*, January 13; page 19) asks, "why he does not meet with more Cat Squirrels on his hunting trips, as he believes they are peculiar to the Middle States where he hunts." Goodrich says (*Animal Kingdom*, Vol. I, page 378), "The Cat Squirrel (*Sciurus Vulpinus*) is found sparsely in the Middle States;" and the *American Cyclopædia* says, "that in those states it is confounded with the Fox Squirrel;" which, doubtless, has led O. D. F. to suppose he should there find them.

I give here several important points of difference between the two, hoping they will be of benefit to future squirrel collectors as well as to O. D. F.

The Fox Squirrel is fourteen or fifteen inches in length, with tail, large and flattened, sixteen; hair coarse, and subject to great varieties of color, of which gray is the most common. Of the "mottled," the ears and nose are white. The Fox is a good fighter, stands in no fear of a small dog, and in a square fight will not come off second best.

The Cat Squirrel (*Sciurus Cinereus*) is thirteen inches long, with tail fourteen. It is heavy and slow in its movements, never will leap from tree to tree, or from branch to branch, like the Fox, unless when much alarmed or closely pursued by some enemy. Its size is the only thing which positively distinguishes it from the Fox Squirrel, while it shows so many varieties in color it is impossible to state them all. Three individuals, taken from one nest, were found so differently marked that they were supposed to be of separate species—one having all the marks of the Fox, and the others strongly resembling the common Black Squirrel.

HUON.

A WILD goose flew into Oregon, and its crop being opened revealed a new kind of grain. From the seed forty bushels have been raised, and the Oregon farmers are sitting on the fence, with their elbows on their knees, wondering what they shall call the new kind of whiskey they will make from it.

THE price of dogs has not fallen since a Lansing (Mich.) gentleman traded forty acres of land, worth $100, for one. We hear of a recent transfer in which $100 cash was the consideration in gold.—*Ex.*

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words, describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstance be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

C. J. ANDRUSS, Canandaigua, N. Y., has a copy of Burnham's "China Fowl," new and in perfect condition, to exchange for either Wright's Practical Poultry-Keeper, or Bement's Poulterers' Companion, in equally good order.

FANCIER, P. O. Box 1041, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange well improved property in the flourishing city of Williamsport, Pa.—for a small farm, well improved; land must be good, suitable for raising Fancy Fowls. Farm east or southeast of this place preferred. Information given.

PROF. R. F. GEORGE, Secretary Wisconsin Central Poultry Association, Madison, Wis., will exchange Appleton's Journal, No. 1 to 356, 9 vols., bound, or Fancy Pigeons—for Plymouth Rock fowls, Game Bantams, or what offers.

BOX 92, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange one patent Quilting Machine, one Rifle Cane, one two-wheeled Velocipede (cost new $90), one Lt. Brahma cockerel from extra-good stock—for Brown Leghorn hens or pullets, Lt. Brahma pullets, or offers.

GEO. W. SCHEFFER, 21 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange one good Black-breasted Red Game cock for Fancy Pigeons—Antwerps, Archangels, or Swallows; also, one trio of Japanese Bantams for White and Yellow Carriers, or Blue-pied Pouters. Must be good as mine are.

WM. CRASTON, Lock Box 1728, Meadville, Pa., will exchange a trio of Golden-spangled Polish; took 1st and special (where offered) at Elmira, Dunkirk, Titusville, and Meadville—for offers of Black-breasted Red Games, old or young, willow legs and bay eyes.

EDWARD HARRIS, Moorestown, Burlington Co., N. J., will exchange a trio of L. Brahmas for Plymouth Rock cockerels. Write soon.

G. W. CHIDSEY, Elmira, N. Y., will exchange one trio Silver-spangled Hamburg fowls, for one trio Brown Leghorn chickens; one pair Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, for one pair Black-breasted Red Game Bantam pullets. Stock first-class, same wanted.

T. P. MONTGOMERY, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange 100 Dime Novels for Jacobins; Harper's Book of Travels, cost $7, for Fantails; Hogarth's Works, cost $4, for Barbs; Chicago, Past, Present, and Future, cost $3, for any kind of Fancy Pigeons, or other offers.

M. J. RUTH, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange A-No.-1 pair of Black Reds, dead game—for Red Pyle, Black-breasted, or Duckwing Game Bantams. Must be good as mine are. Write quick.

REV. A. MARCELLUS, Pittston, Luzerne Co., Pa., will exchange a good Partridge Cochin cockerel (early hatch), or a good P. C. hen—for a good Brown Leghorn cock or cockerel. Or will give the pair of P. C.'s for a pair of B. L.'s.

G. W. CHIDSEY, Elmira, N. Y., will exchange one pair Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, for one extra nice Light Brahma pullet; one Crested White Fan cock, for one Crested White Fan hen. Must be extra fine as mine are.

GEO. W. SCHEFFER, 21 South Second Street, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange the following for Fancy Pigeons, Angora or Lop-eared Rabbits—Map of the United States (44 x 64), also Pennsylvania Archives (from 1664 to 1790, eleven vols.), also seventeen vols. Colonial Records, also a few Specimen Books of Type and Cuts of Printing suitable for Painters and Artists.

J. K. SCHULTZ, Colebrookdale, Penna., will exchange two nice Houdan hens, for a pair Maltese kittens (male and female); or Partridge Cochin pullets for Dark Brahma pullets. No other than good stock given nor taken.

HOWARD I. IRELAND, Camden, N J., will exchange books, for fowls, pigeons, and pet stock. Mention books wanted and value of stock.

E. J. CHANDLER, Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa., will exchange one pair Black-breasted Red Game chicks (J. Stone's stock), Dark Brahmas, and American Dominiques—for Black-breasted Red Game Bantam chick, Buff Cochins, and one White Cochin cockerel or cock. My fowls are all good and pure stock and want the same.

W. A. SHOEMAKER, Tamaqua, Pa., has for exchange one D. B. cock, two P. C. cockerels, one pair Heathwood Game chicks, and one Blue Pouter hen—for B. B. R. Game Bantam hens or pullets, White Fan cock, or Blue Pouter cock, or offers.

THOMAS I. WELSH, York, Pa., has for exchange a seven-shooter, nickel-plated, Buffalo Bill Revolver—for trio B. B. R. Game Bantams, or offers.

CHARLES LIPPOLD, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange A-No.-1 pair of Sultans for a pair of W. C. W. Polands, a thorough-bred Gordon Setter pup; also, a thorough-bred Irish Setter pup, and a half Gordon Setter bitch, young, the best of pedigree given—for Fancy Pigeons, Game Bantams, and White male Guinea Pig. First-class birds wanted.

C. S. WHITE, Elmira, N. Y., will exchange one pair White Georgian Game chicks for Fancy Pigeons; one pair Blue-red Game fowls for Fancy Pigeons; Games (pet-stock) for Fancy Pigeons.

H. S. BALL, Shrewsbury, Mass., wants to exchange one Black-pied Pouter cock, one White Pouter hen, two Black Carrier cocks, one Blue Antwerp cock, one pair Red Barbs, one pair White Duchess—for Birds or other property. What offers?

H. BURCHARD, Corry, Pa., has for exchange one B B. Red Game cockerel for a male Canary; one B. B. Red Game Bantam pullet (small) for a male Canary; one pair of Maltese Kittens or Brown Leghorns for a pair of German Canaries. Stock good. What offers?

L. A. THOMPSON, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange two male Canaries, with their cages (wholesale cost of cages, $7.50)—for books in good order, or merchandise. Historical books preferred.

GEORGE F. LAWRENCE, Worcester, Mass., will exchange Plymouth Rock cockerels and pullets—for Lop, Angora, or Dutch Rabbits. or Guinea Pigs, White or Black. Apply soon.

G. M. WEISNER, Blandon, Berks Co., Pa., has for exchange a fine pair of Solid Black Carriers for a young dark pair of Ferrets. Send Ferrets, prepay express charges; I will pay express charge on Pigeons. Send Ferrets at once.

CHARLES BACON, Natural Bridge, N. Y., has a Mocking Bird cage, 16 x 34 x 26 high, half round top, been used only six weeks, slide drawer for cleaning, and all right—wants to swap it for a pair of young Chester White or any other kind of thorough-bred Pigs.

W. DE HART, Water Valley, Miss., will exchange a beautiful pure-white Squirrel, with red eyes, very gentle and a perfect pet—for a Parrot.

ERNEST W. WIDER, East St. Louis, Ill., will exchange one pair of White Barbs from imported stock for one pair Black or Blue African Owls; also, two White Barb hens for one White African Owl cock and two Blacktail Turbit cocks.

JOHN E. SCHUM, 150 South Water Street, Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange a young Setter bitch, is altered; very fine 5-shooter Revolver, powder loader, in good order; one trio of White-capped Bantams, nice pets—for Fancy Pigeons or what offers.

GEO. W. MITCHELL, Bristol, Conn., will exchange one Black Hamburg cockerel (Williams' strain); also, two pea-comb Partridge Cocoin pullets—for White Cochin hens or pullets.

JOSEPH G. HORNER, Angelica, N. Y., will exchange one pair yellow-leg B. B. R. Games (pit fowls) for willow-leg B. B. R. Games, or White Leghorns. Stock must be good as mine are.

ERNEST W. WIDER, East St. Louis, Ill., will exchange nine B. B. G. Bantam cockerels of the Entwisle strain, from imported stock—for whatever offers in the Pigeon line of first-class stock; also, four Black Cochin cocks, 1½ year old, three Partridge Cochin cocks the same age (Philander Williams' strain); also three Dark Brahma cocks and three Cayuga drakes—for offers, pigeons preferred.

DR. HECKMAN, 825 Elm Street, Reading, Pa., has Life of U. S. Grant, a miniature Engine, style like fire engine, a beauty; also, Doctor's Carriage in good order—for Plymouth Rocks, Light Brahmas, W. F. Black Spanish, G. or S. Dorkings, or what offers.

A. BIGNOS, Canton, O., breeder of Fancy Fowls, will exchange good Dark Brahma for Silver P. Hamburgs, B. B. Red Game hens, or Game Bantams, Brown Leghorn or White Leghorn cockerels, or pay if no trade. Address with price, or describe.

W. J. EVENDEN, Williamsport, Penna., will exchange one pair White Cochin chicks, one S. S. Hamburg cockerel, one male Ferret, one pair Red-pied Pouters, one Silver-pied Pouter cock (18½ inches), one pair Yellow Tumblers, one pair Red Carriers, and one cock—for Parrot, Mocking Bird, Black, White, or Yellow Carriers, Swallows, Owls, Merchandise, or offers.

ERNEST W. WIDER, East St. Louis, Ill., will exchange one White-crested White Poland cock, one Brown Leghorn cock, one trio Muscovy Ducks, two White Carrier hens, one pair of White Turkey Carriers—for Bantam hens of any breed, but must be first-class stock.

J. R. SHELDON, Hornellsville, N. Y., will exchange Tegetmeier's Poultry Book for Light Brahma cock or cockerel, No. 1 bird. Give weight and pedigree, also age.

G. W. HUBLEY, York, Pa., has some first-class Black Spanish, White Bantams, G. Schrights. Black B. R. Game and Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, all of which I will exchange for Gold or Silver Watches, or anything that will not eat. Write early.

F. P. SCOTT & BROS., will exchange one Black and one Yellow Owl, hens—for cocks, same color, pair Black Priests, pair Archangles, pair Black Barbs, Red Swallow cock, S. W. Turbit hen, White Fan cocks, seven pairs Tumblers, cock Ring Dove, B. B. R. Game Bantam cock.

S. B. SMITH, Roxbury, Conn., will exchange three pairs fine Houdans, two W. Cochins, and two P. Cochin cockerels (Todd's stock, weighs 9 to 10 lbs.), P. Rock cockerels, E. D. G. Bantams, one pair Pekin Ducks, one Pekin Drake. See Want Column.

T. D. ADAMS, Franklin, Pa., will exchange Wade's Water Fountains, Poultry Chromos, Printing Wheel, Corn Shellers, Parson's Laws of Business, Will's Every Man His Own Lawyer, Crittendon's Commercial Arithmetic, Duff's Book-keeper, Satire in Society, Imperial Egg Food, a seven-shooting No. 1 Revolver, single-shooting Cartridge Pistol, No. 2, *Journal* of 1874 and 1875, *World* 1874 and 1875, *Record* of 1875, one pair White Pouters, one cock Blue Fantail, a dog Tobacco Cutter, White Terrier Dog, Red Irish Setter Dog—for choice Light Brahma pullets or hens, Stonehenge on the Dog and the Brahma Fowl. What offers?

JOHN A. LAMBING, Parker's Landing, Pa., will exchange White Leghorn chicks, for Printing; also, one P. Cochin cock, three hens, six pullets (Williams' stock)—for Felch or Williams' L. Brahma hens or pullets, good Song or Mocking-bird. Good stock offered and same wanted. What offers?

JOHN A. LAMBING, Parker's Landing, Pa., will exchange one trio G. S. Hamburgs (E. S. Ongley's stock), cost $25; won 1st and special at Moravia, N. Y., in '75; also hen and pullet, same stock—for Brown Leghorns, Pekin Ducks, or Single Harness. What offers?

M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange one pair B. B. R. G, Bantams, one pair Ginger-red Game Bantams, one trio G. S, Hamburgs, six G. S. Hamburg pullets (laying), one G. S. Hamburg cock, one pair Red Pied Pouters, one pair Black Balds, and one Black-mottled Trumpeter cock. See Wants. 3,tf

B. R. HOUGHTON, 18 Batterymarch Street, Boston, Mass., has to exchange a Whitmore Muzzle-loading Rifle, hair trigger, about nine pounds, cost $80, unlinjured, no outs—for a couple of Dachshunds, large English Beagles, or one or two Fox Hounds that can carry a fox trail on dry ground. 1

M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange Pure-bred Setter dogs and bitches, broken and unbroken, and Setter and Pouter whelps, none superior in America; will send on approval, with pedigree; also, one well-broken Water Spaniel, and Double Shot Gun. See Wants. 3,tf

M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange the following books; Wells' Every Man His Own Lawyer, Scottish Sports and Pastimes, The Wood Turner's Companion, Davies' Practical Mathematics, Miniature Fruit Garden, Modern Practice of American Machinists and Engineers, The Tin, Sheet-Iron, and Copper-Plate Worker, The Marine Steam Engine, The Brass and Iron Founder's Guide, 507 Mechanical Movements, The Marble Worker's Companion, Bowman's Medical Chemistry, Channing's Medical Electricity, Hartshorn's Essentials of the Practice of Medicine, Longfellow's Poems, Grayjacket's Stories, etc., of the Rebellion, Youatt on the Dog, and Laverack on the Setter; also, one Drawing Board and Square, one 4 x 5 Printing Press, and Scientific American for the last six months. See Wants. 3,tf

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 3, 1876. No. 5.

TO SLANDERERS.

A SATIRE.

BY C. D. FRENCH.

AY, scoff at others, call them silly fools,
Pile up their errors—mark the trait that rules;
Avoid their merits, seek alone to find
Their faults and failings—leave all else behind.

Of character leave not a single trace,
Heap on the scandal, bring them to disgrace,
Show them no mercy, *one* will deem you just,
If 'neath your heel you grind them to the dust.

Strew rankling thorns along their future course,
Blight all their prospects; never fear remorse—
Yourself perfection, in your faultless mind,
One spark of evil none could hope to find.

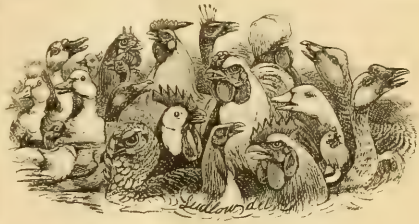
Erect an altar, offer sacrifice,
The God of Evil, give him something nice;
Still ply the lash, censure the good and great,
Denounce all virtue, nourish vice and hate.

Thus through your life aim only to destroy
The peace of others; deem it sweetest joy
To wreck their happiness, their life, their all,
And fill their cup of misery with gall.

And when Death comes to claim you for his own,
Review the crimes, the evil you have done.
Throw off your armor, sheathe your reeking sword,
And of the devil claim your just reward.

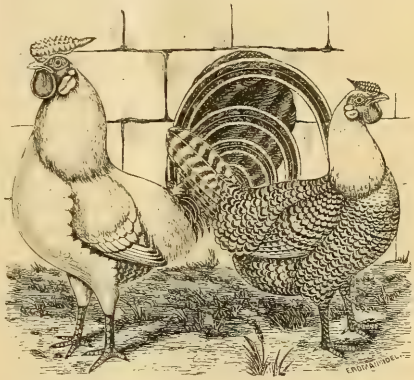
THE MAGIC SPITTOON.

The Virginia City *Enterprise* tells the following good story of a magic spittoon: A night or too since, at an uptown saloon, hostilities suddenly opened between two men who were standing at the bar, when one of them caught up a large spittoon and let his antagonist have it square on the top of the head. The man hit was not knocked down, whereat he seemed a little astonished. The man who struck the blow was also astonished. He dropped his weapon and the pair stood looking inquiringly at one another. All trace of anger had disappeared from their countenances—they merely looked bewildered. The fellow who received the blow put his hand to his head and prospected, as it appeared to him that he had felt it crush in like the shell of a rotten pumpkin, while on the other hand, the one who did the striking was sure he had felt the spittoon sink half way through his enemy's head. At last the latter said: "Well, I swear, either that thing or your head is made of leather, and d—n me if I know which it is!" The spittoon used happened to be an India rubber one painted in the imitation of earthenware. The discovery of this fact so amused the pair that they at once shook hands and settled their difficulty by getting outside of a couple of cock-tails in company.



POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

SILVER-PENCILED HAMBURGS.



THE above cut is a representation of a pair of Silver-penciled Hamburgs—"Tammany" and "Sophie"—drawn from life, and engraved by our artist, Mr. Erdmann. They are the property of W. T. Rogers, of Doylestown, Pa. They were exhibited at the various local shows in Eastern Pennsylvania the present season, and were much admired. The hen—Sophie—is very nearly a perfect bird. She was "figured" on two occasions, by different judges. In each case her score was the same—ninety-eight points. Tammany's score was ninety-three, scored by the same judges. This score is somewhat remarkable, as neither of the judges knew what the other's score was, the times of judging being two weeks apart and done at different shows. That it was done by competent parties is proved by the fact that they both hold commissions from the A. P. A. Mr. Rogers has reason to be proud of such birds. We have seen the originals and know that the cut does not

flatter them. He has four yards of Silver-penciled birds, all very fine, and perhaps stands now at the head of the list of breeders of this variety. He devotes his yards to this variety exclusively, and takes great pleasure in showing his pets to fanciers who may visit him. D.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SUPREME SELFISHNESS.

The reply of Q., in Vol. 3, No. 3, while extremely courteous, does not seem to us to dispose of the question. In the beginning, allow us to say that we meant no personal allusion to any of the members of the Elmira Society. In fact, from what we learn, we have a high regard for each and every one who has come to our notice. Q. says, the publishing of the names of the breeders "will be better for the mass of breeders." If this is "a step in the right direction," why not take, for the sake of simple justice, one more "step" and give to the public the strain, or combination of strains, from which the birds originated. Would this not be, at least, more tangible? Where is the successful fancier who does not reinforce his yards with something new every year. Young breeders should generally be credited with what points they win on condition. Even the breeder can have his birds mated when he buys them; then, thanks to well-filled grain bins and a faithful hired man, win all the honors, according to Q.'s theory. As to worthless stock, Q., if he breeds fowls, knows that the whole country is full of it. Even the most upright and honest work off (for small prices it is true) specimens which they are aware will produce nothing fit to be seen, so that the progeny of such a trio after having been well-fed, and well-used, are only fit for the pot.

We fully believe that ninety-nine out of one hundred cases of failure are produced, not by ignorance or carelessness on the part of the breeder, but by the worthlessness of the breeding-stock. Old breeders! Stand up and declare you will not let a fowl leave your yards which you would hesitate to breed from yourselves, then, this will be another step in the right direction. As to friend Wade, we will vouch that he would say, that there is nothing new in the fact that often specimens which appear small and almost worthless in the fall come out wonderfully nice in the spring.

I. K. Felch says, his preference is for June pullets, as they are apt to be finer than the early ones. How do these June birds appear in the fall? The plain, simple reason why we object to the putting on the breeder's name on the coop, is, because it is of no benefit whatever to the public, or to anyone, except the breeder. For reasons above given, it means nothing, and, finally, it has no right to be there. When old breeders see that this course ceases to bring the "almighty dollar," they will not clamor for it, and we predict for the society which enforces this rule thin shows. It is very well to depreciate on "bought reputation" when not a dozen breeders on this continent possess any other. The man who buys, and brings into his town, a better domestic fowl than was there before, is as much entitled to credit as he who, in the same way, improves his own and his neighbor's cattle; as he who makes grow two blades of grass where one grew before; or, as he who plants a tree by the wayside. Young Breeder.

"The rich," said a Dutchman, "eat venison because it ish dere. I eat mutton because it ish sheep."

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Ill., January 22, 1876, 10 a.m.

The American Poultry Association met pursuant to the following call:

Office of the American Poultry Association,
Buffalo, N. Y., November 15, 1875.

Dear Sir: At a meeting of the Executive Committee of American Poultry Association, held in New York, August 11th, in anticipation of the National Poultry Association holding their exhibition February next, it was resolved that the annual meeting of the American Poultry Association should be held at Chicago, February 11, 1876.

In consequence of the National Association having concluded to hold their exhibition from January 20th to 28th (the original date), it becomes necessary to change the date of the meeting of the American Poultry Association to correspond with the Chicago exhibition.

Therefore, please take notice that the annual meeting of the American Poultry Association will be held at Chicago, Ill., January 22, 1876, at 10 o'clock a.m., at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

Charles A. Sweet, *President.*
E. S. Ralph, *Secretary.*

The President, Charles A. Sweet, of Buffalo, N. Y., in the chair. Members present—P. Williams, Taunton; H. A. Mansfield, Waltham; I. K. Felch, Natick, Mass. H. T. Sperry, Hartford, Conn. E. L. Lamb, C. P. Willard, C. J. Ward, Chicago, Ill. A. McLaren, Meadville; Jas. M. Lambing, Parker's Landing, Pa. E. R. Spaulding, Jaffrey, N. H. David R. Jones, Tecumseh; A. Ferguson, East Saginaw, Mich. W. H. Todd, Vermillion, Ohio. Z. C. Luce, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. C. A. Sweet, E. B. Smith, F. Masten, S. Curtis, J. Beier, Jr., E. S. Ralph, Buffalo; J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland; W. A. Worden, E. S. Ongley, Auburn; H. E. Wolcott, Fairport, N. Y. Daniel Allen, R. McMillan, Galt; S. Butterfield, Sandwich, Ont. S. H. Seamans, Wauwatosa, Wis.

The business to come before the Association was briefly stated by the President. On motion it was resolved to adjourn to convene again at 7 o'clock p.m., at same place, in order to give the time of several members of the A. P. A. to the National Association, thus enabling them to complete their awards at an early hour. Adjourned.

January 22, 1876, 7 p.m.

The Association met, pursuant to adjournment, President Sweet in the chair, and the regular order of business resumed. Reading minutes of last meeting being first in order, on motion of H. T. Sperry, it was resolved that whereas the minutes of last annual meeting had been issued in pamphlet form, and also that of the August meeting of the Executive Committee at New York City having been generally published by the poultry press, the reading of the minutes be dispensed with. Carried.

The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer being next in order, were read, and, on motion, referred to the Finance Committee, to report on Monday next.

Reports of committees being next business in order—

Dr. A. M. Dickie, chairman of Committee on Centennial Matters, not being able to be present, submitted through the President a lengthy report, showing the difficulties the committee had to obtain a hearing or recognition from the officers of the Centennial Commission at Philadelphia, and also the total lack of moral support or adequate preparations offered—and the advice and suggestions from parties familiar with the details of poultry exhibitions being entirely ignored—that the committee were constrained, from feelings of self-respect in themselves and for the Association they

represented, to recommend that the American Poultry Association, as an organization, have nothing more to do in the matter. On motion, the report of the committee was accepted, ordered on file, and the suggestions therein adopted as the sense of the Association. Carried unanimously, and Committee discharged.

The committee on the case of E. T. M. Simmons also submitted their report. On motion, received, ordered on file, and action deferred until next meeting.

W. H. Todd, from committee to whom was referred Mr. Hayden's offer to dispose of certain secrets in poultry matters to the A. P. A., reported that as they were so secret that the committee could have no opportunity to consider them, they asked to be discharged. Their report was, on motion, accepted, ordered on file, and committee discharged.

The chairman from committee on the case of F. J. Kinney made verbal report. On motion, the regular order of business was suspended, and resignation of F. J. Kinney accepted. On motion, the committee on his case were discharged.

A. M. Halsted, of Rye, N. Y. (editor of *Poultry Bulletin*), offered his resignation, which was, on motion, accepted.

Regular order of business resumed.

Election of officers being next in order, a motion by F. Masten prevailed, asking the Chair to appoint a committee of five to nominate officers for ensuing year, to report on Monday next. The following were named as such committee: F. Masten, New York; Z. C. Luce, Iowa; H. T. Sperry, Conn.; E. L. Lamb, Ill.; and P. Williams, Mass.

Unfinished business being next in order, the subject of changing Article III., Section 1, of the Constitution, action on which had been postponed to this meeting,—proposed amendment being to raise the initiation fee to five dollars, annual dues to three dollars, and life membership to twenty dollars,—on motion of I. K. Felch, action was deferred until next annual meeting,—leaving the initiation fee at three dollars, annual dues at two dollars, and life membership at ten dollars.

A goodly number of applications for membership were presented and read by the Secretary. That of H. E. Blaisdell was, on motion, laid on the table, and the balance referred for action to the Executive Committee.

The matter of time and place for next annual meeting provoked considerable discussion, the utmost good fellowship prevailing. Invitations were extended by P. Williams on behalf of the Massachusetts Society; by Dr. Dickie, through the President, from the Eastern Pennsylvania Society; by G. O. Brown, through the President, from the Maryland Association; by J. C. Long, Jr., through the President, from the Pennsylvania State Society; and by W. Wright, from the Michigan Society, for 1877. A very lively debate followed, the friends of each section urging their claims. Remarks were made by H. T. Sperry, Judge Luce, P. Williams, W. Wright, C. A. Sweet, and others. On motion of H. T. Sperry, Boston, Mass., was named as the place for holding our next annual meeting.

Mr. Williams thanked the Association for their partiality in accepting their invitation among such strong competition, promising the whole fraternity a hearty reception, and with a further invitation to all fanciers throughout the continent to meet with them.

A motion prevailed that when we adjourn, it be to reassemble at same rooms, at 2 o'clock P.M., on Monday next Jan. 24.

The subject of size and weight, as now adopted, came up for discussion. On motion, all fanciers present not members of the Association, were invited to make remarks upon the subject before the meeting. Several availed themselves of the privilege extended. Considerable debate followed—the speakers on either side of the question vying with each other in trying to bring the matter to a liberal and true basis; remarks were made by Jas. M. Wills, Ills.; Henry S. Magrane, N. J.; W. H. Todd, Ohio; Judge Luce, Iowa; I. K. Felch, and P. Williams, Mass., and others. Judge Luce being called to the chair. C. A. Sweet, of N.Y., made some very pertinent and extended remarks, which were received with great favor.

E. R. Spaulding, asked for the application of some principle as to Game and other Bantams. All Bantam breeders were requested to mature a plan for presentation on Monday. On motion further consideration of the subject before the Association was deferred until Monday next.

On motion adjourn until Monday next, 2 P.M.

MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, Ill., January 22, 1876, 10 P.M.

The Executive Committee of the American Poultry Association held their usual session during the annual meeting. The following members being present: C. A. Sweet, P. Williams, I. K. Felch, D. Allen, W. Wright, H. T. Sperry, H. A. Mansfield, James M. Lambing, E. R. Spaulding, E. S. Ongley, Z. C. Luce, E. L. Lamb, and J. Y. Bicknell. President Sweet in the chair.

The following fanciers, applying for membership, were duly accepted and elected members of the American Poultry Association: Samuel O. Upham and E. W. Lane, Waltham; A. E. Abbott, East Hampton, Mass. C. S. Burt, Seneca Falls; Newton Adams, Utica; E. T. Baily, Mount Kisco; Rev. C. W. Bolton, Armonk, N. Y. Henry S. Magrane, Woodside, Newark, N. J. A. Merrill, Meadville; W. T. Bell, Franklin, Venango County; W. Craston, Meadville; Francis Taylor, Oakdale, Delaware County; S. H. Cook, McDonald's; W. E. Flower, Shoemakertown; Louis Sendker, Parker's Landing, Pa. Dr. Horace Enos, Milwaukee, Wis. T. A. Winfield, Hubbard; C. C. Williams, Elyria; R. H. Peck, Earlville, Ohio. James M. Wills, Bloomington; M. W. Elliott, Elgin; J. A. P. Hovey and G. Charles Smith, Chicago, Ill. W. K. Barber, Hastings; E. D. Voorhees, Ionia, Mich. C. Robertson, Beloit, Wis. Thomas F. Barnes, Blairstown, Iowa.

The following applicants for judgeship were duly appointed to act on the varieties named:

Henry S. Ball, Shrewsbury, Mass., Asiatics, Games, Game Bantams, Bantams other than Games, and Spanish classes; Henry Bisco, Leicester, Mass., Polish class; A. P. Coddington, Trumansburg, N. Y., Plymouth Rocks; Rev. C. W. Bolton, Armonk, N. Y., Polish and Hamburgs; Henry E. Wolcott, Fairport, N. Y., Polish; Wm. Austin, Niagara Falls, N. Y., Game and Polish; Henry S. Magrane, Woodside, Newark, N. J., Light Brahmas and Bantams other than Games; S. H. Cook, McDonalds, Pa., Blk. Br. Red Game Bantams and Turkeys; Clement B. Elben, Pittsburg, Pa., Light Brahmas, Black Rose Comb Bantams and Aylesbury Ducks; F. R. Wotring, Mansfield Valley, Pa., Light and Dark Brahmas; James M. Lambing, Parker's Landing, Pa, Light Brahmas and Black

Hamburgs; A. McLaren, Meadville, Pa., Games and Game Bantams; J. C. Long, Jr., Asiatics and French and White and Brown Leghorns; Sam'l P. Courtney, Philadelphia, Pa., Buff Cochins; Francis Taylor, Oakdale, Del. Co., Pa., Hamburgs; Jos. M. Wade, Philadelphia, Pa., Light and Dark Brahmas; W. T. Bell, Franklin, Pa., Hamburgs; G. O. Brown, Brooklandville, Md., Asiatics and Polish, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, Houdans, Crevecœurs, Spanish, White and Brown Leghorns and Plymouth Rocks; T. A. Winfield, Hubbard, Ohio, Games and Game Bantams; M. Eyre, Jr., Napa, Cal., Light and Dark Brahmas, White and Brown Leghorns, Houdans and Bronze Turkeys; S. Butterfield, Sandwich, Ont., Asiatics, Polish Hamburgs, Games, Game Bantams and Bantams other than Games.

On motion adjourned to Monday next, at 1½ o'clock, P.M.

ADJOURNED MEETING OF EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Monday, January 25, 1876, 2 P.M.

The Executive Committee of the A. P. A. met pursuant to adjournment, President Sweet in the chair.

On motion the applications for judgeships were considered; those laid on table at last session were first disposed of, one only being rejected. The following judges were appointed to act on the varieties named:

L. D. Ely, Jr., Rochester, N. Y., Hamburgs, White and Brown Leghorns, Rose-comb White Bantams, Bronze Turkeys, and Rouen Ducks; Newton Adams, Utica, N. Y., Hamburgs and White Leghorns; J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland, N. Y., Games; C. P. Howlett, Syracuse, N. Y., Light and Dark Brahmas; David Jones, Tecumseh, Mich., Buff Cochins.

The following fanciers made application for membership and were duly elected: D. L. Miller, Polo, Ill.; Peter Lepp, East Saginaw, Mich.; H. C. Darrah, Dubuque, Iowa; T. S. Gaddess, Baltimore Md.; John E. Diehl, Philadelphia, Pa. No other business coming before the Executive Committee, on motion they adjourned subject to call.

Edmund S. Ralph,
Sec. and Treas. A. P. A.

ADJOURNED MEETING.

Chicago, January 25, 1876, 3 P.M.

The A. P. A. met, pursuant to adjournment, President Sweet in the chair. Reports of committees being first in order, H. T. Sperry, Chairman of Finance Committee, to whom was referred the Treasurer's report, on Saturday last, reported the accounts correct, and that, although the association was at present in debt, they had assets that would reduce the amount to a very small sum, but that the association needed, for immediate use, about $600 (offers were immediately made by fanciers present to loan that amount). The association may be said to be in a flourishing condition. Regular order of business suspended, the following resolutions, by Judge Luce, were presented and considered:

Resolved, That, on and after March 1st, no standard of the last (1875) edition will be exchanged for the edition of 1874, except upon the receipt by the Secretary of the old standard, and sixty cents to cover difference in exchange and postage. Carried unanimously.

Resolved, That all judges before receiving a diploma from the A. P. A. shall pay the Treasurer *one dollar*, to pay the expense of printing, preparing, and postage on the same. Carried.

By W. Wright:

Resolved, That the rule requiring judges scaling specimens for registry to send a duplicate certificate to the owner of the specimen, shall and is hereby amended, so that the judge shall send both the original and duplicate to the Secretary of the A. P. A., and that the Secretary shall affix the seal of the society upon the same before sending it to the owner of the specimen, and that no certificate shall be deemed official or acknowledged by the association without said seal. Carried.

W. H. Todd presented a resolution altering the disqualification of Partridge Cochins. After considerable discussion (eliciting a strong feeling that the standard should not be altered), which was participated in by H. T. Sperry, J. Y. Bicknell, I. K. Felch, W. H. Todd, Judge Luce, H. S. Magrane, E. R. Spaulding, P. Williams, and others, Mr. Todd withdrew his resolution, thus leaving the standard as issued.

I. K. Felch, from Committee on Fixing a Standard Weight to govern Judges, offered the following standard weights, viz.: Light Brahmas, cock, twelve pounds; cockerel, ten pounds; hen, ten pounds; pullet, eight pounds; allowing one point per pound for any excess, and deducting two points for any deficit from above weight. Dark Brahmas, standard weights, cock, eleven pounds; cockerel, nine pounds; hen, nine pounds; pullet, seven and a half pounds. Allowance same as for Light Brahmas. Partridge Cochin, standard weights, cock, eleven pounds; cockerel, nine pounds; hen, nine pounds; pullet, seven and a half pounds. Allowance same as for Light Brahmas. Buff Cochins, standard weights, cock, eleven pounds; cockerel, nine pounds; hen, nine pounds; pullet, seven and a half pounds. Allowance same as for Light Brahmas. White Cochins, standard weights, cock, eleven pounds; cockerel, nine pounds; hen, nine pounds; pullet, seven and a half pounds. Black Cochins, standard weights, cock, ten and a half pounds; cockerel, eight and a half pounds; hen, eight and a half pounds; pullet, seven pounds. Plymouth Rocks, standard weights, cock, ten and a half pounds; cockerel, nine pounds; hen, eight and a half pounds; pullet, seven pounds.

H. S. Magrane offered the following as an amendment on Light Brahmas, standard weight: Cocks, sixteen pounds; cockerels, fourteen pounds; hens, fourteen pounds; pullets, twelve pounds. One point per pound to be deducted for birds falling short of those weights. Amendment put to vote and lost. Judge Luce being called to the chair, C. A. Sweet made remarks, when a vote being taken on the original report it was adopted.

W. H. Todd, Daniel Allen, and E. S. Ongley, gave notice that, at the next meeting, they should bring forward and urge the passage of the following resolution.

Resolved, That the disqualification weights of Black and White Rose-comb Bantams be raised, namely: On cocks weighing more than twenty-six ounces; hens more than twenty-two ounces.

On motion of C. A. Sweet, the salary of Secretary and Treasurer was fixed at $250 for the year 1876. E. R. Spaulding offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the following instructions be given to guide judges in applying the scale with reference to weight in Game Bantams. The standard weight to be, for cock, twenty-two ounces; cockerel, twenty ounces; hen, twenty ounces; pullet, eighteen ounces. For every ounce a bird weighs over the standard weight cut a half point. For every ounce a bird runs under the standard weight add a half point. Carried.

F. Masten, Chairman of Committee appointed to nominate officers for the year 1876, reported the following:

President—Chas. A. Sweet, Buffalo, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—A. D. Warren, Worcester, Mass.; P. Williams, Taunton, Mass.; E. C. Skinner, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. William Atwood, Big Flats, N. Y.; Albert Noyes, Bangor, Me.; Z. C. Luce, Iowa City, Iowa; H. T. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.; Dr. A. M. Dickie, Doylestown, Pa.; D. Allen, Galt, Ont.; Edward L. Lamb, Chicago, Ill.

Secretary and *Treasurer*—Edmund S. Ralph, Buffalo, New York.

Executive Committee—All the above, and P. W. Hudson, N. Manchester, Conn.; I. K. Felch, Natick, Mass.; S. J. Bestor, Hartford, Conn.; S. H. Seamans, Wauwatosa, Wis.; E. S. Ongley, Auburn, N. Y.; J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland, N. Y.; George S. Josselyn, Fredonia, N. Y.; C. A. Johnson, Newburyport, Mass.; Jas. M. Lambing, Parker's Landing, Pa.; G. O. Brown, Brooklandville, Md.; C. B. Elben, Pittsburg, Pa.; A. J. Tuck, Nashua, N. H.; Wm. Wright, Detroit, Mich.; C. H. Turner, St. Louis, Mo.; E. P. Howlett, Syracuse, N. Y.; J. P. Buzzle, Clinton, Mass.; H. A. Mansfield, Waltham, Mass.; C. H. Crosby, Danbury, Conn.; E. R. Spaulding, Jaffrey, N. H.; C. C. Williams, Elyria, Ohio.

Finance and Auditing Committee—H. T. Sperry, E. C. Skinner, and C. A. Sweet.

On motion, the Secretary was directed to cast the ballot for the association, and the above were declared elected as the officers of the American Poultry Association for the year 1876. The following resolution was offered by W. H. Todd:

Resolved, That the following suggestions to judges, in reference to Bantams other than Game, be adopted as the standard weights—for cock, 26 ounces; cockerel, 24; hen, 24; pullet, 22. For every ounce a specimen weighs above the standard weight discount a half point, and for every ounce below standard weight credit a half point. Carried.

John E. Diehl offered the following:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. C. A. Sweet and the other officers of the A. P. A. for the able manner they have discharged the duties of their respective offices during the past year. Carried.

John E. Diehl, from the Committee on Centennial Matters, made a supplementary report stating that the Centennial Commission at Philadelphia had finally located a plot of ground containing about six acres, and a plan for pens 4 x 10 feet, one-half to be under cover. The exhibition to be held before June 15th, or after October 20th. Mr. Diehl also stated that the Pennsylvania State Poultry Association would hold their ninth annual exhibition about November 1st, and in behalf of that association invited the A. P. A. and all fanciers to meet with them.

President Sweet resumed the chair. On motion of J. Y. Bicknell a committee of three was appointed by the chair, the chairman of such committee being authorized to name two additional members (this making the committee five) to whom the whole matter of a Centennial show should be referred with power; also, with authority to nominate to the Centennial Commission a Superintendent of Poultry. John E. Diehl, of Philadelphia, Pa.; P. Williams, of Taunton, Mass.; and E. L. Lamb, of Chicago, Ill., were named by the chair as said committee. Judge Luce offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Secretary cause the instruction to judges (that had been passed at this meeting) printed on a sheet uniform with the standard, and that the poultry press be requested to give notice that any one inclosing a stamp to the Secretary will receive a copy of the same. Carried.

On motion, the excuse of the Rev. Wm. Atwood for non-attendance at this meeting was accepted with fraternal regards. On motion, the Secretary was directed to furnish all the poultry papers with a copy of the minutes of this meeting, with request to publish. The Committee on Sumatras and Wild Indian Game made a report which was accepted, and action deferred until a future meeting. Mr. Diehl offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the A. P. A. request as many of the members and their friends as possible to meet at Philadelphia during the Centennial show of poultry. Due notice to be given. Carried.

On motion, adjourned. Edmund S. Ralph.
Sec. and Treas.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

In the show-room, among the crowing, cackling, quacking, and hissing, a detailed report would hardly be expected, so we will do the best we can under the circumstances. The show is a grand success. We have 2064 entries, and very few poor birds on exhibition. The Light Brahma class is well filled with good birds, in fact the Asiatics are, as usual, well up in numbers and quality, and of themselves would make a large show at any ordinary exhibition. We have had little time to investigate and criticise the awards, but generally believe they were in accordance with justice. Mr. Lamb, the President, showed nearly forty Dark Brahmas, old and young, for exhibition only. These were taken from the yard just as they had been bred, not selected, and when we compared them in our imagination with such as were shown four or five years ago, we were astonished at the improvement. In the competition class, too, we were surprised at the same marked improvement. One hen from Canada in this class was almost perfection in markings, but the confinement had reduced her two and one-half ounces below the lowest standard weight. She seemed to be in fine condition, yet her appetite had forsaken her and she refused to eat. A little change of diet, however, seemed to agree with her, and she just balanced the required weight and came in for a well-deserved prize.

The French class occupied but little space, but the few specimens were good. The Leghorn class contained one pair of Dominiques, three pairs of Brown that had no business in any show on account of their inferiority, and a very fine lot of Whites.

Some specimens of Spanish were unusually fine. The first prize pullet being as good as we ever saw.

Four pairs of colored Dorkings, all grand birds. Only two pairs of White and two pairs of Silver Gray, one of which was disqualified.

Hamburgs, all varieties, except the insignificant White, were in full force, and competition is great. All varieties of Polands were also well represented and creditable. Now we come to the Games and Game Bantams. Here the Asiatics get a close rub. Two men entered Asiatics for the $100 prize and two entered Games. The competition was so great that, by mutual consent, the competitors divided the amount. African Bantams, Golden and Silver Sebrights were creditable. The latter the genuine *Silver*, not the faded Goldens as shown a few years since.

There were only five turkeys in the room, but they were good. Geese very good, but few in numbers. Aylesbury, Rouen, and Pekin ducks were fairly represented, but only

three pairs of Cayugas and one of Muscovy. Here, again the "Imperial Pekins" fell below Rouen and Aylesbury in weight from two pounds to four pounds per pair. They must pick up lively in future to keep pace with their comrades. The pigeon show was not equal to Buffalo, but many were fine. One cage contained a cat and a canary quietly reposing side by side. Ten incubators were shown, one of which was shelling out chicks splendidly; the others was transported too far to be in operation and did not compete.

We forgot to mention that the Plymouth Rocks were very good; but Dominiques, except a very few, were quite inferior, and if we do not get in some of the clarion notes of the cocks, and quacking of the ducks, we shall do well.

The Dog show was held in a separate room, and such a show. Over 340 entries. We will not attempt to report this part of the exhibition, but keep within our own sphere. The show is largely attended. People rush in at such a rate that policemen are obliged to be on hand to keep order. No doubt the show will be a success in every respect.

Chicago, January 27, 1876. J. Y. Bicknell.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF FANCIERS.

The regular annual meeting of the National Poultry Association was held in the committee-rooms at the Exposition Building. There was a large attendance of members. The following list of officers was elected for the ensuing year:

President—Edward M. Teall, Chicago.

Vice-Presidents—John P. Reynolds, Chicago; A. D. Warren, Worcester, Mass.; Charles H. Turner, St. Louis; Charles A. Sweet, Buffalo; Dr. F. W. Byers, Lena, Ill.; H. A. Mansfield, Waltham, Mass.; Joseph M. Wade, Philadelphia; E. R. Spaulding, Jaffrey, N. H.; Dr. J. H. Bryant, St. Paul, Minn.; Albert Noyes, Portland, Me.; Dr. N. Rowe, New York; Charles H. Raymond, Morris Plains, N. J.; L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ont.; Luther Adams, Boston; Horace Smith, New York; George H. Warner, New York Mills, N. Y.; J. M. Ferris, Stamford, Conn.; I. N. Barker, Thorntown, Ind.; C. B. Elben, Pittsburg, Pa.; E. S. Ongley, Auburn, N. Y.

Secretary and Treasurer—Charles P. Willard, Chicago.

Executive Committee—W. W. Corbett, Chicago; S. H. Seamans, Wauwatosa, Wis.; Dr. Horace Enos, Milwaukee, Wis.; John H. Whitman, Chicago; Philander Williams, Taunton, Mass.; Z. C. Luce, Iowa City, Ia.; E. L. Lamb, Chicago; Alonzo Snider, Chicago; William H. Woodward, Chicago; J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland, N. Y.; C. J. Ward, Chicago; D. L. Miller, Polo, Ill.; David Jones, Tecumseh, Mich.; James M. Lambing, Parker's Landing, Pa.; John D. Olcott, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. F. Milligan, Chicago; Thomas F. Barnes, Blairstown, Ia.; John F. Boyden, Lincoln, Ill.; I. K. Felch, Natick, Mass.; W. H. Todd, Vermillion, O.; H. T. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

Mr. E. L. Lamb, the retiring President, was unanimously nominated for re-election, but positively declined to serve, owing to the pressure of other business.

An universal desire was expressed by the members present that the name of the association should be changed from "The National Poultry Association" to "The National Association of Fanciers," with a sub-title of "Poultry, Pigeons and Dogs." This change awaits only the action of the association, at its April meeting, to become final.

The time for holding the next exhibition was fixed at February 3 to 12, 1877, at Chicago, which all agreed to be the best point, both on account of its location and facilities, for such an exhibition.—*Chicago Tribune.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

BUCKEYE UNION POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Jos. M. Wade:

Nothing can afford the amount of pleasure to a "real" fancier like the feast to the eyes which a "first-class" exhibition affords. Such were our thoughts and feelings as we marched and countermarched up and down the long line of coops while visiting the exhibition of fine poultry held at Springfield, Ohio, under the auspices of the Buckeye Union Poultry Association, commencing December 15 and closing December 22, 1875. This was the second annual exhibition of the society, and was a grand success, and much superior to the one held last year, not only in the number of entries made, but in the quality of the birds shown. The Light Brahmas were out in full force, and were good birds, with a few exceptions. The Dark Brahmas were not as well represented. The first premium pair of Partridge Cochin chicks were well worthy of the prize they won; the pullet was beautifully penciled, the feathers being free from the white shaft, as was the first prize Dark Brahma pullet. This white shaft, so frequently seen in the two above varieties, is an eyesore to all "first-class" breeders, and should be bred out. The White and Black Cochins were as fine specimens as I ever saw; the Buff were not as good. Friend Nichols was there with his favorite Houdans. He is certainly the champion breeder of this variety. The White and Brown Leghorns were splendid birds, with immense combs towering high above their heads. Games and Game Bantams were largely represented and were a credit to those who bred them. There was also a good display of Pigeons and Songsters, but not being an expert as to this class, could not say as to their real merits. In fact, there was everything there from a Humming-bird to an Owl, and from the diminutive Bantam to the mammoth Bronze.

The birds were shown in pairs (with the exception of the Owl), and the one-judge system adopted; coops large and conveniently arranged, and the whole under the management of a corps of gentlemanly officers. May success ever attend the Buckeye Union. H. P.

Lima, O., January 1, 1875.

Sportsman's Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

DOG BREAKING.

LESSONS IN THE FIELD.

Before proceeding to the business in hand a few words as to what is the best game to work young dogs on. Most sportsmen will say quail, but as far as my experience goes I am inclined to give preference to the woodcock, for the reason it is seldom that more than one gets up at a time,

and that they are quickly out of sight, so the dog is not so strongly tempted to chase.

The quail is a nice bird to work, but as they go in bevies and lie so close it is not best to hunt them with a young dog until he has gained some experience. It is not to be expected that an inexperienced dog with the whole bevy buzzing about his ears will not get excited and rush after them in spite of your orders. Another reason is that after hunting a pup to them a few days he loses caution, and will not be satisfied to point at a distance, but must draw close on before standing. This is a common fault of many that are otherwise good dogs. Hutchinson says, in his most excellent work on breaking, that "a dog should look out for the faintest indication of a scent, and to point the instant he winds it, instead of heedlessly hunting on until he meets a more exciting effluvia."

But, to return to our pupil and his lessons in the field. The first day out will show whether you are qualified for the business or not. You must expect to have your patience sorely tried, and to give up all idea of killing much game. Bear in mind you are not out for sport, but give your attention entirely to the work in hand, for much of the future value and usefulness of a dog depends on his first day out. Mind, I do not say you need go home with quite an empty bag if your pup has been properly house-broken, and obeys the orders "to ho" and "charge" promptly—and he should never be taken into the field until he does.

Before going out it will be well to know where the birds are, as you will not care to tire yourself or the dog looking them up. Do not be in a hurry to get off early, wait until the dew is off the grass. Aside from its being wet and disagreeable walking, there is always a scent of rabbits and other vermin lingering among the bushes to confuse the dog and take his attention from the birds. Keep him close to your heels when going to the field. This may be taught by leading him with the cord, and checking him when he attempts to push ahead. When you get where the birds are cast him off with a wave of your hand in the direction you wish him to go. If he starts wrong call him back and walk that way yourself; after going some few yards give a whistle and turn and walk the other way. Beat the ground in a zigzag direction, giving a whistle and a wave of your hand as you turn. In this way you will soon get him in the habit of looking to you for signals and to quarter the ground thoroughly.

Most writers on training say that it is very difficult to teach a dog to quarter the ground properly, but by following the above plan I have not found it so. To be sure, it will make what will seem to be a great deal of unnecessary travel, but you will be well repaid in the end. Do not let the dog hunt more than twenty-five or thirty yards from you at first, so that you can control him the easier when he first winds the game. When you see him feathering, and he shows by his actions that he is near a bird, get up as close as possible. If he seems too eager and pushes on too fast check him by the command, "careful." If he is of the right sort he will soon come down to a point most beautifully "to ho." Should he in his excitement and heedlessness disregard the command and flush without pointing, get hold of him as soon as possible and drag him back to where he should have stood; give one or two light strokes of the whip, at the same time repeating the command, "to ho." Do not be too severe, but endeavor to make him understand that he has committed a fault and is punished for it. Should he obey orders promptly and point steady, get up to him as quietly as possible, and if the bird lies well stand by his side several minutes. Now let him draw on "careful" to a flush; keep close to him, and the instant the bird rises give the order "charge" in a strong, emphatic tone, at the same time give him a smart blow with the whip. Shoot and kill your bird, and if he breaks and rushes after it drag him back, give him the whip, and make him keep his position until you reload. You may now call him to you and wave your hand toward where the bird has fallen, and when near it say "fetch." Make him bring it quickly by calling and walking away from him. Praise and caress him, and let him see that you place great value on the bird, but never let him mouth or play with it. Proceed in this manner with every bird you find; punish him when he disobeys; and never let a fault pass unnoticed; fail not to praise him when he performs well, and in a very few days you will be surprised at the progress he has made in his education. Of course, it is not expected that you will follow these instructions to the very letter, but use your judgment at all times, and do as circumstances and the nature of the ground shall determine.

Some dogs show great perverseness in breaking shot and chasing, regardless of repeated floggings, and there is no quicker or more certain way of stopping it than to let them have the contents of the gun a few times. Many will condemn this and say it is liable to injure the dog and make him gun shy. No. 10 shot, at forty or fifty yards, from an ordinary gun will only just warm up his jacket nicely, and the dog that has not courage to bear it is not worth the trouble of training. Let no one misunderstand me, and think that I recommend harshness or cruelty, for it is only in extreme cases, when other means fail, that I would venture to do it. The check cord will, if persistently used, generally accomplish your object. Some dogs will bear a greater degree of severity than others, and it requires a thorough knowledge of the animal's disposition to know to what extent to use it.

While not advocating an injudicious use of the whip, I do not think that any dog was ever broken to prompt and unhesitating obedience without it; but, there is no need of harshness. Because you are advised to punish a dog it is not necessary to hold him up by the collar and kick his ribs in, or to bend your gun barrel over his back: such treatment is worse than useless, and many a good dog has been spoiled by it. The whip should never be used in anger, nor when the dog is not fully aware of his fault.

There are many things about dog breaking that can only be learned from experience. The directions given will enable any one to train a dog well; and, if what has been written in these articles will be of any use to young sportsmen, I shall feel that the time has been well spent.

B. F. White.

Man—"Do you think it would be safe for me to cross this pasture?" Maid—Well, the old bull don't like red very much, but if you will chalk your nose I guess he won't attack you."

A young woman in Chicago put her false teeth in a glass of water at night, and in the morning found them imbedded in a chunk of solid ice. She was late at breakfast, the process of thawing out the teeth with a bonfire of matches having been slow.

THE

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THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

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JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

A. N. Raub, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED.

Since our last notices of Photographs Received, we have been favored with a good many long-desired photographs of our leading fanciers and writers. Among them are:

H. Woodward, of Worcester, Mass., one of our ablest writers on poultry matters; but, as many of the productions of his pen have appeared over different *nom de plumes*, he is not as well known to the fraternity as he is to the editors of poultry journals.

Andrew Sugden, Hartford, Conn., well known as the breeder of White-crested Black Polands and the author of the articles which appeared in our columns on the Silk Worm and Silk Industries. Mr. Sugden's name was unintentionally omitted from our list of contributors. He will occasionally be heard from in our Small Pet Department.

William E. Flower, Shoemakertown, Pa., one of our contributors from the first, and a devoted friend to the *Journal*.

W. M. Ward, Postmaster, Peabody, Mass., well known as a devoted admirer of Light Brahmas.

C. J. Ward, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, now of Chicago, founder of the *Swine and Poultry Journal*, and too well known to need any comments from us. May he and his paper always prosper.

Ezra B. Dibble, New Haven, Conn., one of the oldest and most reliable breeders of our favorites, the Light Brahmas. Our readers have been occasionally favored with articles from his pen, but not as often as we would wish.

George Van Derveer, Port Jackson, N. Y., the great Bronze Turkey breeder, or rather breeder of great Bronze Turkeys.

Mack W. Miner, Wyoming, Ill., two views—one with his setter "Floss" by his side; the other with his setter "Major" on his lap. Mr. Miner is quite a young man, but an enthusiastic fancier of both fowls and dogs. He was the first to be heard from at Chicago, as will be seen by referring to the editorial department in No. 4.

J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland, N. Y., one of our best-known and oldest general breeders of fowls and ducks. Mr. B. is one of our most practical writers. His catalogues usually contain matter of much interest. He is a Judge of several varieties of fowl, both land and water, and is appointed by the A. P. A.

Frank J. Kinney, Worcester, Mass., the noted Brown Leghorn breeder. Mr. K. is also a very extensive grower of small fruits.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Mr. McCam says gray squirrels castrate each other. I think he will find it is done by the small red squirrel. I have been told by hunters that they had seen it done. The red is so quick that he will master the gray squirrel, and he fights by attacking in the rear. L. W. Allen.

—Hogs.—I have a fine stock of hogs, and they have been sick about a week. I have given them everything that is in my knowledge with the intention of curing them, but it is all in vain, and they are not cured yet. I should like to know what is good for them. They will lay for twenty-four hours without moving, as if they were sleepy, and their skin is getting tight, or dried up. If you, or some of your friends that holds correspondence with your *Journal*, know what is good, I would be very much obliged for the prescription. Wm. B. Davis.

—Fresh-Water Shells.—Fresh-water shells, such as muscle, snail, etc., may be bleached to a snowy whiteness by placing them for a few hours in a solution of chloride of lime, first washing them perfectly clean. Place the vessel containing them in the sunshine, and when sufficiently bleached, remove and wash in clear water. Then taking a soft woolen cloth, moisten it with a little oil and dip in powdered pumice-stone, and polish the entire surface, finishing afterward with a soft chamois skin or woolen cloth and brisk rubbing. This will produce a snow-white shell with highly enameled surface.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—A few days ago, at the country residence of J. Addison Smith, Esq., near this city (Baltimore), one of his men cut down in the woods a large tree, and on splitting it discovered three pure white squirrels; two of them had been killed by the concussion of the falling tree, but the live one was captured, and is now in Mr. Smith's possession, in this city, and is a very fine specimen. "Huon," your very excellent contributor, has his hands full in keeping the amateur, and other animated nature admirers, from getting the hares and rabbits, etc. too greatly, as "Hans Schneider" would say, "confoosed;" but, "if any man kin, he kin," as Captain Cattle says. G. O. B.

—Crystallized Flowers and Foliage—Take flowers and leaves of various kinds, such as violets, pansies, geraniums, ivy, etc., and fasten them to stems of wire, or, if desired, sew them carefully to the bottom of a shallow basket, made of wire or wicker work; sink them into a saturated solution of alum, after it has become perfectly cold. When a clear, sparkling coat has formed upon the surface of each leaf and flower, sufficient to form bright dew-like drops, remove them with great care, and allow them to drip until perfectly dry, when the flowers will present the most charming appearance, looking as if covered with a clear coating of ice, or as if dripping with dew-drops, according to strength of the alum solution, or the manner of drying. These crystallized flowers are a beautiful ornament for any room, and will retain their lovely appearance for a long time.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Fowls, Ducks, and Pigeons.—Are there any data to show that the domestic fowl was known to ancient Egypt? On the great pyramid is represented a chick, but it certainly is that of the quail, which bird is still common in that country. Ducks, among the hieroglyphics, certainly have not the show of a representation; but pigeons, both wild and tamed, have been plentiful in Egypt from the earliest times. The common rock pigeon (*C. livia*) is generally distributed. On the temple of Medinet Haboo there is found hieroglyphics which date back 1300 years before Christ, among which are priests in their state robes letting off carrier pigeons with messages to some distant points. Indeed, there are records of Egyptian history which show that pigeons were domesticated and reared as food no less than three thousand years before the Saviour was born. Huon.

—I notice your editorial in last *Fanciers' Journal* about sawdust, its bad influence, etc., and must say that your paper is brimful of good, sound advice, which, if fanciers only heed, will save their stock and trouble. I had the pleasure of attending the late Baltimore show the last two days, and noticed that they there used clean white sand, very dry and fresh, and was put in the cages every morning. I consider this a good idea. The fowls the last day all appeared fresh and in thriving condition. Although the straw idea is good, yet I think fowls penned up several days in an exhibition room need gravel or sand to be kept in a healthy condition. I also noticed, at the same exhibition, that the premium award cards that were tacked upon the coops were printed in the form of a diploma and filled in with exhibitor's name, variety, etc., and signed by the Secretary. This makes a good record that winners can preserve, and, being official—as is often not the case with the card simply printed first premium—they are only good for those that they are intended. Nod Patterson.

—Instinct or Reason?—I do not suppose the above question will ever be settled to the general satisfaction of all, but I would like some of my "instinct" friends to tell me what this was on the part of a gray squirrel. These animals dearly love corn, and will carry off large ears from the fields. I once saw one sitting on the top rail of a fence, with an ear, and when he saw me he dropped it, but remained on the rail, flattening out his body as much as possible, so that I could hardly distinguish him from the rail, he being so nearly the same color, which fact, I think, he well knew. Upon my too near approach he made for a tree, where he would all the time keep on the opposite side of the trunk, hanging there until I would rout him. Here too, I think, the cunning fellow knew that his fur was just the color of the bark, else why hang there so flat and so still? I struck the tree with my stick; he did not seek another tree—he had too much—reason may I say?—but he would go higher up, until among the leaves I lost sight of him entirely. Query.—Does not man, in his boundless self-conceit, name the intelligence and industry of animals "instinct," and overlook their wisdom and fitness of behavior? Huon.

—J. M. McCam is right in what he says in regard to rabbits or hares making nests and lining them with fur. Now, I do not know whether the common gray rabbit is a hare or rabbit, but I know for a certainty that they do dig a hole from ten to fifteen inches deep, make a nest of grass and moss, and line it with their own fur, "Huon" and all the authorities he quotes to the contrary notwithstanding. I do not mean to say that they always do it, for I have often found the young huddled together on the form, but as a general thing the old one makes a nest.

In regard to the distance that a flying squirrel can jump, I once saw one go from the top of a pine to an old chestnut, a distance of forty-four paces (nearly nine rods) from tree to tree. There could be no mistake, as the pine stands in an open lot, with no trees between it and the edge of the woods.

Now, about gray squirrels. Nearly every farmer's boy who is big enough to carry a gun knows that gray squirrels castrate each other; but it is done in their battles, not, as McCam says, "in the nest." Neither is it done by the black squirrels, at least not in this vicinity, for we have no black ones here. The common woodchucks do the same thing, but not as often. B. F. White.

—A few days since I was asked to explain why the hoof of the mule (hybrid) was in all respects so much better than that of the horse; and especially so, since the hoof of the ass is well known to be bad? Several gentlemen present, well known here as extensive breeders and fanciers of horses and cattle, averred that they had never known an ass to have a perfect hoof. Not being able to give an explanation, I, on their behalf, agreed to refer the matter to Dr. Baily, who has recently been working up the subject of hérédité. Medicus.

In reply to "Medicus," we can say that the ways of nature are mysterious, but certain in their results. The student of nature is often puzzled to explain their laws, also the unerring laws of hérédité which govern the production of hybrids.

It is a principle well established in hérédité that defects in constitution are more often transmitted by and from the mother—that is, should tuberculoses or insanity exist in a family on the mother's side, the disease is more apt to be transmitted than if it existed on the father's side. Writers on mental diseases are aware of this fact and frequently make use of the statement.

The mule is more frequently a cross between an ass and a mare, and through the dam this important point (the hoof) is transmitted. While the characteristic forms of the sire are preserved in the offspring, the usefulness of the foal depends much on the transmitted qualities of the dam.

James S. Baily, M.D.

—In your issue of January 20th, "Huon" seems to doubt that gray squirrels are castrated. I *know* they are, better than I know that oxen are; but, whether the grays perform the operation, or the reds, as I have often heard alleged, I know not. I have seen the time, when I lived in old Vermont, that I would make a wager with any man, that of a dozen male squirrels he might kill, not more than one in the dozen would be whole. I have often discussed the matter with persons in "Huon's" state, holding the animal in my hand, and once not healed. I have had squirrels kill each other when caged together.

I incline to believe that the castrating is done before they leave the nest, and by the mother. My observations lead me to conclude that the female always seeks seclusion in breeding. The young can be easily raised on a cat that has young kittens. Slip them in among the kittens while they are sucking and you need take no further trouble with them. In puss extremes meet at this time. I have thus raised them, and have known others to do the same. It is necessary to find the squirrels. To do this, have leisure and patience, a locality where the squirrels resort, and a pleasant day in March or April. To raise on a cat they should be secured before their eyes open. P. Welsh.

Correspondence.

Mr. Jos. M. Wade.

Dear Sir: I killed a hen last night to all appearances perfectly healthy, and on drawing her I found six soft shell-less eggs, full formed, and the contents of all added. Can you or some of your readers tell me the cause and antidote?

Yours respectfully,

Boston, January 28, 1876. T. F. Smith.

[Several years ago we killed a hen that was very large behind, and on opening her we found several eggs with perfect shells and others in course of forming, but all were good in this case.—Ed.]

Editor Fanciers' Journal.

Dear Sir: Inclosed find premium awards of Game Bantams which I understand were omitted. With many regrets that such a thing should have happened, I remain

Yours respectfully, Edward T. Rowell,

Lowell, January 27, 1876. Secretary.

Game Bantams—Fowls, 1st, W. F. Bacon, Lexington, Mass.; 2d, Damon & Marshall, Cochituati, Mass. Chicks, 1st, W. H. Goodale, Woonsocket, R. I.; 2d, W. F. Bacon.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.

Dear Sir: Will you allow me to correct a slight mistake you made in your *Journal* No. 3, viz.: In your list of premiums awarded for pigeons by the Maryland Poultry Association, you give E. Whitman second premium for Blue Antwerps, but he was awarded first premium for Red Antwerps.

I am very much pleased with the *Journal*—in fact I do not know how I did without it so long. Wishing you great success, I am, Yours truly, H. F. Whitman.

BLACK LIST.

Messrs. F. P. Scott & Bro., Wrightstown, Pa., complain of the dealings of Ambrose Witzel, No. 16 Kuhn Block, Rochester, N. Y. We wrote him for an explanation, but were not favored with a reply.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(Reported for Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

Philadelphia, for the week ending January 29, 1876.

1 *Jumping Mouse (*Gerbillus Canadensis*). Presented by O. D. Foulk, Town Point, Md.

1 Pair Peafowls (*Pavo Cristalis*). Presented by James T. Robbins, Morrisville, Pa.

1 Guinea Pig (*Cavia aperica*). Presented by W. G. Hann, Philadelphia.

1 Gray Squirrel (*Sciuris cinerus*). Presented by W. Erskine.

1 Rufous Rat Kangaroo (*Hypsiprymnus minor*). Born in the Garden.

1 Raccoon (*Procyon lotor*). Presented by C. B. Rossell, Trenton, N. J.

Huon.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"ZOO" NOTES.—No. 11.

BY HUON.

CAMELS.

Standing before the family of camels now in the Zoo, the mind of the most unobservant observer cannot but be carried back to the earliest period of the world as recorded in Bible history. In the book of Genesis (three generations before we read of horses), we are told that Abram (not yet Abraham) acquired, among other wealth, quite a number of camels, evidently even at that time in a complete state of domestication. When the brethren of Joseph had cast him into the pit, and were sitting down to eat bread, they lifted their eyes and beheld the loaded camels of the Ishmaelites. When Gideon slew Zebah and his companion he captured the ornaments which were on the camels' necks. Jacob sent thirty milch camels and their colts among the presents made to propitiate his ill-used brother Esau; and we are told that the Chaldeans stole from that patient man Job, no less than three thousand of the patient beasts—the camels. Mention of the animal will be, in numerous other places, found in the Bible; the above, however, are enough to show how far back it dates.

It is somewhat remarkable, that though the presence of the camel in Egypt during the sojourn there of Abram is a matter of history, yet, while is found a great variety of animals, represented in the writings, paintings, statues and hieroglyphics of that people, the camel has never been met with. In more modern history, we read that when Xerxes invaded Greece, camels were part of his fighting stock, and the great Assyrian Queen, Semiramis, is said to have had an immense number of them in her Mesopotamian expedition. The beautiful but unfortunate Zenobia also had her camels, but neither their fighting powers nor their swiftness could save her from falling into the hands of Aurelian, her Roman conqueror.

Zoology divides the camel into two species; the Bactrian, and the Arabian. The former has two humps, the latter but one (which latter is improperly called the dromedary, as that name is properly applied to merely one particular variety of the Arabian, and means an animal of extraordinary fleetness), and the whole family presents to us one of the most complete instances of design by the Almighty in relation to human wants. Look at, what at first sight you would call deformities, the hump and the callosities! "Are the latter not due," asks some one, "to the weight of the body and the heavy loads which have been placed upon the animal from generation to generation?" No, Sir, or Madam. They appear upon the young camel at birth, and, it has been happily asked in answer, "Did you ever know a babe to be born with corns or bunions?" Truly was the camel created for the desert, where the arid, burning sands would, without the callosites, crack the skin at the points where the weight of the beast must rest in lying down to receive its burden. The hump is indeed a very peculiar feature in the structure of the camel, and which is not generally understood, perhaps, and, "when it is," says a writer on the camel, "it exhibits one of those wonderful adaptations by the Almighty of animals to the country they must inhabit, as to excite both our admiration and reverence."

The hump is composed of gelatinous fat, which is absorbed by the animal when the nature of the country, through which it must pass (or any other contingency), deprives it of sufficient food, and it is not uncommon to see camels, after a long and painful journey, with backs nearly devoid of the hump, it having been absorbed on the journey. In due time, the animal being properly fed, the hump again appears, to be again absorbed should occasion require. The hump does not appear to be intimately connected with the animals' vitality, as when it gets so large that the saddle will not fit, its owner, with a sharp knife, will open it and remove large slices of the fat without injury to the general health of the camel. "Ugly feet?" Not a bit of it, madam. In their adaptation quite as perfect as your own. Observe the pad-like cushions, and how they can spread and adapt themselves to the sand hills and even the paved stones over which they are forced to travel. Nothing so perfectly adapted can ever be ugly.

We are told the camel has no less than five stomachs, and in one of these it can, and does, carry a supply of water sufficient for several days support, and that from this source water can be drawn after the animal has ceased to live. This carrying power, as well as the wonderful reservoir, has been denied and denounced as a falsehood, but investigation has proved the statement true, and though the said water is not very palatable, yet it can be drank, and, though it will sustain life, it is not quite as fresh and sparkling as water from the running brook. To the great majority of your readers, it is known that the camel is a native of the warmer parts of Asia, but so thoroughly has

* This little animal is remarkable for the great length of its hind legs and its mode of progression, in both of which it resembles the kangaroo. In jumping it can clear a space of from five to six feet at every spring. It is found from Pennsylvania to Canada, though not in very great numbers in the former, and for this the Pennsylvania farmers should give thanks, for the jumping rascals are great robbers of the grass and grain fields. In the winter season it lies torpid, buried some foot or two below the surface of the earth, from which depth it has been dug up, rolled in a ball of clay about an inch thick (much like an apple in a dumpling), and so completely curled up, dumpling fashion, as to conceal the figure of the animal entirely.

man appropriated it and made it his slave, that not even in its own country can it be found in its wild state; hence, in such a condition there is no authentic account of the animal. It certainly appears to have been very nearly, if not absolutely, the first animal that was reduced to serve man in the capacity of a beast of burden, and, from his subjugation, for hundreds and hundreds of years has his race been common carriers, and, doubtless, so will it continue to be, until steam and rail have done their work by traversing all lands, bringing animal transportation into disuse.

It is not merely as a beast of burden that the camel is useful to man. Its flesh is good food, the hump especially; its milk is most excellent, and its hair is woven into cloth; John, the Baptist, had a coat of it, and, you know, my dear madam, how you have yearned, time and time again, for a "dear love of a camel's hair shawl." Artists look to the camel for fine brushes and pencils; its droppings are used for fuel, and the soot of this fuel forms the hydrochlorate of ammonia, formerly imported from Egypt into Europe. Indeed, so important, and so many, are the uses of the camel, that whole tribes of the wild Arabs of the desert subsist almost wholly by its aid. Why Moses outlawed the camel, placing him in the forbidden list, "because he cheweth the cud, but divideth not the hoof; he is unclean unto you,"* is something which no writer, zoological, physiological, or otherwise, has, as yet, been able to divine.

The attention of visitors to the Zoo is called to the magnificent specimens, eight in number, now in the garden. The mother and her colt have been separated from the herd, and will be found in the deer inclosure, opposite the bison pens.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE GUINEA PIG.

The domestic Guinea pig originally came from Guiana, which has been corrupted into *Guinea;* hence its name, Guinea pig. It belongs to the *Rodentia*, or gnawing animal; but from its fancied resemblance to the pig, the name of pig has been given it.

The body of the Guinea pig is short and thick; the legs short; the head and nose somewhat resemble those of the rabbit; the ears are transparent; the eyes are large and bright. It has four teeth—two in the upper and two in the lower jaw. The color of the Guinea pig is varied—black, white, and yellow, irregularly arranged, being the prevalent colors. Entirely white specimens are rare, and bring high prices.

The breeding of white Guinea pigs is a most interesting fancy, and we have known many to embark in it, but they have usually quit it just about the time success seemed attained. Mr. W. H. Brackett, of Boston, seems to have been quite successful with them. In a recent letter he states that one of his sows had just given him three young, two of which were white and the other nearly white. This is unusual, and is evidently a streak of good luck, as there is no certainty of white producing white. Mr. B. is also trying to produce solid black and solid yellow which we have not yet seen.

Guinea pigs are among the most fertile of animals. They breed at the age of six weeks, though their full growth is not reached till seven or eight months. The female goes sixty-three days with young. Two is generally the number of the first litter; the number increasing until, when in her prime, twelve is sometimes born to a litter.

Though the female has only two mammæ, she supplies all her young with an abundance of milk. She gives such about twelve days. The old ones seldom make a nest, and the young are born with their eyes open, and are able to frisk about and run after the old ones a short time after they are born.

The Guinea pig lacks attachment for her progeny, and will permit them to be abused or even killed without acting at all in their defence.

The males often have fierce conflicts among themselves, though they will not defend themselves against the attacks of other animals. A few years ago it was asserted that Guinea pigs would drive away rats, and every rabbit fancier had a pair of Guinea pigs attached to his rabbitry; but the theory has since exploded, and it has been proved that the Guinea pig, instead of keeping away rats, are themselves killed and eaten by the vermin.

They are very susceptible to cold and damp, and should be kept in a warm and dry place. They keep themselves very clean, and the better part of their existence is spent in cleaning and smoothing one another's coat.

They drink but little, and when green food is supplied them, none at all. When food is given them at regular intervals, they will utter strange squeaks on the approach of the keeper.

Hutches similar to those used for rabbits, only smaller, are the best in which to keep Guinea pigs. The male can be kept with the female without fear of his devouring the young if properly fed.

The same food with which rabbits are fed will answer for Guinea pigs. Bread soaked in milk is beneficial if given occasionally. They are less liable to disease than most any other animal, if kept in a warm, dry place. P. L.

Professional Rat Catching.—The Troy (N. Y.) *Times* says: We met in this city last evening Dick Toner, the famous New York professional rat catcher, formerly proprietor of a rat pit on Water street, known as "The Bandbox," which was long since closed by Bergh. Toner is accompanied by John Cassidy, his assistant. They are at present at the Delevan House, Albany, and proceed to work something in this manner. With noiseless shoes upon their feet, at about eleven o'clock at night they enter the kitchen or bakery; Toner with a long pair of pincers and a dark lantern in his hands, and Cassiday with a wire cage. Advancing to the centre of the room noiselessly, the door is shut and both stand for a moment while the rats scamper about.

Dick chirrups in imitation of a rat, and the rats gather about him. Suddenly he jerks the slide from in front of the lantern's bull's-eye, and its glare falls in a circle upon the room. The rats which may be within the circumference stand astonished at the blaze, then with a rush run about within the light, apparently fearing to cross into the darkness, acting as if it were a solid wall against which they dare not venture.

Dick then skilfully begins the work. Grasping his pincers he makes a dip, grabs a rat by the back, the head, the tail, the leg—anywhere—lifts it and drops it quickly into the cage, conveniently held open by Cassidy. One after another is seized until all are disposed of. Quickly retiring, the two men then close the door and pass into some other

* Leviticus 11: 4.

apartment, repeating their work, and making a second round if they have time. This is the method in hotels, slaughter houses and other places where rats are plenty.

In private houses it is the custom for Dick to sprinkle about the kitchen floor a liquid to attract the rats. Then late at night he enters and begins the onslaught. The largest catch ever made in one night was three hundred and fifty, which he captured eight years ago in the Astor House, New York. This is the largest outside of the countless numbers always picked up in slaughter houses.

When Dick entered the business he caught the animals with his hand, and was quite often bitten, once so severely that he feared he would lose his arm. Afterward the pincers suggested themselves, and he has since used them without danger. He says that rats living in granaries are not poisonous, but those that feed on refuse inflict painful and serious wounds.

Dick charges $5 each per night for himself and assistant, with their board, at hotels, or $15 per hundred rats in private residences and other places. The rats, when Bergh's agents can be avoided, sell for $20 per hundred for rat baits—that is, for use in pits, where dogs are matched to kill a certain number within a certain time.

THE new aquarium at Westminster, England, will be 600 feet long by 240 feet wide. The building will be two stories in height, and a basement tank will contain 600,000 gallons of water.

HE sat in a railway car. His head was thickly covered with a mass of red hair. Behind him in a seat sat a man with hardly any hair on his head. He said to him, "I guess you wasn't around when they dealt out hair." "Oh, yes, I was," replied bald head, "but they offered me a lot of red hair, and I told them to throw it into the ash bin."

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words, describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstance be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BOX 2946, New York City, will exchange one pair Buff Cochins and one pair Black-breasted Game Bantams—for common mated Pigeons. Say how many pairs you will give.

F. L. EVANS, 1252 North Seventh Street, Washington City, D. C., will exchange one of the handsomest trios of Silver Polands in this country (three premiums—Boston, Pennsylvania, and Maryland)—for Black, Red, or Yellow Pouters.

JAMES L. VOSE, Russell Hill, Wyoming County, Pa., will exchange Buff Cochin and White Leghorn cockerels—for Light Brahma cockerels and Partridge Cochin pullets. My Black Cochins are June hatch, and weigh eight pounds each.

BOX 14, Bayshore, Long Island, N. Y., will exchange a trio of White-face Black Spanish—for White Leghorns. Nothing inferior wanted. Send offers and get particulars.

CHARLES F. HAWKINS, Goshen, N. Y., will exchange, for first-class B. B. R. Game Bantam pullets or hens, one Golden Sebright cockerel, one trio of Black African Bantam chicks, Tumbler Pigeons, and Partridge Cochins.

D. SHIELDS, Florence, Mass., will exchange fine Black Hamburg cockerel—for fine early hatched Light Brahma cockerel or pullet, large and well marked and good strain

W. H. JEFFRIES, Irwin Station, Pa., has for exchange one pair Maltese Cats (male and female), one year old—for one trio Plymouth Rocks, good breeding birds, or three first-class Houdan pullets.

W. M. GILL, Brockton, Mass., will exchange Buff Cochins, Brown Leghorns, Houdans, or Light Brahmas—for Fancy Pigeons, Pouters, Colored Fans, Owls, or Jacobins. Nothing but good stock taken or sent in this exchange.

W. H. LIGHTFOOT & CONANT, Springfield, Ill., will exchange one Alto Horn (brass), in good order, valued at $15, for Lop Rabbits, Parrot, or Monkey; B. B. Game Bantam cockerel, Dominique pullets, White China Geese, for Game Bantam pullets or Pigeons—Runts preferred; or make offers.

WILLIAM F. KERR, Wilmington, Ind., will exchange four California Bronze gobblers, June hatch, weight from 18 to 20 pounds—for Bronze Turkey hens or Light Brahma chicks or fowls. Must be good, as mine are.

STEPHEN BOALT, Norwalk, Ohio, will exchange one trio B. B. R. Game Bantams (express charges paid)—for one trio of Black African Bantams, Silver Sebrights, White Leghorns, Silver-spangled Hamburgs, or Black or Buff Cochins (charges paid). Must be good stock, as mine are. What offers?

H. F. WHITMAN, P. O. Box 154, Baltimore, Md., will exchange a Red Homing Antwerp cock, one of a pair which took the first premium at the Maryland Poultry Show, January, 1876—for a Red, Blue, or Blue-checkered Antwerp hen. Write quick.

H. F. WHITMAN, P. O. Box 154, Baltimore, Md., will exchange a pair of Blue Priests that took first premium at Maryland Poultry Show, January, 1876—for a pair of Short-faced Tumblers.

CHARLES LIPPOLD, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange one pair of solid Black Turbits, good lot of Outside Tumblers, all colors, one pair of Blue and one pair of Black-mottled Trumpeters, one fine Blue Carrier cock, German Canaries, males and females, Goldfinches, Linnets, small pet African birds, lot of Ring Doves, Guinea Pigs, one fine Lop-ear buck, gray, common Rabbits—for White Owl cock, pair White Turbits, large Pouters, all kinds, S. S. Sebright Bantams, and one male Ferret.

JACOB FOUST & BRO., Milton, Northumberland County, Pa., will exchange one muzzle-loading, six barrel Shot-gun, in good order, three sows and one boar Guinea Pigs, one sow with young and cage, one White Fantail cock, one Mottled Fan cock, one nickel-plated, seven-shot Revolver, new, one pair S. S. Hamburgs—for Fancy Pigeons or Fancy Poultry.

R. W. COMLY, 31 Elizabeth Street, West, Detroit, Mich., wishes to exchange White, Buff, or Partridge Cochins; Fancy Pigeons; "Illustrated Book of Poultry," by Wright; "Pigeons," by W. B. Tegetmeier, illustrated by Harrison Wier; or "Poultry Book," by W. B. Tegetmeier—for a Novelty or some other good Printing Press, with Type, etc., complete.

C. KING, Jr., Plainville, Mass., has nice Crested White Fans, Red Barbs, Black-mottled Tumblers, in pairs; odd males, Black-pied Pouter, Blue-beard Tumbler, and Red Jacobin—for Yellow Jacobins in pairs or odd hens, or Brown Leghorns.

M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange one pair Blue-pied Pouters, one pair Yellow Barbs, one pair Highflyers, two pairs White Duchess, one pair B. Mottled Duchess, four pairs Outside Tumblers, and many odd birds. See Wants.

A. HOSMER, Lawrence, Mass., wishes to exchange one pair Rouen Ducks for Plymouth Rock or Partridge Cochin chicks, for breeding purposes. None but first-class birds are wanted, as ducks are warranted so. What offers?

J. H. MARX, Kutztown, Pa., will exchange a trio of Dark Brahma pullets for a trio of Silver Polands, either all pullets or two pullets and cockerel.

J. T. BELL, Franklin, Pa., has Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, bound, to exchange for a pair of good Light Brahmas (1873 or 1874), large birds, with small straight comb, clear plumage, heavy leg-feathers. The long tail feathers of cock to be black and broad.

ALFARD, 17 Clinton Place, New York, exchanges imported or domestic Segars, any quality or price required, wholesale rates, samples by mail—for all kinds Polands, Light and Dark Brahmas, Cochins, Houdans, Hamburgs, Spanish, Leghorns, small Bantams, Gold and Silver Pheasants, Toulouse Geese, Crested Ducks, Angora and Himalayan Rabbits. Send descriptions and prices.

CHAS. E. LONG, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange one pair fine B. B. Red Game chicks (Stone's stock), in full plumage—for two Silver Duckwing Game Bantam pullets, good color, not over 18 ounces; one pair fine Buff Cochins—for a pair Black-capped and one Red-capped Magpie cock.

T. C. STANTON, 36 Adams Street, Rochester, N. Y., will exchange fine pure-bred Irish Red Setter, five months old—for Rifle or Shot-gun. Tegetmeier's Poultry Book, B. B. Red Games, Game Bantams, Houdans, Partridge and White Cochins—for Mocking-bird, Mule-bird, Carrier Pigeons, Duckwing Games, or Black Hamburgs.

C. R. CHACE, Plainville, Mass., will exchange eleven parts of Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry—for a pair of Plymouth Rock fowls. Must be good birds to insure trade. Write. No other offers wanted.

TOWNSEND W. COX, of Westchester, Pa., will exchange one pair of solid Black Barbs, good birds, for two bushels of Canary Seed, or one bushel of Canary Seed and one good Talking Parrot; also, one pair of Splashed Barbs and one pair of Red Tumblers, for a Smith & Wesson Revolver, nickel-plated; Dutch Rabbits for one pair of Short-faced Yellow Tumblers (must be good, as the rabbits are). Also, female Ferret for a male. None but responsible parties need correspond.

J. H. FASSITT, 1630 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange a large number of Mayne Reid's and Oliver Optic's books for Black or White Trumpeters.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
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"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

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(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SQUIRRELS.

BY PAUL LOGIC.

CHAPTER I.—INTRODUCTION.

Dear is my little native vale—
The Ring-dove builds and warbles there:
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The *Squirrel* leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.—ROGERS.

THE introductions of chaptered articles are like the introductions of individuals—particularly dry; and the reader has my sympathy if he skips this chapter entirely. As people have to be introduced, so articles are governed by the same polite formality, and articles without introductions are like "scraped acquaintances," not long continued. To continue with my simile, I will say, "Mr. Reader allow me to make you acquainted with my dearest friend, Mr. Squirrel," and proceed.

When I set about the task of "writing up" the Squirrel, I supposed a few weeks' careful reading and observation would suffice to fit me for proclaiming to the world "What I know about Squirrels." Imagine my surprise when the first day's reading multiplied the dozen species known to me to fifty, and a week's reading increased the number to a hundred, and half of that number were found in my own continent. The weeks grew into years before I felt at all competent to do the subject anything like justice, and a hundred years, were I positive of living to complete the task, could be advantageously spent in ferreting out and observing the ways of this little creature which inhabits nearly every region from the Arctic to the Antarctic Circle.

Whenever I saw anything which I thought would interest my readers, whether it was in the Natural Histories of Linnæus, Buffon, Cuvier, or merely a paragraph in a country newspaper, I immediately pounced upon it and wove it into my chapters; in some places giving the necessary credit, and in some places not. To Mr. Bassett, of Berlin, Wis., I am greatly indebted for information concerning the White (or Albino) Squirrel of Wisconsin, and I take this opportunity of publicly thanking him for the kindness with which he has always answered my inquiries and volunteered information. At the beginning of each chapter is placed a fragment of poetry or prose in which mention is made of the Squirrel. The descriptions of Squirrels are nearly all taken from actual specimens, and many of them from living animals; so the reader can rely on their correctness.

After nearly two years poring over musty books, examining stuffed specimens, and observing the little creature in his own native woods, the writer submits the result of his labor to the reader, and hopes the latter may be as much benefited in reading them as the writer was in getting together matter for their construction.

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Of all the four-footed inhabitants of our woods, from the fleet deer down to the winter-sleeping wood-mouse, perhaps none of them is so much admired on account of the gracefulness of its shape and movements, or the beauty and softness of its fur, as the Squirrel. All varieties of the species come in for a share of this dangerous popularity, fatal alike to their liberty and to their happiness.

Even the old Romans were fond of the Squirrel; but they liked them best served up as a side-dish at their gorgeous feasts. The plume curled gracefully over the smoking bodies cooked in the perfection of Roman culinary art, presented such a pleasing contrast to the rainbow-hued plumage of the pea-fowl, served up feathers and all, and which generally occupied a prominent place at these religious feasts. The Squirrels intended for food were kept and fattened in places constructed especially for this purpose, and distinguished by the name of *gliraria*.

The Indian, too, was a lover of this beautiful little rodent, but he admired him for his beauty and agility, and called him Adjidamuo (Tail-in-air). Longfellow, in his story of "Hiawatha's Wooing," says:

"From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidamuo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers."

The little creature's feathery tail often occupied a prominent place in the red man's head-dress, side by side with the feathers of the eagle and the hawk; and Indian lads were fond of pet Squirrels and tame crows. But, sad to say, when other food became scarce, the noble red man killed his little friend, and roasted him on a stick.

In the fifteenth century, when poodles and cats were scarcer than they are now, ladies made pets of Squirrels, and the little animals became so tame that collars and chains were attached to their necks, and they were led about by the ladies as a dainty black-and-tan or a fat little lap-dog is at the present day. The engraving accompanying this chapter was originally taken from a piece of tapestry woven in the fifteenth century, and represents a lady in the dress of that period, with a tame Squirrel, to whose neck is fastened a collar and chain. Judging from the engraving of the piece of tapestry, then, as now, maiden ladies of an uncertain age were, the most addicted to keeping pets.

There is, I believe, no mention made of the Squirrel in the Bible. Whether there are or are not Squirrels in Pales-

tine and Egypt, I am unable to say. Squirrels are found in Africa, and are plentiful in Greece and Italy, and certainly must abound in the groves about Jerusalem.

The Squirrel is frequently named in the writings of the Greeks, who considered it a great delicacy (for table use), and by whom it was called *Sciurius* (Shadow-tail), which name was adopted by the Latins, and is now used by naturalists as a name for the Squirrel family.

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

JUDGING BY THE STANDARD.

BY ISAAC VAN WINKLE.

The Standard says that a perfect fowl should be characterized by such and such qualities; that those various qualities which belong to any particular breed or variety of fowls, which in the aggregate show the greatest perfection and the least number of imperfections, may be called perfect or standard birds. So far and no farther can your Standard mark out or designate the perfectibility of a fowl. But, when it is attempted to measure the perfectibility of a bird by a set of arbitrary signs or a "scale of points," it must necessarily fail of its purpose, as no two judges look for or value all or any one of these qualities alike, since the tastes and degrees of culture in different individuals will differ.

All architects may agree in the one opinion that St. Peters is a *chef d'œuvre*, or masterpiece of art, and yet they may differ as to its details or in choice of design. Some have a preference for the Doric, some the Ionic, the Corinthian, the Gothic, Basilican, or the Composite order. One person may admire the Gardens of the Palace of Luxembourg, some those of the Tuileries, St. Clome, or Bois de Bologne, others the Parks of Compiegne or Versailles. Tastes will vary. Some editors will head an article that abounds with stupid wit, pointless satire, and billingsgate classics, with a scripture quotation.

This idea of measuring the beautiful by a scale of numbers is about as rational as to measure it by a tape string. For an artist to be a judge of a picture he should be familiar with the peculiarities of that school of art. For a person to act as a competent judge of a fowl, or any other animal, together with his knowledge of the fundamental principles of art, he should have considerable experience in the mating and breeding of the animals, and a thorough acquaintance with their habits. How can any one figure up by numbers the sum total of his judgment of the perfectibility of a piece of architecture or a landscape painting? The Standard, so far as it gives us the various characteristics by which we distinguish the different varieties of fowls and what qualities constitute a perfect cock or hen, is a very useful thing, but its appendage, the "scale of points," is a useless incumbrance, unreliable, and means nothing.

I know the stand I am taking is not pupular, nor did I gain much *applause* by attacking the errors and absurdities of our former Standard, but it helped to improve it some, and in that improvement was my reward. Are we not adding too many disqualifications to the Standard and carrying our fancy notions to the *ultima thule* of absurdity? Are we not murdering utility with the brilliant points of fancy? Are we not making bones when we should have flesh? Is it not time that we should learn that the productive qualities of a fowl are equally as important as its beautiful qualities? That its gastronomic qualities are not all in your eye?

Would it not be well for our "fancy sarvints" to hold their meetings in some place where the savory fumes of a young gobbler, Houdan, Pekin, or Aylesbury could reach their olfactories and titulate their palates? There seems to be a great diversity of opinion as to how many points a fowl should count to class it as first premium. Mr. Lambing says 90 for first premium, 85 for second, 80 for third, and so on; highly commended, 75; commended, 70. Mr. Wright says that, "A fowl which retains, after all deductions, a value of 86 points, has a good chance of first premium, while 90 will make it almost certain." I should say 100, that is perfection. A fowl to win first premium should not fall more than five points below; but, the great difficulty is that judges so differ in estimating the value of its several qualities or how much it should lose by its several defects. And just here is the great uncertainty of the scaling system. No two persons will differ as to a first-class fowl, but to express its value in numbers by the scale is impossible. Mr. Wright evidently has no confidence in such a system; he thinks, and truly so, that the eye and judgment of the best judges will and must continue to be the final authority at all our poultry shows, using standards, as the name implies, chiefly as permanent canons, to which, if correct, it may be expected that awards will in the main conform; and especially not expecting that a book, however perfect, can enable anybody to judge fowls, as seems by some in both hemispheres to have expected.

Again, he says, that "When it is coolly asked that judges should add up the points of the various pens, we cannot help reflecting how many weeks it would take to judge a large show honestly on this system; for, we have repeatedly noticed that birds which would have cleared first according to the Standard, were by no means the best of their class." I shall not quote any more on this point, since all the good judges of England are of the same opinion. To illustrate my method of judging by the rules I have laid down, the first thing we look at is the form or shape of the bird, how near in this quality it approaches the ideal of perfection, the eye of its head, the color of its eyes and deaf-ear, and length and beauty of its wattles fill in the details.

Color.—Purity of color, its proper distribution, determinateness of hue, harmony and false colors.

Proportion. The relation of parts to each other; that is, the legs should be proportioned to its body, even in length, and of proper thickness, so with length and size of wings, head, etc.

Congruity is the adaptation of parts.—That all its parts have an office, and that in size and position they be adapted to that office. For instance, the fifth toe in a Houdan is an incongruity, and if we persist in sticking to the fifth toe in a Houdan, we may as well give this class another name—

"Oldipus" or "Swollen-foot Species." Another incongruity is knock-knees, which are now so common among the Brahmas, more especially the Light variety. A knock-kneed bird is far more hideous than the vulture hock, which is frequently useful for breeding purposes. If we are going to breed out the prominent characteristics of some fowls, and breed others into the same species, as a pea-comb on the Cochin variety, and a rose-comb on the Brahmas, we might as well abolish the different varieties and blend them into one whole, called the "Fantastic Breed." Some people's tastes partake of the monstrous and the unnatural. They admire such monstrous deformation as the Sphynx, Chimæras, Centams, and Gryphons. No wonder the Arimaspians, among whom the Griffins flourished, were a one-eyed people.

Symmetry.—Measurement in totality. It relates to the graduation in measurement of all the parts, connected in a whole to the dimensions of one taken as a standard. It takes in rotundity, thickness, plumpness of muscle, length of body, framework, etc.

Carriage.—How the bird stands on its feet—firmly, solidly, erect, full of fire and activity.

Condition.—Whether it is too fat or too poor, condition of health or weight should be graduated by the size, and every bird should carry as much weight as its age and health will permit. The weight should consist in flesh, and not fat alone. The larger the size you can breed a fowl of any description (excepting toy birds) the greater the success; and, if some of its fancy points should have to yield to weight and size, the latter should predominate over the former.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

JUDGING AT BAGTOWN.

Bless my heart, friend Wade, have you ever acted as judge at a poultry show? Well, it is wonderful how many friends a man has before he commences to perform the duties of his office, and how few he has after those duties have been performed. I have often wished that the executive committee would say to me, "Award all the birds in the hall a first premium, also a special premium." But would exhibitors then be happy? Well, I am strongly inclined to doubt it. Here I stand in conversation with an executive committee man; he informs me that Mr. So and So is one of the leading members of the association; his birds are not very good, but you must give him a first premium on them. If you do not, he will no longer aid us; and, remember, he is a man of influence and high standing in Bagtown, and we must humor him.

Well, here comes the Honorable President of the Bagtown Poultry Association. "Good morning, Judge; I wish to say a few words to you in private." When I say to him, "How do you desire to have these birds judged?" he answers me by saying, "Give nothing a premium unless it is deserving of it. The Bagtown Association will never have it said that a premium was awarded a member in an exhibition unless the birds were really worthy of it." Well now, being the Judge, what am I to do about it?

Well, ah, here comes Mr. Trick. I made his acquaintance last week at another poultry show. I remember he informed us that he was the number one man on the executive committee of this Association. What he says I must do—shall be done. "Good morning, Judge. Look here! I have some fine birds on exhibition; you must not go back on me. There is one pair of Jacobins that have a black eye; but, you must know that the people of Bagtown do not understand the fine points in fancy pigeons; so, my dear Judge, put first on them. Now, I have a pair of White Fans here; one is all right, the other has some bad feathers, but now help me through; if you do not, it will be impossible for me to dispose of my surplus stock."

Well now, this is freedom in judging with a vengeance, but the stock must be judged, the reputation of Bagtown is at stake. Time is up, work finished, book handed in. Friend after friend departs who has not lost a friend; but I will stake my last dollar that no one ever lost friends as fast as I did. When the committee had finished tacking the cards on the coops, here comes a German exhibitor—he was one of our dear personal friends,—but, oh dear! what makes him look so awful in the face? "Mr. Shudge, vot in tunder is der mistake mid my Trumpeters? Dare is no card on der cage. Ruselem mighty! Vot for you pe a Shudge? You vos one old voman—you know noting." Well, I endeavored to explain to my German friend, what was wrong in his Trumpeters; but there was no use. He remains firm in the thought that "der Pigeon Shudge at Bagtown Show vas von d—— big fool."

But this is not the end; here comes the leading member of the executive committee. "How is this? I have only received three premiums on twelve coops of Pigeons. I am ashamed to hold my head up. Why, I am the laughing-stock of all Bagtown. Do you remember the conversation I had with you before you commenced to judge? Well, you have gone back on me, and you may rest assured that your services will not again be wanted in our town."

Well, I console myself by thinking perhaps it is all for the best. Here comes number three. Ah! what a learned look he has. Behold that head of Webster! "Can you inform me, sir, why this pair of Red Carriers have received the first premium over that pair? I am somewhat of a fancier myself, and I am indeed at a loss to understand why this is thus." "Well my dear friend," said I, "if you will read carefully the cards on the cages, perhaps you will understand." He did so, and found that in one coop was a pair of Dun Carriers. He did not linger long with me after this wonderful discovery, but soon passed out of sight.

Well, here comes a man who made the assertion that he only placed his birds on exhibition to help the Association along; did not care if he received no premiums. "Vat is der matter vid my Black Shackerbines? Vot for you pass em by. Heyvell, I am subrised mit you. Now, come make an explain mid youself." I took out of the cage the pair of Black Jacobins, and showed him the black spots on the top of the head, but

A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still.

So it was with grumbler number four, and I might go on and take up all the journal with cases of the same kind. I am well aware of the fact that some judges as soon as the book is handed in, depart, and that very quickly, for the railroad station. Still, I always like to remain, and hear all that may be said.

In conclusion, I may say the people of Bagtown will hold an exhibition next year, and, my word for it, you will find a better class of birds on exhibition, as friend Duterhimer said when I took my departure, and clasped his good honest hand in mine, "Dis show vas better as good; der next show vill be as good as never vas." Tennet.

Doylestown, Pa.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE PEDIGREE BUSINESS

For poultry seems to have experienced a lull. In a late number of the *Poultry World*, where this arrangement originated a year or more ago, we notice the announcement that "no more pedigrees of fowls will be published in that paper, hereafter," and only in the Pedigree Book, whatever that work may be.

Why is this thus? What has happened? Does the pedigree pump suck? Are all the good birds pedigreed; or, have the fanciers who jumped at this bait found a hook in their gills? We did not suppose it would last so long as it did; but we opine that the last year's experience with this dodge and its necessary cost, has convinced the pedigreeing breeders and amateurs who accepted this mode to sell their stock to better advantage, by this time, that what was asserted in these columns upon this subject was about the "square thing" in the shape of good advice.

However, bought experience is well enough when it does not cost too dearly. We are inclined to think that even the projectors of this pedigree notion have sickened of it for the *World* quietly says its columns can be filled with more acceptable matter hereafter; and we think this a very correct decision.

The whole thing will probably be forgotten in a twelve-month. It never paid anybody, probably, although so many of the fanciers indulged in this luxury for a single season. Our opinion is unchanged regarding this "nonsense," and we are glad to note that most of those who started off so glibly in their chicken pedigreeing are coming round to agree with us that it did not amount to much after all. N. E.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

GAME FOWLS.

BREEDING, ETC.

Mr. Editor.

Dear Sir: As I see so little in the poultry journals of this country on the Game fowl, I take the liberty of writing a few lines of my experience with the breeding and management of Game fowls for the last twenty years. What little I have seen and read in the poultry papers has been of very little benefit to the amateur breeder of Game fowls. They begin, or start, at the wrong end of the Game cock, namely, the feathers and points. They will count in a show, neglecting the first point, and the only one that makes a Game cock and Game hen. It is not the points they will sum up in a show, nor any one fixed shape of body, or the one certain way they must carry their tail and head. It is all nonsense for a breeder to have his fowls bred to a feather, and carry their tails close, neck long, legs long, spurs low down, feathers close, toes long and strong, broad across the shoulder and narrow behind, neck hackle free from black, wings free from white, breast black, free from red or white spots, and win a first prize in a show, as Game fowls, on the above points only. You may trim and dub, breed, feed and show, and win fifty premiums, and have all your points as required in the standard, and then that does not make your fowls Game; and I can say that fifty per cent. of the fowls that are entered and win prizes at shows as Game cannot properly claim the name of Game.

I have counted up the points to my standard, and a great many of the prize winners in shows count from one point up to about ten points of my standard. My standard is a Game cock and a pair of inch and a quarter steel spurs. If a cock will stand unflinchingly up to this standard he is a Game fowl, and if he has the feather let him win at the show as a Game cock.

In selecting Games for breeding stock, from my experience in the show-room and pit, and breeding Game fowls, in color I claim Black-reds first, with either white, yellow, or willow legs. Blue, second; Gray, third; Brown-red, fourth; Black, fifth; and White, sixth. Of the crosses I would give Blue-red, first place; Black-red, second; Blue-gray, third; Spangles, fourth; Black-gray, fifth; Ginger, sixth; Brass-back, seventh; and Dominiques, eighth. Muffs, Tassels, Rose-combs, Pea-combs, (or Round-heads), hen feathers and Malays in the same order as the first colors. All breeding stock should be sound, and free as possible from all blemishes; for numbers of chickens get one year olds, but they are not so hardy as two year olds. Two year old stock I count the best for all purposes, as the chickens are more solid and close, and hardier than when raised from one year old stock. Three year old breeding stock are good breeders. Put a few hens with one cock, of four year old breeding stock; with the cock put two year old hens, and with the four year old hens put a two year old cock. After they have turned four year old kill them off, if you have enough younger birds of the same stock. Do not cross colors, nor do not cross your stock too often, as crossing confounds the most of the breeders of Game fowls. Ten years is often enough to cross any Game stock, if rightly managed.

Mark your eggs when laid, and when wanted to set, also mark the date when set and date when to come off at same time, and let the hen alone to do her own sitting at least twenty days. Set them on the ground, and not on a nest made up on a wall. Feed the chickens at first with coarse dry corn meal, next with wheat, when old enough; afterwards good smooth corn (not the horse-tooth corn), with a change once in a while; give meat once a week, with plenty grass—dry grass for winter or fine hay; give sand and lime and pounded charcoal, no pepper nor anything to force.

The best roosting perches are cedar poles or sticks, just large enough for the feet of the fowls to go half way round. Leave the peeling on the cedar perches and put them just high enough to let a man walk under. A grass sod floor is the best. Do not have any nail sticking inside the coop or roosting house to tear the birds, nor do not make them wild or have them chased by anything. Any one who has no shade trees or bushes for their poultry to go under in hot weather, or in cold winds and rain, can make a cheap shade with sunflowers. I have no shade trees, but plant rows and beds of sunflowers, with pole beans in among them, and a few dry sticks to help to hold the beans, and my birds make a regular resting and dusting place of it as well as a shade from sun or storm, and from hawks. The seeds of the sunflowers are also a good pastime for the fowls to pick, and a few of them are very good for feed. They have very large heads, as large as a man's hat. If any of your subscribers want any of the sunflower seeds, if they send the postage, I will send them seed by mail at any time, as I have several bushels of it put away for winter amusement for my hens.

Lancaster, Ontario, Can. Richard Branson Dean.

It makes a man feel bad after he has partaken of mince pie to have a cat stand before him and endeavor to engineer a vocal duet with the remains of the pie, which he can feel scratching around within him at the same time.

A CANADIAN POULTRY YARD.

The editor of the *Galt Reformer* recently visited the poultry yard of Mr. McMillan, and this is what he has to say about it: "Through the kindness of Mr. R. H. T. McMillan, the proprietor, we enjoyed a walk through the institution, and were surprised to find such a variety of fowl. The poultry yard is situated on South Water street, at the rear of Mr. McMillan's residence. When Mr. McMillan started the fowl business, in May, 1874, he built what he now terms 'the old house.' This contains six pens, the inside measurement of each being 6 x 8 feet, and the runs 8 x 12 feet. He now uses it exclusively for keeping the young birds in. The floors are of plaster, the walls double-boarded, with windows to give sufficient light. Lattices enclose the runs, and an ingenious contrivance is that the door of each pen when opened allows the fowl egress to the runs, at the same time separating one variety from the other. The new house may be entered directly from Mr. McMillan's residence. It is 60 feet long by 14 feet wide. A hall of five feet, taken off from the south side, allows nine feet clear as the width of the apartments. In this house there are ten pens, so that by calculation, it is ascertained that the pens are 6 x 9 feet each. On the right hand side of the hall are five windows, which are amply sufficient for all purposes of light; there are also four feed boxes on the south side which open with a slide at the lower end, and are very convenient. In the centre of the hall is a coal stove, and on either side of it are two small pens used for housing early chickens. We understand the proprietor intends to have hatched a number of these in January, and as the thermometer registered 58° while we were inspecting the premises, we see nothing to prevent this being done. It is the intention of Mr. McMillan to allow one cock and six hens to each pen as far as practicable. Each apartment is supplied with water from the front, and this is contrived so that while having access to water at all times the poultry cannot bathe in it. An aperture for the fowls to pass out into the yards, or runs, is made by a slide door drawn up by a rope and pulley from the hall. The fronts of the apartments are of wire, and at the bottom are egg boxes, which may be opened very conveniently from the hall. The floors are a solid mixture of Paris plaster and sand, and are kept very clean and neat, this being greatly facilitated by the roosts being movable. The runs are each 6 x 15 feet, covered on top, latticed in front, and with a dust box in each. Ventilation is secured by four ventilators at the top of the building situated at equal distances apart. The entire cost of the new building was about $300, and certainly shows that Mr. McMillan is thoroughly interested in the poultry trade. He appears to be well posted on the chicken and hen question, and has accordingly made rapid strides as an exhibitor since he began in May, 1874.

"As the door to the new house is opened it may be seen at a glance that the stock may be easily and satisfactorily inspected. The pens are all on the left hand side, and we will now give an idea of their occupants. In No. 1 may be seen a trio of Light Brahmas, imported from the stock of W. H. Todd, Esq., Vermillion, Ohio. In Nos. 2 and 3 are respectively Black Hamburgs and Black Spanish. No. 4 is a grand pen of Golden Penciled Hamburgs, from Mr. H. Pickles, Earby, England. In this apartment is the hen that won the first prize at the last show of the Western New York Poultry Association, held at Buffalo. The cost of the trio was $42. The 5th and 6th pens contain Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, amongst which are the 1st and 2d prize cocks, of the Detroit show of January last. Mr. McMillan entered four of his birds of the Silver Duckwing breed at the last Buffalo show, winning three 1sts and 3d. No. 7 contains Black Spanish, the cock of which won the 2d prize at the last Buffalo exhibition. In No. 8 are Golden Penciled Hamburgs, bred from the stock of Mr. Beldon, Yorkshire, England. No. 9 contains a trio of White Leghorns. These birds were bred from J. B. Smith's stock, hatched on the 24th of May, and began laying on Thursday last. Mr. Smith is probably the greatest breeder of this variety in America, having taken over 100 prizes in this class. In the 10th and last pen are Light Brahmas, bred from Todd's trio.

"Mr. McMillan has also several of other varieties, but we believe he purposes giving his attention to the breeds enumerated. He exhibited a large number of these birds at the National Poultry Association show, which was held in Chicago on the 20th to the 28th of January, 1876. The proprietor of this yard is the possessor of a great number of fancy pigeons, including Tumblers, Fantails, Turbits, etc. Altogether we were pleased and surprised at the exhibit made by our enterprising friend, and did not regret visiting his poultry establishment."

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE LICE QUESTION.

Friend Wade.

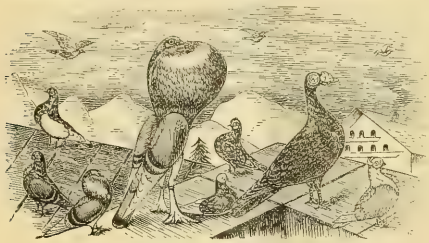
Dear Sir: I do not make any pretension towards writing for poultry papers, yet for all it is my impression that too much is said respecting the pedigree, and blood of fowls, and not enough about raising them. A friend of mine remarks in this wise, "I believe Mr. H., of C——, is a cheat." "Why?" says I. "I'll tell you why: Last spring I bought two sittings of eggs from him, which he said were to be from his best stock—the same yard that the first premium hen at Buffalo, 1875, and fourth premium cock were bred. Now they are not so large, not as well feathered, and I do not believe are from his best stock." He says "Come over and see them." I went, and, upon being informed that they had the best of care, told my friend to catch one and I would show him his trouble. Catching one of the cockerels, I discovered that he was literally alive with lice, my friend declaring that he had looked, and they were free from all lice.

Now to the point in question. I really believe that no man can, however well he may feed his chicks, bring them out in feather and size with a thousand or more lice on them, and, also, I know that all the dust baths and sulphur in America, will not disturb these lice in question. If any fancier, either old or young in the business, will take the trouble to catch his chicks or fowls, turn them head down, open the fluff just under the vent, or at the base of the tail, he will discover what he has been feeding in company with his chicks. This lice question is of great importance, and a great drawback to the breeding of fine stock. It matters not where the eggs come from, the owner or the sender of the eggs must be blamed for sending out poor stock. I do not write this for an advertisement, but with several years experience with a certain powder, would cheerfully advise any person taking the trouble to write to me with stamp, all I know respecting this remedy for lice. I write this from experience, and should you choose to print it do so.

Respectfully, F. P. Butt.

Havana, January 1, 1875.

L. S. Hudson, of Lansing, Michigan, has a handsome wild turkey gobbler which weighs twenty-six pounds. The egg from which this turkey was hatched was found in the woods, by A. Dixon, in 1873.



Pigeon Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

POINTS IN JUDGING PIGEONS.

BY ROBERT FULTON.

BLUE DRAGOONS.

Beak—shape, 1; color, 1; length, 1—3. Beak-wattle—general shape, 3; evenness on both sides, 3—6. Skull—flatness, 1; true V shape, 2—3. Eye-wattle—size, 1; pinching, 1; dark eye-lash, 1—3. Color of eye, dark red, 1. Fullness of gullet, slight, 1. Shape of neck, 2. Breast, width and projection of wing-butts, 3. Back, flatness between shoulders, 1. Flights and tail, proper length of, 1. Feather, closeness or tightness, 1. Color—uniformity down back and rump, 3; shoulders, 1; breast and thighs, 2—6. Wing-bars, color and regularity in shape, 2. Uprightness and carriage, 3. Legs, shape and position of, 2. Total, 38.

JACOBINS.

Beak—shortness, 1; thickness, 1—2. Down face, 1. Head—size, 1; roundness, 2—3. Hood—size or length, 2; shape and close-fitting (without trimming), 4—6. Mane, shape and depth, 5. Chain, closeness, length, and regularity, 5. Rose, size, clearness, and regularity, 2. Head-marking, high cut, 3. Correct number and evenness of flights, 4. Dark thighs and vent, 2. Color of body, 4. Color of eye, 2. Length of flights and tail, 1. Size, smallness, 2. Carriage, upright and strutting, 2. Total, 44.

BARBS.

Beak—shortness, 1; shape, or equal fullness in both mandibles, 1; color, 1; down face, 1—4. Beak-wattle—regularity on each side, 2; fullness in front, 1; fur-wattle, 1—4. Skull—width, 4; squareness, or parallelism from front to back, 2—6. Eye-wattle—size, 3; regularity or circular-shape, 3; thickness at edges, 1; color, 1—8. Color of eyes, pearl or white around the pupils, 3. Size of body, 2. Thickness of neck, 1. Length of flights and tail, proper medium, 1. Legs, shape and position, 1. Color of body, 2. Plumage and condition, 2. Total, 34.

BALDHEADS AND BEARDS.

Accuracy of marking, 6. Color, 4. Shape and carriage, 4. Head, 3. Beak and wattle, 3. Eye, 1. Size (*i. e.* smallness), 1. Total, 22.

Sportsman's Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE AMERICAN QUAIL.

(*Ortyx Virginianus.*)

This well known little game bird inhabits, generally, all the Northern and Western, as well as most of the Southern States. In Pennsylvania and southward it is improperly designated as "partridge," a name to which it has no possible claim, as the ornithological name of partridge is "perdix," not "ortyx." Leaving the nomenclature, however, I shall only speak of its habits and instincts as exhibited in the Northern States, which, by the way, differ in some important respects from those of the species inhabiting the warmer latitudes.

With us, then, not being migratory, in addition to their danger of destruction from beasts of prey, and from man, they also suffer greatly from the long continuance of the deep snows of our severe winters, by which their resources of food are not only cut off, but they are often buried and frozen under the heavy drifts, and perish miserably in an icy prison. It is their habit, on the approach of such a storm, to gather into concentric circles, their tails all pointing inward, and to permit themselves to be buried. The storm over, they make a simultaneous start, and by their united strength generally succeed in forcing their way through the superincumbent snow, and are free. It sometimes happens, however, by the formation of a crust overhead, that the attempt fails, and they perish from starvation. It frequently happens that birds are very scarce on grounds where they have usually been plenty, and this is attributable to the before-mentioned causes; in fact, they have been at times so near extermination from a combination of causes, that clubs, and even individuals, have purchased them alive, fed and cared for them through the winter, and then released them in the spring to breed and increase.

Their enemies and dangers are legions, and with their disappearance we lose the finest game bird of our country, and the cheery whistle of the male bird, so familiar to the farmer, will be heard no more. Although the laws of most States forbids the killing of this noble game out of the proper season, yet is the crime still committed; and, with the exception of a few localities, in which the determined efforts of some club succeed in partially enforcing it, the law is a dead letter. While I would advocate and uphold the propriety of such law, I still believe that if the facts were placed before the farmer, over whose broad acres, covered with crops, the pot-hunting loafer, with his half-bred cur must tramp in finding the birds, *he* would more speedily end it than any number of pages of laws and penalties. Let the land-owners know that the proper season for killing this

game is from the middle of October to March, months in which he has no outstanding crops that may be injured by the roving feet of the sportsman or his canine companion, months too, by which time the birds have acquired their full weight and size, and from being swift and strong on the wing, cannot so easily fall victims or suffer extermination, and interest will make a stronger bar to their improper slaughter than all the law-making powers can effect. Farmers *are*, and should be, the truest friends of this gallant little bird, for he is an old and familiar acquaintance, whistling his cheery cry from every fence and corner of his farm; or, driven by hunger, in winter, fearlessly and trustfully gathering round his barns and stacks. Forbid then, ye owners of the soil, that strolling loafers from neighboring town or city shall out of season trespass upon your domain and murder this beautiful little denizen of the tangled copse or field that nods in autumn with golden harvest.

The quail commences to build her nest early in May—the pairing and courtship having been accomplished between the first of March and this period. The nest is placed on the ground, concealed in some thick tuft of grass, and in it the eggs, from twelve to twenty-five in number, are deposited. The period of incubation agrees with that of the common hen, viz., three weeks, and the young leave the nest as soon as they are out of the shell; or rather, as soon as their legs are free, for I have seen them run briskly with portions of the shell still attached to their little bodies.

Frequent attempts to domesticate them have been made by putting the eggs under the common hen, but I believe never with permanent success. They are easily hatched in this way, and for a time will follow the supposed mother in search of food; but, no sooner do they acquire the ability to serve themselves than they seek out their natural haunts in the field and copse.

Generally, by the first of October the young have acquired full weight and size—*certainly*, by the middle of that month, *all*—even the late broods have done so, and are then fair game. Fattened by the gleanings of the golden stubble fields they are plump and juicy, unequalled in the sport they afford in their pursuit, and in the delight they give the *bon vivant*—indeed, *me judice*, I believe no feathered game in our country approaches in excellence this noble bird, in season, and properly cooked and served up.

To the sportsman many difficulties in finding this game present themselves. Many writers upon this subject have spoken of the unexplained fact, that it is impossible to find a bevy of quail if followed up immediately after flushing them, each attributing it to different causes.

After long experience, and carefully examining the apparent and available reasons, I have been led to favor the theory that the bird possesses the power of closing the pores of the skin, thereby retaining the scent. In my experience I have owned and shot over as fine and true-nosed dogs as ever "brushed the dew from cover," and yet failed to find them, after marking them plainly go down in an open field, unbroken save by tussocks of grass and rank weeds, although every rod of ground in the vicinity was thoroughly quartered by my dogs. In this case time enough to escape by running had not been allowed, and therefore they must have been there, and if so, could not possibly have escaped being found, except by lying close and giving out no scent. Wait a half hour and then follow to where you marked them go down, and you will have no trouble in putting them up at once, and strange to say, they will not thereafter repeat the ruse, but may be promptly followed and readily found. I attribute this habit to fright, by being suddenly forced to take wing, and by the firing, and they involuntarily close the pores of the skin, and skulk as they alight.

The quail favors the neighborhood of streams—especially if along the banks grow the tangled copse and brushwood, with contiguous stubble-fields for feeding grounds. Their transit from one feeding-place to another is generally made on foot, even though the distance amount to miles, preferring this method to taking wing, which they rarely do except when frightened. They breakfast early—as must the sportsman who is ambitious of a full bag—and then retire to some quiet nook or cover and lazily digest their food through the middle of the pleasant, dreamy days of fall.

Follow them on some bright October day, and enjoy rare sport, and gain renewed health by exercise developing both physical and mental strength by the communion with nature's fairest works. May we meet then, gentle reader, when the fierce heat of summer has been deliciously banished by the cooler breezes of autumn; when the fields lately waving with the farmer's stores of grass and grain are shorn of their nodding glory; when our favorite, plump with the gleanings of the stubble-fields, lies before the noses of our well-trained dogs, or rises with the nerve-thrilling whirr before our eager eyes; when the many tinted leaves of gorgeous autumn have lent new glory to the landscape, and when we may take arms and go forth like true knights and do our *devoir sans peur, et sans reproche.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SETTER AND POINTER CROSS.

Greenhorn, in reviewing my article on the above subject, certainly assumes more than he will find ground for in the language used in my communication. He tries to make the impression on the reader of the *Journal*, that I advised the *breeding* of the crossed dog or dropper. He will find, by carefully reading the aforesaid article, that no such advice is given or doctrine preached. My purpose was simply to encourage the owner of the dog referred to, to try and train him properly, and make of him a valuable dog, which I certainly think could be done with a *bona fide* dropper. I am glad that my advice was not required, because Greenhorn's dog "was a myth!" Greenhorn says much more than he supposes; he practically acknowledges that he could not find a genuine dropper to suit his purpose—probably all were too good—but he had to imagine a mythical dog, and he described him just as *he thought* a dropper should be to contrast unfavorably with his pure-bred pointers and setters. Let him describe a real dropper next time, and his statements and inferences will be worth something.

We never thought of breeding from a dropper; but this does not decrease his value as a good dog in the field. If he will show how the first cross in a pointer and setter can be otherwise than pure-blooded—sire and dam being pure-blooded themselves,—and give good reasons for a dropper not being fit to train, and why, twenty to one, such dog must prove a failure, he will be talking to the point, and enlightening those for whom he writes; but to this end he must *prove* as well as make his statements. Perhaps Captain Bogardus could help him in some way, as he appears to have a peculiar preference for droppers. No mythical dogs or things this time, if you please, Mr. Greenhorn; we want facts.

Vic.

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL

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JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

A. N. Raub, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

OUR CONTEMPLATED CHANGE.

As some of our readers seem to misunderstand our announcement, we will state that the *Journal* will not take *one step backward*, but the prospect is very bright at this writing for an enlarged journal, under a management that will greatly enlarge its sphere of usefulness. It will remain "*The Fanciers' Journal,*" and under its present editorial management. Its friends should not relax their exertions in its behalf, but send in their advertisements and subscriptions as rapidly as possible. At this time we are hardly prepared to make large promises, but the prospects are that *very large* editions of the *Journal* will be sent over the entire country. We hope ere long to see the *Journal* come up to the standard laid down by its founder.

THE NEW DEPARTURE IN EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

The contemplated action in the matter of organizing a large poultry society, in the eastern part of the State, meets with the approval of a large majority of the fanciers and breeders embraced in the State east of the meridian of Harrisburg, or properly, east of the mountains.

The committee appointed to conduct the correspondence, and make the necessary arrangements for a mass meeting of fanciers and breeders, at Allentown, have received assurances of the presence of delegates from all the local societies, and from many prominent individual fanciers.

It is not the intention of this movement to interfere, in any way, with the existing local organizations. But the time has come when we need a larger society, one that can incur the responsibility and expense of large shows.

However excellent the shows of our local societies may be, they do not give us the prestige and standing that will be conferred by a large show, in which competition will come from abroad. Our local shows have done a good and useful work, but we expect better results from a single show which shall rank with the best in the country.

An organization such as is contemplated will be able to offer liberal prizes, and draw out breeders from a distance. Competition will, of course, be closer, and awards, when won, will be worth having. These shows will afford better opportunities for a more extensive acquaintance among the fraternity, and, better than all, they will be self-supporting, pecuniarily.

We would recommend to all interested to be in attendance at the meeting at Allentown, on March 2d, at 11 A. M. The meeting will be held at the American House, on Hamilton Street. Dickie.

TO ADVERTISERS.

An article went the rounds (from *Wilson's Hand-book for Advertisers*), the subject of which was, "The Cost of Advertising," which ran on in this way: "It is cheaper to pay five shillings for inserting your advertisement in a journal having a circulation of five thousand, than to pay two shillings for one having a circulation of one thousand." That is two-fifths as much for a circulation of only one-fifth. But, it is not this evident discrepancy in the relative proportion of cost and circulation to which we would call your particular attention; the important fact of the relative *class* of journals and advertisers is overlooked, which is a very poor policy for any, excepting the high-priced journals and their well-paid agents, to advocate without distinction. The journals having the largest circulation and highest advertising rates may be such as would never reach a desired class of dealers or consumers at all; or, they may not be published so frequently as desired by the advertiser who is in haste to dispose of his stock.

The representative journal to patronize in such instances is the one without regard to cost or extensive circulation, provided it reaches the largest number of the *desired class.* Suppose, for instance, that one wished to dispose of his fancy stock of fowls or pigeons as quickly as possible, we claim that he had better patronize the journal which is chiefly read by the fanciers and dealers who know just where to apply for such information (to advertise in any other class of journals or miscellanies would be suicidal), especially if the poultry department is published *weekly*, like that of the *Fanciers' Journal.*

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—A big white cat and a canary were exhibited in the same cage at the show of the National Poultry Association, Chicago.

—A seal weighing eighty-four pounds was recently caught in Chaumont Bay, Lake Ontario. The fisherman who captured it had never seen such an animal before, and had no idea at the time what it was. The question is, How did it come there? This is the third seal caught in Chaumont Bay—one about five years ago, and another ten years ago.—*Ex.*

—In Flat Fishes or *Pleuronectidæ*, the eyes are on opposite sides of the head in the young, and on the same side afterwards. M. Mirart thinks the change is accomplished suddenly. M. Malm declares that it is slow.—*Ex.*

Do Flounders belong to this class, they are flat, and fill the conditions about the eyes? E. S. S.

—Gray Squirrels.—Yes, the old male does castrate the young squirrel. I have shot several that were castrated—in fact, about fifty—and I find that only one in six is perfect. Last spring I found two nests of young ones, and all the males but one in each were castrated; and, last spring, a friend of mine, while out hunting, heard some squirrels chattering, and going to see the cause, saw two full-grown ones on a nest. He shot them, and they proved to be a male and female, and on climbing the tree he found five young squirrels in the nest (two females and three males), of which two had just been castrated by the old male, as one of the testicles still laid in the nest. I believe both the gray and red fox squirrels have this habit, as I see many of each that have been castrated. M. W. Miner.

—FLYING SQUIRRELS.—I notice considerable in the last *Journal* about flying squirrels, and will tell you what I saw. My brother and I were going through the woods, and, being tired, stopped to rest. While we were seated, we noticed a snag that was full of holes, about ten feet high. It being too early in the season for birds to have their nests, we came to the conclusion that we would push it down, and did so, when out popped a flying squirrel. On looking in the hole that she came out of, we found four young ones. We took possession of the nest, the young being very small. The old squirrel would sail from one tree to another and squeak, being very anxious to obtain her young; so we came to the conclusion to let her take one and see what she would do with it Going away from the snag, she came and took one, went to a tree, went up about thirty feet, sailed off to another tree, and from that tree to another, with one of her young in her mouth. She left it in the last tree and returned for another. Taking it, she went the same way as before. The two first trees were about forty feet apart. As she came back, I threw a piece of bark in front of her when she was about twenty feet from the tree that she had left, and instead of flying against the bark, she turned an upward somersault and lit on the same tree, about six feet from the place she sailed from. We let her take the rest of her young without annoying her further. J. W. WAMPLER.

—I wish that Huon, the very interesting historian of the "Zoo," could spend a few days in the mountains. I would "see him again at Philippi." The pheasant shooting is excellent, the hares and castrated squirrels innumerable, and a *Volucella* occasionally spreads his sails and soars away into the "etherial blue." Reading many books, has not Huon neglected the great volume of Nature? Like Goldsmith, quoting Buffon, but, unlike White, of Shelbourne, observing nothing for himself. The language used by me—"The nest of the hare is simply a hole in the ground, always lined with fur, and carefully covered with grass and leaves"—either means that if this covering were removed the young would be exposed to the full light of the sun, or it means nothing. If there is a *true* rabbit—a burrowing animal—in North America, I would like to see by what authority it is here. Huon is prattling of the English, an entirely different animal to any that we have, coming originally from the North of Africa. On page 743 of the *Fanciers' Journal* we read: "The gray or cotton-tail rabbit is usually called a rabbit, whereas we have no species which should bear the name." If not a hare, then what is it? Remember, Huon says it burrows! Huon insinuates that I said, "The young of the hare are born *exclusively* in April." I used no such language, but only said that this was the *usual* time, meaning that more were produced then than at any other season of the year. Huon says there is no authority for a hare to produce more than five young at a birth. Now, a woman might be able to show but *poor* authority to justify her in giving birth to four or even six children, but, notwithstanding all this, she sometimes, like "Old Hickory," "assumes the responsibility." "Rev. J. G. Wood says the *rabbit* gives birth to seven or eight young,"—I am quoting Huon. Now, Wood is good authority, even if he does send all eight of them to heaven with the best of us; but Chambers' Encyclopædia—article "The Rabbit"—says that they sometimes give birth to twelve; so these things are not immutable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians. Now, remember that it is *the rabbit* described by Wood that Huon has made burrow in the United States, and considers it the same animal as *L. sylvaticus.*

Now for our little friend *Volucella.* Chambers says, "Its flight is fifty *feet.*" It is nocturnal in habit, and rarely seen by day unless it has been disturbed. If the tree in which it lives is cut down, it will fly to the *nearest* one it sees—this may be only "forty yards" distant. Now, does Huon consider that there might be a difference between the distance it actually flew at any given time and the distance it is *capable* of flying? A frigate-bird might alight after a flight of only half a league: would he conclude, therefore, that it could fly no farther? Does Mr. V. ever launch himself into the air from the earth? He does nothing of the kind in the mountains. His flight is from one tree to another. Suppose two flying squirrels start from the same tree to reach a given point—one starts from the distance of *twenty* feet from the ground, and the other is *eighty* feet above it—would their flight extend to the same distance? Suppose one is strong and active, the other a female with young, would their flight be equal? Suppose one flew *up* a hill and the other and stronger one flew *down*, each using all its strength, would the distance passed over be the same? Huon says that the gray squirrel can show no authority for living in the same tree with *Volucella;* but I do declare that I have found them so situated. I never said, nor do I mean, that they were in the *same* cavity. I further assert that I have seen *Volucella* fly *more* than two hundred yards. I cut the tree in which a colony of them lived; it was, I suppose, eighty feet high, and contained seven or eight flying squirrels and one gray squirrel. When the tree commenced falling, some of the flying squirrels were near the top, others at various heights; some flew up the hill—the tree was near the summit—and others down; some came to the ground at a distance of only a few yards, and one succeeded in reaching an oak that stood at a distance of *two hundred and fifty steps* below. He started from the top of the falling tree and struck the other at the ground. The ground was descending, but not steep. Now, suppose that this tree had been a Wellingtoniana three hundred feet high, and the little elevation on which it stood Pike's Peak, would not *Volucella* have taken a flight that would have astonished a swallow? Remember hereafter, dear Huon, to say, when speaking of the flying capacity of little *Volucella*, that it depends upon its *altitude* when starting and the nature of the ground over which it is to glide.

Huon says—for he contradicts *all* I say—that gray squirrels cannot show the slightest authority for castrating each other. Now, whether they have *any* other than "the good old rule, that they may keep who have the power, and they may take who can," I do not know. Mr. Tracy says that the operation is performed by the black squirrel. I have only to say in reply, that not a black squirrel has been seen here for years, and still the work is done. But I do not doubt that where they abound they do castrate the gray, and *vice versa.* Now, according to Huon, what is not to be found in "authorities" cannot be true. Here, then, is an end to all investigation; the great book, the Zoological Garden of Nature (something larger than the one in the "City of Brotherly Love") is completed "and sealed with seven seals." Contributors to Weekly Gossip must hereafter tell us that the elephant is a large quadruped, the mouse is not so large, etc. The cockotrice, produced by a cross between an African bantam (?) cock and a toad, was once down in the authorities, and the hippogriff also, with a power of flight greater than *Volucella.* People do not believe much in them now.

Speaking of *Lepus Americanus*, page 29, *Fanciers' Journal*, I say, They are never found of any other color (than white). I mean in *winter;* in summer they are gray.

J. M. MCCANN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BERKS COUNTY AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

AT the annual meeting of the Berks County Agricultural and Horticultural Society, held in the city of Reading, Saturday, June 15, 1876, the following officers were elected:

President—A. F. Boas.

Vice-Presidents—Jacob G. Zerr, William Yocum, John A. Scheetz, and Thomas Penrose.

Secretary—Cyrus T. Fox.

Corresponding Secretary—Stephen M. Meredith.

Treasurer—William S. Ritter.

Auditors—Hon. S. E. Ancona and Frederick Lauer.

CYRUS T. FOX,
Secretary.

READING, PA., February 1, 1876.

CORRECTION.

Mr. Jos. M. Wade.

Dear Sir: The second premium Blue-pied Pouter cock, so well described by Marble, in premium list of Maryland show, in No. 3 of the *Journal*, is not the property of Mr. Caughey, as stated there. The bird, as Marble well knows, belongs to my loft since three years, and I am in possession of the second premium card, signed by Mr. Brown, the secretary. Please correct this error and oblige.

Yours very truly, A. Scheld.

Brooklyn, E. D., January 31, 1876.

SALE OF FINE STOCK.

J. M. Wade, Esq.

Dear Sir: I have bought the entire stock of Golden-penciled Hamburgs of A. J. Tuck, of Nashua, N. H., including the cock "John Bull" that won first last winter at Connecticut, Boston, and Buffalo; also a very fine cock Mr. Tuck imported from Beldon, costing him (with two hens) seventy-five dollars, of which Mr. Beldon says he is the finest bird of his kind in America. Yours truly,

Wm. E. Shedd,

Boston, February 2, 1876. Waltham, Mass.

SOUTHERN TIER POULTRY AND PET STOCK SOCIETY.

Friend Wade:

At the meeting of the Southern Tier Poultry and Pet Stock Society, held in this city, January 6th, the following were elected officers for the year 1876:

President—William Atwood, Big Flats, N. Y.

Vice-Presidents—John H. Hall, Catharine; William Fitzhugh Miller, Geneva; George L. Whiton, Elmira.

Secretary—C. S. White, Elmira.

Treasurer—H. C. Howland, Elmira.

Executive Committee—George W. Chidsey and E. R. Bloomer, Elmira; H. L. Petton, Penn Yan; H. B. Batterson and W. W. Albro, Elmira; F. F. Preston, Candor; C. J. Andruss, Canandaigua; D. G. Eacker, Havana; S. H. Lany and Benjamin Blampied, Elmira. C. S. White,

Elmira, N. Y., January, 1876. Secretary.

DAVENPORT POULTRY CLUB.

At the annual meeting for the election of officers for the above association, the following were chosen:

President—H. H. Smith.

Vice-President—J. J. Guill.

Secretary—J. L. Daymade.

Treasurer—E. S. Ballord.

Executive Committee—J. J. Guill, H. N. Norton, A. Stuhr.

Our club is in a more prosperous condition than it ever was, probably owing to our recent public exhibition. I think the fever is spreading among our farmers, who hitherto never took any interest in fine poultry. Yours truly,

H. H. Smith.

MISTAKEN.

J. M. Wade, Esq.

"Victor" made a mistake in writing about the Easton Poultry Show. He says, "Mr. A. B. Holcombe, of Lambertville, N. J., showing the best Pekin and Rouen Ducks." I won first premium on old Rouens and first on young. A. B. Holcombe had no Rouens on exhibition.

Reaville, N. J., January 31, 1876. P. Q. Holcombe.

FOXBURG POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.

Dear Sir: At our meeting last night I was instructed to inform you that the first exhibition of the Foxburg Poultry Association will be held in Smith's Hall, Palmer Street, Foxburg, February 22, 23, and 24, 1876. The following are the names of the officers for 1876:

President—W. S. Gregory.

Vice-President—H. McCray.

Secretary—J. C. Pattersion.

Assistant Secretary—R. M. Belknap.

Treasurer—W. H. Currie.

Executive Committee—W. H. Carpenter, T. Tregoning, J. F. Duncan, R. M. Belknap, M. M. Mandivall, J. P. Simmons, M. Hafle, J. T. Fowler. J. C. Pattersion,

Foxburg, Pa. Secretary.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(Reported for Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

Philadelphia, for the week ending February 2, 1876.

1 * Cat (*Felis domestica*). Presented by Geo. J. Schmidt, Philadelphia.

1 Snowy Owl (*Nyctea Nivea*). Purchased.

1 Red-Tailed Hawk (*Buteo borealis*). Presented by John Krider, Philadelphia.

3 Musk-Rats (*Fiber zibethecus*). Presented by C. B. Rossell, Trenton, N. J.

2 Goldfinch mules (*Fringilla carduelis*). Presented by J. R. Hays, Philadelphia.

1 Gray Fox (*Vulpus Virginianas*). Presented by S. D. Burroughs, Williamsport, Pa. Huon.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

A BLACK SQUIRREL.

He was black all over, and his thick, bushy tail was as long as he, even though the tip had been pulled off. That is as nearly as I can tell of his looks, for it is seven months since I saw him last; and then he kept me so busy trying to keep mischief out of his way and wondering what he'd do next, I had'nt time to measure him, even if I'd thought of it.

The brother of my neighbor, Ida, caught him in the woods when he was a wee little baby Frisk, hardly fit to be out of the nest, and when he was two years old sent him in a splendid two-story cage, with a wheel for a play-ground, to her for her Christmas. He had been handled and petted so much he wasn't a bit afraid. If you went into the room where he was, as likely as not he'd jump on your shoulder and search your pockets.

Ida used to say, "The peace is gone from my life! Why, he's worse than half-a-dozen children. After his nap in the morning, if I don't let him out he acts so I'm almost crazy. He'll drag down the wool and hair of his bed, stuff it, and all the litter and bits of nut-shells, through the bars of his wheel on to the floor; tip over the water, and scold so I'm

* This animal will be found in company with two other cats among the monkeys. At first sight it might be supposed to be a Manx cat, but it is not, but merely by a freak of nature it was born without a tail, and thus making its hinder parts to much resemble those of a rabbit or hare.

glad to let him out for sake of quiet. Then I have to watch him every minute. If the pantry-door is open, ever so small a crack, he steals my sugar and every goody that isn't under lock and key, and he won't leave a scrap of paper on the shelves. If he gets into my bedroom he makes more havoc in five minutes than I can tidy in an hour. You should see him train before the glass on my dressing-table! One day I missed him, finally finding him curled up in a nest he'd made in my trunk of my very newest, of course, Butterick pattern."

One day Ida came to me in a great hurry to borrow a few raisins. She "had promised" Charley mince-pie for dinner, had got the meat ready, the raisins stoned, and was getting ready to make the paste, when a neighbor called her to the door. She "wasn't gone but a minute," but when she came back the raisins had disappeared. What Tommy hadn't put away in his pantry (*i. e.* his bed), he was munching in his parlor.

His greatest fun was to seat himself on an open book, tear a little place, then turn around and tear it a little more; keep on tearing and turning until only the covers were left. Then he'd hide himself in the litter. But the bits he'd make of a newspaper! I never gave him but one for *me* to pick the pieces off a carpet, you may believe.

One day Ida's thimble, a stocking, and something else, were missing,—that was before they'd learned his tricks. They hunted and hunted, and finally concluded the broken-pieces girl's basket had carried them off. But one day, when Ida was ransacking Tom's pantry, there she found them, with an almost endless variety of odds and ends—bits of cake, sugar, candy, and nuts.

When Ida died, her husband brought him to us. "But, I'm afraid he'll be lost," I said; "the doors and windows all open—it was in May—and there are so many little fingers to open the cage, and I havn't time to watch them." "I was going to let him go anyway," Mr. P. answered; "but thought I'd wait until I could go to the woods; but you've so many trees, if he gets away let him go. I thought he might amuse Mr. S. by his antics."

And he did. When some duty would call me from my invalid, I would give him some nuts, let Tommy out, and call in the cat; and the frolic they would indulge in would bring light to the eyes that had almost forgotten to smile. Mr. S. would hold a nut in his fingers, and call "Tommy." Tom would jump on the bed, take the nut in his teeth, and scamper with it to the footboard. Then he'd hold it in his fore paws, gnaw at a minute, turn it over and around, gnaw another minute; then, with it between his teeth, start for some higher perch—the top of the rocking-chair, or maybe the top of the secretary. Then he'd go through the same performance, then maybe start with it for his cage, and be back in a second for another. Sometimes he'd drop his nut, and "Friday," the cat, would give it a push with her paw, then both would start for it. Then Tommy would go after Friday. Friday would get her back up and spit at him. Frightened Tom would start for his cage, Friday after him, pell-mell, helter-skelter; no matter what was in the way.

How he *did* enjoy being out of doors. For three days he was free. He would come to his cage on the porch to sleep, or to us if we called him with nuts or apple in our hands; but otherwise he was "in his element." He'd run to the top of the very tallest elm; there where the twigs would bend with his weight, he'd cling and swing. One day a strange dog got into the yard. We saw Tommy sitting on the carriage-way looking fearlessly at him. We called; but before we could get to him he was dead.

Poor Tommy! E. S. S.

CAT RACES.

Contests of speed between carrier pigeons are by no means the only ones with which the Belgians occupy themselves. A Liegeois society has also organized cat races. In the "event" which has already come off the contestants, to the number of thirty-seven, were taken to a cabbage field on the road to Beyne, beyond the old barrier, and there let loose at 2 o'clock in the morning. The distance run is not stated, but the race proved to be a complete success. At the same moment the thirty-seven cats were let loose, and scurried off in every direction, bounding over the heads of the cabbage with swollen tails and shining eyes. Blondinette, aged two years and a half, was the first to arrive, at 6.48 in the morning, and gained the prize, consisting of a magnificent tray, a pair of vases and thirty francs in money. The second cat came in at 2.24 the next morning, and Finette, the third, arrived at 6.42. The second and third prizes consisted of hams and smoked tongues.

CANARY BIRDS.

The season for obtaining canary birds has come again. Almost every steamer that arrives from Europe has a lot on board, consigned to the dealers in these wonderful little songsters. It is wonderful that so little a throat is capable of such a volume of sweet sound. There are two or three simple suggestions that may not be out of place in this paper, concerning the cost and care of a bird. First, a plain brass wire cage is preferable to another, because it is easier to keep clean, vermin will not infest it, and it is more beautiful than painted or wooden cages are, and not much more costly. Second, a bird will cost from three to five dollars. It is difficult to select a good bird from a lot, because you cannot distinguish the quality of his notes among so many; you must rely on the judgment and honesty of the dealer. You do not want a loud singer with a piercing note. The birds that are offered for sale at this season are mostly young birds, therefore select one with a soft sweet voice; he will increase in power and volume of song as he grows older. Do not hang him in a draft of air. He will bear the out-door air, but not where a current of air flows upon him. His food should be plain canary and rape seed, with fresh water and a bath daily, or at your convenience. We have a bird that we purchased in Providence last autumn, that has not missed a day of song during the year. He is now moulting; his coat is as ragged as that of a tramp. All his tail feathers, save one or two, are gone, but he sings as sweetly and cheerfully as ever. We feed him on absolutely nothing but the seed we have spoken of. There are four things, yea five, that a bird will do in a family. He will give the little girl, eight or nine years old, a few minutes lesson in tender, loving care each day. He will settle a dispute or a quarrel by drowning the voice of contention in the voice of song. He will drive away the blues, thereby saving a doctor's bill and helping digestion. He will awaken the household with a concert at sunrise, and fill the house with his happy spirit all day long. There will be at least one cheerful fellow in-doors when all the rest are sad.—*Spirit of the Times.*

A TENDER-HEARTED BROTHER.

A COUPLE of enterprising men doing the clothing business at Atlanta, are interviewed by a customer in search of a coat. The senior of the firm handles the new comer, and soon finds a "first-class fit." In answer as to the price the response is, "Eighteen dollars."

"Well, sir, I like the coat very much, but don't like the price."

"Well, mine frent, ze price is noting so you like ze coat We let you take 'em at fifteen dollars."

The customer still complains of the price, saying that fifteen dollars was too much. This was too heavy for the dealer, so, taking his customer to the extreme end of the store, and drawing him into a dark corner, he whispers in his ear:

"Mine frent, I let you have zat coat for twelve dollars and a half."

"Well, sir," said the customer, "I like your coat very much, and am satisfied with the price, yet I would like to know why this mysterious performance."

"Well, mine frent, you see dot leetle man there? He was mine broder. He got ze heart disease, and so help me gracious, if he was to hear me tell you I take twelve dollars and a half for zat coat he drop dead mit his track."

HARDSHIPS OF WESTERN HUNTERS.

THE rough experiences of the hunters and trappers upon our western borders are wonderful, and it hardly seems, to civilized home-bred people, that the perils of these daring and reckless men can be enjoyable. And yet, only through the continual excitements and adventures they encounter in their precarious calling, are such men content to live, year after year, in the wilds of the forests, the mountains and the plains, barely subsisting, for the most part, and very rarely if ever realizing any pecuniary gain in their weary course of life.

A recent account is given of two hunters who were on an expedition among the mountains of Nevada, early last spring, when one of them accidentally shot himself in the foot, lacerating the flesh and breaking the bones in such a manner that amputation of the limb seemed the only means of saving his life. Too weak from pain and loss of blood to attempt the journey of forty miles to the nearest settlement, the wounded man was conveyed to the rude cabin which they had made their headquarters, by his companion, who, after dressing the wound as well as he could, and cooking a plentiful supply of provisions for the three or four days he expected to be gone, started for the settlement to procure medical aid. He secured the services of a physician, and they started for the mountains, but a blinding snow storm coming on they became lost, barely escaping with their lives. So deep and so badly drifted was the snow that they were obliged to give up all thought of reaching the wounded man, no further attempt being made for about two months, when a party of friends thought it their duty to seek out the lonely cabin and bury the remains of the unfortunate hunter. What was their surprise, on nearing the place, to see him hobbling along on crutches to meet them, well and hearty with the exception of his lameness. He told them that after he was left alone his wound grew better; that when his provisions failed he crawled to the huge carcase of a bear they had killed a few days before the accident, and, unable to procure wood for cooking, devoured the meat raw. On this, and this alone, had he subsisted during the two months he had been imprisoned.

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstance be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will exchange two Shepherd Sluts, Partridge Cochins, one pair of White Leghorns, one pair of White and one pair of Red-mottled Fans, and Ring Doves—for Sebright Bantams, one S. W. Turbit hen, and B. Moorcap hen.

S. P. WHARTON, Spruce Hill, Juniata Co., Pa., will exchange a fine Sporting Rifle, eighty bore, twenty pieces nice mounting, no outs—for a twenty-two Cal. Target Rifle (breech-loading), or offers. Rifle is somewat skuffed, but warranted a good shooter. Cost $35.

F. M. HERRON, Indianapolis, Ind., will exchange one pair each Black, Red, Yellow, and Blue-Bearded Tumblers; two Black Tumblers; one White Trumpeter and one Blue Pouter Cock; one pair each White Trumpeters; Black Barbs, and White Pouters. Also, G. P. Hamburg chicks—for Red Jacobin hen, Black Hamburg Cockerel, Brown Leghorns, &c. What offers? ii

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., has for exchange Pea fowls (three males and one female), hatched 1875. Also, one pair pure White Angora Rabbits, two trios Golden and one trio Silver Sebright Bantams (first-premium stock), Exhibition Coops, Rabbit Hutches, Squirrel Cages, Parrot Cages, White Mice, White Mice Cage, and Fancy Pigeons. What offers?

E. G. BAGLEY, Indianapolis, Ind., will exchange three White Angora Rabbits, ten weeks old—for three Dark Brahma pullets. Must be good, as my rabbits are. Also, three volumes War with the South, handsomely bound and engraved, published at four sovereigns gold—for Dark Brahma pullets.

CHAS. L. COBB, Lock Box 1299, Brockton, Mass., will exchange one trio of Light Brahmas, one trio of Houdans, and one trio of Black African Bantams—for Pouters, Barbs, two Female Carriers (Dun or Black), Black Fantails, White Owls.

DR. H. A. RECORD, Mayville, N. Y., will exchange B. Red Game pullets (Warren's strain)—for Game Bantams, Mocking-bird, or Parrot. My birds are fine and large.

DR. H. A. RECORD, Mayville, N. Y., will exchange B. Red Game hens (Warren's strain)—for Black-and-Tan pup, or Pekin Ducks. What offers?

JOHN E. SCHUM, 150 South Water St., Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange one trio Aylesbury Ducks, one Feeding hopper for pigeons, one Red-breasted Game cock, is a beauty, trimmed for the pit, won three fights lately. Also, one Black and Red-breasted Game stag, weight five pounds. Make offers.

JACOB E. TODD, Jr., Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange six Silver-spangled Polands—for Light or Dark Brahmas, or White Cochins.

G. R. HAY, West Lawrens, Otsego County, N. Y., will exchange thirty yards of Brussels carpet, cost $1.50 per yard; a light, good Shooting Rifle, worth $15; a good Violin, Bow, and Box, worth $12—for good Light Brahmas, Brown Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Bronze Turkeys, or offers.

T. F. SMITH, 140 South Market St., Boston, Mass., will exchange his Red Setter dog, eighteen months old, broken to house and field, shot over one season—for a Laverack Red, or Orange-and-White Tucked dog, well broken and kind to children.

G. W. CLEVELAND, Millington, Mass., will exchange Dark Brahmas or P. Cochins—for American Dominique pullets or yearling hens, and one Silver-penciled Hamburg cockerel or cock.

T. A. WINFIELD, Hubbard, Ohio, has for exchange one White Fan cock, one Blue Pouter cock, two Dun-pied Pouter hens, two White Pouter hens, two Black Swallow hens, one Almond Tumbler cock, one Yellow Tumbler hen—for Common Pigeons, or Fancy Pigeons to mate up a part of above.

T. A. WINFIELD, Hubbard Ohio, has for exchange a fine-bred Irish Red Setter dog pup, ten months old, shot over some this season—for Guns, Fancy Pigeons, etc. What offers?

T. A. WINFIELD, Hubbard, Ohio, has for exchange Dark Brahmas, G. P. Hamburgs, Black-red Games, from my imported stock—for Cooper's Game Fowl, Tegetmeier's or Wright's Poultry Books, or Fancy Pigeons.

B. A. WHITNEY, Meadville, Pa., will exchange Fancy Pigeons, for good Canary Bird, Pouters, Red and Black Jacobins, White Turbit (black tail), one Red Trumpeter cock, one pair White and Black Fans.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 17, 1876. No. 7.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

WELCOME TO ALL.

A CENTENNIAL BALLAD.

From the East and the West, from the North and the South,
Come join in the grand enterprise,
A glorious reunion of brothers once more,
And let birth-day anthems arise.
Beneath the old flag our forefathers loved,
Untarnished by rent or by stain,
In council as firm and as brave as of yore,
In friendship united again.
CHORUS—Come join us in friendship, the old and the young;
Come join us the great and the small;
Our greeting is welcome to rich and to poor—
Come on, there is room for us all.
In this age of progress, communion of thought
Is traversing every land.
Let feuds be forgotten, prejudice cease,
And reason assume the command.
We make no distinction of country or creed;
Let all for the banquet prepare.
A tribute to labour and learning we pay,
And all in the honor may share.
CHORUS.
From Iceland, the cold, rugged land of the Dane,
To India, the land of the sun;
From Pekin to Athens, from Sydney to Rome,
In the cause of progression—come on.
Instruction and civilization our aim,
Our contest a trial of skill;
And though all are rivals in Science and Art,
Our motto is "peace and good will."
CHORUS.
Above us the Goddess of Peace spreads her wings,
And smiling upon us looks down;
And Fame, with a wreath of fresh laurel, awaits
Already the victor to crown.
Come join us and celebrate our natal day,
And partake of our homes and our fame;
All nations are welcome, as equals we meet,
There is room for us all and to spare.
CHORUS.

PETER PEPPERCORN.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SQUIRRELS.

BY PAUL LOGIC.

CHAPTER II.—INTRODUCTION.—*Continued.*

"As nimble as a squirrel."—*Old Saw.*

SQUIRRELS are found in nearly all parts of the world. No animal is more extensively located. As far north as the fir tree extends, under the burning sun of the tropics, among the stunted trees of the dreary far south, some species of this immense family has its home. In fact, the family is so generously distributed, we may say, without much exaggeration, that wherever trees grow squirrels are found. Of course the squirrel of the north and south differ greatly from its relative of the tropics; the former can scarcely endure the climate of our own latitude because of its heat, and the latter because of its cold; and if the one were to change places with the other, both would die. But, nevertheless, the entire squirrel family have the same general characteristics in a striking degree: all live in trees or burrow in the ground; all eat fruit, buds, and nuts; all have the bushy tail; and in all the *squirrel* character is plainly visible. Goldsmith* goes so far as to give as his opinion that the entire *Sciurina* originally sprung from one parent, rather than each species had, at the beginning, a representative, and the progeny of this first pair, aided by climate and circumstances, spread into the number of species we now have.

In Australia—that country of curious plants and strange animals—the squirrel, so far as investigated, is not found, though it unites with the opossum and the rat to form the kangaroo. In Ireland squirrels are extinct, though in former times they were plentiful, but that was when Ireland was covered with great forests, and the cutting down of these, of course, was the cause of the extinction of the squirrel. Occasional specimens were seen as late as fifty years ago.

Animals extensively located, like the squirrel, are likely to deviate into varieties. Because of this, naturalists had great difficulty in classifying the species. In 1857, Professor Baird reduced the number of species found in the United States from twenty-four to ten, with two doubtful ones. Mr. Allen reduced them in 1875 to five, with seven geographical varieties in addition. The number of North American species of *Sciurina* in all is twenty-five. Sometimes a variety becomes in time settled into a permanent species; thus, if the white squirrel found in various parts of the United States, particularly in Wisconsin, were to breed among themselves for a length of time, a species of perfectly white squirrels would be established. White mice, white Guinea pigs, white rabbits, etc., thus originated; but in nature nothing but chance brings two "sports" of like appearance and different set together, therefore the formation of new species is the occurrence of a century.

Animals under the influences of a domestication deviate greatly from the original or any particular color; but in nature such deviations, except in the cases of a few animals, are rare. The skunk and the squirrel are the only animals known to us that in a state of nature differ in color. Squirrels differ only slightly in color,—not enough to be noticed by a casual observer,—but they *do* differ, and enough, too, to give naturalists considerable trouble in classifying them. The color of the gray squirrel runs from an ashy beach to a pure white, and all other species deviate in color in the same manner, though not in such a degree.

* We cite the opinion of Goldsmith, not because it of itself is of any particular value (his work on natural history being nothing but a cunning compilation), but because it represents the conclusions reached by the French and the German naturalists, from whom Goldsmith gathered most of the material for his "Animated Nature."

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

INCUBATION.

Speaking of early chicks, and the difficulty of obtaining hens wishing to sit early, reminds me of an experiment I tried two years ago. I looked in vain for a sitting hen, and finally gave two shillings for a common hen, determined to make her sit. I took a barrel and made a nest in it, and put in a few eggs and put my hen on at night, and fastened her in. I left her for a day and took her off to feed for fifteen minutes, and then put her on again; repeating this for three days, I found she took to the nest quite willingly. So I gave her a sitting of eggs, taking her off daily to feed as before. In due time the chicks came out, which I took away and gave my hen a clean nest and a fresh lot of eggs, which in due time were also hatched out. I removed these and gave her the third lot of eggs, and she brought these out in good style. I left the chicks with her, and took off my hen every day during all this time, and gave fresh water and food, at the same time providing a good dust bath, etc., and when my hen finally left the nest with her brood, she weighed six ounces more than when I commenced my experiment. I do not say this will always succeed, but in two cases at least besides mine it has succeeded finely. Edward.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE POULTRY AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.

The following premiums were awarded at the First Annual Exhibition of the above Association, held at City Hall, Keene, January 18 and 19, 1876:

Class 1.—*Asiatics*—Brahmas—Light, Fowls, 1st, P. Frank Amidon, Hinsdale; 2d, J. W. Sturtevant, Keene; 3d, Milton Blake, Keene. Chicks, 1st and special, P. Frank Amidon, Hinsdale; 2d, H. B. May, Natick, Mass.; 3d, James L. Davenport, Keene. Dark, Fowls, 2d and special, P. Frank Amidon, Hinsdale. Chicks, 1st and special, P. Frank Amidon, Hinsdale. Cochins—Partridge, Fowls, 1st, T. H. Leverett, Keene; 3d, Herbert W. Wood, Ashuelot. Chicks, 1st and special, M. L. Davis, South Keene. Buff, Fowls, 2d, estate of Mrs. L. M. Henderson, Keene; 3d, C. C. Holton, Hinsdale. White, 1st and special, P. Frank Amidon, Hinsdale. Black, 3d and special, O. G. Dort, Keene. Special for best display of Asiatics, P. Frank Amidon, Hinsdale.

Class 2.—*American*—Plymouth Rocks, Fowls, 2d, Curtis G. Britton, Keene; 3d, M. J. Russell, Harrisville. Chicks, 1st and three specials, Curtis G. Britton, Keene; 2d and special, James H. Morrison, Marlow; 3d, Curtis G. Britton, Keene. Special for heaviest Plymouth Rock, A. H. Latham, Hinsdale.

Class 3.—*Dorkings*—Silver Gray, Fowls, 1st and special, Noah W. Hardy, Nelson. Chicks, 1st and 3d, Noah W. Hardy, Nelson; 2d, Charles E. Joslin, Keene.

Class 4.—*Hamburgs*—Silver Spangled, Fowls, 1st and special, H. E. Honey, Marlow. Chicks, 1st, H. E. Honey, Marlow. Golden Spangled, Fowls, 1st and special, Luther P. Eaton, Harrisville. Chicks, 1st and 2d, Luther P. Eaton, Harrisville.

Class 5.—*Spanish*—White-faced Black, 3d and special, D. H. Dickinson, Keene. White Leghorn, Fowls, 1st, W. G. Scribner, Fitchburg, Mass.; 2d, Curtis G. Britton, Keene; 3d, M. J. Russell, Harrisville. Chicks, 1st and special, W. G. Scribner, Fitchburg; 2d and 3d, H. B. May, Natick, Mass. Special for largest and best display of White Leghorns, W. G. Scribner, Fitchburg, Mass. Brown, Chicks, 1st, 2d, and two specials, W. G. Scribner, Fitchburg, Mass.; 3d, Arthur Edgerly, Keene. Special for most meritorious display of Leghorns, W. G. Scribner, Fitchburg, Mass.

Class 6.—*French*—Crevecœurs, 1st and special, Charles Fletcher, Hinsdale; 2d, Obed M. Holton, Keene. Houdans, Fowls, 2d, Arthur Edgerly, Keene. Chicks, 1st and special, George D. Wheelock, Keene; 2d, estate of Mrs. L. M. Henderson, Keene.

Class 7.—*Polish*—White-crested White, Fowls, 1st and special, E. A. Pickering, Ashuelot. Chicks, 1st, 2d, and 3d, E. A. Pickering, Ashuelot.

Class 8.—*Game*—Black-breasted Red, Fowls, 1st, Fred. K. Pratt, Keene; 2d, Scott W. Bullard, Keene; 3d, Geo. A. Leonard, Keene. Chicks, 1st and three specials, C. C. Holton, Hinsdale; 2d, Fred K. Pratt, Keene; 3d, Geo. A. Leonard, Keene. Yellow Duckwing, Fowls, 1st, Fred. K. Pratt, Keene; 2d, M. J. Russell, Harrisville. Chicks, 2d, S. D. Stanley, Keene; 3d, Chas. O. Coburn, Keene.

Class 9.—*Game Bantams*—Fowls, 1st, Asa Fairbanks, South Keene; 2d, C. C. Holton, Hinsdale; 3d, Geo. Greenwood, South Keene. Chicks, 1st and special, Fred. K. Pratt, Keene; 2d, Frank Duffy, Keene; 3d, C. C. Holton, Hinsdale.

Class 10.—*Bantams*—Golden Sebright, Fowls, 1st and special, P. Frank Amidon, Hinsdale.

Class 12.—*Turkeys*—Bronze, Fowls, 1st and special, J. E. Fuller, Westmoreland. Chicks, 1st and special, Norman Howe, Hinsdale; 2d, J. E. Fuller, Westmoreland.

Class 13.—*Ornamental*—Peacock and Hen, 1st, Luther P. Eaton, Harrisville. Guinea Fowls, 1st, Martin Tracey, Keene.

Class 15.—*Ducks*—3d and special, T. H. Leverett, Keene.

Class 16.—*Pigeons*—Tumbler, 1st, E. K. Seabury, Walpole. Trumpeter, 2d, E. K. Seabury, Walpole. Ruffleneck, 2d, E. K. Seabury, Walpole. Blackwing Turbits, 2d, E. K. Seabury, Walpole. Ring Doves, 1st and 2d, Asa Fairbanks, Keene. White Fantails, 1st, P. F. Amidon, Hinsdale; 2d, E. K. Seabury, Walpole; 3d, W. H. H. Beal, Keene. Black and White Jacobin, P. F. Amidon, Hinsdale. Special for largest and best display of Pigeons, E. K. Seabury, Walpole.

Class 17.—*Birds*—Java Sparrows, 1st, Mrs. J. H. Wellington, Keene. German Song Canary, 1st and special, Mrs. D. D. Griffith, Keene; 2d, Ira D. Gates, Keene. West India Parrot, S. F. Merrill, Keene.

Class 18.—*Rabbits*—Angora, 1st, M. J. Russell, Harrisville. English, 1st, G. G. Bidwell, Swanzey Factory.

Class 19.—*Minor Pets*—Angora Cat, 2d, George F. Sanborn, Keene. Gray Squirrels, 1st, John Malony, Keene.

Class 20.—*Sundries*—Artificial Mother, 1st, A. J. Fisher, Walpole. Exhibition Coop, George W. Cleveland, Millington, Mass. Display of Flowers, 1st, Ellis Brothers, Keene; 2d, Hutchinson Brothers, Keene.

Specials.—Heaviest bird in any class, J. W. Sturtevant Keene. Heaviest chick in any class, P. Frank Amidon Hinsdale. Largest and best exhibition by one person, P. Frank Amidon, Hinsdale.

J. W. Sturtevant, Secretary.

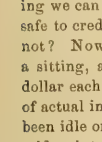
(For Fanciers' Journal.)

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

The shipping of eggs, so that they will arrive safely, is a matter of no small importance to the purchaser. It is admitted by many, if not most fanciers, that eggs will bear a great amount of rough handling and not impair their

vitality. The question then is, how shall we pack our choice eggs so they will not break? The systems of transporting articles are so fully established in their ways that it would seem useless to quarrel with them, especially when they are so willing to give us a guarantee that they are not responsible for eggs. In business, we demand full weights and measures, and that our goods are properly packed, and if they are not, we have our redress.

I do not think I over-estimate when I say our eggs for hatching cost the purchaser about one dollar apiece; I mean, of course, the purchase price, express charges, breakage, etc., added. Now, if by any superior method of packing we can but save one egg out of each lot shipped, it is safe to credit its value to the superiority of the process; is it not? Now, if two or three eggs are usually broken out of a sitting, and said eggs are worth from fifty cents to one dollar each, here certainly is a field for experiment, if not of actual improvement. I am not a fault-finder, nor have I been idle on this point, but, after experimenting and testing said point, will tell what I know about packing eggs for shipping:



First, make a box large enough to hold say fifteen eggs, divided into compartments for each egg, and opening in the middle, provided with a hook to fasten it. Take thin cloth and form sacks one-half the size of your egg and insert in the boxes, tacking the top to the edges of the box; now, put in your eggs, first wrapping them in thin paper, or cotton wad, if you choose; close your box and hook it, and, if it has been properly made, you will find your egg fully supported without any possibility of coming in contact with hard substances. Now, make another box, one and one-half inches larger all around inside than your egg box; make sixteen tapering spiral springs, say two inches in diameter at the large end; put four of these on the bottom of the larger box, two on each side and end, and four on your cover, securing them all to their proper places by a bit of leather and a tack; place your egg box in place and screw down your cover; put on a handle, and mark, eggs for hatching, and your directions. The estimated cost of this box is sixty to sixty-five cents in lots of fifty or more; but, please bear in mind, this is for eggs worth from eight to twelve dollars per dozen.

Edward.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SOUTHERN PENNSYLVANIA POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

The following premiums were awarded at the second annual exhibition of the Southern Pennsylvania Poultry Association, held at York, Pa., December 28, 29, 30, and 31, 1875. There were three hundred and nine entries.

Brahmas—Light—Wm. A. Myers, New Oxford, 1st on hen; George J. Chalfant, York, Pa., 1st on cockeral and 2d on pullet; George R. Heiges, York, Pa., 1st on pullet and 2d on cockerel; Wm. Gilberthorp, York, Pa., 2d on hen. Dark—Wm. A. Myers, 1st on cock, 2d on hen, and 1st on pullet; Geo. J. Chalfant, 1st on cockerel.

Cochins—Partridge—W. H. Hibner, York, Pa., 1st on cock; Wm. A. Myers, 1st on hen; M. J. Seitz, York, Pa., 2d on cock; Edmund Deitz, York, Pa., 2d on hen; John Holder, York, Pa., 2d on cockerel. Pea-comb Partridge—Geo. R. Heiges, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet. Buff—Isaac E. Wise, Hanover, 1st on cock; Wm. A. Myers, 1st on hen, 2d on cock, and 2d on cockerel; A. M. Carey, Selinsgrove, 2d on hen. White—Dr. J. D. Heiges, York, Pa., 1st on cock, 1st on hen, and 1st on cockerel; Isaac E. Wise, 2d on cock and 2d on hen; Wm. A. Myers, 1st on pullet, 2d on cockerel, and 2d on pullet. Black—C. H. Fry, York, Pa., 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet.

Dorkings—Edmund Dietz, 1st on cockeral and 1st on pullet; John Miller, York, Pa., 2d on cockerel and 2d on pullet.

Dominiques—John N. Wellenseik, York, Pa., 1st on hen and 2d on cockerel; Edmund Dietz, 1st on cockerel and 1st and 2d on pullet.

Plymouth Rocks—Ulrich Strickler, Goldsborough, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet; J. L. Sheffer, York, Pa., 2d on cockerel.

Leghorns—Brown—J. E. Wise, 1st on cock; Edmund Dietz, 1st on pullet; Wm. H. Epply, York, 2d on cockerel; A. M. Carey, 2d on pullet. White—C. H. Fry, York, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet. A. M. Carey, 2d on cockerel and 2d on pullet. Black—Jacob Ilgenfritz, York, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet. Dominique—A. M. Carey, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet.

Spanish—White-faced Black—Alexander Kidd, York, 1st on cock; Jacob F. Hantz, 1st on pullet.

Hamburgs—Golden-spangled—W. H. Epply, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet. Silver-spangled—Eli Spangler, York, 2d on cock; George Strubinger, York, 2d on pullet; J. E. Wise, 2d on hen. Black—C. H. Fry, 2d on cock, 2d on hen, and 2d on pullet; Jacob Bullinger, York, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet; M. J. Seitz, York, 2d on cockerel.

Polands—Golden—W. H. Epply, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet. White-crested Black—William Epply, York, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet. E. C. Beck, 1st on Golden Poland hen. Silver—Jacob Ilgenfritz, 1st on cockerel and 1st on pullet.

Games—L. H. Greenawalt, York, 1st on Yellow Duckwing Game cock, 1st on Red Pyle Game cock, 1st on Blue B. Red Game cock, 1st on Sumatra Game cock, and 2d on Black B. Red Game cock. William Epply, 1st on Black B. Red Game pullet, 1st on Red Pyle Game hen, 2d on Red Pyle Game cock. John Miller, 1st on Red Pyle Game cockerel, and 1st on pullet. Jacob Dick, York, 1st on Sumatra Game cock and 1st on hen. Edward Blausser, 2d on Sumatra Game hen. E. C. Beck, 1st on Black B. Red Game cockerel. J. E. Wise, 2d on Black B. Red Game pullet. Z. W. Smyser, York, 1st on English Game cock. F. R. Howell, Lancaster City, 1st on Silver Duckwing Game cockerel.

Bantams—E. C. Beck, 1st on Silver Duckwing Game cock and 1st on hen. Charles E. Long, Lancaster City, 1st on Black-breasted Red Game cock and 2d on hen; 1st on Black-breasted Red Game cockerel and 1st on pullet; 1st on Golden Duckwing Game cock and 1st on hen; 1st on Golden Duckwing Game cockerel and 1st on pullet; 1st on Red Pyle Game cockerel and 1st on pullet; 1st on Black African cockerel and 1st on pullet. A. M. Carey, 1st on Golden Sebright cock and 1st on hen; 1st on Black-breasted Red Game hen and 2d on cock; 1st on Silver Duckwing Game cockerel and 1st on pullet; 2d on Black-breasted Red Game cockerel and 2d on pullet. Isaac E. Wise, 2d on Gold-laced Sebright pullet. Charles Lippold, Lancaster City, 1st on Gold-laced Sebright cockerel and 1st on pullet.

Miscellaneous—William Epply, 1st on Sultan cock and 2d on hen. C. H. Fry, 1st on White Guineas. York County Almshouse, 1st on Pea fowls. Ulrich Strickler, 1st on Frizzles. William Gilberthorp, 1st on German Hares and 1st on White Rabbits. Lewis Strayer, 1st on Guinea Pigs. Edward Stuck, York, Pa., 1st on best collection of American birds, stuffed.

Pigeons—William Gilberthorp, 1st on Moorheads. William Epply, 1st on Archangels. E. C. Beck, 1st on Snells, 1st on Black Priests, 1st on Carriers, 1st on Yellow Tumblers, and 1st on Red Barbs. Charles E. Long, 1st on Black-pied Pouters, 1st on Blue Magpies, 1st on Yellow-wing Turbits, 1st on Blue Swallows, and 2d on White Trumpeters. Charles Lippold, Lancaster City, 1st on White Trumpeters, 1st on Yellow Trumpeters, 1st on Black Turbits, 1st on Red Jacobins. F. R. Howell, 1st on Silver Antwerps. William Epply, 1st for best collection of Singing Birds. Charles Lippold, 2d for best collection of Singing Birds. William Epply, 1st on Paroquets and 1st on Parrots. Charles Lippold, 1st on pair of South American Parrots.

Ducks—William A. Myers, 1st on Pekin. York County Almshouse, 1st on White-crested.

Turkeys—Edward Stuck, 1st on Bronze gobbler and 1st on young Bronze. Dr. J. D. Heiges, 2d on Bronze gobbler. William A. Myers, 1st on White Holland.

Dogs—Jacob Koons, York, Pa., 1st on full Buck Hound. A. F. Coble, York, Pa., 1st on Fox Hound. Edward Stuck, 1st on Irish Setter. Jacob Brillinger, 1st on English Bull Terrier. E. P. Welsh, 1st on Gordon bitch, 1st on Gordon dog, and 1st on Orange and White Setter. Frederick Sleeder, 1st on Prince of Wales Pointer.

A. M. Carey, Selinsgrove, took the society's special of $10 for the largest, most varied, and most valuable collection of poultry, and Charles E. Long, Lancaster City, took the society's special of $5 on a pair of Black African Bantams and $5 on a pair of Golden Duckwing Game Bantams, both figuring over ninety points.

The exhibition was a perfect success as far as the stock was concerned, but a failure on account of patronage, which was caused by being a rainy week. C. H. Fry,

Corresponding Secretary.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

HÉRÉDITÉ.

BY JAMES S. BAILEY, M.D.

Recently in the *Fanciers' Journal* it was stated that a professor in one of the Philadelphia medical colleges stated before the class that cases occurred where Jewish children were born circumcised. In another issue this statement was questioned. I at once determined to consult my friend, Dr. Joseph Lewi, of Albany, who himself is an Israelite, and his practice during the last twenty-eight years has largely been among his own people. He affirms that such is really the case, which leaves no further doubt in my mind upon this subject.

An Irish gentleman recently stated to me that he owned a mare which was spavined, and each of her foal—fourteen in number—became spavined between four and five years of age.

Curious facts on hereditary transmission are to be found in Walker's work on intermarriage (London, 1838). We are informed that "if a stallion be prevented, even by accidental lameness, from obtaining exercise, he is sure to be deficient in muscular power, and to convey that deficiency to his offspring. I knew a horse who broke his leg when running a race, when three years old, and who has since been kept for covering mares, not being capable of anything else or even of traveling for that; but his stock are not promising, though he is exceedingly well bred."

I really did not intend to refer to this subject again in the *Fanciers' Journal*, but facts are stubborn things, and truth will assert itself. Why then not convince the skeptical? Although it has been well said:

"To convince a man without his will,
He will be of the old opinion still."

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

REPLY TO F. A. M.

Last season I reported through the *Journal* a case precisely similar to that mentioned by F. A. M. The treatment adopted was simple and efficient. With sharp scissors a hole was cut into the crop, of sufficient size to enable me to remove the mass of tangled grass and soft food. I then closed the aperture with a stitch, taking care not to catch the skin and crop together, which, in most cases, will prove fatal. I then confined the hen in a coop for a few days and gave moderate quantities of soft food. In a short time the wound had entirely healed.

The long, dry grass, eaten in considerable quantities, become so matted together that it cannot pass into the gizzard. If the hen is not relieved, the mass will sour in the crop and eventually produce death.

The operation is easily performed, and, with proper care, rarely fails of success.

Mansfield Valley, Pa. F. R. W.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITION.

And now Pittsburg takes the lead. The extremely liberal premium list, together with the guarantee to pay all premiums in full, made and offered by the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, was undoubtedly a great inducement to breeders and fanciers to send their stock to the above-named Society's annual exhibition, which took place in Pittsburg, January 12th to 18th, inclusive, and proved a decided success; in fact, it reminded us of the big shows held in Horticultural Hall and Concert Hall, under the auspices of the Pennsylvania State Society, and when Wade, Herstine, H. H. G. Sharpless, John Clapp, Churchman, and the rest of the big boys were in full blast.

As it will be of little interest to your readers to know how we made the journey, we will simply say, that on leaving the cars of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Pittsburg, we proceeded directly to Blair's and took breakfast (Blair's is a good place for a hungry man to get his breakfast), from thence we made our way directly to the old City Hall, where the exhibition was held, and which, by the way, is undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best, hall for exhibition purposes in the United States, it being commodious and well lighted from both sides.

As the Executive Committee of this society are old hands at the show business, the arrangements were complete, and the accommodations afforded the visitors to view the fowls, etc., all that could be desired. It might truly be said that the Brahmas were a show of themselves, as the Light Brahmas were represented by fifty-four coops, and contained many really meritorious birds. Where such strong classes are shown, we think a fourth, fifth, and even a sixth premium would be advisable; otherwise many good birds remain unnoticed in the awards. Dark Brahmas mustered twenty-seven coops. The first premium pair of fowls were very fine, the cock especially so; the second was also good. The third prize hen was a grand bird, winning special, and, had she been well mated, would undoubtedly taken first. The first prize pair of Dark Brahma chicks were also very superior birds, the pullet being one of the best we ever saw. Second and third were also fine. Of Buff Cochins, there were fourteen coops shown, but scarcely a good bird in the lot, many of the hens being mealy or marbled, and not of that pure, even color so desirable in Buffs. Partridge Cochins, fifteen coops; many of them were really first-class specimens. Black Cochins, six coops; a majority of the birds in this class were out of condition and hardly up to the average. White Cochins, eight coops; some very fine birds shown. Pea-comb Partridge Cochins, one coop. Games were well represented by Black-reds, Brown-reds, etc., being thirty-two coops in all. Hamburgs were all good classes, and were said to contain some of the best specimens ever seen in this country, all varieties being shown, to the number of thirty-six coops. Leghorns, mostly White and

Brown, seventeen coops, about the average in quality. The display of Spanish was small, four coops only.

The display of water fowl was very good, comprising fifteen coops of Geese, containing fine specimens of Hong Kong, Toulouse, and Bremen. Of Ducks, there were eighteen coops of Rouen, Aylesbury, etc. Turkeys were few, five coops only. Bantams, forty coops, comprising Black, Brown-red, and Pyle Game, also Black African, etc. Twelve coops of Polish fowls were also shown in their respective classes, which we omitted to mention in the proper place. The Pigeon department was small, compared with Baltimore, but the one hundred and thirty-nine entries shown would have been greatly missed by their numerous admirers. Upon the stage we noticed a beautiful pair of Fawns, several pairs of Rabbits, and Ferrets.

One of the chief attractions of the exhibition was the display of pure-bred Dogs, which was quite a creditable one, and comprised some forty-three entries of Setters, Pointers, Terriers, etc.

To Messrs. Shannon, Elben, Wotring, Miller, Cooke, and others, who did much to make our visit a pleasant one, we are especially grateful. W. E. Flower.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SOUTHERN TIER POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Friend Wade:

The Southern Tier Poultry Association have just closed their second annual exhibition. The visitors to our hall, when they looked over the five hundred entries, exclaimed, "This surely is a success." Evidently we occupy a central point, and if we proceed to incorporate, as we propose to do, there are few places that can hold the stock that will be entered.

As I was not an exhibitor I made it in my way to be with the judges quite often, of whom too much cannot be said in their praise. I believe Charles H. Crosby and J. Y. Bicknell have acted impartially, and judged the specimens upon their merits alone. Their task was no easy one—awarding a prize to a pair after figuring the single birds was unpleasant for them in some cases, viz.: a Dark Brahma cockerel was in a coop with a pullet of so much poorer grade that they took third premium, whereas, if the pullet had been better, or equally as good as the cockerel, they would easily have taken first. Here we have an argument in favor of single-bird premium and awards, and I hope all societies will come to the rule, and subsequent premium lists will be issued accordingly. I take the liberty of appending the judges' report, to show how competent gentlemen look upon our efforts. Such approbation in a great measure compensates for the anxiety and labor it has cost to reach our present standing.

To the President and Associate Officers of the Southern Tier Poultry Association.

Gentlemen: In submitting our report, we have the satisfaction to state that we were happily disappointed in finding many more birds than we had anticipated, the quality of which would do credit to any locality. In view of this fact, our labors have been much more irksome; yet, if we have done justice to the exhibition, we feel fully compensated for our services. If errors in judgment have been made, we are confident that they will be attributed to the difficulties attending us, rather than any intent on our part.

The courtesy we have received from officers and members of the society is appreciated, and you have our best wishes for your future success. Very respectfully,

J. Y. Bicknell,
C. H. Crosby.

Big Flats, Chemung Co., Jan. 11, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Friend Wade:

I crave your indulgence for this time only, while I state a few facts "to all whom it may concern," leaving the bandying of epithets to Superintendent Snow, and others of that ilk. I know whereof I speak, and my statements can be substantiated by hundreds of visitors, as well as exhibitors, at the fair in Brockton, Mass. No one disputes that the show of poultry and pigeons was a fine one; due credit having been given the committee for their untiring efforts in calling out so fine a display. The premium lists were scattered far and wide, every inducement being offered to fanciers to bring their stock to the exhibition. True, they did not say, as far as possible the premiums should be awarded to Brockton people, "without fear or favor" (which proved to be the case, thus substantiating, in one respect, the "tickle me and I'll tickle you" statement), and in consequence, fanciers from all the region around gathered their choice birds and took them to the fair, expecting justice would be done. The "limited amount of money" must have been very unequally distributed, with a good deal of favor, if without the fear, since I heard one exhibitor of pigeons (a Brockton gentleman, and I think, one of the committee) say he had been awarded forty dollars in premiums. Mr. Snow is right regarding the arduous labors of the judges, for they were all of two days in getting the premium cards tacked to the winning coops; but I beg to reiterate my statement, concerning the judging having been accomplished in five hours, as I have the authority of a gentleman who was with them from the time they commenced till they had finished. Again, Mr. Snow says: "I heard no complaint from any exhibitor." Had all the exhibitors been aware he was so sorely stricken (with deafness as well as blindness), there would, in all probability, have been more charity manifested; but as there are none so blind as those who will not see, or so deaf as those who will not hear, he must have been classed with these unfortunates. Complaints were rife on every hand, in other departments as well as that of poultry and pigeons, and I will state here (to show the favor), though irrelevant to the subject in hand, that a lady counted the premiums awarded to specimens of breed, and found that out of fourteen awards twelve went to Brockton ladies. Whatever the Brockton Agricultural Fair is to Brockton people, it appears to have been a very evident "fraud" to parties outside. I refer Mr. Snow, and "to all whom it may concern," to the sharp criticisms in the Boston papers.

Philander Williams was heard to remark: "This is the best show I ever saw at a county fair." This is the first intimation Plymouth County people have had, that their fair, which is always held on their grounds at Bridgewater, and which had been held two weeks previously, had been transferred to Brockton. Mr. Williams usually attends the county fair, and knows where it is held, and though he expressed his opinion freely to me, he did not intimate that he was attending a county fair.

Could Mr. Snow have refuted the statements made in my communication of November 4th, it is natural to suppose he would have done so in his "maiden effort," but he has not even attempted an explanation. His object appears to be to shield the judges and committee (which he may have done), by hiding them under the mantle of "Esquire," but it is not every good Esquire that is a competent judge of poultry and pigeons. I heard a gentleman, a noted breeder and a large exhibitor, say: "I would not like to employ those judges to buy fowls for me." This does not look as though the judging was impartial, or the judges competent. So far from being one of "those dissatisfied, growling exhibitors," I was awarded a number of premiums that I little expected, after learning the direction in which the tide was turning. Being one of those old fogies who believe in awarding premiums to the "best specimens, without fear or favor," I took up the cudgel in their defence, and exposed the frauds I saw practiced. HOPEFUL.

PLYMOUTH CO., MASS., January 12, 1876.

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE DROPPER AGAIN.

I HAVE just read "Greenhorn's" last communication to the department, and would like to say a few words in corroboration of "Vic's" statement. Two years ago I bought a pup out of one of the best known Irish Setter sluts in this vicinity by a Spanish Pointer. I broke him to the house or rather "house broke" him, and from his actions concluded that I had better get rid of him. While I was looking for a purchaser I took him into the field for the first time, with a thorough-bred Pointer slut that I had. His work in the field did not suit me, and I was still more determined to get rid of him. When he was a year old I found a man willing to exchange a Red Irish three months old dog for him, and he went. From his hands he went into those of a professional hunter, and the discussion between the merits of the "dropper" and thorough-bred for sporting purposes having arisen, I determined to keep sight of him and two others of the litter, in order to see how they turned out. Last spring I went to see him work on snipe, he was working considerably better than when I had last seen him, giving evidence of a remarkable nose, but still a little unsteady. The party that owns him wanted me to come up in the fall and bring my setter (at that time in the hands of a well-known trainer), and he thought he would be able to work against and beat him. I took my dog into the woods for two weeks' steady work and then went to try the dogs. To say that I was overmatched is a mild way of putting it; the dropper has come to be the best dog I ever shot over; in his quartering and point he is simply perfect. He made one point on a woodcock that we paced off from his stand to the "white-wash," and made it forty-eight feet. He says he is the best dog he ever saw. I offered him my setter (which I had refused $100 for repeatedly) and $50 besides, but he says "no, I thank you." Two others of the litter have turned out well, a little heady, but no more so than scores of thorough-breds I have seen. No one will dispute "Greenhorn's" declaration as to the value of the produce of the dropper. But let me ask him how much the average sportsman cares for breed, provided he is a good worker in the bush? Of course if a man owns a good bitch he would not like to have her served by any but a good dog (by good I mean thorough-bred), and the progency of the pair would bring better prices than if otherwise, even if they turned out good for nothing; but the average man that owns a good worker in the bush, don't care if he be dropper or thorough-bred.

AH SIN

BOSTON, January 15, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE ADVENTURES OF A POT-HUNTER.

(Continued from page 7.)

"Paul," he whispered, so faintly that I had to place my ear to his mouth in order to catch the words, "Paul, I'm more resigned, I feel I'm going," and he was gone for a third time. More mud and water until he came to.

"Good bye, Paul," he continued, when he became once more conscious, "I know you didn't mean to shoot me; I'll forgive you. Take good care of Ketchem, and don't let Billy McGruel take Maria Dumpling to the circus. Good bye," and he was unconscious again. I left him lying unconscious on the ground, and hastily returned to the village to spread the story.

About dusk, Eureka came sneaking through the village (he could not get home without coming through it), an object pitiful to behold. He, as I afterwards learned, had remained in the woods all day, still believing himself to be mortally wounded, alternately swooning and reviving. He accounted for my absence by believing I had gone to the village for aid. So, hour after hour went by, I returned not, and he died not, when he began to suspect a joke, and, in feeling for the supposed wound, found himself to be uninjured.

Of course, for weeks "I-have-found-it" was the butt of the village. Every night, after the sun had sunk in the west, I would see Mr. Clam dodging about the banks of wood which stood in front of my father's house, watching for me. One night he caught me and administered such a thrashing as eased his mind; afterwards we were as good friends as ever. The diabolical plot against Ketchem was never hatched.

During all the time I was perfecting myself in shooting cats on the wing, Eureka Clam was my brother-in-arms. Together we practiced, and after practicing, together we stole the bottle of whisky—imported from Smith's Island—secreted in the wood-banks by Than Estmony, the drunken village cobbler. Why we did this I cannot say, for neither of us liked the taste of the fluid; but then it was sportsmanlike, I suppose. Eureka had a gun now, which he said he traded with an old Jew peddler, giving Ketchem, the part-Chinee, for the gun, though the peddler declared he (Eureka) gave him fifteen dollars for the gun and two

dollars beside to take the dog away. The last I saw of the part-Chinee were the Jew and he going up the dusty road. He had a cord around his neck, at the end of which the Jew, perspiring and swearing horribly, was tugging, while Ketchem tugged at the other, enlivening the scene with heart-rending howls. The two slowly vanished out of sight and were lost forever.

CHAPTER IV.—In which the Pot-hunter goes gunning on the salt-marshes.

By constant practice I so perfected myself in the art of shooting that there was scarcely a cat upon my father's premises which did not bear marks of my skill—broken legs, eyes knocked out, flesh torn off. In fact, matters came to such a pass that the cats holding their nightly revels on the roof of our barn, "making night hideous," adjourned to the barns of Deacon Lang, because of the fearful ravages made in the ranks of the serenaders.

The night after the mutilated cats migrated to the barns of Deacon Lang, he came down to the store and, lighting his corn-cob pipe, turned to Doctor Hoop, the village physician, and said:

"Well, I vum, Doctor, I've heerd of its raining frogs and fishes and sich-like, but I'm tetotally struck dumb if it haint rained cats down around my barn! Jist before dark I went out to water the old mare, and, so goodness help me! if the roof of the barn wasn't covered with cats; and sich lookin' critters! You ought to seed 'em. 'Pears as if they were strick by lightnin' when they was all together in a heap. Can you account for it, Doctor?"

The doctor leaned his chin on the head of his cane for a few minutes, and then began a learned explanation of the phenomenon: how these cats had been encircled by a whirlwind, perhaps many hundred miles distant, and brought here and deposited on the deacon's barn by this same whirlwind.

At the close of this scientific explanation, the doctor glared around at the crowd of open-mouthed rustics, ready to annihilate by logical arguments the reckless person who would dare to break a lance with him. I laughed in my sleeve at the lengthy explanation of such a simple thing.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS.

A HEN at New City has been sitting for three weeks on a porcelain nest-egg. Her owner lets her have her own way and is anxiously awaiting the result. He wants to ascertain whether her persistency will come to naught, or whether she will hatch a set of crockery.

"IF God," said Lessing, "held all truth shut in His right hand, and in His left nothing but the restless instinct for truth, though with the condition of forever and ever erring, and should say to me—Choose! I would bow reverently to His left hand, and say, Father, give! Pure truth is for Thee alone!"

IT might be well to remind our readers that the *Scientific American* will contain illustrations and descriptions of all new inventions in machinery, engraving, chemistry, etc., exhibited at the Centennial, besides containing nearly everything new in animal and plant life. $3.20 will be well invested in the *Scientific American* for 1876.

A BOSTON firm having recently written to a debtor two or three times, without eliciting any response, sent a letter asking if there was not a little lack of "commercial courtesy" in his neglect to reply. Promptly, by the return mail, came a check for the account and the terse and comprehensive reply: "No lack of commercial courtesy, but a lack of circulating medium here."

A GENTLEMAN in Chicago noticed a pigeon entangled in some string on a tree so that it could not extricate itself. A number of boys were throwing stones at it, but the kind man rebuked them for their cruelty and drove them away. Then he got a ladder and tenderly took the frightened, fluttering little creature in his hand, and the next day he observed that it made one of the best pies he had ever eaten.

"YOU see, grandma, we perforate an aperture in the apex, and a corresponding aperture in the base; and by applying the egg to the lips and forcibly inhaling the breath, the egg is entirely discharged of its contents." "Bless my soul," cried the old lady, "what improvements they do make. Now, in my young days, we just made a hole in both ends and sucked."

A WESTERN editor, on entering his office and seeing his apprentice boy cutting up some queer caper, called to him:

"Jim, what are you doing on the floor?"

"Why, sir, I have had a shock."

"A shock?"

"Yes, sir."

"What kind of a shock?"

"Why, sir," said the lad, gasping, "one of your subscribers came in during your absence, said he owed for two years' subscription, paid it, and also paid another year in advance."

SCHNEIDER TOMATOES.—Schneider is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass, and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit his friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden, and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of his story in his own language.

"Vell, I valks shust a liddle vhile roundt, vhen I sees some of dose dermarters, vot vas so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself outside about a gouble a tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abberdite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin' of dose dermarters und takes pooty good pite out ov dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty guick, vhen—by shiminy!—I dort I hat a peese of red-hot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad, already, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears; und I mate vor an 'olt oken bucket,' vot I see hangin' in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

"Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vas der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust peen bicking; und, mine cracious! how dot landsman laughft, und said dot dose vas *red beppers* dot he vas rasing for bepper-sauce. You pet my life I vas mat. I radder you geef me feefty tollars as to eat some more ov dose bepper-sauce dermarters.—*Chas. F. Adams.*

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL

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***NOTICE.**—Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.*

JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

A. N. RAUB, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE next number of the *Journal* will be issued from Hartford, Conn., and some delay will no doubt occur both in the issue of the *Journal* and in correspondence, for which we crave the indulgence of our patrons.

PLEASE NOTICE CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

ALL editorial and personal correspondence must be sent to JOS. M. WADE, Rockville, Conn.

All business correspondence, orders for books, electrotypes, etc., must be addressed FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

THE POULTRY ORGAN

Has ceased its monthly visits for the present; cause, insufficient support. We regret this, although the field is well supplied with poultry journals. Had the times been better, Mr. Day would no doubt have received the support he justly deserved. We feel guilty of neglect in not noticing the *Organ* more, but overwork is our only excuse for this as well as other shortcomings in our editorial department.

A NEAT LITTLE CIRCULAR.

ROBERT J. HOLMES, of Watertown, N. Y., sends us a neat little four-page circular devoted to pure-bred Game fowls and Long-faced or Homing Antwerps, also wooden nest bowls. It is very evident that Mr. Holmes appreciates the value of the weekly *Fanciers' Journal*, as one-fourth of his circular is devoted to it, and for which he has our sincere thanks. All fanciers who desire to make customers for their surplus stock will do well to follow his example.

ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF PIGEONS.

PART 21, just received, containing, as usual, two large colored plates of Trumpeters and Flying Tumblers, as follows: Black, Black-mottled, and White Trumpeters. The Tumblers are Rose-wing or Black-mottled, Red-mottled, and Yellow-mottled. The letter-press describes the Damascenes and Capuchins, English compared with the Scotch Fantail, and concludes with the Trumpeter, giving "Points in Judging" for the same.

MR. JOHN SCHOFIELD, of this city, whose advertisement will be found in our columns, has been a breeder of Hamburgs at least sixty years. Over sixty years ago he was a breeder of Aylesbury ducks. He certainly cannot be classed as a fickle man. One year ago we published his obituary notice, but the old gentleman thought we had better postpone that matter until some indefinite time after the Centennial.

GOOD BREEDS OF POULTRY

ARE now so common around us, and the varieties in this country are to be had so readily, in all the Eastern, Northern, and Western States, in such abundance (as may be discovered by consulting the advertising columns of the *Fanciers' Journal* weekly), that it seems hardly worth while to discuss the question of crossing for the improvement of fowls in the hands of most fanciers at the present day; and yet, scarcely a day passes that we are not appealed to verbally, or by letter, to give our ideas as to "what are the best varieties of chickens to cross for general usefulness and profit?" To the farmers or poulterers who need to make a good market, and raise birds simply for eggs and for fattening, a first cross is just as well with any kind of full-blooded fowl, no doubt, for a term, provided care is taken in the subsequent annual selections of the stock they make for future operations from among that crossing. But we do not favor this practice, as a general rule anyway. If we try any of the popular breeds of the day, now current among us, whether we choose the Asiatics or the lesser-sized birds, we shall find that all well-bred varieties have their peculiar advantages, which, in one way or another, commend them each to the notice of the breeder. Some have great size to recommend them, others will give you more eggs in a season, a third species will mature earlier for roasters or boilers, and others will prove non-sitters, or good mothers for hatching purposes. These for the fancier.

When the farmer or poulterer comes to inquire about what may answer his purpose best, we say again that certain crosses (for eggs and marketing only) may be indulged in, and the greater expense of stocking one's yards with scores or hundreds of purely-bred chickens, of any kind, is avoided by accepting the crosses, or, with a few pure birds at the outset, making the cross to suit his own taste or wishes in this direction.

We believe that purely-bred fowls are the best in any case, but the price of prime stock is still kept so high that farmers and small chicken-raisers cannot supply themselves with the popular leading kinds, in any quantity, without becoming subjected to a heavy tax when they wish to change their stock, and for this reason they content themselves, as yet, with putting in a fresh male bird or two, annually, or adding a trio or half a dozen of the better classes to their flocks, and crossing the latter upon their common or previously half-bred birds. If this plan is found necessary to be adopted for economy's sake, then we can say that in our judgment the best crosses to try are the medium-sized male birds of any variety upon the Brahmas or Asiatic hens. For a cross with half-breeds, or common fowls, the pure Brahma or Cochin cock, of either color, upon the ordinary hen is the best. For a choice of breeds to cross upon Asiatics, or full half-breeds of the larger class of hens, the Dominique, Leghorn, or Spanish cock is valuable. But the first cross produced through any of these experiments will

give you the best specimens. Select these of both sexes and breed them back the second year to the pure-blooded fowls. Then, alternate from year to year, always choosing the best young stock you raise in size, form, and color, and you may keep up very fair lots of poultry for marketing purposes, strictly, at moderate cost for your stock.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—ALBINO SQUIRREL.—Mr. J. C. Long, Jr., of this city, has just received from Mississippi an albino squirrel of the red species, which is remarkably tame. It is the first one of the kind we ever saw. Some two years ago we bought a piebald squirrel of this variety from Mr. Colburn, of Boston. This was very nicely marked, the red color predominating over the white.

—A SPARROW INCIDENT.—A sparrow became ice-bound in a water-spout, in this city, on the 5th of February, and its struggles and scratching attracted the lady of the house and several neighbors, who set to work with a broomstick and beat the spout until its load of ice was all extracted, when the liberated bird flew off as unconcernedly as if it had not met with an unusual experience.

—FLOUNDERS.—Your genial correspondent, E. S. S., asks if the flounder belongs to the *Pleuronectidæ*. It does; genus *Platessa*. The common flounder (*Platessa plana*) is the finest of all *our* flat-fish for the table. The English flounder is the *Pleuronectes flesus*. Both of the above have the eyes on the right side, but the *Platessa oblonga* and the *Platessa stellata* have the eyes on the left. There have been one or two instances where the eyes have been placed one on each side of the head, but they have been considered as merely simple variations from the ordinary law. Is this what E. S. S. means by the eyes of the flounder changing places? If not, will that writer please "rise to explain?" —HUON.

—HUON sincerely thanks his friend, J. M. McCann, for his invitation to spend a few days with him where the pheasants, hares, and squirrels, are plenty—because he has spent much time in, and has ever found

"A pleasure in the pathless woods"
"And a rapture on the lonely shore—"

Though his friend McC. seems to think he has spent too many hours over books. Huon does not wish to take up our mutual friend the *Fanciers'* pages with a *wordy* controversy about hares, rabbits, and squirrels. He was merely endeavoring, respectfully, to correct a popular error, and for that purpose quoted what he *supposed* to be *good* authority. Since J. M. McCann has given the invitation to *pheasant* shooting, will he please state where the pheasant is to be found, seeing that all the *Phasianidæ* belong to the old world? I presume it is the ruffled Grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*), called "partridge" in New England, and pheasant in the Middle States, that you mention in your kind invitation, friend McCann.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING, A. P. A.

AT a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Poultry Association, convened at Chicago this day, the following members being present: C. A. Sweet, President, J. M. Lambing, Daniel Allen, I. K. Felch, E. L. Lamb, P. Williams, A. C. Williams, J. Y. Bicknell.

The Secretary being absent, on motion, J. Y. Bicknell was appointed Secretary *pro tem.* The following named fanciers made application for membership in the A. P. A., and were duly elected: N. W. Barnes, H. H. Rosa, A. Lowe, E. M. Teal, W. W. Corbett, Chicago, Ill.; W. H. Woodward, Hyde Park, Ill.; Fred. W. Byers, Lena, Ill.; J. T. Comings, Tuscola, Ill.; J. Brown Taylor, Freeport, Ill.; J. W. Clinton, Geo. Butters, Polo, Ill.; F. Richardson, Springfield, Ill.; Thos. Mason, Jacksonville, Ill.; John T. Boyden, J. S. Hilscher, Lincoln, Ill.; B. N. Pierce, Corning, Iowa; Peter Schoen, John Miller, Milwaukee, Wis.

On motion, adjourned. J. Y. BICKNELL,
CHICAGO, ILL., January 25, 1876. Secretary *pro tem.*

MR. WADE.

DEAR SIR: Can any of your many readers inform me through your paper if that Silver-penciled cock that was disqualified at the fair held at Doylestown was the same that took the first and special premium at the fair held at Assembly Buildings, in Philadelphia, in December last, and oblige

Yours respectfully,
OAKDALE, February 5, 1876. JAMES TAYLOR.

THE EXCHANGE COLUMN.

MR. EDITOR:

Your exchange column is the first that I look at in the *Journal.* Some seem to find fault with you if all their exchanges are not satisfactory. No doubt there is much reason for fault finding, but when they find fault with you I think they are barking up the wrong tree. I have made an exchange with a man that is editor or publisher of a poultry paper in New York. The Angora rabbits he sent me were the meanest things I ever saw in the shape of rabbits. One of them died soon after getting here. I have written him, but got no answer, and suppose all I have to do is to grin and bear it.

I think it would be a good plan to have, in connection with your exchange column, a column where any one, by paying twenty-five cents, could give the name of any one they are displeased or pleased with in exchanging.

M. S. CHAPMAN.

CORRECTION.

MR. JOS. M. WADE.

In my report of the National Exhibition, page 50, No. 5, "ten incubators" should read "two artificial incubators."

FEBRUARY 7, 1876. J. Y. BICKNELL.

SMALL PET DEPARTMENT

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(Reported for Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

Philadelphia, for the week ending February 12, 1876.

1 Mink (*Putorius vison*). Presented by E. Mason & Son, Philadelphia.
1 Great Kangaroo (*Macropus major*). Born in the Garden.
1 Crow (*Corvus Americanus*). Presented by Master A. Mallock, Philadelphia.
1 Opossum (*Didelphys Virginianus*). Presented by Robert Ferguson, Jr., Merion Square, Pa.
1 *Lioness and 2 Whelps (*Felis Leo*). Purchased.
1 Rocky Mountain Rat (*Neotomu cinerea*). Presented by Capt. John Evans, bark "Sam Sheppard," Philadelphia. HUON.

* This is an extra fine specimen of the lion tribe, and is the mother of the two cubs which have grown up in the Garden, known as Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton—so named on account of their having been born while their mother was on a traveling tour through Kentucky.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"ZOO" NOTES.—No. 12.

BY HUON.

ZEBUS AND YAKS.

Among the latest arrivals at the Zoo, is a specimen of each of the above bovines, and as they have been seldom seen here, a word or two about them we hope will be acceptable to the readers of *Fanciers'*.

The Zebu (*Bos Indicus*).—In the East Indies there exist many singular and distinct species of horned animals, the most remarkable of which is, perhaps, the celebrated Brahminic bull of the family Zebu, sacred to the Hindoos, under their holy protection, and to swear by the "horns" of which is the most binding oath a Brahmin can take. This bull is a heavy, indolent, phlegmatic animal, with pendulous ears, a hump on the shoulders, and a dewlap of solid fat, which never, even under the terrible heat of an Indian sun, is known to melt or perspire. Of this family the beautiful little hump-backed cow, now in the Zoo Carnivora house, is a member.

The home of the Zebu may be in China, Persia, Arabia, India, or along the east coast of Africa, for in all those places it is found. It is only by the Hindoos, however, that it is held sacred, who consider it a sin to kill one, though it does not degrade them to make them work. In the streets of Calcutta, Zebus may be seen at all times, wandering with the greatest liberty, eating the rice, grain, and flour of the storekeeper, without "let or hindrance," as it would be contrary to Hindoo religion, as well as statute law, to prevent the sacred animals from taking food and pleasure wherever they can be found.

The Zebu is a quiet and intelligent animal, and, in its thoroughly domesticated state, does good service to the people of India in various ways. It does not possess much speed, but in harness it draws the plow, or a heavily-laden wagon, with steadinesss a great distance; while it will carry a rider Zebu-back fifteen hours in a day at the rate of six miles per hour. At jumping, the Zebu is good. It has been known to clear a five-rail fence to obtain water, and, having satisfied its thirst, to leap back again into its pasture. It is only known in a domesticated state, and happy is it for the animal that it bears a charmed life among the weak and superstitious people, the Hindoos; especially for the bull, as it is forbidden by law to take one of them out of the country. A bull, however, did arrive here in 1861, in spite of the law. Its mother gave birth to it on the passage across the Atlantic, and both were exhibited in Boston in 1861 and 1862, though what became of them eventually, I am unable to say.

The Yak (*Bison grunniens*).—In Central Asia, and among the mountains of Thibet, the Yak has a home. He is a near relation of the Zebu, and though not held sacred, or in any manner venerated, is capable of quite as high a state of domestication. As the Yak is found only near the line of perpetual snows, nature has provided it with a covering of hair, long, soft, and thick. Strong and sure-footed, the Yak is very valuable to the wandering Tartars, who have domesticated it into a beast of burden, and who pasture it from place to place, according to the pitching of their tents.

Of its hair ropes and tents are made; excellent butter from the milk, which butter is kept good in skins and bladders for a whole year,—(certainly Yak butter would have pleased Dr. Johnson, who is said to have despised that article unless it was rancid),—and jackets of the skin. The tail, set in a costly handle, is prized throughout India, where it is called a "chowrie,"—as a fly brush,—while the Chinese dye it red and wear it for a hat ornament. In some parts of India these red-tails are carried before certain officers of state, the number of tails indicating the rank of the individual.

The Yak is a good carrier, but he does not like too heavy a load, and when such is the case, he vents his displeasure at it by a most melancholy grunt,—(hence his scientific title, *grunniens*),—which has been known to affect the nerves of unpracticed riders to such an extent that they have dismounted, preferring to perform their journey on foot rather than listen to the doleful and lugubrious chant of the grunting Yak.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

LONGEVITY IN ANIMALS.

BY JAMES S. BAILEY, M.D.

In reading the article by Huon (Zoo Notes, No. 8) upon the subject of longevity, I was much interested, as really I am in perusing all the papers from the pen of this talented author. But allow me to add a few well-authenticated facts in reference to the longevity of some of the brute family. The horse, for instance, lives to a much greater age, occasionally, than is supposed. The writer has seen several horses whose ages were over thirty years, which were as active and sprightly as colts. Two of them belonged to a practicing physician, and had been used by him under the saddle for upwards of twenty-five years.

A writer from "the Hub" remarks, "Twenty-nine years ago last spring a horse was brought from Vermont to Boston for sale, being then eleven or twelve years old. Strange as it may appear, that horse is still living, now forty or forty-one years of age. He was purchased at that time by the late Cyrus Reed, of Lexington, and is now owned by his son, John Reed, one mile from the Lexington depot. Notwithstanding his great age, he has been most wonderfully preserved and is able to perform light work, and is often seen on the road working as faithfully as he did a quarter of a century ago."

A correspondent of the New York *Post* writes, that "Mr. Richard Jeffers, the proprietor of a horse-shoeing establishment in West Thirteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, in this city, owns a farm near Annadale, Staten Island, where he has in his stables a bay gelding which he says he has owned for twenty-five years, and that he bought him from a Staten Island farmer who had owned him twenty years and who says the horse was ten years old when he bought him. Here is a record of fifty-five years, and the horse now, as you stand in front of him, has the appearance of a hale and vigorous animal, with bright, intelligent eyes and a prospect of many years of life and usefulness. Mr. Jeffers drives him before an ordinary road-wagon to and from the Annadale Station of the Staten Island Railroad, at a good trot, and the writer has seen the horse and ridden behind him within the last two months. If the account be correct, this horse was venerable in years before the Lexington 'oldest horse in the world' was foaled."

A valued friend—the Rev. Father Noethen—has in his possession a ring-neck dove, which he has owned for nineteen years, and which up to this writing is wonderfully

prolific and as sprightly as when young. He also states that he has known one specimen to live to the age of thirty years.

The domestic goose sometimes attains very great age. Some time ago a statement was made in a paper that geese frequently live to be very old, and at the same time a record was given of one who had attained the age of one hundred and twenty-eight years.

Mrs. Colrose now owns a canary which she has had in her possession thirteen years. It was an old bird when it flew from some cage in the vicinity in her window. She has another, which she reared, which has passed its twenty-first year, and from appearances may live much longer.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PHEASANTS.

THERE are two families of birds in the Zoological Garden, Philadelphia, which, for their graceful forms and gorgeous plumage, receive special attention and consequent admiration, namely: The Golden Pheasant (*Thaumalia picta*) and the Silver Pheasant (*Gallophalis nycthemerus*). The brilliancy and variety of the plumage of the golden pheasant is beyond description. The silver pheasant, while not so graceful in shape, or so brilliant in color, is still a very beautiful bird and a very powerful one, being quite a match for the best game chicken that ever wore a spur or fought a battle without one. Both these birds are natives of China, where they form a common article of food.

Of pheasants proper, there is quite a large family, the origin of which was somewhere in Asia Minor. It has been introduced in most European countries, where it has been thoroughly acclimatized. Its beautiful plumage, graceful shape, and delicate flesh has, in all places, made it a great favorite. Strange to say that America does not produce a single one, though we often hear of "pheasant shooting" in the Middle and Northern States; it is a kind of partridge, however, that is hunted.

The common pheasant of Europe (*Phasanius colchicus*), introduced there from the east coast of the Black Sea, is thought to be the only pheasant which could be turned to good account in America, and that would thrive only in the temperate regions. The ring-necked pheasant (*Phasanius torquatus*) is subject to worms in the neck, throat, and windpipe, which chokes it to death if not properly attended to.

The most magnificent, in strange, varied, and brilliant colors, of all the pheasants, is the Argus (*Argus giganteus*), so called on account of the eye-like spots on the secondary wing feathers, and which reminds one of the ill-fated Argus of heathen mythology, who had eyes all over his body, only two of which ever slept at one time. Ere long the Zoo Society intend to place specimens of the most interesting of these birds among the other rare collections in the garden, when we shall have a good chance to study them.

HUON.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

A FROG STORY.

"A FISH story never loses anything by being told often," but that is not the case with a frog story. Brother Wade, I am something upon a "fish," even if I must be almost drowned sometimes, or get an arm broken. I love it, and who shall dare to chide me for going a fishing?

Judge W. and your humble servant a few years ago armed themselves with a long bamboo rod and a short line, to one end of which were attached four pike hooks tied by their shafts, the barbs extending out as the four points of the compass, a sinker tied about a foot above the hooks, hidden by a red flannel butterfly.

We marched forth where frogs most do congregate, and in a few hours we marched home with one hundred and forty-three frogs that would have made any epicure leap for joy. There is true joy in throwing the speckled trout from the brook; in trolling the pike across a creek; in lifting the the yellow bass from the river; but no sport with rod and line equals that of watching for frogs to bite.

Of course, you must first see your frog, then quietly "drop him a line" with hooks and bait arranged as I have described. Allow it to come within a foot or two of his august presence, and slowly oscillate it in front of his optics. He will swell up to the full extent of his ability, his eyes will sparkle like diamonds (not the gem in the head of the toad), he will give a sharp—what shall I call it?—bark, I suppose, jump at the flannel butterfly, and fall upon the hooks. This is genuine sport, and your game is not riddled with shot and most frequently lost. The advantage of this system is, that those who cannot draw a bead along a shooting iron may have their share of this most delicious flesh. I would like to show you how nice it is to bag a few score of them when they are ripe again. SAM.

MRS. MAXWELL'S MUSEUM.

MRS. MAXWELL'S museum, formerly of Boulder, has become one of the institutions of Denver, and is now open to the public, with its choice collection of birds, rare geological specimens and Rocky Mountain animals, arranged with an eye to the artistic effect, and so true to nature. At the farther end of the room are caves in miniature, a good representation of the Rocky Mountains, with deer and antelope on the run, bears in ambush, and smaller auimals *ad infinitum*. No one could show more taste and skill in arranging an institution of this kind than Mrs. Maxwell, who should have the patronage and support of the public.—*Colorado Farmer*.

WOULDN'T BE EATEN.

IT is a common, and, apparently, a plausible opinion, that many small animals when brought face to face with a snake, are so overcome with terror, or dazed by its cold, glittering eye, as to lose all power of resistance, and fall an easy prey to the destroyer. There are exceptions to this general rule, as the following incident indicates:

A rat was destined, the other day, as breakfast for a serpent, in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, and was with this purpose introduced into the cage of the reptile. It was unquestionably the rat's duty, on being brought face to face with the serpent, to have become fascinated, and to have obeyed the instinct which is supposed to deliver "such small deer" an unresisting prey to the destroyer. Far from fulfilling the duty traditionally incumbent upon him, this daring innovator flew at the throat of the snake and bit it so severely as to produce instant death, and a loss to the gardens of about two thousand francs' worth of serpent. This unexpected result has, however, had the good effect of determining the managers of the Jardin des Plantes to feed their reptiles on dead animals only, the "fascination theory" having proved an utter failure.

A LITTLE girl, having heard her father call her younger brother "a little shaver," and desiring to use the expression, could come no nearer to it than "O, you little barber shop!"

A LITTLE boy once brought me a wild bird for a present. I took the little brown beauty in my hand and asked, "What kind of a bird is this?" "A black bird," said he. I said, "I thought the black birds were *black*, but this is brown." "That's because this one is a girl," said the boy.

I USED to have two little chickens, or, indeed a whole brood of them; but the others were claimed by my brothers and sisters, so that only "Silver" and "Goosy" were considered really mine. Their mother died when they were young, and we children took them under our care and made pets of them; and famous pets they were. They followed us about, hopped up on our knees, and climbed on our shoulders and heads. When they grew to be hens, they liked still to be pets. Old "Goosy" undertook once to have some chicks of her own, and, before we knew it, had a great store of eggs in her nest—as many as thirty or forty. She used to let all the other hens come to her nest, and the more they laid the more she tried to spread.

The funniest part of our experience with the pets was, that one or two of them did not like nests like common hens, but would steal into the house; and, hopping up into the girls' laps, would make nests of their aprons, and leave a warm, white egg in them, talking to themselves, and making low noises at first, till their feat had been accomplished, when they would go off with a loud cackle. This went on till one day an aspiring hen undertook to use the baby's head, as it lay in the cradle, for a nest-egg, whereupon this episode in a hen's life was closed.

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstance be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

ELIJAH LOY, Box 33, East Meriden, Conn., will exchange one good Rifle—for a pair of Ferrets or offers. Also, twenty-five pairs of White Mice, and two splendid Nickel-plated Revolvers—for Pouters or White Fantails, Lop Rabbits, or offers.

FANCIER, French Hay, Hanover Co., Va., will exchange first-class Light Brahmas, White Leghorns, or B. B. Red Games—for No. 1 Dark Brahma hens or pullets.

FANCIER, French Hay, Virginia, will exchange a beautiful Colt's Pistol (seven shooter, new)—for a No. 1 trio Rouen Ducks. Must be large and fine birds.

LESTER G. BIRDSEY, Meriden, Conn., will exchange a pair of very fine B. B. R. Game Bantams—for a pair of Lop-eared Rabbits, or a pair of Fantails, any color, and one Smooth-head White Fan hen.

A. D. BINKERD, M.D., Miller's Eddy, Pa., will exchange some superior W. F. B. Spanish cockerels—for pullets, Light or Dark Brahmas, Black or White Leghorns, or any good layers.

W. J. S., Clingerland, N. Y., will exchange his whole flock of White Leghorns and Houdans (fifteen pullets and four cockerels)—for Silver-spangled Hamburg, Plymouth Rock, or Dark Brahma pullets. Must be choice birds, as I keep none other.

W. H. JEFFRIES, Irwin Station, Pa., has two Ferrets (male and female), five months old, to exchange for a good trio of Plymouth Rocks, or three Gold-laced Bantam hens or pullets, to weigh not over twenty ounces.

FRANKLIN KELLER & BRO., Box 532, Newark, O., will exchange one White Cochin and one Light Brahma cockerel (A-No.-1 birds)—for one pair young Rouen Ducks. Ducks must be good.

W. H. JEFFRIES, Irwin Station, Pa., will exchange one Blue Antwerp cock (imported) and a pair of Tumblers—for a first-class Black Jacobin cock.

GEO. W. SCHEFFER, No. 21 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange Golden Sebright hens, one Houdan cock, one Golden-spangled Pheasant hen, and Tumbler Pigeons—for Angora Rabbits or Fancy Pigeons. What offers? Speak quick.

BOX 474, Orange, N. J., has to exchange Partridge Cochins, White Leghorns, Houdans, or Dark Brahmas—for a good, light single harness.

J. G. McKEEN, South Acworth, N. H., will exchange a good E. flat Cornet, for a B. flat. Eggs from five varieties of fowls, and Seed Potatoes—for Fancy Pigeons. Houdaus—for Wright's new Poultry Book. Stock good.

T. H. SPANN, Indianapolis, Ind., has to exchange one trio Silver-spangled Hamburgs, choice birds—for a trio of White Leghorns. Must be No. 1.

WILL. HAWLY, P. O. Box 5, Hornellsville, N. Y., will exchange one Nickel-plated Pistol, cost $4; one pair of Games (the cock is Earl Derby and the hen Black-red)—for L. B. hens or pullets.

J. A. LAUDENSLAGER, Pillow, Dauphin Co., Pa., will exchange one Plymouth Rock cock (will be two years old next May)—for Black Cochin cockerel, or White Cochin hen or pullet (each party to prepay express charges), or offers.

P. JASON KELLER, Box 545, Newark, O., will exchange four Rabbit Hutches; each hutch contains four separate boxes, each box and bed-room is 20 x 26 x 48 inches, all wire fronts. The four hutches will hold sixteen rabbits, separately; cost $32—for anything that will not eat. Make offers.

JAMES Y. BORDEN, Box 306 Bridgeton, N. J., has for exchange Silver Gray (Dutch) and Angora Rabbits—for pure White or Black Guinea Pigs. Also, will exchange Rabbits for Golden-Laced Sebright Bantams. Write soon and make offers.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., will exchange Partridge Cochins and Light Brahmas ('74 and '75 birds), and a Graves' Incubator—for Plymouth Rock eggs. Will also make Photographs for P. R. eggs.

CHAS. E. LONG, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange Fancy Pigeons, or one pair Buff Cochin Fowls (Herstine stock)—for one good Pekin Duck ('74 or '75 hatch). Give age and weight of the duck.

WM. BELLMAN, Harrisburg, Pa., has Black Breasted Red Game stag, A.-No.-1 (Spring '75,)—to exchange for Light Brahma cockerel or hen, or Brown Leghorn cockerel, same age. Good stock wanted.

OLD BREEDER, Box 44, New Haven, Conn., will exchange one pair of Light Brahmas ('75 hatch), fine birds—for a good copy of Webster's Illustrated Unabridged Dictionary, well bound.

E. J. FRY, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange Jersey Bull Calf, solid lemon color (calved February 8, 1876, from stock imported from "Island of Jersey," via Liverpool and Philadelphia, in ship Tonawanda, September, 1871)—for Chester White or Berkshire Pigs, or Plymouth Rock chickens. Best stock offered, same wanted.

THOS. PEAY, 91 Jacob Street, Louisville, Ky., will exchange 32 volumes Scientific American, Matthew Henry's Commentaries, five vols., edition of 1818, German Art Treasures, Turkey morocco, very fine—for fine poultry, poultry or agricultural books, and good Microscope. Write.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks County, Pa., will exchange two pair Yellow Barbs, cocks from first premium pair, three Almond Tumbler cocks, one Blue Swallow cock, two Black Swallow hens, one pair Dun Carriers, one Black Turbit cock—for one Black Turbit hen, Black, Blue and White Jacobins (pearl eyes), or offers.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks County, Pa., will exchange one trio Black Red Game chicks, one trio S. S. Hamburg chicks, one trio Partridge Cochin chicks, one trio Muscovy Ducks—for White, Blue or Black Jacobins (pearl eyes), Black, White or Yellow Owls, Golden Laced Sebrights, or what offers in Pigeons.

FANCIER, Box 314, Worcester, Mass., will exchange three Light Brahma hens (Felch strain), two pair Brown Leghorn hens (Wheeler's strain), also, fine White Fantail Pigeons—for good lined Robe or other horse furnishing goods, Cutlery, Jewelry, or other articles.

F. M. HERRON, Indianapolis, Ind., will exchange one pair each Black, Red, Yellow, and Blue-Bearded Tumblers; two Black Tumblers; one White Trumpeter and one Blue Pouter Cock; one pair each White Trumpeters, Black Barbs, and White Pouters; also, G. P. Hamburg chicks—for Red Jacobin hen, Black Hamburg cockerel, Brown Leghorns, &c. What offers? ii

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., has for exchange Pea fowls (three males and one female), hatched 1875. Also, one pair pure White Angora Rabbits, two trios Golden and one trio Silver Sebright Bantams (first-premium stock), Exhibition Coops, Rabbit Hutches, Squirrel Cages, Parrot Cages, White Mice, White Mice Cage, and Fancy Pigeons. What offers?

T. A. WINFIELD, Hubbard, Ohio, has for exchange Dark Brahmas, G. P. Hamburgs, Black-red Games, from my imported stock—for Cooper's Game Fowl, Tegetmeier's or Wright's Poultry Books, or Fancy Pigeons.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, FEBRUARY 24, 1876. No. 8.

TAKE THE PAPERS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Why don't you take the papers?
They're the light of my delight;
Except about election time,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe! you cannot lose a cent;
Why should you be afraid?
For cash thus paid is money lent
At interest four-fold paid.

Go, then, and take the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pay delay,
And my word for it is inferred,
You'll live until you're gray.

An old neighbor of mine,
While dying of a cough,
Desired to hear the latest news
While he was going off.

I took the paper and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No—hearty as a horse.

I know two men, as much alike
As e'er you saw two stumps;
And no phrenologist could find
A difference in their bumps.

One takes the papers, and his life
Is happier than a kings;
His children all can read and write,
And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and,
While strolling through the wood,
A tree fell down and broke his crown
And killed him—"very good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happened him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow from his boy
A paper every week.

For he who takes the paper,
And pays his bills when due,
Can live in peace with God and man,
And with the printer too.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE AQUARIUM.—NO. 2.

The principal of the Aquarium is so to adjust the relations between the animal and vegitable life that the one will sustain the other. A knowledge of these relations is necessary to prevent a violation of the laws governing them. Confine human beings in an air-tight apartment, and when they have breathed the air sufficiently to have exhausted the oxygen from it they will suffocate. The result will be the same to the inhabitants of the water under the same circumstances, when the oxygen is exhausted from the water in the tank, the fish sustain life only by keeping their noses at the surface and obtaining a fresh supply from the atmosphere, but would soon die if not relieved. Now vegetation is introduced into the tank for the purpose of renewing the oxygen absorbed by the fish and of absorbing that which is exhaled by the fish—Carbonic acid gas. Fish absorb oxygen and exhale carbonic acid gas—plants in growing absorb carbonic acid gas and exhale or liberate oxygen—each furnishing the element vital to the existance of the other. To have an aquarium then we must have growing vegitation. To simply take a vessel and place in it sand and pebbles, aquatic plants and fish, at one and the same time and leave the rest to chance, is the way not to have an aquarium, and to become finally disgusted with it and to pronounce it an impossibility. But to go about it with a proper appreciation of the principles of the aquarium and to adhere to them strictly, it is simple and easy. The great requisite is patience. An aquarium cannot be made in a day. If both fish and plants are introduced into the tank at one time, the attempt will fail disastrously, for the reason that before the plants are rooted and growing and giving off oxygen, that with which the water was charged on its introduction into the tank will have been exhausted, and the condition of the water will destroy both plants and fish. Although the plants absorb and live on carbonic acid gas, they will die unless the water is in fit condition for the fish—that is with a proper proportion of oxygen. To stock an aquarium properly then we must begin with vegitation alone. As to the time required to prepare the aquarium for the introduction of the fish, there can be no rule, as it depends altogether on the growth of the plants, which again is determined by surrounding conditions—such as light and temperature. I should say however not less than a week or ten days under the most favorable circumstances, but this must be determined by the person in charge of the aquarium.

The aquarium should be placed at a window—an eastern or southern exposure—is preferable. In the winter they need all the sunshine they can get, in the summer they are easily protected from the extreme heat of the mid-day sun by a screen of blue paper or other material, but it is absolutely necessary that they have plenty of light, otherwise the plants will die or their growth will be of an unhealthy, consumptive sort accompanied by sufficient decay to neutralize all beneficial effects. As to temperature the lower the better. When water is cold it will hold more oxygen than when warm, and the respiration of fish is not so rapid, consequently there is a gain both in holding a greater supply and in reducing exhaustion. Aquatic plants which are perennial, of which the Msriophyllums are an example, grow as rapidly in winter as in summer. Many plants, such as the Callitriche Verna, will only grow in very cold water and are most beautiful at this time of the year.

The greatest enemy of the aquarium is the hot dry atmosphere of the modern dwelling heated as it is by hot, or more properly burnt air. Water is a great absorbent of impurities, and in such an atmosphere the management of the aquarium becomes exceedingly difficult, except with a very limited number of fish. I advocate under such circumstances, where possible, a tight-fitting cover of glass, as it will prevent the absorption of impurities from the atmosphere and retains between it and the water what oxygen is given off by the plants in excess of what the water will hold so that there is always immediately above the water a per-

fectly pure atmosphere. I have tried this plan with perfect success with the beautiful Bell Glass Aquarium now growing so popular—with the tank it is more difficult to have a tight-fitting cover as they are generally constructed.

Philadelphia, Pa. Wm. P. Seal.

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

HÉRÉDITÉ.

The question of hérédité is becoming a very absorbing one. Just now in its history we seem to be passing through the period of twilight, towards the splendor of the sunrise. Masses of information are being accumulated around the hypothesis thrown into form by Darwin, and in the future much that to us is obscure will be as plain as daylight to the coming generations. Then some great mind will arise and analyzing the information that the workers of this era will heap together, will abstract the true and give the world a formula by which a producer will be able to supply any development of nature that may, within the pale of reason, be desired.

That mind will belong to an American. It may be a century before it appears, but the wave of knowledge and power starting from the comprehensive pen of Comte, refined upon and simplified by Darwin and Spencer, and gathering force from the researches of Huxley, Tyndall, and hosts of others, will roll onward and upward until at the height of our national and intellectual prosperity, the questions that now are received by many with doubt will be solved and used as foundation stones, to build upon for future generations. That this great work will be accomplished by Americans is very evident to any accustomed to study the evidences and necessities of progress. The older nations are conservative, anything that is new or radical is to them mischievous, and as such must be opposed. The temper of their minds is towards inertia—that of the mind of America is observant, competitive, and aggressive. An American lives longer in the first thirty years of his life, than does any individual of any other nationality in a lifetime. He will see more in ten minutes than a foreigner in a day, and why? Because in this country of competition, when the struggle for existence is active, unpitying, and eliminative, the wits of the individual are sharpened to the acutest degree, there is no time lost over the luxuries and accomplishments of life, naught is of use that cannot be handled at once and to the purpose. The youth no sooner enters the arena of life than he rids himself of his collegiate lumber, steps backward a few years, and begins by the side of the newsboy in competition for knowledge and power, and the probabilities are that the newsboy, from the rude experimental training of his mind, (excluding everything not useful and available,) will win in the race.

The labors of those grand minds, Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, etc., are better known to our ordinary mass of intellect than they are to the selected few of their own country. Throughout the breadth of our land, questions are discussed as common topics of conversation and experimental experience, that are dimly looked at or put aside by most English writers, with the remark that American writers are unreliable, etc., etc.—and then they proceed to furbish up labored editorials upon subjects utterly useless to their readers, when by reaching out their hands they could gather at their doors the thoughts and facts that have been sent to America for publishers and admirers. Into our literature a vast deal that is uncertain has crept, but it has not been without its uses. It has made us skeptical, which is the necessary starting point of knowledge. A true American accepts no man's diction. He must see and prove the facts, and when he does that and satisfies himself that what he has done is a link of a chain, each link of which is but a repetition in a higher or lower degree of what he has done to accept the chain or hypothesis, and passes on without ado to something else. I have so satisfied myself with regard to the doctrine of evolution, but shall not attempt to satisfy anyone else, as that is a subject which each mind must investigate for itself, there is one thing however upon which I wish to give in my experience, hoping it may act as a suggestion to start others whose opportunities are greater than mine to experiment. *Are accidents hereditary?* I include in this, artificial as well as unavoidable accidents. The experience I have had (which is but of one individual) compels me to answer yes. Then immediately arises the opposite, why is not an amputated limb or cock's comb impressed upon the offspring? To which I answer, I believe they are. Not of course to the degree that ignorance of physiology would demand, but to that degree which would satisfy any student of natural science, that by experiment extended over a period of time a race of limbless or combless individuals would be produced. In this as in all things else, the poet's remark is true "The mills of God grind slowly."

Upon the removal of a limb, the system proceeds to accommodate itself to its circumstances, and the longer the individual exists, the more certainly do the minor (nervous, muscular, etc.,) systems become impressed with the new conditions of the general system. If it is a leg amputated at the thigh, and the person uses one crutch, the muscles of the shoulder of that side increase in volume, the spine becomes curved, while the leg upon the opposite side also increases in size but joins the pelvis at a different angle from what it would did the other leg remain to support the body. It takes this acquired condition a long time to impress itself upon the secretion of the reproduction organs, but that it does so, is just as certain to my mind as is the parallel illustration of near sighted people reproducing that misfortune, until at last the progeny is blind. In the first case, 'tis difficult to marry two or more persons with amputated limbs so that the impress of the accident is held almost in obeyance by the perfect form of the person wedded, but in the latter case, there is hardly an individual among us but can point to some hereditarily short sighted person. This I know from observation, that in a case where amputation of the right limb was the father's accident, that his child showed a smaller right leg than the left, a thing contrary to the common rule that the right side is the most strongly developed. The mother was a strong, well developed woman. My grandparents, as was my mother, were far sighted persons, from close application my father acquired the accident of near sightedness, it impressed itself upon two children, and in myself has steadily increased since my boyhood. In chicken's combs I noticed particularly the rose combed counterfeit games. Bred in and in, the combs of the stags were cut, and notwithstanding that the hens were full combed, thereby counteracting in part the trimming influence, the combs became smaller each year. In the winter of 1868, I exposed to the cold a pair of young pigeons, producing in them the accident of small size, it was reproduced in their young, continuing that, after several years I obtained birds so small and delicate that I wearied of trying to raise their young. A young speckled flying tumbler

was exposed to the cold and thereby stunted in its growth, though afterwards matched with a large coarse bird its young were very small.

One of my healthy rabbits was stunned by a blow on the head. It was afterward subject to convulsions as were its future progeny. One rabbit innoculated with tuberculous matter recovered but produced a family of consumptives. A black and tan bitch lined accidentally by a yellow cur, invariably afterwards produced a yellow pup in her litters, very much to my disgust. Such accidents were evidently known to the ancients or why should it be set down in the bible:

"And it came to pass whensoever the stronger cattle did conceive, that Jacob laid the rods before the eyes of the cattle in the gutters that they might conceive among the rods." "But when the cattle were feeble, he put them not in, so that the feeble were Laban's and the stronger Jacob's." I take it Jacob was a skilful breeder as well as a sharp practitioner.

Of the deformities before birth I shall say but little, as each person knows of some such unfortunate cases. Six fingers have often been reproduced, humped back chickens appear from healthy parents but impress their deformity upon their own young, so also of crossed beaks and other malformations. Any one who wishes to try a simple yet convincing experiment can choose from their yard, a sport, that is an individual with a deformity of some kind, either in form or feature, and by breeding it with another, afterwards matching it to its young, he can fix the deformity and satisfy himself of the possibility of producing almost anything that may be demanded. Any change of form or feather that appears accidently in a sport, is much easier fixed and held than where one has to experiment until he produces a sport, for instead if there were no such things as white pigeons with black tails and they were desired, the way to get them would be by judicious matching of white and black birds until some one or more white birds with black on or near the tails should appear as stock to commence, if, however, a sport could be found, white with black on or near the tail the labor would be less, because in an accident of nature's the tendency for like to produce like is stronger than where a sport is produced through artifice. Of course the variations are at first scarcely noticeable. No man of sense would expect an adherent of the evolution theory, to breed a chicken from a pigeon by one experiment or a hundred experiments, nor would he expect you to produce a barb from a pair of commons in a day as some seem to think should be done to prove the position. No, if he hath eyes to see, and mind to understand, let him take the first sport he can find (as did the producer of the otter breed of sheep,) and experiment until he fixes the peculiarity of his sport in a strain, and then he will understand and believe the hypothesis of variation and selection with a surety that nothing short of an earthquake can shake, and until he does so the writings of an archangel will not give him satisfaction unless indeed he can look about him and see the variations that appear among different strains of the varieties of chickens, dogs, pigeons, cattle, horses, etc., and allow his observation alone to satisfy him.

Dr. WILBUR P. MORGAN.

Baltimore, Md.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE BULLETIN AND OUR STANDARD.

From articles in Jan. number of the *Bulletin*, we trust that we may be allowed to surmise that there is a slight unpleasantness between the editor, thereof, and some person or persons connected with the *Standard*. Once we consulted a learned lawyer as to whether we were legally correct on a position we had taken. After stating the case fairly, he asked, "What is your idea of the way the law *should* read on this matter?" We replied that "common sense ought to conclude that the law should be so and so, but we knew nothing about law." He replied, "the law *is* common sense, and nothing else, in most cases, and if this latter ingredient is more commonly used in business affairs, such matters as these, in nine cases out of ten, need not be referred to an attorney." Now the *Standard* is *Our Law*. Let he who will, "kick against the pricks," and the question is, shall common sense be used in applying it. The judge at the Brooklyn show says, "No!" and on his argument, a Brahma with five toes, three legs, or two heads, would not be disqualified, because the *Standard* does not refer to every *possible* feature in connection with Brahmas. The editor of the *Bulletin* says "No!" and stating substantially that "the outer toes being well feathered to the ends thereof" ("language so plain that any wayfaring man, tho' a fool, need not err therein,") means, or *may* mean, feathers originating on the outer toe-nail. Mr. Judge and Mr. Editor! The *Standard* was not made principally for the uses of judges or newspaper men. The judges generally appear at the show with a "bran new" *Standard*, and thus equipped, are ready to judge "anything, gentlemen, of the Ex. Com.," then out comes the *Standard*, from their coat-tail pocket, which they proceed to study, seemingly as closely, as they would a wealthy relations last will and testament. The inevitable sorehead is sometimes appeased with the remark, "*Standard* is not clear, or should be so and so," then down goes the *Standard* into the coat-tail pocket, not to be resurrected until the invaluable services are called into requisition at some other show. The *Breeders'* and *Fanciers'* are the persons substantially who buy, pay for, and use the *Standard*. Go to their homes and you shall find thousands upon thousands of these men, who keep a copy of this book where they can readily lay hands on it. Ask them not which are *their* favorites. *Examine their Standard*, and you shall find a few well-worn, and much thummed pages, which not only tell the tale of their specalties, but *how* they are breeding them. Is it not enough for their purposes, for the *Standard* to say what a fowl "shall be," and give them a volume for a dollar, which they can afford to buy, and explicit enough for all practical purposes? or should a *Standard* state in every particular, what a fowl should *not* be, making a cumbersome volume, so expensive that not one fancier in fifty could afford the cost?

Young Breeder.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

NATIONAL POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Friend Wade:

I have been to Chicago, and Chicago is ahead—think of it, 2064 entries of fowls, dogs, and pigeons, and grand specimen, too, the flower of the country. But I do not intend in this article, to mention any particular birds nor fanciers, neither do I mean to give a description of the various classes, as they were represented, but simply glance at the whole as a whole, and leave detail to some future time, or an abler pen. First, then, let me say, I think our Western brethren "*done themselves proud*," in this, their first grand show of the National Association, or rather, I should say, Continental, as our brethren from her Majesty's dominion were there in force, and carried off a goodly number of the premiums, too, so National, I think, scarcely covers the ground. But no matter, what's in a name. Any way it was a grand turn-out of grand fowls and dogs, and Brother Lamb, and Willard, who are a host in themselves, left nothing undone that could make it pleasant and agreeable to exhibitors and guests. There are many things to contend with, in the arrangement and management of an exhibition of such magnitude, and even if some of our fanciers, with more experience in the Poultry-Show business, could have suggested some improvements, I still think there was but little chance to complain on the part of any one, and exhibitors went away well pleased with the treatment they

received at the hands of the National and its officers. The Judges, too, of all departments, were selected for their known ability and familiarity with the species they were called upon to judge, and used their best efforts to do equal justice to all, and with a very few exceptions indeed, I think the best birds won. But it was no easy matter to decide which were the best, in some of the classes. Nearly *three hundred* entries of Light Brahmas, and almost as many B. B. R. Games. In fact, competition was very strong in all classes, and those who carried off the prizes have reason to congratulate themselves on their success, and can feel that their birds deserved all they got, and got all they deserved.

In the dog department was to be found almost anything in the dog kind, from the St. Bernard, Newfoundland, and Russian Blood Hound, as large as a two-year old cow, to the minature toy terrier of a few ounces, making a contrast that was simply ludicrous, in a sense. But what a feast for the eye of the lover of field sport, to see the host of imported and native bred, English, Irish, and Gordon setters, and a host of pointers, "too numerous to mention," all looking as though they had rather be charging on Prairie hen, or quail, than lying in the show box for the curious public to stare at. When I say the dog show was a *grand success*, I am saying all I need say for it, and only repeat what the thousands who daily and nightly came and went, said, feeling that they had seen but a part, and came again, bringing their friends with them. Chicago, and the west know how to patronize such entertainments—think of *eight thousand* people attending a poultry and dog show, in a single day. I am sure the officers of the National feel that their efforts have been appreciated, and will be encouraged to hold a second exhibition next winter, which I understand they have decided to do in February, 1877, though I am not officially informed of the time. At another time I may tell you of the fanciers I saw, and the fowls they exhibited, if some one else, better able to do it, does not relieve me of the task. James M. Lambing.

Parkes, Jan. 31, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

TO ALL INTERESTED.

Friend Wade:

As your correspondent in No. 6, "hit the nail on the head," as to the Lice question, I should like to assist him in "driving it home." After an experience of twenty years with poultry and pigeons, I have found their *greatest enemy to be lice*, not excepting roup, cholera, gaps, or any other kindred disease. In the majority of cases the latter evils are brought on by the fowl or bird being reduced by the former. We all know that the best safeguard against disease in our poultry is to keep them always in *proper condition*, vigorous and full blooded. All the medicines, and tonics in the world will not do this when there is a constant drain on their life blood. How will we rid the coop and fowls of these pests, you ask. Ah, here is the rub! Notwithstanding the assertions of many fanciers, I know all the whitewash, lime, and sulphur you can put in your coop *will not kill* them, unless you set fire to the sulphur. Lime is good enough in its place, and should be in every coop; but if you think, by whitewashing and dusting with lime, you rid your coop and fowls of vermin, you are very much mistaken. By so doing, it is impossible to reach the places where they hide. Do your best, then knock off a board and examine for yourself. Whitewash by all means, but don't do it and then rest in the idea that you have killed all the lice. They will breed under it when it begins to dry and scale off like the bugs under the bark of a tree. *Fact.* Coal oil is another remedy. It will kill them if you can put in on them, but you will find yourself like the Irishman and the flea—you must find them first! all of them. Sulphur is another remedy, and how are you going to get that into all the cracks, crevices, sides and roof of your house? Put it into biddy's dust bath and you will never get her to take the second one in that place. Then, again, if your coop is infested your *fowls must be*. On them you *should never use* lime, coal oil, sulphur, or tobacco, any sooner than you would whitewash them. In fact, the latter would do the least harm. They may be persons who use these ingredients on their fowls, but they are not the quality we buy in this part of the country. My experience is that I killed the fowls and the lice lived to starve to death. Try a bath of either, yourself, if you think you are *prepared to go*. Put into a nest enough to keep off or kill the lice of either the lime or sulphur, and you will injure your chicks, if the poor hen is fortunate to hatch any. She will certainly *not turn* her eggs if she is obliged to take a whiff of it into her nostrils every time she attempts it. A little watching will soon convince you of this. Not only this, it has killed many a chick, and you have wondered what did it. To be born in a lime or sulphur bath is no joke, not even to a chicken. I have had a whole brood (and it has been the experience of others) totally blinded by it, and others put back weeks in their growth. How many have poured *coal oil* on a valuable hen to kill the lice, and by so doing *anoint her for her burial*? How many for the same reason have given their fowls a *lime dusting*, and in a few days lined the floor of their coop with a coat of feathers? *Tobacco dust*, sure thing on lice, but a surer thing to drive your fowls frantic; and if they cannot find a cool dust bath immediately they suffer. If they do they only rid themselves to return to the infested coop to get another cargo. Again fowls *will not, cannot plume themselves* when their feathers are full of lime, sulphur, or tobacco. And the effect is soon apparent. You may do *all this*, and if your fowls live through it, you may pride yourself that they are at least free from vermin. Look and see! Take your best cockerel, handle and pet him, then be obliged to *rub the back of your neck*, and *ponder over the matter*. Yes, and remember above all, that until your fowls are *entirely free* from lice, they are in no condition for breeding. It is *simply impossible* to get healthy chicks for such fowls. Remember, also, that all the lime, sulphur, and tobacco you can use unless you injure your fowls, will not accomplish the purpose, viz: *ridding your coop of vermin and keeping it so*. In my experience, I have found but one way. There may be others and no doubt there are. But this I know will "*clean them out*," and if followed up now and then will keep them out.

First take your fowls, and if covered with the varmints, you must *wash them*. Do it in tepid water and a little soap. Wipe dry and then take *lard or lard oil* and oil them thoroughly under the wings, on the head, and at the root of the tail. This will keep them from taking cold, also kill any lice that may be left. The fowls had better be put in a warm place and thoroughly dry before this oiling is done. If you do not wash them, do the oiling. Now go for your Coop. Loosen all boards that you can, inside. Take out and burn the old nests. Then close all doors and crevices, on the outside. Take a hot pan or iron pot, place it in the center of the coop and pour into it at least a pound of sulphur. Be careful not to inhale the fumes. Make yourself scarce, closing all doors after you closely. Let the lice enjoy the atmosphere for at least two hours; they all will be past troubling your fowls by that time. Then air your coop, put in fresh nesting, and your chicks will rest in peace. In a day or two you will have a fresh invoice from the nits left by the lice. Give them a dose—after which you will have no trouble. Watch your fowls closely and on the first "appearance of evil" give them the sulphur fume.

You will soon see that you have accomplished wonders. Your pets will show it, and in looks and condition be far ahead of what they have been. Use your tonics now, it will assist in "building up." When in proper condition what a change you will see in

the chick from their eggs. Try it. Give me a coop free from vermin and I will show you *choice stock*, in *splendid condition*, and *far above the average in weight*.

In regard to nesting, sitting, &c., I shall write again. There is something far superior to the above ingredients you can use,—something that will not interfere with the *natural condition* of things, at the same time be effective; not making a little *Infernal Regions* of the birth-place of your chicks.

Yours, very truly,

W. G. NICHOLS.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE SPIRIT OF DISQUALIFYING.

I find among some of our Poultry Fanciers a spirit that I will call the spirit of disqualifying. I have heard it manifested in such language as the following: "They ought to have been disqualified. If I had judged them I would have disqualified them." I know of several exhibitions at which were birds, and disqualification it was said ought to be their fate. And the birds against which I have heard such expressions were not disqualified by the standard by which they were to be judged or by any other standard of which I know.

I will illustrate by giving an instance. The birds were Creves; the fatal defect, white ear lobes; the standard by which they were to be judged was that of the A. P. A. It decrees red ear lobes but does not make white a disqualification. This *spirit* would carry the decree farther and disqualify. The A. P. A. can of course adopt as its standard what it chooses. But I challenge these disqualifiers, or the standard maker of the A. P. A., or any one else to prove to me from Wright, Tegetmeir, Piper, Baily or any other Poultry book that the ear lobe of Creves should be red. I have not only heard this spirit manifested but have seen it carried out in the show room by judges. In one instance a judge was asked why certain birds seemed to have been passed over. The answer was, they were disqualified. He was asked what the disqualification was. He mentioned what he considered the disqualification. He was told that the standard by which he judged did not make it a disqualification. His reply was, that there were disqualifications which the standard did not mention but which were taken for granted. I for one am opposed to this spirit and the taking of such matters for granted and especially of Fanciers, acting as judges, carrying it out in the exhibition room, societies ought not to tolerate it. And they ought to see to it that their judges make up their judgment in accordance with the standard by which they are to judge, instead of their whims, caprices, and prejudices. And unless this spirit is curbed I fear bad results to our societies, I fear there will be failure of exhibitions for want of exhibitors.

Cresheim.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

HOUDANS vs. PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Friend Wade:

After reading some of the back numbers of the Journal, I notice Dr. Dickies elaborate account of the Plymouth Rocks, which interested me very much, telling us all about their good qualities. In fact, we have been treated with accounts of a great number of breeds, about their egg and meat producing qualities, which is all very good. Thanks to the Journal. The more the better. But it seems to me the best wine has been left to the last of the feast. In my opinion, the Houdan is the best of all for actual profit; now for the proof: as soon as they are out of the egg, and dry, they are ready to run with the hen, and almost any kind of soft food will do for them. They do not want to be fed with a silver spoon, or nursed like a baby and be fed on pap. I repeat, almost any kind of soft food will do for them, and they will thrive well, being very hardy. They feather and mature quickly, for I have had them to lay at five and a half months old, with ordinary care, while a mongrel hatched at the same time, with the same feed and care, did not lay some six weeks later, and such eggs! why, the great big Brahma's eggs don't begin with them. I think they (the Houdan) can beat anything in the poultry line for weight of eggs. They are good winter layers with ordinary care, and to keep any hens laying in winter they must have care. Most of us can recollect what a bad winter we had last year, ice and snow on the ground for about two months. I recollect my pets were not out of their coop for weeks at a time, but they layed faithfully right along, and I had chicks hatched on the 23d of January, and about 30 more of the same kind on the 20th of February. I know some breeders will differ with me about their being good winter layers, but I have tried them, now, this is the third year.

Now about the meat part, which I consider cannot be beat for flavor, except in the Dorking. Neither can they be beaten much in making flesh. I exhibited a cockerel seven months old that weighed seven pounds, and I have had them to weigh 12 lbs. to the pair at six months old. I recollect a Brahma fancier coming to look at them; he would not believe me about their weight until they were put on the scales.

And I think there is more actual meat on a Houdan than almost any other kind of fowl of same weight. Well do I recollect the first one I killed. After I plucked it, I handed it over to my wife to draw. She called my attention to it as she thought something ailed it, as she remarked, "it has not got much more than half the insides of other fowls."

I have been in the poultry business from boyhood up to the present time, am now an old man of 36 years, have had experience in most all kinds, but have settled down on the Houdans as being the most profitable of them all.

HOUDAN.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

CONCERNING LICE.

F. P. Butt, in No. 6 of Journal, says, "I know that all the dust baths and sulphur in America will not disturb these lice in question." It might interest the fancy to know what sort of lice Mr. B. breeds. We have none of that variety in this section. Sulphur not only disturbs, but is certain death to them. A little lard rubbed upon the feathers underneath the vent will effectually destroy the eggs of the lice, and if the fowl is held downward, and sulphur sprinkled liberally through the feathers, few, if any, living lice will be found on the following day. This treatment is simple and effective.

Q.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

BE MORE EXPLICIT, PLEASE.

Mr. Editor:

As a reader of some of the many different publications devoted to the poultry interests, I am sometimes amused and sometimes aggravated, according to the lightness or gravity of the consequences, by the indefinite terms used by fanciers in their recipes and directions. For instance, where one is about to give us a valuable tonic for fowls, it is worded somewhat thus: "Give a *little* Tincture of Iron in their drinking water." Or, "Put *some* Sulphate of Iron and *some* Sulphuric Acid in their water." As a fine stimulant, "A *pinch* of Cayenne pepper." For severe cases of roup, "A *few* drops of Tincture of Aconite," or "*Use Turpentine and Goose Grease.*"

Now any one who is at all familiar with the above remedies, knows well that all but one of them are dangerous articles to give valuable fowls, and yet, poulterers will recommend the use of

them in just as careless quantities as though they were corn or wheat screenings.

On taking up the last number of the JOURNAL, my eye rested upon an article in which your correspondent recommends the use of a *common* troche for the colds which fowls are liable to during cold wet spells. Now the *common* troche which he means is the puzzler to me as well as to others, I suppose. There are so many *common* troches, and some of them so very *common* that I would hesitate some time before I would use them upon my fowls. If your correspondent wishes that recipe to be of any use to us—and I have no cause to believe but that he really does—won't he please name the particular troches which he uses or give us the exact formula for making them, and then we will feel more safe in following his instructions.

Yours Truly,
CHAS. BROCKWAY.

HAVERSTRAW, N. Y.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SULLIVAN CO. [N. H.] POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

The Sullivan County Poultry Association has come to the front and made its first bow before the public, and has been well received, hereafter it is numbered with the things that are and are to be. Its officers have worked hard to bring its first exhibition up to a high standard and have well earned all the praise the public has bestowed upon it during its two days continuance at Westport, Feb. 9th and 10th. This is a thriving town, being the county seat, with two large hotels, and is awakening to the startling knowledge that it is not *more* hens but *better* hens that the country just now needs, as the western Congressman remarked in substance about whiskey.

This revival has been brought about mainly by the FANCIERS' JOURNAL for which E. A. Pollard, the secretary of the Association, is obtaining additions to his already considerable list. Having about twenty numbers of the JOURNAL with me, I took them to the hall, and was surprised to see how eagerly they were received. Many promises of subscription were made and the parties were commended to Mr. Pollard. But to return to the show. The total number of birds and animals on exhibition was somewhat over two hundred and fifty, and were mostly fowls. Pigeon fancy has not yet taken a great hold on the "Granite" hearts. A good show of rabbits, &c., was made. The Cochins and Leghorns are the most sought after hereabouts, though the Plymouth Rocks are coming into notice lately and are winning many friends. Curtis G. Britton of Keen was present and made a good show in the American and Spanish classes, taking first money on Plymouth Rocks and White Leghorn fowls. E. A. Pollard, of Newport, makes a specialty of White Leghorns, and took first on chickens. J. G. McKeen had nearly every class represented, and took several first premiums. Farther than this I cannot speak in detail. It has been withal a good and profitable show, and the Association is reported in a sound financial condition, and is evidently full of life, and I hope to be able to visit their pleasant town again and report another year's progress.

ALTA.

(For Fancier's Journal.)

PETE SMILEY AT BALTIMORE.

MISTER WAID:

I hev jest returnd frum ther Balltemer show, I tell yew it wus a big thing, me an the Parson, Capt. T. the Deacon, Squire B., an the Kernel, all went on tewgether, I wus verry much disopinted in not seein yew thar. Wen we got inter ther deepo at Balltemer we wus met bi a hull craowd ov hack drivers, an tha kep a yellin cab sir! cab sir! ride up! have a kerrage, and so 4th. Pete, sez Cap. T., duz Burnam drive a cab heer in Balltemer? Not much sez I. Well arter we got cleer ov ther cab drivers we footed it daown Broadway, keepin a sharp look-aout fur sines ov the hen show, purty sune we seed a hull craowd ov people stanin in frunt of a big bilden, Pete, I reckon thet must bee ther plais, sez ther Parson, so we krost over tew sea wat tha wus gazin at, wall we foun thet tha wus lookin et a lot ov picters of pigens, chickens and sich. Wall we bot aour tickuts an went in an sich a squalin, krowin, an kacklin yew never heerd, "I snum ter guinea," sez Cap T., "this beats all natur." Wall arter wed got a little used ter ther noise, we begun ter look araoun a bit, I kum akross Mister Braown, ther Seksetary, he hed hes kote arf an hes sleaves rolcd up an wus es bizzy es a bumble bee, I axed him if "Hans Schnieder" wus et ther show, an he sed he wus, so I went tew look fur him, I hed never seen Hans, but wus shure I shud no hem by his kountenunce es shown in the "Jernel" I sune faoun him a lookin at ther chickens and eatin a peace ov bolona sassenger, Mister Schneider haow dew yer dew sez I, holdin aout mi han, "I dont no who you vas I vas nefer see you pefore," sez he, why im Pete Smiley sez I, "Ish dot so, vy Pete how you vas I vas know you yust so soon I see you," sez he, Pete I was got some pully howdings here, yust come and look of dem, "did yew git yer aiges frum ther trio that wun ther pairs meddle?" axed the Parson, no I dont vas got any from dot New York partenders stock, sez Hans, now Pete dem vas pully howdings sez he, hoodans yew mean sez I, no dey vas howdings sez he, and we argered abaout it, an we axed 2 er 3 wat was ther korect name ov ther burds, won man frum Pittsburg sed tha wus hoodens, another frum Ingland sed tha wus "oodans mi lads," an a Frenchman frum Limerick, sed tha wus "howdans be jabers." Pete sez Hans "I tell yew I vas preed dem schickens longers as any man in America, an I no dey vas howdings." "Haow es et tha dident take a preemum?" axed ther Parson, "vell you see sez Hans de shuges drow em out pekase vone hen dont vas got fife toes, but dey can scratch like ter ticufle mit four. Dem shuges dont vas gife me no premiums on my Game Shickens, I vas got to see about dot." Jist then Mister Flour kum along an Hans sez "You vas vone of te shuges aint it?

"Yes sir," sez Mister F.

"Vill you dell me vats te matter of my Schickens of you blease?"

"Wall which air yewer chickuns," sez Mr. F.

"My schickens vas te Game schickens," sez Hans.

"Well but there air a gret meny Games hear," sez Mr. F., "I dont no which air yewers.',

"Come mit me an I show you," sez Hans, and we all follered him till he kum tew his burds, and then he sez "dot vas him, now dell me vats de matter of dem schickens of you blase."

"Wall," sez Mister F., "tha haint matched in ther pen, yew hev won Duckwing hen an the other is a Brown red an ther cock is a Black Red."

"Dot makes no difference dey vas game. I did'nt vas know dot dey most pe all von kind of games—I haf *mouch droubls* do got my schickens by express from New York, von hens cot out afor ve cot do Fillydelfy, and I dont got him no more."

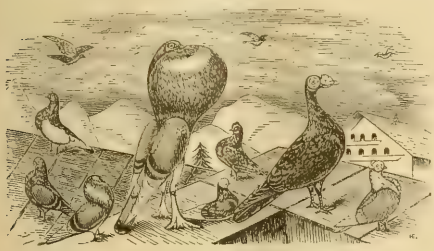
"Wery true," sez Mister F., "but we coodent give em a premium, bekase acordin tew ther standard thar air disqualified, its not the fault ov ther chickens but in ther matching."

"Dots it, der vas noding de matter mit de schickens, its de shuges dont vas understand ter pizzness," sez Hans, an he sed sum cuss words thet woodent dew ter print. I felt kinder sorter sorry fur ther jedges bekase I think tha tride ter dew wat wus rite, an if Hans made a mistake in matin his burds he oughtenter git mad ef he didnt win. Pete come an look ov my "Plymouth Rocks," sez Hans, an he pointed em aout tew us. "Why they hev got fethers an ther legs," sez ther Parson, "Vell you know Dick de doctor, he vas say dey come dat way somedimes, but dey vas goot pure pred Plymouth Rocks for all dot," sez Hans, "yes I no but wun ov ther hens is neerly black," sez tha parson.

"Oh vell, I vas preed dem mit a plack java hen mated mit a Damincker cock, Dick ter doctor, he vos say ve git a plack von vonce in a vile, but dey vos goot pure pred of Plymouth Rocks for all dat," sez Hans.

Wall arter we'd seen all ther fouls, we went ter look at ther Pigeons, an sich a sight I never seed afore, we stood on ther stage an lookt over ther hall, an wun big fat feller sez, "dunder an blixen yust look of ter Pitchens," we seed Mister Long a jedgin em an I reckon he hed a long job. We seed Mister Halstead ther Bulletin man, and a hull craoud ov "Fanciers," we had a good time. "Pete," sez ther Parson, "lets go ter Pittsburg," "agreed" sez I, an we bid Hans an ther rest "good-bie" et ther door and left fur hum. Yours feelingly,

Pete Smiley.



Pigeon Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE COLUMBARIAN SHOW AT EASTON.

The first annual exhibition of the Easton Poultry Association, and Columbarian show, was held last week, at the above named place. I arrived there at six o'clock on Monday evening, and was at once made comfortable, at the United States Hotel. The show was not opened until Wednesday noon, and at that time all the stock was nicely arranged in comfortable coops, ready for the inspection of the judges. The pigeon display was grand, one hundred pair were entered for competition. It was indeed far ahead of all the Columbarian shows held during the present year, in Eastern Pennsylvania, and I was highly pleased to find some of the stock very choice. The principal exhibitors were McKeen and Hulick, of Easton, Pa.; Rev. Swartz, of Bernville, Pa.; C. G. Trexler, of Allentown, Pa.; Mr. Bennet, of Easton; D. E. Newell, N. Y.; and Mr. Long, of Lancaster, Pa. McKeen and Hulick showed some fine Yellow Barbs, Checkered Carriers, Blue Antwerps, Silver Owls, Blue Owls, Dun Carriers and Silver Turbits, some of them as fine birds as can be found in America. Rev. Swartz was on hand with fine display of Black pied Pouters, Blue pied Pouters, and Yellow pied Pouters. The first premiums were awarded in these birds without difficulty. C. G. Trexler, the leading pigeon fancier of Allentown, had a fine display of white, smooth-head Fans, Red Magpies, Black Trumpeters, Black Capped Barbs, Yellow Magpies, Mottled Trumpeters, and Black head nuns. D. E. Newell, of New York, exhibited fine pairs of Black Carriers, Red Barbs and Black Barbs. He had awarded him a special for best pairs of Black Barbs. His pair of Black Carriers were of a very high order, and well deserved the first premiums. L. Bennet, of Easton, Pa., had on exhibition, h gh class White Barbs, White Turbits, Dun Barbs, Black Tumblers, Antwerps, White Trumpeters, and Starlings. Mr. B. is very proud of his stock of the above named birds. During my stay in Easton, I visited his lofts, and I would advise the yound pigeon fanciers of Pennsylvania, who desire to see perfection in pigeon keeping, and breeding, to go and do likewise. When I say that a lady, having on her Sunday suit, might go through all of them, and after the visit, would have her dress as clean as when she entered them, I do not exagerate at all. Long life to Levi, may he be spared many years to enjoy his pets. Mr. Long, of Lancaster, Pa., had on exhibition, fine White crested Fan Tails, Black Magpies, Blue Swallows, Yellow capped Magpies, and Black capped Magpies. The White crested Fans were the best that I have been called to act as Judge on, this year—one of the birds had thirty feathers in the tail. The Carrier was splendid, and all together they were of a high order.

There were only 29 coops of birds that received first premiums, out of one hundred, having instructions from the executive committee to award nothing as a first premium, unless really meritorious; the cutting down was fearful. In one hour after the cards had been placed on the coops, I was glad to receive information from one of the high officers of the society, that although some of the exhibitors, though the judgment severe, yet all seemed satisfied. The Columbarian show was a success, and was in every way the equal of any I have visited for years. On Friday morning, Mr. McKeen drove up to the front door of the Hall, holding in hand the lines that governed a pair of thoroughbred horses, and tendered a kind invitation to Mr. Plaisted, Mr. Bradley, Mr. Waterhouse, and Tennet, to take a morning ride with him, out to his poultry farm. The invitation was gladly consented to, and away we went, through the streets of Easton, out and away, over hill and dale, and finally drew up at our destination. I do not intend to speak concerning the horse or cow department of the farm, but of the poultry and pigeon houses, and yards. The location of the poultry houses and yards are very good, having the warm morning sun in winter, and in hot weather the houses can all be closed up, there will be no danger of any one receiving from Messrs. M. and H. mixed eggs, as the yard fences are made very strong, and the doors of the chicken houses are all worked by a patent spring, and it would be impossible for one of them to be left open. In all the houses, two feet from the ground, is an old boot leg, this is intended for the Light Brahma stock, to eat their feed from. The idea, I believe, originated with Mr. Plaisted, of whom Messrs. M. and H. received it. Hens I believe, can not eat food from it. They have quite a large number of hatching, and small cluck houses, and a splendid hothouse for young chicks. His yards are large and roomy. Mr. Plaisted found a new point in Light Brahma hens, during his visit, that he perhaps had never observed before—namely, aspect. I have very serious doubts, however, whether he will ever have it recognized in the Standard. The pigeon lofts are in complete order, and the arrangement is very good. Into the carriage again, and, after a short ride, back in Easton. The visit ended, our duty at the fair performed, we were wheeled away by the engine, Packer, to our home in D. Thanks to Mr. McKeen, Hulich, Bennet, Otto, Hulsheser, Reudenberger, and others, for kindness shown. Tennet.

Doylestown, Pa.

Three Classes.—Mary Murdock Mason divides her sex into three classes—the giddy butterflies, the busy bees, and the woman's righters. The first are pretty and silly, the second, plain and useful, the third, mannish and odious. The first wear long trailing dresses, and smile at you while waltzing; the second wear aprons, and give you apple dumplings, and the third wants your manly prerogatives, your dress coat, your money and your vote.

A man whom Dr. Johnson reproved for following a useless and demoralizing business, said: "You know, doctor, that I must live." The brave old hater of everything mean and hateful, coolly replied that he did not "see the least necessity for it."

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

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NOTICE.—*Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.*

A. N. Raub, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The case of E. T. M. Simmons, charged with embezzling funds from the Oil City Building & Loan Association, was concluded in Franklin, on Tuesday last. The accused was found guilty and sentenced to one year and nine months in the Western Penitentiary. His embezzlement from the above institution and the Oil City Savings Bank, amounted to about $10,000.

The inclination to reply to the many congratulatory letters containing expressions of good-will, and hearty welcomes to New England is very strong, but our space is too limited. To those who have taken so much pains to express their kindly wishes, we can only say that we shall endeavor to show our appreciation of their encouraging words, by a continued effort to make the Journal in every essential particular the best Poultry and Fanciers' publication in the United States.

Mr. Bicknell in his notes on the Chicago exhibition, was led into an unintentional error in saying that President Lamb's $100 premium for the finest display of any one variety, was divided between two exhibitors of Games. The judges who were selected to place this premium, found the competition so close and the competing entries so meritorious, that they recommended that it should be divided among the competitors, Mr. Philander Williams of Taunton, Mass., who entered 30 coops Light Brahmas; H. T. Sperry, of Hartford, Conn., 40 coops White Polands; Mr. Allen, of Galt, Ontario, 20 coops Black B. Games; and another gentleman whose address is so blurred in the item sent us, that we can't make it out, 18 coops Brown B. Games. The executive committee accepted the report of the judges, and the award was announced to have been made accordingly.

Our friends of the Chicago Poultry Journal are getting unduly round shouldered over the statement in some eastern magazine, that eastern exhibitors could not send their birds to Chicago, on account of the distance. We happen to know that there isn't the slightest truth in the statement. Mr. Philander Williams, of Taunton, who sent some 200 coops of Asiatics to Chicago, Mr. H. T. Sperry, of Hartford, who sent 40 coops of White Polands, and Mr. E. S. Brewer, of Hartford, who sent several coops of Erminettes, all inform us that their birds arrived in fine condition at the exhibition, and that those that were not sold at Chicago, came home in splendid condition. In fact all three gentlemen sent many of the same birds to the Springfield show, and lost no points there, on account of their condition. We have no idea why such a statement should be made, and we trust the officers of western societies will not allow it to annoy them, as we can assure them there is the best of feeling among the breeders of the east toward the western exhibitions. We believe the number of entries from the east at the next Chicago exhibition will be four times larger than at the last.

We are unable to reply officially to the many queries received in regard to the paying of the premiums, offered at the late Chicago show, but as we understand the matter, it stands about in this way. Mr. Willard, the Secretary, was taken sick at the close of the exhibition, and was unable to make up his accounts for some weeks. This is now being done, and as soon as completed, the premiums will be paid. We think some of our correspondents are unnecessarily disturbed. Knowing the officers of that society as well as we do, we feel safe in predicting that every promise made, and every obligation entered into by them will be fulfilled to the letter. The question as to whether the exhibition was profitable or not, will not, in our opinion, be considered for a moment in connection with the payment of premiums, any more than it would be by the officers of any other society in the United States.

THE EXHIBITION SEASON.

The exhibitions are over and the birds have gone back to the breeding yards. Looking over the season, it is safe to say that the three most notable shows were those of Portland, Chicago, and Springfield, the first on account of the immense attendance of visitors, the second on account of its national character, and the meeting of the A. P. A., and the last for the quality of the specimens shown. At Portland 35,000 tickets were sold, at Chicago were gathered hundreds of the most prominent fanciers from all parts of the country, and the A. P.A. accomplished some very important work which we have already noted, and at Springfield the two thousand birds on the benches, in point of quality, were far in advance of any collection ever placed on exhibition in this country. All the classes were full, and of superior excellence with possibly the exception of the Games and Leghorns, although they were up to the standard of other shows. We speak particularly of this exhibition, because we believe in quality rather than quantity, and are desirous of encouraging the breeding and showing of fine birds instead of favoring the mistaken notion that an exhibition is only successful when its excellence is measured by numbers. Various things contributed to the achievement at Springfield. In the first place there was involved the reputation and experience of those two veteran societies, the New England Club, and the Connecticut Association, ably backed and supported by the wealthy Rod and Gun Club of Springfield. Then there was a breaking away from the old stereotyped notions and forms, in its general conduct and management, as evidenced in the new rules and regulations, which will undoubtedly be widely copied by other societies. The combination premiums through which exhibitors themselves had an opportunity of expressing in a tangible manner, their faith in their own breeding. The omission of the usual fine shows at Boston, Hartford, and Worcester, the prompt payment of premiums before the close of the exhibition, and various other things which it is not necessary to enumerate, but which were in perfect keeping with the progressive ideas of the most intelligent fanciers of New England. The extraordinary large premium list, aggregating about six thousand dollars, was of itself a loud call for the best birds, and the high marking required, with the excellent rule that inferior birds would be excluded, was sufficient notice that poor ones would not be looked at by the judges, so out of it all, came as we say, probably the best exhibition we have ever had. There were very few *large* exhibitors but the number of leading fanciers who made a few entries each was unusually large. All the New England States were repre-

sented and splendid specimens were present from New York, New Jersey and Pensylvania, and from Ohio, Illinois and other states. The judges of course had a difficult task to perform, but as a general rule, we believe their decisions were satisfactory. Some severe criticisms, however, were made in regard to the placing of a few of the premiums in two of the larger classes, but as the aggrieved exhibitors happen to be fanciers of large experience, who long since learned to take an occasional defeat in the same urbane manner with which they receive their numerous victories, we shall probably have no "growling", unless it be from those of their friends who can't endure an adverse or mistaken judgment on their favorite strains. The gathering of fanciers from all parts of the country, was very large, there being at one time no less than eighty-six well known breeders from various States present at the Haynes House, where they were well entertained. The reunion of Officers and Fanciers was held at the Massasoit House, and was one of those genial occasions for which the societies of New England are so noted. The plan of allowing each participant to pay for his own ticket was very highly commended, and secured a large attendance. We are very strongly of the opinion that this plan should be universally adopted. Then every one will feel free to attend, without carrying with him the unpleasant impression that however welcome he may be, he is nevertheless a source of expense to the society he may be visiting. If it should be understood that this plan obtains everywhere, these reunions, which are the source of so much profit to those present, would be the rule instead of the exception. The annual suppers of the Boston, Worcester and Hartford societies have cost them from two to four hundred dollars each. This is a heavy burden—however willingly they bear it—and as visitors derive much pleasure and valuable information from these gatherings, they are willing, and should be allowed to bear their proportion of the expense, which at the best is small. Another pleasing feature of this exhibition was the separating of the birds in the coops. We have no doubt that this plan will soon become general, —even, if the birds, as at Springfield are entered in pairs. The arguments in favor of this, are so many and well known, that it is unnecessary to state them here; still another step in advance, which will soon be taken by the more wealthy societies, will be the showing of birds in uniform coops owned by the societies, as at Chicago and Buffalo. The Chicago coops are the best we have ever seen, and very low in price, on account of the cheapness of lumber in that market. We make the suggestion that several eastern societies might unite in a contract with the maker, in that city, and have the coops (in shocks) transported by the car-load, thus getting a fine coop, made entirely of lumber, at an exceedingly low rate. Another meritorious departure at the "consolidated" was the placing of exhibitors names on the coops, upon their arrival in the hall. At Chicago, and we have seen the the same thing at other shows, the judging was not finished until after the exhibition had been open some days, all this of course is a great loss to those who are breeding for profit, and are desirous of securing the full benefit of being known as the breeders of the fine birds on exhibition. They are certainly entitled to this, and while it is not always possible, however desirable it may be, to have the birds judged before the exhibition opens to the public, it is always easy to put the exhibitors names on the coops, and then *Messrs.* officers, how ridiculous it is to be sure for you to invite gentlemen to judge your birds—by that act showing that you have implicit confidence in their ability and integrity—and then *by leaving off* the names of exhibitors, announce to the world that you doubt the honesty of your judges, and decline to let them know whose birds they are judging for fear they will show partiality. If officers will give this subject a little thought, we have no doubt all this nonsense will be speedily done away with. At Chicago no names were placed upon the coops by the society, either before or after the judging, and so exhibitors who were not present to put cards upon their coops, were wholly deprived of the advertising, which is the greatest inducement offered breeders to show their fine birds.

Well, as we said at the start, "The exhibitions are over, and the birds have gone back to the breeding yards." The breeders are mating up their stock and getting ready for another season. The notes of preparation, which reach us from all over the country, indicate that the present year will be one of unusual prosperity and activity among fanciers. Thousands of fine birds have changed hands, at high prices, during the exhibition season, just closed, and there will be more careful and intelligent breeding than in the past. Fanciers who have kept at the head in their particular specialty, will be close pressed by new comers, and many who have bred a number of varieties, are finding what we have often predicted, that they are scattering too much, and will confine their efforts to a single variety in the expectation of excelling in that. Much fine breeding will be done for the great exhibitions of next season. Those already announced, are the Boston, which will put on a little extra gilt edge, for the next annual of the A. P. A., which is to be held there, Chicago, which made such a complete success of its first, Portland, "where they close the stores during hen show, and every man, woman and child is a judge of fine birds, and Hartford, which has never been beaten, except by Springfield, and there she won one-third of the glory, and where—well the Journal has taken up its permanent residence in Hartford, and so it will hardly do for us to say just what we were going to.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Ants of the species Aphenogastee, in storing seeds for food, bite off the radicle to prevent the germination of the seed.—J. T. Mogridge.

—The rattle of the rattlesnake is for the purpose of imitating the sound of the Cicada or other insects that form the food of birds and so attract the latter within reach of the serpent.—Prof. Shaler.

—Sunflowers are said to exhale an ozonized oxygen, and are therefore recommended for cultivation in malarial districts to destroy the malarial poison. They are besides very useful plants, yielding about 40 per cent of oil from their seeds, their leaves serve as fodder, and their stalks as fuel. A diet of sunflower leaves is said to increase the laying power of hens.

—Ruffled Grouse.—Would Huon permit his friend McCann to remind him of the fact that the Ruffled Grouse (*Bonasa Umbellus*), *is only a connecting link between the families Tetraonidæ and Phasianidæ, and properly belongs to neither the one or the other? The legs of the true grouse are always feathered to the feet.* Pheasant is just as correct as grouse, when applied to (*B. Umbellus*) *Satis Supergue.*

—"No Squirrels in Australia."—Your correspondent, "Logic," in his second paper of what promises to be an able and exhaustive article on Squirrels, says:—"In Australia, so far as investigated, the squirre is not found"! Now I hope "Logic" will net ignore the Tagauan (*Petaurus taguanoides*), the Luguar Squirrel (*Petaurus sciurus*), the Hipoona Roo (*Petaurus Australis*), nor the dear little beauty Ariel (*Petaurus ariel*) so named for its graceful and easy flight, equal to our own flying squirrel. All these are natives of Australia, and two of them are now on exhibition in the Zoological Garden, Philadelphia. "Logic" may say the Petaurists do not belong to the true squirrels. Neither does our flying squirrel (*Volucella*), but so closely do the Petaurists resemble them, that upon their discovery Naturalists placed them at once in the family Sciuridæ. The Petaurists, or Australian squirrels seem to be but a repetition of the ideas which formed the creation of the older world carried out in a new, or different manner, doubtless for the purpose of fitting them to a different place, and I sincerely hope "Logic" will include them in his *sub*-families. Huon.

Lake and Brook Trout—Are they the same?—I have often heard this question discussed, and always answered in the negative by those who had eaten of both. That they are identical, the following facts are conclusive: In the settlement of

Vermont, two brothers took up grants in the town of Chittenden; after some years, the neighbors noticed on several occasions the dressings of very large trout on their premises; and on one occasion a neighbor came upon one of the brothers dressing an enormous trout in the rear of his house. A regular watch was organized and set upon them; and the watchers were finally rewarded by discovering the brothers' preserve, about three miles in the forest, and on the very top of the mountains, consisting of a pond of about two acres in extent, and of great depth. Vast quantities of fish were taken out as soon as the secret became known, one specimen, Hon. Daniel P. Thompson states, weighing 12 pounds! There are now in the pond splendid trout, and lots of them; but the men living are rare who have been favored with a bite. Some Rutland boys used a net several years since, but the mountaineers spoilt that sport by felling the spruce trees that grew upon its borders. A friend of mine tried his luck there once, and took out 23 fair ones in about as many minutes; but not another bite, although he camped by them for two days, and tried them a number of times for years after, I accompanying him in one of his visits. At certain hours in the day the surface of the pond was in continual agitation with their risings; but I never learned of one being taken with a fly.

The brothers stated that several years before the discovery of their secret they put some small brook trout into the pond.

P. Welch.

Linden, N. J.

—I'm sorry, Huon, but the facts of the case won't permit me to take an iota from the *length* of my animal.

There was an error, however, further on. I should have said from tip of right leg to tip of left leg, whether it was fore or hind leg I am not certain, it was so long ago, and I think the measurement was 28 inches. They *are* very large. I've thought sometimes when I've seen them on the hill top "outlined against the sky," that they were more like fawn than hare. I shall have a chance to describe one more fully if this storm ever abates, as our hoodlum hunters having no Chinamen to pester, have turned their strength against these timid hare, and are slaughtering them without mercy. Then, if you please, I would like its name.

We are *not* "lovers of hare meat" tho' many call it good. My poultry however fancy it. In describing the nest of the hare, you gave a good description of the nest of my animal, only this of mine seems to be made *with* care, the ground is slightly hollowed and made as smooth as glass. As the nest is made when vegetation has attained its growth, in April or thereabouts, these hard, smooth places remain bare until the rains of autumn. They are oftenest found in the grain fields, and the so called "sport" of hunting the hare, crowns the harvest as a sort of festival. As the reapers—more than one are necessary in these large grain tracts —go the rounds, (young hare are often to be found in their track with their legs cut off by the machine,) the animals are driven towards the center of the field, then at the last, the mighty braves rush in, armed with guns and dogs, to the death of those that have that have neither way of escape nor means for self defence.

E. S. S.

Correspondence.

THE EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Friend Wade:

Like Mr. Chapman, I do not see how any one can reflect on you, if they have been unfairly dealt with. I have been intending for a long time to relate my own experience. Last fall I sent an advertisement of Bronze Turkeys, for sale. In a few days there came an offer from an attache of a New York Daily to trade two pairs of Dorking chickens for a trio of turkeys. Dorkings were said to be good, bred from imported birds. As the Poultry Show at the Pittsburgh Exposition was to open in a few days, I wrote, saying if the Dorkings were shipped to me at Pittsburg in time for the show there, I would make the exchange. The offer was accepted by the other party, and Turkeys and Dorkings were, I believe, shipped the same day, or very nearly so. Dorkings were received on opening day of Poultry Department or Exposition. One Silver Grey Dorking pullet was passable, the balance were utterly disqualified birds. The New Yorker acknowledged the reception of the turkeys and said they were satisfactory, and hoped the Dorkings would be equally satisfactory. He must have been utterly ignorant as to what Dorkings should be, to have asked such a question, and I am charitable enough in his case to think it was ignorance rather than intentional wrong, He is not, so far as I know, a breeder of fowls for sale.

About the same time, I saw an advertisement in the Exchange column, offering to exchange Dark B. Partridge Cochins, etc. etc., for Toulouse Geese, Ducks, etc. etc. I wrote to Mr. —— —— ——, offering to exchange a number of Ducks, Geese, etc., placing a low price on them. Mr. —— —— —— wrote saying that his Dark B's were worth from $5 to $10 each. Would send 10 Dark B's for $75 worth of water fowls. At the price I had placed on my birds, it would take, as I wrote the party, about a car-load of Ducks, to get his Dark B's. I then wrote, saying I would give him a trio of Toulouse Geese, for some of his chickens, as I wished to dispose of all my Geese. He wrote to send the Geese, and he would send Dark B's. His letter being mislaid, I am not sure how many he offered, but think it was four birds. Geese were shipped, and after some three weeks, I received two little stunted chicks (Dark B's). Believing any one with cheek enough to send such birds would be equal to anything, I wrote nothing to him about them. They remain in my yards to be shown to visitors as specimens of the stock of that extensive breeder and advertiser, —— —— ——, Philadelphia. They don't cause a great many orders to be sent to him. Our mutual friend, F. R. Woting, has seen them and can tell precisely what they are.

Yours,

A. A. Miller.

Ed. Fanciers Journal.

Dear Sir: Owing to the fact that many are uninformed, or under wrong impressions in relation to color of earlobes on White Leghorns, and think they should have yellow, or cream colored instead of pure white. I would say they should be white, and only white, and in proof would add, I have bred them thus for many years, and have imported from Leghorn, Italy, five trios, and none of them had any approach to yellow on earlobe. When the white is imperfect, or injured, it invariably shows red, and it should be either white or red under all circumstances, and under none, yellow or cream color; neither do I know of any pure variety of fowl with yellow or cream colored earlobes. The Asiatic, Game, French, American, Dominique, and Dorking, some 32 kinds have red ear lobes. The Spanish, Hamburg, Polish, and Seabright, some 23 kinds, have white earlobes, and I know of no kind with yellow or cream colored. I think it probable if any one should introduce Light Brahma blood into White Leghorn stock, it would increase their size, and perhaps a pure white earlobe on one and a pure red earlobe on the other might produce a yellow or cream colored earlobe, but I do not believe a yellow or cream colored earlobe is natural to any pure blooded and distinct variety of fowls. If any importer of Leghorns has ever imported any with yellow or cream colored earlobes I should be pleased to hear from him through your columns.

An article in the *Rural Journal*, of February, 1876, signed H. says, "the White Leghorn fowl, from its name, is presumed to have been introduced from Leghorn, Italy, although there is no doubt but that it is of American origin, being classified with the Dominique and Plymouth Rocks as American breeds, by all of our best poultry societies. Of late years a few fowls have been imported from Italy, and are inferior to our own, and evidently spring from birds that found their way there from this country. The varieties are White, Brown, Black, and Dominique, size being in the order in which we have enumerated them. Cocks weighing from 5 to 7 pounds, and hens from 4 to 6 pounds. Any admixture of the blood shows itself very plainly in the color of the egg shell." Such information as this ought to immediately educate all, as regards this variety. 1st, that they are of Ameri-

can origin, and only imported recently, when it is a well known fact, that nearly one-fourth of a century has passed since their importation direct from Leghorn, Italy, to Connecticut, and I think those that went from this country to Italy, were, as he says, "birds that found their way there," as I hardly think any one carried them, as it would be like taking coals to New Castle. 2d, In size, I see little or no difference, except the Blacks are a little the smallest, but none should weigh as heavy as he says, 3½ to 5 pounds for cocks, and 3 to 4 pounds for hens, is near their natural weight. 3d, any admixture of blood does not show in color of egg shell, it only shows when mixed with such variety as lay colored eggs, or eggs that are not white, but how will it show if the admixture is with a variety that also lays white eggs?

C. A. Pitkin.

Hartford, Conn.

Dear Journal:

A German gentleman called on me the other day, and wished to see my pigeons. Of course I was only too glad to show my pets, and we were soon in the house I call my loft. It is a two-room house, formerly occupied as a dwelling, and is very convenient, as at this season of the year I keep the cocks in one room, and the hens in the other, not allowing them to breed in winter. Somehow, I felt that I could learn lots about pigeons from my visitor, and I listened eagerly to everything he said. He talked considerable, and, among other things, told me his way of teaching pigeons to come back to the cote, when flown for the first time, and, as I have seen several inquiries on this subject, in the *Journal*, and other papers, I give it just as it was given me—except the German accent. It is new to me, but others may have heard of it before. He said:

"You must take your pigeons into the cote on *Friday*, and let them stay there till the *next Friday*, feeding them in the cote. On the *Friday* after you have put them in, catch each pigeon, and, holding the head *from* you, pluck two short feathers from the *right* wing. These feathers you must break, or bend double, and nail up in the cote. As soon as you have done so to all the pigeons, open the trap and let them fly. They will never fly away while the feathers are nailed up; but be sure you do it on *Friday*, and get the *right* wings of the pigeons."

My face must have expressed my doubts about the efficacy of this plan, for the old gentleman appeared hurt, while he re-assured me with the remark that he had "tried it so much as one hundred times." I have not tried the experiment yet, and do not think I shall; but it does not look any more unreasonable than some of the stories Moore tells, about the medical properties possessed by the pigeon.

Lon. Hardman.

St. Joe, Mo., Feb. 1.

Detroit, Feb. 18, 1876.

Friend Wade:

Our fair has come and gone and we find ourselves a thousand dollars ahead in cash and material, besides the enjoyment attending a most delightful exhibition. Our only defect was in the fact that the building was not properly constructed for that purpose, which necessitated the separation of the departments. The fish display was magnificent, filling 15 large aquariums, some over five feet in length with plate glass sides, besides a large number of small hanging aquariums and the hatching troughs.

We are being urged by the citizens to erect an exposition building and are thinking seriously of making the attempt. We had fifteen thousand visitors, who all expressed themselves delighted with the fair. Felch did most of the judging, and there was not a protest.

I learn that the Utica fair has been seriously interfered with by bad weather.

Yours, &c., E. C. Skinner.

PEDIGREES.

Mr. Editor:

In Vol. 3 No. 6, p. 60, top of 1st column of your paper "N. E" makes the *World* say that "no more pedigrees of fowls will be published [in the *World*] hereafter."—What the *World* did say was that "pedigrees of birds hatched in 1874 or earlier years" *would be* published in the magazine, but "entries of poultry hatched in 1875 or later years will appear in regular book form but not in the magazine."

The difference is the same as between half a loaf and no bread. Please make the correction in justice to the *Journal* as well as to the *World*. Yours with respect,

H. H. Stoddard.

Hartford, Conn., Feb. 14, 1876.

DROPPING EGGS.

Editor Fanciers Journal.

Sir: I have some fine light Brahma Hens, and some of them have a notion of dropping their eggs without shells or with shells partly formed. I have had to relieve one of her egg which had smashed and one of them died on her nest I think from the egg breaking inside. Perhaps some of your readers will give a remedy. Respectfully,

Sherwood Chase.

Jefferson, Wis., Feb. 14, 1876.

Small Pet Department

(Reported for Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Feb. 18th, 1876.

1 Alligator (*Alligator Mississippiensis*). Presented by S. I. Lerick, Jr., Philadelphia.
1 Opossum (*Didelphys Virginianus*). Presented by Hon. Alexander Henry, Philadelphia.
1 Flying Squirrel (*Sciurus Volucella*). Presented by J. McCabe, Philadelphia.
1 Sparrow Hawk (*Accipiter nisus*). Presented by John Krider, Philadelphia.
1 Berlanders Tortoise. —— Presented by Dr. H. C. Yarrow, Washington, D. C.
19 Chequred Tortoises (*Cistudo Virginea*) } Presented by John
1 Red-bellied Terrapin (*Clemmys rutrirentris*) } Fletcher, Philadelphia. HUON.

For the week ending February 26, 1876.

1 Fulmar Petrel (*Procellaria glacialis*). Presented by W. H. Zern, Atlantic City, N. J.
1 Opossum (*Didelphys Virginianus*). Presented by William Golding, Philadelphia.
1 Wild Turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo*). Presented by Mr —— Wistar, Germantown, Pa.
8 Dingoes (*Canis dingo*). Born in the Garden.
1 Snowy Owl (*Nyctea nivea*). Presented by William Eachus, Wagontown, Chester County, Pa. Huon.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 13.

PRAIRIE-DOGS.

The Prairie-dog (*Cynomis*) a genus of American rodent, belonging both to the squirrel and wood-chuck families, is found very abundantly on the plains west of the Missouri River. Your correspondent E. S. S., has given a very interesting sketch of

these little rodents in FANCIER—Jan. 13, p. 19, to which I can add nothing save a remark or two about the Owl and Rattlesnake residing with them.

It is true the Prairie dog has not the pleasure of having a house to himself, and the Burrowing Owl (*Athene cunicularice*) and the terrible Rattlesnake (*Crotalus tergeminus*) do take forcible possession of his domicile! It has been tought by some who had too much charity to think evil of even snakes and owls, that because bird and reptile were found in the home of a quadruped that it was a happy family, but alas for the romance! it proves to be the old story. The lion does lie down with lamb, but the lamb happens to be *inside* of the lion; and the knife of the naturalist has found the prairie-dog inside the snake, and proved thereby that the snake was by no means a welcome guest, but an intruder on the premises, self-billeted, soldier like in time of war, procuring lodging without cost, and eating up the inhabitants by way of thankfulness!

The reason for the owl being one of the residents is not so clear, but as those birds love flesh, probably they snap up an occasional young and tender prairie-dog. Perhaps Cynomis would not allow either of these intruders in his home if he could help it, but like a member of more elevated society, he must put up with a nuisance because he cannot get rid of it.

Does not E. S. S. mean "prairie-squirrel," (*Spermophilus*) when she says a few buckets of water will drown one of them (*prairie-dogs*) out? Five *barrels* of water have been poured into the burrow of the latter without filling it!

Twenty-eight of these interesting little fellows were presented to the Zoo by a gentleman of the West, before the Garden was formally opened, since then they have been increasing to considerable extent; some have been given away, some have been fed away, and some died away by reason of the long severe cold snap of weather last winter. It was a wonder that *all* were not frozen to death! How the figures would show at this time were the census of Dog-Town taken it would be hard to say, but doubtless there would be found, at least, the original number of the colony when founded. As the Cynomis is in no way related to the dog, nor in the least resembles one, how it came to be so called is, as Dundreary says, "what no fellah can find out." It may have been called a dog from the sharp tone of its yelp or chatter, or it may have been on the principle of "*lucus a non lucendo*," because it was no dog at all. HUON.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BLACK LIST.

We have several complaints against Wm. S. Knox, of Allegheny City. Will Mr. Knox please explain.

R. G. FAIRSERVICE, E. Newark, N. J., wants 1 White Leghorn Cockerel, 1 Silver Penciled Hamburg Pullet, 1 White Cochin Cock, 1 Partridge Cochin Cockerel, 2 Aylesbury Ducks, in exchange for Aylesbury Drakes out of imported Eggs, or Light Brahma Pullets.

J. L. CONNELLY Harristown, Ill., will exchange 1 trio of Bronze Turkeys, last June hatch, Gobbler weighs 25, hens 13 and 14 lbs. each, 1 trio of Light and Dark Brahmas, '75 hatch, TODD & WILLIAMS', Strains, Good Birds, for two Pekin Ducks, (no drakes), a pure bred Newfoundland Dog Pup, must be beautifully marked WRIGHT'S Illustrated Book of Poultry Bound, send age and weight of Ducks, all must be 1st class as mine are.

W. I. ROW, Greensburg, Pa., has a Gales' Feed-Cutter to exchange for first-class breeding Light Brahmas or Buff Cochins, heavy birds: how many will you give, charges paid. Cutter good as new, cost $10.

T. MILLER, Lock Box, No. 4, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange 75 large Chromo Lithographs of different Subjects, 1 Breech-Loading Gun, single barrel, 1 Letter Press, 1 Pouter cock, 2 large Family Bibles, new, for 1 Red Pouter Hen 1 Antwerp Hen, Archangel Cock, or offers.

JAMES MORRISEY, 525 Race St., Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange an Irish Bull Terrier Bitch, weight 45 lbs, color light brindle, an elegant watch dog, for Singing Birds, Fancy Chickens, or offers

WARREN BECK, York, Pa., will exchange one pair of very fine Black Carriers, one pair of Ring Doves, one very B. K. B. R. Game Stag, one Black Game Hen, one Yellow Cap Magpie Cock, Tumblers in variety, one Black Quaker Cock and eggs from 1st prize B. B. Red Games and Golden Polands, (Bicknell's strain) for Silver Duckwing Game, or Nos. 12 to 25 of Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry.

GEORGE GREINER, 318 South Queen Street, Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange 1 good Male Canary, 1 good large Mahogany Table, Game Cocks or Stags and Hens for good White Leghorns. Must be pure stock as mine are. Also have 2 Setter Bitches, one is perfectly trained; one is spaded, full blooded. Make offers.

CHAS. SELSER, Doyleston, Pa., will exchange one trio of G. S. Hamburgs for trio S. S Hamburgs or Houdans, four good B. Hamburg Cockerel for good Hamburg Pullets of any kind.

F. H. SCHWARTZ, Bernville, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange a Cape May Phæton Box ready for the painter, which for style and finish cannot be surpassed: Also Yellow Pouter Cocks, for Red or Yellow Hens, or offers.

JOHN HENDRICKS, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange two trios first-class Houdans, large size, fine color, crest and beard for Owls, Swallows or genuine Antwerps. None but mated, good birds wanted.

ELIJAH LOY, Box 33, East Meriden, Conn., will exchange one good Rifle—for a pair of Ferrets or offers. Also, twenty-five pairs of White Mice, and two splendid Nickel-plated Revolvers—for Pouters or White Fantails, Lop Rabbits, or offers.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., will exchange Partridge Cochins and Light Brahmas ('74 and '75 birds), and a Graves' Incubator—for Plymouth Rock eggs. Will also make Photographs for P. R. eggs.

THOS. PEAY, 91 Jacob Street, Louisville, Ky., will exchange 32 volumes Scientific American, Matthew Henry's Commentaries, five vols., edition of 1818, German Art Treasurers, Turkey morocco, very fine—for fine poultry, poultry or agricultural books, and good Microscope. Write.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., has for exchange Pea fowls (three males and one female), hatched 1875. Also one pair pure White Angora Rabbits, two trios Golden and one trio Silver Sebright Bantams (first-premium stock), Exhibition Coops, Rabbit Hutches, Squirrel Cages, Parret Cages, White Mice, White Mice Cage, and fancy Pigeons. What offers?

T. A. WINFIELD, Hubbard, Ohio, has for exchange Dark Brahmas, G. P. Hamburgs, Black-red Games, from my imported stock—for Cooper's Game Fowl, Tegetmeier's or Wright's Poultry Books, or Fancy Pigeons.

JOHN S. HURDIS, 93 State St., Albany, will exchange two pairs Red Dragons, one pair Black Carriers first-class birds, for six White Face Blk. Spanish Pullets.

E. J. CHANDLER, Kennett Square, Chester Co., Pa., will exchange one White Polish Cockerel and one American Dominique Cockerel, good stock, both are fine and stylish birds,—for one White Polish Hen, and one White Leghorn Cockerel, both must have pure white ear-lobes, and good birds.

C. L. GATCH, New Richmond, Ohio, will exchange for trio Plymouth Rocks (Upman's Strain with Pedigree), or trio White Cochins (with Pedigree), not over a year old—a fine Combination Telegraph Instrument, with Battery and Instruction Book to learn the business. What offers. The above new.

W. H. BOSTHWICK, 914 South Sixth St., Minneapolis, Minn., will exchange two Vols. of Zell's Encyclopedia for Brown Leghorns with solid white ear-lobes and good combs. What offers.

I. F. FULLER, Normal, Ill., has for exchange one pair of S. S. Hamburgs, one pair of Silver Polish, a Golden Hamburg hen, (Willi's stock) a Light Brahma cockerel, and a Black Polish cock, for Houdans, Brown and White Leghorns, or Light or Black Brahmas. All good stock; same wanted.

G. C. LEONARD, 115 Baldwin St., Elmira, N. Y., will exchange one new Mansard Nickel Case Watch, Duplex movement; one new Rosewood Music Box, brass cylinder, plays two tunes; valuation, each fifteen dollars, for Song Birds, or what other offers.

OLIVER D SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange 1 trio White Rose combed Bantams, (clean legged,) for White African Owls, Blue or White Jacobins, must have pearl eyes. Be quick!

BOX 28, WILLIAMSPORT, PA., will exchange L. Brahmas, B Cochins, G. Pheasant cockerels, C. Muscova Duck hen, Setter Dog, G. Pheasants, by pair, for W. C. B. Polish, B. Cochin cockerel, W. Leghorn trio, Houdans, or offers.

STEVEN BOALT, Norwalk, Ohio, will exchange four pair Silver Dun Antwerps, one pair Red Jacobins, one pair Red and White Fans, old pigeons; 4 Cock and 3 Hen Bronze Turkeys; 1 trio Black Spanish, for flour, wheat, corn, merchandise, or offers.

G. C. LEONARD, 115 Baldwin St., Elmira, N. Y, wants to exchange 100 boxes Benham's polish for all kinds of metal, without soap or water, put up in neat tin boxes, with full directions, retails for 25 cents; one Mexican Double Yellow Head Talking Parrott, 10 months old, value $30 What offers?

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, MARCH 2, 1876. No. 9.

AGASSIZ.

I stand again on the familiar shore,
And hear the waves of the distracted sea,
Piteously calling and lamenting thee.
And waiting restless at thy cottage door.
The rocks, the seaweed on the ocean floor,
The willows in the meadow, and the free
Wild winds of the Atlantic welcome me;
Then why shouldst thou be dead and come no more?
Ah, why shouldst thou be dead, when common men
Are busy with their trivial affairs,
Having and holding? Why, when thou hadst read
Nature's mysterious manuscript, and then
Wast ready to reveal the truth it bears,
Why art thou silent? Why shouldst thou be dead?

LONGFELLOW.

HANDLING COBRAS.

In no one account is obedience to David Crockett's maxim, "First be sure you are right, then go ahead," more important than in handling poisonous snakes. To know just how to do a thing is the secret of doing it well, but in handling cobras, it is the preventative of death. At the Zoological Gardens, London, a box of cobras was recently received from India. A correspondent thus describes the keeper's method of handling them:

With his long-handled wire hook, he, from a respectful distance, managed to draw a snake tail first, and catching it by the tip, let it gently down head foremost into its new cage, the lid of which, a glass slide, was open just wide enough to receive it. One after another, eight cobras were thus removed and safely housed, some dilating their "hood" and angrily hissing as they tried to strike whatever object they could reach. Snake charmers and Indian jugglers thus handle the cobras with impunity.

Suspended by the tail, they are powerless to raise themselves and wound the hand that holds them; but care must be taken lest the creatures strike at the limbs. The specimens just arrived are *Naja tripudians*, the cobra of India. One other of the same species, but a sickly snake, is already in the gardens; another died lately. In their narrow prison-house the new family present a miserable appearance. Ample space to bathe and to move freely would be their almost only chance of health, and it is to be hoped that when the lions' new and commodious quarters are ready to receive them, a more suitable home will be built for the Ophidians. Several of these new cobras were found to be already dead.

CAPART'S SERVANT.

Jules Verne is a wild inventor, and famous for his improbabilities; but his orang, "Jupe," in the story of "The Mysterious Island," that acts as waiter, &c., like an intelligent negro servant, is no improbable creation. The wonderful African chimpanzee, "Tombouctou," now in Paris, is a *fact*, and would make an excellent mate for Verne's fiction.

He is perfectly tame and gentle. While his master, M. Capart, lived at Sierra Leone, he filled in his house the office of domestic, saluting visitors, opening doors, &c. When they embarked for France, Tombouctou suffered some days from sea-sickness, but after his recovery he jumped about on deck, on yard arms and masts, and became a great favorite with the sailors. When the ship was entering the Gulf of Gascony, Mme. Capart was startled at missing her baby, a child eight months old. Looking about her, and then up towards the sky, she saw the monkey, with the baby in his arms, on the top of the mainmast, gravely seated on a yard arm, rocking the child to and fro, as he had seen the mother often do, while now and then he would give it a pat on the cheek with his paw.

This lasted for perhaps half a minute; then, while every eye was upon him, he executed a prodigious cabriole, descended in an instant the backstay, and, hooking himself by his tail to the yard-beam, balanced himself with his burden. The mother screamed, but the captain put his hand over her mouth, commanding silence, as the monkey might be frightened and let go his hold of the baby. Finally came a dash of sea against and over the ship, when Tombouctou let go the mast and fell, but with such address as to catch himself with one hand to a rope, jump upon a ladder, and with one bound was upon the bridge, with the baby safe and sound in his arms.

MARVELOUS SNAKE-FIGHT.

The Santa Rosa (California) *Democrat* of Feb. 20th tells this story:

Last August, as Mr. Woodbridge, who lives just above Cloverdale, formerly of Petaluma, was going to his work in the early morning, he saw a strange sight, something which he could not at first define—whirling, writhing, and turning on the ground.

On a nearer approach, what was his astonishment to discover two immense rattlesnakes engaged in a deadly strife. They were wrapped around each other from the tail to within six or eight inches of the head, and never for a moment did they take their eyes off each other. Now and then they would slowly unwind to within one or two coils of the tail, when, with an instantaneous movement, they would again become involved to the neck, and with jaws distended and fangs exposed, one would strike at the other, his antagonist invariably dodging the blow, when in turn he would be foiled.

After repeating their manœuvres for a time, they would lie panting in each other's coils, and then slowly and cautiously unwind, only to repeat the involvement and striking again. So fiercely did they embrace each other that one would think surely the life would be crushed out. Strike after strike was made on both sides, but never once was an adversary so far caught off his guard as to receive a blow.

They had been fighting over a space of fifteen or twenty feet, as evinced by their tracks in the dust. To all appearances they had been fighting all night, every inch of ground bearing marks

of the conflict. After looking at them for some time, Mr. Woodbridge cut a pole some eight or ten feet long, and just then a Mr. Murphy came up.

He took the pole, and, approaching the snakes, they simultaneously discovered him, when, loosening their hold of each other with marvellous rapidity, the larger one rushed at him, perfectly furious. It required the second blow to stop him. In a moment after, the other started after Mr. Murphy, as his now dead antagonist had done, when he, too, was slain by a well-directed blow. One had sixteen and the other fifteen rattles.

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

JUDGING BY THE STANDARD.

Ed. Fanciers' Journal:

In number six of your Journal I notice an article on "Judging by the Standard," from the pen of Isaac Van Winkle, Esq., in which my name appears, and this you know is sufficient cause for me to say a few words in defense of my former article on the same subject, although I *rule* the subject out of *order* at this time, when all the poultry shows are over, and the judging of the season done. And I must say also that I approach the subject with "fear and trembling," in the face of the classic lore exhibited in the learned gentleman's article, a part of which is about as relevant and lends as much weight to the subject under consideration as the reading of a page of Homer's Iliad would to the illustration of a question in theology. For instance, in comparing the judging of a chicken to the different orders of architecture, the gentleman makes a mistake. In judging by the standard, a specimen is all Doric, all Ionic, or all Gothic, and not a part of them all, as he puts it. As the gentleman truly says, the standard of excellence points out the various qualities that go to make up a perfect specimen, and also shows where the imperfections are to be found. Now, if it does this, why cannot we place a numerical value on the perfection and deduct a part, or the whole, of such value when the specimen under consideration falls below this standard perfection. If a perfect fowl, is made up of certain enumerated parts, and must have these parts as described by the standard, in order to be perfect, why cannot a relative value be placed upon each part, and that value be represented by a number corresponding to the value of that particular part in comparison to the others? If a fancier has a just appreciation of a fowl, he can soon determine what fraction of a perfect fowl the head, hackle, or tail, represents, but if he is narrow-minded and prejudiced in his ideas of what constitutes a perfect bird, he can see only the tail, hackle, or leg-feathering, to the disadvantage of all other parts, and to such a man the standard is of no use. Again, when the gentleman takes exception to the values I placed on a first, second, and third premium he misunderstands my proposition of the case. I do not say that a bird scoring 90 points *should have* a first premium. I only said a specimen scoring less than 90 *should not have one.* I should much rather place my scale 5 points higher, all around, but I take it if a judge takes the standard of excellence for his guide and scores a bird according to its teachings, he will find but few that will scale 90 points, and fewer still that will score 95, and I venture the assertion that there never was and never will be one that will score 100 points. Think of it! a chicken entirely perfect in symmetry, head, comb, hackle, &c., one to which nothing could be added or taken from. Perfection in that sense is something at which we may all aim, with the certain knowledge that we can never attain. Again, *good judges* see nearer alike than some people would have us suppose. I have an instance now in my mind where four *good* judges scored the same bird with a difference of but ($\frac{1}{2}$) one half a point, and six scored the same bird with but one and one-half ($1\frac{1}{2}$) points difference, all marking by the Standard of Excellence and each ignorant of the others' score. And while I have no doubt some improvement could be made in the description of some of the varities of domestic poultry, as they appear in the Standard of Excellence, I am satisfied that the A. P. A. did a grand work when they placed it as it now stands before the fanciers of America, and I am satisfied also that it needs only to be understood to be appreciated, and to enable good judges to render similar decisions. I have no doubt also that discussion and an honest interchange of sentiments will bring about at the next meeting of the A. P. A., all the alterations or amendments that are necessary to make it what it certainly will some day be—a complete and perfect guide to poultry breeders.

In conclusion, I will only say, I have written this article not for the sake of discussion or to see my name in print, but to remove any erroneous impression my former article may have caused, and in defense of one of the links that binds together in unity the fanciers of America—THE AMERICAN STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

Respectfully,

James M. Lambing.

Parker's Landing, Pa., Feb. 16th, 1876.

INSTINCT.

ITS "PLASTICITY" IN FOWLS.

A writer in the London *Nature* says:—Three years ago I gave a pea-fowl's egg to a Brahma hen to hatch. The hen was an old one, and had previously reared many broods of ordinary chickens with unusual success even for one of her breed. In order to hatch the pea-chick she had to sit one week longer than is requisite to hatch an ordinary chick, but in this there is nothing very unusual, for, as Mr. Spalding observes, the same thing happens with every hen that hatches out a brood of ducklings. The object with which I made this experiment, however, was that of ascertaining whether the period of maternal care subsequent to incubation admits, under peculiar conditions, of being prolonged; for a pea-chick requires such care for a very much longer time than does an ordinary chick. As the separation between a hen and her chickens always appears to be due to the former driving away the latter when they are old enongh to shift for themselves, I scarcely expected the hen in this case to prolong her period of maternal care, and, indeed, only tried the experiment because I thought that if she did so the fact would be the best one imaginable to show in what a high degree hereditary instinct may be modified by peculiar individual experiences. The result was very surprising. For the enormous period of eighteen months this old Brahma hen remained with her ever-growing chicken, and throughout the whole of that time she continued to pay it unremitting attention. She never laid any eggs during this lengthened period of maternal supervision, and if at any time she became accidentally separated from her charge, the distress of both mother and chicken was very great. Eventually the separation seemed to take place on the side of the peacock, but it is

remarkable that although the mother and chicken eventually separated, they never afterwards forgot each other, as usually appears to be the case with hens and their chickens. So long as they remained together the abnormal degree of pride which the mother showed in her wonderful chicken was most ludicrous; but I have no space to enter into details. It may be stated, however, that both before and after the separation the mother was in the habit of frequently combing out the top-knot of her son—she standing on a seat, or other eminence, of suitable height, and he bending his head forward with evident satisfaction. This fact is particularly noteworthy, because the practice of combing out the top-knot of their chickens is customary among pea-hens. In conclusion, I may observe that the peacock reared by this Brahma hen turned out a finer bird in every way than did any of his brothers of the same brood which were reared by their own mother, but that on repeating the experiment next year with another Brahma hen and several pea-chickens, the result was different, for the hen deserted her family at the same time when it is natural for ordinary hens to do so, and in consequence all the pea-chickens miserably perished.

I have just concluded another experiment which is well worth recording. A bitch ferret strangled herself by trying to squeeze through too narrow an opening. She left a very young family of three orphans. These I gave, in the middle of the day, to a Brahma hen which had been sitting on dummies for about a month. She took to them almost immediately, and remained with them for rather more than a fortnight, at the end of which time I had to cause a separation, in consequence of the hen having suffocated one of the ferrets by standing upon its neck. During the whole of the time that the ferrets were left with the hen the latter had to sit upon the nest; for the young ferrets, of course, were not able to follow the hen about as chickens would have done. The hen, as might be expected, was very much puzzled at the lethargy of her offspring. Two or three times a day she used to fly off the nest, calling upon her brood to follow; but upon hearing their cries of distress from cold, she always returned immediately and sat with patience for six or seven hours more. I should have said that it only took the hen one day to learn the meaning of these cries of distress; for after the first day she would always run in an agitated manner to any place where I concealed the ferrets, provided that this place was not too far away from the nest to prevent her from hearing the cries of distress. Yet I do not think it would be possible to conceive of a greater contrast than that between the shrill piping notes of a young chicken and the hoarse growling noise of a young ferret. On the other hand, I cannot say that the young ferrets ever seemed to learn the meanings of the hen's clucking. During the whole of the time that the hen was allowed to sit upon the ferrets she used to comb out their hair with her bill, in the same way as hens in general comb out the feathers of their chickens. While engaged in this process, however, she used frequently to stop and look with one eye at the wriggling nest-full with an inquiring gaze expressive of astonishment. At other times, also, her family gave her good reason to be surprised; for she used often to fly off the nest suddenly with a loud scream—an action which was doubtless due to the unaccustomed sensation of being nipped by the young ferrets in their search for the teats. It is further worth while to remark that the hen showed so much uneasiness of mind when the ferrets were taken from her to be fed, that at one time I thought she was going to desert them altogether. After this, therefore, the ferrets were always fed in the nest, and with this arrangement the hen was perfectly satisfied—apparently because she thought that she then had some share in the feeding process. At any rate she used to cluck when she saw the milk coming, and surveyed the feeding with evident satisfaction.

Altogether, I consider this a very remarkable instance of the plasticity of instinct. The hen, it should be said, was a young one, and had never reared a brood of chickens. A few months before she reared the young ferrets, she had been attacked and nearly killed by an old ferret which had escaped from his hutch. The young ferrets were taken from her several days before their eyes were open.

In conclusion, I may add, that a few weeks before trying this experiment with the hen I tried a similar one with a rabbit. In this case the ferret was newly born, and I gave it to a white doe rabbit which had littered six days before. Unlike the hen, however, she perceived the imposture at once, and attacked the young ferret so savagely that she broke two of its legs before I could remove it. To have made this experiment parallel with the other, however, the two mothers ought to have littered on the same day. In this case the result would probably have been different; for I have heard that under such circumstances even such an intelligent animal as a bitch may be deceived into rearing a cat, and *vice versa*.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

NATIONAL POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Jos. M. Wade:

Dear Sir,—Our great National show is just over. It was a grand success, there being three thousand fowls and pigeons, and three hundred dogs.

When I entered the poultry department, I thought what a splended chance for a fowl report. Well the Light Brahmas were a large class, and were fine, two of the hens weighing respectively 13½ and 14 lbs. There were some very choice cocks, and the cockerels were nearly perfect, as were a great many of the hens and pullets.

The Ducks were not so large a class, but were very good, and were headed by a magnificent pair of birds, entered by the President, Mr. E. L. Lamb; they were almost perfect, and to describe them more fully, I would say that they were the noted birds Waltham and Dee. There was also a young cockerel that belonged to Mr. Lamb, that promises to excel his father Waltham, when developed.

There were many other good birds exhibited by different parties. The judging by Mr. Mansfield gave good satisfaction, and the prizes were well placed.

The Buff Cochins came next, and were a splendid class. There were some very choice birds owned by Mr. Barnes, and by Mr. Jones. But as a class, we think they would average 80 points. I did not admire the first premium cock as much as I did the third prize one, which I think was much better in color, shape, and size. But the Buffs did not near equal the Partridge Cochins. There were a great many of them, 60 birds. They were grand, and were the richest looking lot of birds on exhibition. The prizes were well placed, and gave good satisfaction to all, excepting two or three constitutional grumblers.

Whites were a poor class, with the exception of two birds, that was the 1st prize cock, and a hen or pullet, I know not which. The Blacks were a small class but good, and prizes well placed. Next came the B. B. Red Games. They were a big class, numbering 89 birds, they were beauties. There were a great many fashionable birds, with long legs and snake like necks and heads, and of course they took the prizes. But I admired the birds that had been bred more especially for the pit, with shorter legs and more plump, symmetrical bodies; and they were by far the brighter colored, and beautiful. But still fashion must have its sway, and take the lead, but long live the clippers. There were some Black Red Derbys, that were nice birds.

Next came the Duckwings, they were not a large class, yet

very good in both classes, Silvers and Yellows. They were all in good condition, and were well judged.

Then came the Piles; they were, with two exceptions, very stylish birds, and with different coloring, would fill A. D. Warren's model to a T. They were well judged. The two excepted, were birds bred for the pit, good in color, but set lower and with smooth, plump bodies, and shorter necks and heads, yet they were very good.

Black Games were a small class and good, were mostly pit birds, and well judged. Grays, Dominiques, Sumatras, and one or two more classes, were small but good, and judged well. The Polands were large classes, and very beautiful, especially the Whites owned by Mr. Sperry of Hartford, Conn.; they were gems.

The Hamburgs were out in full force, and were nice, especially the blacks.

Spanish were a medium sized class, and very fine. Leghorns ditto. Houdans, small class and an indifferent. Crevecœurs, good. La Flech were also good. Dorkings, a small class, but the best I have ever met. Plymouth Rocks were a medium class, and very good in quality, as were the Dominiques. Bantams were a very large class, and I will not attempt to describe them, as I could not do them justice, and will only say they should have been seen to be appreciated; they were well judged by Mr. Spaulding, and the other judges.

There were on exhibition also some Pea Fowls, Pheasants, and Ferrets.

There were some Lop-eared Rabbits, they were not very beautiful, but were, I suppose, fine specimens. Also a pair of Himalayans, they were beauties and were much admired by the ladies and children. There were several cats, one was a beautiful Tortoise-shell cat, owned by Mr. Lamb; it sold for $25; there was also a large white Thomas called Tommie Graves, he was in a cage with a canary, which she did not appear to notice. The Maltese kittens were good.

I will not attempt to describe the pigeons any more than to say that they were beauties. The dogs were all very fine, and may be described at a future day.

The show was no doubt a grand success, which was owing entirely to the efforts of Secretary Willard and his assistants; and I left with the impression on my mind, that Willard is just the man, and could not be done without. Long may he wave.

And having noticed all and compared we will say.

Stemmata quid faciunt,

Renim.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PEKIN DUCKS.

Is the Editor of the Bulletin an "inflationist?" I judge so by the space he gives gratis, in the Poultry Bulletin, for November, to that *Mystic* (Bridge), Rev. Mr. Clift to advertise Pekin Ducks. It may be, that it doesn't amount to much, but it is too gshy, and the advertising dodge, thus *mystic*(ally) wormed in the reading department of the "Bulletin" is simply done to assist in selling more ducks this fall, and to increasd the demand for eggs the coming spring. Some time since, Mr. Editor, you informed me that you had several enquiries from would-be-purchasers of the Pekin ducks, and before you answer them, I would like to have Mr. Clift substantiate the following statement. "They proved to be very prolific and hardy, and *much larger* than the Rouens and Aylesburys." The italics are mine, and on that point I want emphatic, special information—free from *guess-work*. He also remarks: "A few extra weights have sold as high as $30, consequently, at this late day he will experience no difficulty in giving me the weight of specimens, "*much larger* than Rouens or Aylesburys?" "They are the perfection of all the duck tribe, for eating." What a shame to "sacrifice for the table" "odd drakes," when the "progeny" of a cross with "Aylesburys and Rouens is an *improvement* upon these fine breeds" and doubly so, while, "the original prices are still maintained." But perhaps the extraordinary prolific nature of this "great acquisition to the water fowl of the country," explains why the palate is tickled with such Tycoon luxuries. But wont these *puffs* become stale some of these days? Old breeders already read them knowingly, with *one eye closed*. But I must exit, as I know the Journal is down on advertising in its reading columns, and might think I am also interested in Pekins.

Yours truly, Western New York.

[The above article unfortunately got mislaid, but it has some points that will not spoil very soon, and are as much in order now as when written.—Ed]

THE WORCESTER AND FRANKLIN CO. POULTRY AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.

The following premiums were awarded at the annual exhibition of the Worcester and Franklin Co. Poultry and Pet Stock Association, at Starr Hall, Athol, Mass., Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, January 4, 5, and 6, 1876.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

Brahmas—Light, Fowls, 1st, P. F. Amidon, Hinsdale, N. H.; chicks, 1st and 2d, P. F. Amidon. Dark—Fowls, 1st, J. S. Goodnow, Millington; 2d, C. W. Chamberlin, Arlington; 3d, P. F. Amidon; chicks, 1st, P. F. Amidon; 2d, C. W. Chamberlin; 3d, G. W. Cleveland, Milington.

Cochin—Buff, Fowls, 2d, C. C. Holton, Hinsdale, N. H.; 3d J. S. Goodnow; chicks, no award. Black—Fowls, 2d R. Wm. Waterman, Athol. Partridge—no award. White—Chicks, 3d, Asa Hosmer, Baldwinville.

Plymouth Rock—Fowls, 1st, W. A. Carleton, Fitchburg; 2d, R. W. Waterman; 3d, F. Broons; chicks, 1st, Henry Latham, Hinsdale, N. H.; 2d and 3d, A. French, Orange.

Black Spanish—Fowls, 1st, S. S. Tower; 2d, C. F. Flint; chicks, no award.

White Dorking—Fowls, 1st, J. R. Maxham, Fitchburg; chicks, no award.

Hamburg—Silver Spangled, Fowls, 1st, G. J. Pratt; 2d, R. W. Waterman; chicks, no award. Golden Spangled—Fowls, 2d, J. S. Goodnow, Millington; 3d, G. W. Woodward. Black—Chicks, 1st, W. A. Carleton.

Leghorn—White, Fowls, 1st, W. G. Scribner, Fitchburg; 3d, E. A. Pickering, Ashuelot, N. H.; chicks, 1st and 2d, J. H. Osterhout, Greenhout, Greenfield; 3d, E. A. Pickering. Brown—Fowls, 1st and 2d, W. G. Scribner; chicks, 2d, C. C. Haskell, Greenfield. Spangled—Chicks, 1st and 2d, A. J. Hamilton.

Crevecœur—Fowls, 1st, Chas. Fletcher, Hinsdale; 2d, S. J. Pratt; chicks, no award.

Polish—White-crested White, Fowls, 1st E. A. Pickering; chicks, 1st, 2d and 3d, E. A. Pickering. White-crested Black—Fowls, 2d, T. L. Weber, Orange; chicks, 2d and 3d, T. L. Weber. Silver Spangled—Fowls, 1st, T. W. Fleming, Orange; 2d, D. C. Martin, Orange; 3d, F. W. Fleming. Muffed and Bearded—Fowls, 1st, G. W. Cleveland.

Game—Black-breasted Red, Chicks, 1st, E. L. Elliot, Orange; 2d, C. C. Holton, Hinsdale. Earl of Derby—Fowls, 3d, E. S. Bigelow. Yellow Duckwing—Fowls, 2d, Geo. E. Morse, Hubbardston. Ginger-red—Chicks, 2d, James Kelly. White—Fowls, 1st, R. Wm. Waterman; chicks, 1st, R. Wm. Waterman. Silver Duckwing—Fowls, 2d, G. W. Cleveland. Gray—Chicks, 2d, D. C. Martin, Orange. Black—Chicks, 1st, E. L. Elliott. Blue Pile—Fowls, 1st, H. H. Adams, Orange.

Bantam—Black-breasted Red Game, Fowls, 1st, W. F. Bacon, Lexington; 2d, C. C. Bolton, Hinsdale; 2d, W. F. Bacon; Chicks, 1st, C. C. Holton, Hinsdale; 2d, G. W. Cleveland. Brown-breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, 2d and 3d, Rogers & Heywood, Worcester. Chicks, 1st and 2d, Rogers & Heywood. Red Pile—Fowls, 1st and 2d, Rogers & Heywood; Chicks, 1st and 2d, Rogers & Heywood. Spangled—Fowls, 1st, Rogers & Heywood. Ginger-red—Fowls, 1st, Rogers & Heywood; Chicks, 1st, and 2d, Rogers & Heywood; 2d, F. M. Jennison. Silver Duckwing—Fowls, 1st, Rogers & Heywood; Chicks, 1st and 2d, Rogers & Heywood. Golden Duckwing—Fowls, 1st, Rogers & Heywood; Chicks, Rogers & Heywood. White Game—Fowls, 1st, Rogers & Heywood; Chicks, 1st, Rogers & Heywood. Golden

Seabright—Fowls, 1st, A. F Stevens, Natick; 2d, P. F. Amidon, Hinsdale; Chicks, 2d, S. B. Pitts. White Rose Comb—Fowls, 1st, A. F. Stevens; Chicks, 1st, A. F. Stevens; 2d, T. M. Shepard, Northampton. Black Rose Comb—Fowls, 1st, A. F. Stevens; 2d, Rogers & Heywood.

Japanese Silkies, 1st, G. W. Cleveland.

Bucks County—Fowls, 1st, O. Mixter, Worcester; Chicks, 1st, O. Mixter; 2d, E. J. Miller, Phillipston.

Rumpless—Fowls, 1st, J. R. Maxham, Fitchhburg.

Turkeys—Bronze, 1st, Norman Howe, Hinsdale; 2d, W. H. Newton, Royalston; 3d, Henry Kendall. Wild, 1st, Mrs. C. W. Moore.

Guinea—Pearl, Fowls, 1st, Abel F. Stevens. White—Fowls, 1st, W. F. Bacon, Lexington.

Geese—Toulouse, 2d, W. H. Newton.

Ducks—Mallard, 2d, H. A. Haven. Rouen—1st and 2d, Mrs. C. W. Moore.

Pigeons—Carrier, 2d, G. W. Cleveland. High Flying Tumblers—1st, G. W. Cleveland. White Fantails—1st, W. F. Bacon. Black Magpies—1st, W. F. Bacon. White Trumpeters—2d, W. F. Bacon; Black Mottled Tumbler—1st, W. F. Bacon; 2d, G. W. Cleveland. Ring Doves, 1st and 2d, Mrs. O. Mixter. Black Priest—G. W. Cleveland. White Crested White, 1st, G. W. Cleveland.

Pouters—2d, E. D. Andrews.

Parrots—Grey, 1st, Ira L. Davis. Green—1st, Mrs. G. W. Woodward.

Canaries—Male, 1st, Mrs. John Swan, Jr.; 2d, Miss Swan. Female—1st, Mrs. R. Wm. Waterman; 2d not awarded. Song—1st, Mrs. R. Wm. Waterman, 1st and two specials.

Paroquet—Miss Broons, 1st and special.

Rabbits—Angora, 1st, G. W. Cleveland. Black—G. W. Cleveland. Fawn—1st, G. W. Cleveland. White—1st, Rogers & Heywood; 2d, O. Washburn, 3d, Rogers & Heywood.

Guinea Pig—1st, A F. Stevens.

Stuffed Birds—1st, Ira L. Davis; 2d, J. H. Talbot.

Dogs—Newfoundland, 1st, Chester Canham. Irish Spaniel—1st, R. Wm. Waterman.

'Coons—1st, E. L. Richards, North Dana.

Best Drawing of Animals, by boy under fifteen years of age, 1st. Charlie Waterman.

Best Drawing, by girl, Clara Wheeler, Northfield.

Best Drawing of Birds, by boy, 1st, Charlie Waterman; 2d, Asa Haven.

Best Drawing of Birds, by girl, 1st, Clara Wheeler.

MIDDLESEX POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

The following is the "Official Report" of the Exhibition of the Middlesex Poultry Association, held at Huntington Hall, Lowell, Mass., Dec. 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24.

E. T. POWELL,
Secretary, M. P. A.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

CLASS 1. *Asiatics*—Brahmas—Light—Fowls, 1st, 2d, and 3d, Damon & Marshall, Cochituate; 4th, Geo. V. Fletcher, Belmont. Points—1st, male 88, female 93; 2d, male 89, female 91; 3d, male 86, female 91½. Light—Chicks, 1st and 3d, G. V. Fletcher, Belmont; 2d, Damon & Marshall; 4th, J. E. Wilmarth, Taunton. Points to 9th premium—1st, male 93, female 92; 2d, male 94, female 89½; 3d, male 91, female 92; 4th, male 87, female 96; 5th, male 92, female 91, Damon & Marshall; 7th, male 90½, female 88, Damon & Marshall; 8th, male 88½, female 89½, J. E. Wilmarth; 9th, male 86, female 89, J. E. Wilmarth.

Cochins. Pea Comb Partridge—Fowls, 1st, C. H. Edwards, Melrose, Mass.; Chicks, 2d, 3d, and 4th, C. H. Edwards, Melrose, Mass. Partridge—Fowls, 1st, Geo. W. Bruniton, Boston, Mass.; 2d, W. G. Garmon, Manchester. Buff—Fowls, 1st, Geo. V. Fletcher; Chicks, 1st, J. L. Noyes, Lowell; 2d and 3d, Geo. V. Fletcher. Black—Fowls, 1st, C. L. Parker, Winchester; Chicks, 1st, C. L. Parker, Winchester; 3d, Starks & Whiton, Hingham.

CLASS 2. *Dorkings*—White, 1st, W. H. Allen, Manchester, Mass. Gray—Fowls, 1st, W. F. Daniels, Franklin, N. H.; Chicks, 1st, W. F. Daniels, Franklin, N. H.

CLASS 3. *Hamburgs*—Golden Penciled—Fowls, 1st and 2d, A. J. Tuck, Nashua; Chicks, 1st, and 2d, A. J. Tuck, Nashua. Silver Penciled—1st, A. J. Tuck. Silver Spangled—Fowls, 1st, Geo. F. Seavey, Cambridgeport; Chicks, 1st, Geo. F. Seavey, Cambridgeport; 2d, W. H. Cope, Lowell. Golden Spangled—Fowls, 1st, Geo. F. Seavey; 2d, Frank Ellis, Cambridge; Chicks, Geo. F. Seavey; 2d, Frank Ellis.

CLASS 4. *Leghorns*—White—Chicks, 1st, Laurin Martin, Lowell; 2d, James H. Nichols, Lowell; 3d, N. G. Robinson, Taunton; 4th, Laurin Martin. Points—1st, male 86, female 86; 2d, male 87, female 83; 3d, male 83, female 84; 4th, male 84, female 84. Brown—Chicks, 1st, Laurin Martin; 2d. Geo. A. Parker, Reading; 3d, Gray & Sherman, Foxboro; 4th, Albert Beard, Nashua. Points—1st, male 91, female 94; 4th, male 87, female 82.

CLASS 5. *French*—Houdans—Fowls, 1st, 2d, and 3d, E. C. Aldrich, Hyde Park; Chicks, 1st and 2d, E. C. Aldrich, Hyde Park; 3d, Wm. J. Merrill, Lowell. Crevecœurs—Fowls, 1st and 2d, J. Henry Symonds, Boston, Mass.; Chicks, 1st, 2d, and 3d, J. Henry Symonds, Boston, Mass.

CLASS 6. *Polish*—Fowls, White Crested Black, 1st, E. Hartshorn & Son, Boston; Chicks, 1st and 2d, E. Hartshorn & Son, Boston, Mass. Golden Spangled—Fowls, 1st, H. L. Clapp, Boston, Mass.; 2d, John H. Nichols; Chicks, 1st, J. Henry Symonds. Silver Spangled—Fowls, 1st, Starkes Whiton, Lowell; 3d, Asa Vinal, Lowell; Chicks, 1st, Starkes Whiton.

CLASS 7. *Game*—Black Breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, D. B. Wallace, Lynnfield; 2d, J. H. Fisher, Weston; Chicks, 1st, D. B. Wallace; 2d, A. H. Trowbridge, Winchester; 3d, E. H. Fisher. Brown Breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, D. B. Wallace. Claiborne—Fowls, 1st, D. B. Wallace; 2d, M. Schwartz, Boston; Chicks, 1st, D. B. Wallace; 2d and 3d, J. H. Fisher. Ginger Red—Fowls, 1st, D. B. Wallace. Earl of Derby—Fowls, 1st, D. B. Wallace; 2d, M. Schwartz; Chicks, 2d, M. Schwartz. English White—Fowls, 1st, D. B. Wallace. Georgion White—Fowls, 1st, D. B. Wallace. White Pile—Fowls, 1st, D. B. Wallace; Chicks, do. Red Pile—Chicks, 1st, D. B. Wallace; 2d, J. H. Murphy, Lowell. Spangled Pile—Chicks, 1st, D. B. Wallace. Blue Spangled—Fowls, 1st, D. B. Wallace. Yellow Duckwing—Chicks, 1st, D. B. Wallace. Red Dun—Chicks, 1st, D. B. Wallace. Tartar—Fowls, 1st, M. Schwartz. Wild Indian—Chicks, 1st, M. Schwartz. Clipper—Chicks, 1st, M. Schwartz. Heathwood—Chicks, 1st, J. H. Murphy; 2d, Laurin Martin. Fowls, 1st, J. H. Murphy. Golden Duckwing—Fowls, 2d, A. J. Tuck, Nashua.

CLASS 8. *Game Bantams*—Red Pile—Chicks, 1st, Rogers & Heywood, Worcester; Fowls, do. White—Chicks, 1st, Rogers & Heywood. Spangled—Chicks, 1st, Rogers & Haywood. Brown Red—1st, Rogers & Haywood. Golden Duckwing—Fowls, 1st, Rogers & Haywood; Chicks, do. Black Breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, W. F. Bacon, Lexington; 2d, Damon & Marshall; Chicks, W. H. Goodall, Woonsocket; 2d, W. F. Bacon.

CLASS 9. *Bantam*—Golden Sebright—Fowls, 1st, Geo. F. Seavey; Chicks, do. Silver Sebright—Chicks, 1st, Geo. F. Seavey. White Rose Comb—Chicks, 1st and 2d, W. G. Garmon, Manchester, N. H.

CLASS 10. *Plymouth Rock*—Fowls, 1st, Hiram Randall, Stoughton; 2d and 3d, V. C. Gilman, Nashua; 4th, James Hautton, Billerica; Chicks, 1st, 2d, and 4th, V. C. Gilman, Nashua; 3d, Hiram Randall. Frizzles—Chicks, 1st, Chas. W. Hoitt, Nashua.

CLASS 11. *Turkeys*—Bronze—Chicks, 1st, Levi L. Hall. Gray—Fowls, 1st, Geo. W. Varnum, Dracut.

CLASS 12. *Ornamental*—Pearl Guinea—Fowls, 1st, W. B. Felch, Lowell. White—Fowls, 1st, W. F. Bacon.

AQUATIC DIVISION.

CLASS 13. *Geese*—Bremen—1st, C. L. Parker, Winchester. Gray China—1st, C. L. Parker. Wild—1st, C. L. Parker. White China—C. L. Parker.

CLASS 14. *Ducks*—Rouen—1st and 2d, C. L. Parker; 3d and 4th, Albert Beard, Nashua. Pekin—1st, Laurin Martin, Lowell. Cayuga—1st, C. L. Parker.

COLUMBARIUM DIVISION.

CLASS 16. *Pigeons*—Carriers—Black, 1st, G. F. Seavey; 2d, Dun, G. F. Seavey; 3d, Yellow, G. F. Seavey. Tumblers—1st, Almond Shortface, Geo. F. Seavey; 2d, Ermine Shortface, G. F. Seavey; 3d, Almond, G. F. Seavey. Ring Doves—1st, L. Kirk Sprague, Lowell. Pouters—Black Pied, 1st, R. H. Justice, Lawrence; 2d, Black Isabella, R. H. Justice; 3d, Black Pied, L. Kirk Sprague. Barbs, 1st, Black, R. H. Justice; 2d, Yellow, John H. Nichols; 3d, Red, R. H. Justice. Fantails—1st, White Crested, Geo. F. Seavey; 2d, Black Smoothhead, Geo. F. Seavey; 3d, Yellow Smoothhead, G. F. Seavey. Spots—1st, Red, R. H. Justice; 2d, Brown, Kirk Sprague; 3d, Black Capped, C. C. Chase, Manchester. Trumpeters—1st, 2d and 3d, C. W. Chamberlain, Arlington. Swallow—1st, Black, C. W. Chamberlain; 2d, Red, C. W. Chamberlin. Turbits—1st, White, Geo. F. Seavey; 2d, Yellow Wing, Geo. F. Seavey. Jacobins—1st, White, G. F. Seavey; 2d, Yellow; G. F. Seavey; 3d, Black, G. F.

Seavey. Archangels—1st, Blue, C. C. Chase. Magpies—Black Capped, 1st, R. H. Justice; 2d, W. F. Bacon; 3d, C. C. Chase, Manchester, N. H. Helmits—1st, Black, R. H. Justice. Owls—1st, White African, D. Frank Ellis; 2d, Blue African, D. F. Ellis; 3d, Black African, D. Frank Ellis. English White Eyes—1st, R. H. Justice. Drums—1st, John H. Nichols. Blue Brunswick—1st, C. C. Chase, Manchester, N. H. Imported Turtle Doves, 1st, John H. Nichols.

Class 19. *Minor Pets—Guinea Pigs*—1st, A. F. Stevens, Natick.

Squirrels—1st, W. A. Safford.

Thomas L. Hallworth, of Chelsea, made a creditable display of Spangled Leghorn Chicks. Although they have not been recognized by the "American Standard of Excellence," will undoubtedly take a conspicuous place in the Leghorn class. Mr. Hallworth has a standard for his birds, and can show, by comparing the young birds with the old, that his efforts to breed to that standard have been a success.

Special Premiums.

Class 1. Best collection Buff Cochins, George V. Fletcher, Belmont. Best pair Buff Cochin Chicks, J. L. Noyes, Lowell. Best pair Light Brahma Chicks, George V. Fletcher, Bellmont. Best collection Pea Comb Partridge Cochins, C. N. Edwards, Melrose, Mass. Best pair Dark Brahma Chicks, C. W. Chamberlain, Arlington. Best pair Sebright Cochins, V. C. Gilman, Nashua. Best Light Brahma Cockerel, George V. Fletcher. Best Dark Brahma Cockerel, C. W. Chamberlain, Arlington.

Class 4. Best five pair White Leghorn Chicks raised by exhibitor, J. W. Vanson, Boston. Best White Leghorn Cockerel, John N. Nichols, Lowell. Best Brown Leghorn Cockerel, Laurin Martin, Lowell.

Class 5. Best collection Houdan Chicks, E. C. Aldrich, Hyde Park. Best collection Crevecœurs, J. Henry Symonds, Woburn. Best pair Crevecœur Chicks, J. Henry Symonds. Best pair Houdan Chicks, E. C. Aldrich. Best Houdan Cockerel, E. C. Aldrich.

Class 7. Best collection Game, D. B. Wallace, Lynnfield. Best pair Heathwood Ducks, J. N. Murphy, Lowell.

Class 8. Best collection Game Bantams, Rogers & Haywood, Worcester. Best pair Black Breasted Red, W. N. Goodall, Woonsocket, R. I.

Class 10. Best collection Plymouth Rocks, V. C. Gilman, Nashua.

Class 11. Best collection Turkeys, Levi L. Hall, Dracut.

Class 13. Best collection of Geese, C. L. Parker, Winchester.

Class 14. Best Collection of Ducks, C. D. Parker. Best Pekin, Laurin Martin, Lowell.

Class 16. *Pigeons*—Best collection pigeons various varieties, R. N. Justice, Lawrence. Best general collection, Geo. F. Seavey, Cambridgeport. Best and largest collection Silver and Blue Owls, Michael Stanton, Lowell.

Class 17. Best Canary Singing Birds, W. A. Safford, Lowell.

Class 19. Best collection Guinea Pigs, A. F. Stevens, Natick.

Class 20. Best Exhibition Coop, Geo. H. Burrows, Somerville. Best Hatching Coop, Laurin Martin, Lowell.

The exhibitor paying the largest entry fee for fowls and chicks, D. B. Wallace, Lynnfield. The exhibitor paying the largest entry fee for Pigeons, Geo. F. Seavey.

NEW HAMPSHIRE POULTRY SOCIETY.

Premium awards of the Ninth Annual Exhibition of the New Hampshire Poultry Society, held in Concord, February 1, 2, and 3, 1876.

Judges—H. S. Ball, A. F. Stevens.

Brahmas—Light—Fowls, 1st, 2d and 3d, C. C. Russell, Nashua; chicks, 1st and 2d, C. C. Russell, Nashua; 3d, Nathan Mansur, Concord; specials for best collection and best trio, C. C. Russell. Dark—Fowls, 1st and 2d, W. E. Hood, Concord; chicks, 1st and special to J. Dutton, Hillsborough Bridge; 2d, J. R. Willman, Fisherville; J. W. Bond, Concord.

Cochins—Buff—Fowls, 1st, H. L. Wilkinson, Laconia; chicks, 1st, 2d, 3d, and special, H. L. Wilkinson. Partridge—Fowls, 1st, 2d, 3d, and special, W. G. Garmon, Manchester; chicks, 1st and special, F. P. Kemp, West Concord. White—Fowls, 1st, C. M. Boynton, Concord; chicks, 1st, 2d, and special, C. M. Boynton, Concord. Black—Fowls, 2d and special, W. G. Everett, Manchester; chicks, 1st, C. H. Colburn; 2d, W. G Everett, Manchester; 3d, E. A. Drew, Concord. Pea Comb Partridge—chicks, 1st and special, V. C. Gilman, Nashua. Seabright—1st, V. C. Gilman.

Plymouth Rocks—Fowls, 1st and 2d, V. C. Gilman; chicks, 1st and 3d, V. C. Gilman; 2d, L. B. Hoitt, Concord; specials, for the best collection and the best trio, V. C. Gilman.

Dominiques—American—Fowls, 1st, W. F. Daniell, Franklin; chicks, 1st, 2d and 3d, W. F. Daniell.

Dorkings—Silver Gray—Fowls, W. F. Daniell. Colored—1st, W. F. Daniell.

Natives—1st, L. R. Goodrich, Hopkinton.

Crevecœures—2d, W. A. Sewall, Concord.

Houdans—1st and special, G. Blanchard, Wilton.

Polish—White Crested White—Fowls—1st, C. H. Colburn, Manchester; 2d, W. G. Everett; 3d, G. H. Woodbury, Newport; chicks, 1st, C. H. Colburn; 2d, W. G. Everett. White Crested Black—Chicks, 1st, C. W. Drake, Concord. Silver Spangled—Fowls, 2d, J. F. Jones, Contoocook; chicks, 1st, H. L. Clapp, So. Boston, Mass. Golden Spangled—Fowls, 1st, H. L. Clapp.

Game—Earl Derby—Fowls, 1st, H. C. Richards, Manchester. Red Pile Muff—Fowls, 1st, John Leary, Concord; chicks, 1st, John Leary. Black B. Red—Fowls, 1st and 2d, E. W. Thomas, Jr., Franklin; chicks, 2d, W. T. Putnam, Concord; special for the best collection of game, W. T. Putnam. Golden Duckwing—Fowls, 1st, A. J. Tuck, Nashua. White Georgian—Fowls, 1st and 2d, W. A. Sewall, Concord; chicks, 1st and 2d, W. A. Sewall; 3d, J. W. Gordon, Concord. Ginger Red—Fowls, 2d, W. T. Putnam. Gray—1st, J. L. Champigy; 2d, W. T. Putnam. Red Pile—Chicks, 2d, John Leary.

Game Bantams—Red Pile—Fowls, 1st, C. W. Hoitt, Nashua. Silver Duckwing—Fowls, I. Dean, Taunton, Mass.; chicks, 1st, Brad J. Cilley, Manchester, 2d, I. Dean. Golden Duckwing—Fowls, 1st, Brad J. Cilley; chicks, 1st, Brad C. Cilley. Black Red—Fowls, 1st, I. Dean; 2d, Brad J. Cilley; chicks, 1st, I. Dean; 2d and 3d, Brad J. Cilley; special for best collection, Brad J. Cilley

Leghorns—White—Fowls, 1st, G. Blanchard, Wilton; 2d, C. M. Boynton, Concord; chicks, 1st, E. Dart, Franklin Falls; 2d, Laurin Martin, Lowell; 3d, J. H. Morrison, Marlow; special, E. Dart. Brown—Chicks, 1st, 2d, 3d and special, E. G. Runnells, Hopkinton. Dominique—Chicks, 1st, 2d, 3d and special, O. A. Hamblett, Milford.

Spanish—Black—Fowls, 1st, W. T. Evans, Manchester, 2d, H. J. Eaton, Concord.

Hamburgs—Golden Spangled—Fowls, 1st, L. P. Eaton, Hancock; chicks; 1st and 2d, L. P. Eaton. Silver Spangled—Fowls, 1st and special, E. E. Lane; chicks, 1st and 2d, Z. Dustin, Henniker. Golden Penciled—Fowls, 1st, A. J. Tuck. Silver Penciled—Fowls, 1st and special. A. J. Tuck.

Bantams—Golden Seabright—Fowls, 1st and special, Isaac Dean; 2d, Mrs. C. C. Chase, Manchester. Silver Seabright—Chicks, 1st, I. Dean. White Rose Comb—Fowls, 1st, W. G. Garmon, Manchester; chicks, 1st and 2d, W. G. Garmon.

Silkies—Chicks, 1st, A. O. Hamblett, Milford.

Ducks—Pekin—1st and special, Laurin Martin, Lowell, Mass.; 2d and 3d, C. B. & G. H. Flanders, Concord. Rouen—3d, E. P. Kemp, West Concord. Aylesbury—2d, John B. Sanborn, E. Concord.

Pigeons—J. P. Ankarloo, Manchester, 7 first, 2 second premiums. N. A. Sleeper, Manch ster, 1 first, 3 second. C. C. Chase, Manchester, 13 first, 10 second. D. W. Littlehale, Sutton, 1 second.

Cage of Song Birds—C. H. Barrett, Concord, 1st.

Turkeys—Bronze—1st and special, John B. Sanborn, East Concord. Wild—1st, B. W. Morgan, Franklin.

Mocking Bird—H. O. Mathews, Concord, 1st.

Collection of Stuffed Birds—F. B. Kemp, W. Concord, 1st.

Exhibition Coop—M. V. B. Kinne, Manchester, 1st.

Heaviest Cock—A. T. Sanger, Concord.

WM. G. GARMON, *Sec'y.*

ATHOL POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

The above association was formed last July, by a majority of the officers of the association holding its exhibition in Music Hall, Athol, in 1875, and now has nearly 300 members, among whom are many of the principal poultry breeders in this part of the State, and several belonging in New Hampshire. Its first exhibition was a success financially and otherwise. Some 400 coops of first-class fowls being entered for competition.

Leghorns—Dominique, Chicks, O. J. Stockwell, Athol. Spangled

—A. J. Hamilton, Athol. White—Fowls, W. G. Scribner, Fitchburg. Chicks—J. H. O terhout, Greenfield. Brown—Fowls, W. G. Scribner. Chicks—C C. Haskell, Greenfield.

Bucks County—Fowls, O. Mixter, Worcester. Collection do.

White Dorkins—J. R. Maxham, Fitchburg. Chicks, do.: best pair fowls or chicks, do.

Polish—Chicks, E. A. Pickerings, Ashuelot, N. H.

Rumpless—G. R. Maxham.

Silkies—J. W. Cleveland.

Plymouth Rocks—Fowls, W. A. Carlton, Fitchburg, Mass. Chicks—Henry Latham, Hinsdale.

Black Spanish—Fowls, S. S. Tower, Athol.

Hamburgs—Silver, Spangled, G. R. Pratt. Spangled—J. S. Goodnow, Millington.

Crevecœurs—G. R. Pratt, Athol.

Bantams—Black African, A. F. Stevens, Natick, Mass. Chicks, do. *Smallest pair* of any variety, Marshal B Waterman, Athol. Best cross, do. Best collection, A. F. Stevens. The largest number of bantams raised by the youngest exhibitor, Marshal B. Waterman.

Guinea Fowls—A. F. Stevens.

Best Crowing Bird—E. S. Bigelow.

Best Cross-between—Thoroughbred fowls, H. H. Adams, Orange. 2d best, E. S. Elliott.

Turkeys—best, N. Howe, Hinsdale, N. H. 2d best, W. H. Newton, Royalston.

Ducks—Mrs. C. W. Moore, Athol.

Geese—W. N. Newton, Royalston.

Rabbits—Rogers & Haywood.

Parrots—Gray, Ira L. Davis. Green, Mrs. Geo. W. Woodward.

To the woman raising, caring for, and exhibiting the largest collection of fowls, Mrs. Geo. W. Woodward.

To the woman raising and exhibiting best pair of fowls, Mrs. G. W. Woodward.

Largest brood of youngest chickens, O. J. Stockwell, Athol.

Canaries—Best pair, Mrs. R. Wm. Waterman. Best singers, do.

Paroquett—Mrs. Mattie Broom, Athol.

Doves—Ring, Mrs. O. Mixter.

Peacock—Ira L. Davis.

Dressed Poultry—Mrs. C. W. Moore.

Largest Eggs—Sumner Sibley. Smallest, Mrs. O. Mixter.

Heaviest Hens—C. C. Holton, Hinsdale.

Squirrels—B. King.

Wild Game—(alive,) D. L. Richards. Same for three live coons.

Cat—Best specimen, Marshal B. Waterman.

Dogs—Largest and handsomest, to Chester Conham, Athol. For Newfoundland dog, hunting dog, to R. Wm. Waterman.

Pencil Drawings—One each for animals and birds, to Clara Wheeler, Northfield. Best specimens of the same by a boy, to C. A. J. Waterman.

Stuffed Birds—J. H. Talbott, Athol.

SPECIALS.

For the largest number of entries, Rogers & Haywood, Worcester, Mass.

Brahmas—Light, P. F. Amidon, Hinsdale, N. H. Chicks, do. Best collection, do. Dark—best pair of fowls, P. F. Amidon. Chicks, do. Best pair of hens, R. Wm. Waterman, Athol, Mass.

Cochins—Black, R. Wm. Waterman. Buff—E. C. Holton, Hinsdale, N. H. Chicks—A. French, Orange, Mass. Collection, do. Partridge—J. W. Cleveland, Millington, Mass. White—Asa, Hosmer, Baldwinville, Mass., F. C. Furbush, Westboro, Mass.

Game—White, Fowls, R. Wm. Waterman. Chicks, do. Best pair from Curtis & Merritt's stock, Hartford, Conn., do. Chicks from any strain, do.—B. B. Read. Chicks—E. L. Elliott, Orange, Mass. Earl of Derby—E. S. Bigelow, Athol. Duckwing—G. W. Cleveland.

Bantams, Game—Best pair of any variety, Rogers & Haywood. Chicks, do. Duckwings, do.

SWEEPSTAKES.

A $42 sewing machine, contributed by the manufacturers for the person receiving the largest number of premiums was awarded to Rogers & Haywood, of Worcester, Mass.

The premium off red to the bird of *any variety*, scaling the most points, was awarded to R. Wm. Waterman of Athol, on his white game, figuring 96 points.

A. F. Stevens of Natick, Mass., received on his Rose Combed Bantams, figuring 94 points, the premium offered to the birds of any variety, excepting game, figuring the most points.

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

(For Fancier's Journal.)

THE DROPPER. FINAL ANSWER TO "VIC."

In the Journal of February 10, "Vic" disavows advising the breeding of droppers as field dogs. I somehow imbibed the idea that he had advocated it, but now that I am set straight in the matter, I have strong hopes of him, and congratulate him on his probable conversion to the "blue blood dog."

Let me assure him that I have described the real dropper. I know him in all his *purity* (?). There are some genuine specimens in my vicinity, with all the enviable traits of "Greenhorn's dog."

Captain Bogardus knows more about some other things than he does about the science of breeding.

He is just the man to describe the *modus operandi* of a pigeon match, and is a safe man to bet on, but when he leaves his legitimate theme and attempts to tell us how to breed our field dogs, he is getting beyond his depth. He recommends the dropper, and further in his system of breaking recommends riddling his hide occasionally with a dose of shot, to check his dropper proclivities. We don't have need to descend to brutality to educate (not break) the thorough bred.

I will now quote a paragraph in "Vic's" last. "If he (Greenhorn,) will show how the first cross in a pointer and setter can be otherwise than pure blooded—sire and dam being pure blooded themselves." Good gracious! Will he tell me if the following described *creatures* are pure blooded, and by what scientific deductions he arrives at his results? viz., the produce of the pure pointer and the pure spaniel; the pure greyhound and the pure foxhound; or coming a little nearer home, suppose we take in the genus Homo; that voluntary cross between the pure Caucasian and the pure Congo negro; the mulatto. Pure blooded! yes, just as pure as Vic's dog.

With this I drop the dropper, leaving it for his admirers to sing his praises to their heart's content. GREENHORN.

OUT OF LUCK.

Two Sacramento men, "T. M." and "C. E. M," had a little shooting at Beach's Lake a day or two ago. They at first took possession of a stand and waited long and patiently, but the ducks not appearing to be on the wing, they determined, as it was necessary to do something to warm up, to walk around the lake and see if they could not find birds sitting. Presently a flock of canvassbacks were discovered near a patch of tule, and the hunters "turtled" up to good shooting distance and fired. Some of the ducks tumbled over, but none flew away, and they loaded and fired again, about which time a professional hunter rose out of the tule and intimated his intention to inaugurate a season of hostilities, because of their having filled his decoys full of shot and about ruined some of them! A compromise was effected, and the amateurs were allowed to take a duck boat and try their luck on the lake It was not a good day for hunting in duck boats. They only got one shot, but that sufficed, owing to the gun's pushing back emphatically and upset the little craft in which they were seated, and they reached the shore wet to the skin. Of course it was nonsense to think of remaining longer at the lake.—*From the Sacramento Record-Union.*

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

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A. N. Raub, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

MARRIED.

Our well known and highly esteemed correspondent, Dr. Wilbur P. Morgan, of Baltimore, was married on the 26th of February, in Philadelphia, by the Rev. L. F. Morgan, D. D., to Miss Lalage, the youngest daughter of the late Professor S. H. Dickson, of the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. The Dr. has been associated with The Journal from its first issue, having sent the first MSS. for its columns, and probably no series of articles have been read with greater interest than those from his pen. We know that our readers will join us in wishing the doctor and his much happiness.

The Rhode Island Exhibition was a very fine affair and fanciers generally will be pleased to learn that it was, financially, all that the managers expected. The next exhibition promises to be one of the best "Little Rhody" has ever known.

The premium list at the Springfield exhibition amounted to $5,898. Every exhibitor who was present received the amount awarded him before he left the city, and all the premiums were paid within five days after the closing of the exhibition.

Breeders and fanciers who think the standard should be changed in any particular, must remember that they are required to send a definite proposition of such changes as they desire, to Mr. Ralph, Sec., A. P. A., at Buffalo, and must appear at the next annual meeting, at Boston, to advocate the change and show why it should be made.

In view of some of the ridiculous reports concerning the Exhibition at Springfield, it seems necessary to state that the credit for that splendid success, is almost entirely due to the well directed efforts of Messrs. Marsh, Nichols, Ray, Morris, and Birnie, of Springfield; Messrs. Sperry, Bestor, and Brewer, of Hartford; and Messrs. Pierce, Warren, Knox, Aldrich, and Mason, of the New England Club of Worcester.

In last week's issue we said, exhibitors from the east would not be prevented from making entries at the next Chicago exhibition, on account of the distance; we were correct. But when it comes to be known that the policy of the "National Society," is to pay all its home bills promptly, and oblige exhibitors to assume the loss if there is any; we don't think they will go in swarms from the east, or the west either, for that matter.

Just at this season we are in the receipt of many inquiries from beginners asking advice as to where they shall get the best stock. We reply—consult our advertising columns carefully, then if possible ascertain the standing of the party of whom you wish to order. We will willingly give our opinion concerning any one whose reputation we may know. Get the best stock and pay what it is worth, the best is always the cheapest.

SLIGHTLY PERSONAL.

To the patrons and well wishers of the Journal—just one word. We are getting settled in our new home, and so far we must say we like it. The Breeders of New England are a warm hearted, genial set, and the way they have of swarming around a Fancier, and doing and saying kind things, makes one feel as though he had taken all the prizes at a consolidated exhibition. We are indulging in this sort of feeling just now, and rather like the sensation. The Journal has been much more warmly greeted and welcomed than we had anticipated, which of course leads us to believe that it is appreciated. Well, as we say, we are getting rapidly settled, and shall soon be in complete working order again. The delay in issuing the Journal which is attendant upon our removal, will be only temporary, and very soon our subscribers will receive it regularly upon publication day. We have various changes and improvements in contemplation, which will be announced by their appearance, and not by any previous heralding; in the mean time we intend to keep it up to its present high standard. Letting the past and present stand as the promise for the future, we call upon those who like the Journal and believe in it, to bring it to the notice of their friends. Our subscription lists are rapidly augmenting, and that without any special effort on our part. We get many letters which open by saying that the writers have "accidentally seen a copy," and want it sent to their address. So many letters of this nature have been received that we feel like urging our friends to take a little pains to bring the attention of non subscribers to the merits of the Journal, a little effort of this kind on the part of each subscriber would result in adding thousands of names to our lists in a very short time. Every reader of the Journal is directly benefited by every additional subscription he obtains for it. The larger our receipts, the better able we are to improve it. So we say to our many friends, make an effort to increase our lists by speaking good words for the Journal, but don't do it unless you can do it with the honest conviction that you are recommending a good thing.

A SINGULAR PROCEEDING.

"Knowing the officers of the Chicago society as well as we do, we feel safe in predicting that every promise made, and every obligation entered into by them, will be fulfilled to the letter. The question as to whether the exhibition was profitable or not, will not, in our opinion, be considered for a moment in connection with the payment of premiums, any more than it would be by the officers of any other honestly conducted society in the United States."

These were about the words we used last week in alluding to the delay in paying the premiums awarded at the "National Exhibition" at Chicago. We had barely passed them over to our readers when we received notice that in consequence of extravagant management the exhibition was not a financial success—though we are left in the dark as to the deficiency—and that the exhibitors who had relied upon the promises made, and had incurred heavy expenses to make the show a fine one, and many of whom had contributed large sums for the premium list, would receive only a part of the premiums awarded them.

For the first time in the history of Poultry Exhibitions in this

country, a first-class society repudiates its promises made to exhibitors. This is something so entirely new and unexpected, that it is hardly safe just now to predict its effect upon the fraternity. It is possible that fanciers will take it all in good part, and continue to incur a large expense in making fine displays at the various exhibitions without looking very closely into their previous management. And then again, they may make up their minds that it isn't safe to rely upon any society in the future, which in the past has coolly laid aside and ignored its obligations and promises.

We have not time this week to go into this matter very closely, and must reserve extended comments until we can get the bottom facts. There are a few points, however, which we will simply allude to. The Chicago Society is supposed to be national in its scope. The officers are gentlemen selected from various parts of the country, and so far as we know them, are men of high standing and influence. We do not know of one on the lists who would countenance a discreditable, or even questionable act-so that it is quite possible, as they are scattered all over the coun, try, that this matter was never submitted to them, and may have been arranged by a few who gave it little or no thought. As their names stand among the officers, however, they will of course be considered as having advocated or acquiesced in the proceeding, though we think they should not be held responsible until it is known that they advised the non-payment of the premiums.

While it is usual for societies to promptly pay all the premiums, leaving their local bills to the last, the Chicago society has promptly paid all its miscellaneous home bills, and inflicts what loss there is upon exhibitors, the most of whom live out of the city, and who were at much trouble and expense to make the exhibition an attractive one.

Many hundreds of dollars were contributed by poultry fanciers and breeders, in all parts of the country, for *premiums*. This money it put in among the *general receipts* of the society, and then among the expenditures appears an item of $1,272, for prize cups, so that the Poultry fanciers, without so intending, helped pay for the prizes which went to the Dog fanciers.

The winners of the unpaid premiums are informed by the circular, that they are to hold them as a debt against the society which is to be paid out of future profits. But why the *exhibitors* are to carry this debt we are unable to tell. It seems to us that if the gentlemen in Chicago had any faith in "the future receipts" that it would have been an easy thing to have made an arrangement with the gentlemen who furnished the "stoves and pipe $486" (He certainly ought to have confidence in the society,) with the owners of the exposition building $1,011, and other debtors in that city by which their claims could have been deferred at a fair rate of interest until the future receipts come in. Instead of adopting this course, which is the usual one with societies when the receipts do not cover the expenditures, and the members do not assume the obligation themselves, the Chicago society sends word to exhibitors who made the show what it was, that they must carry the debt for it. The fact that Chicago was so prompt in collecting her bills against the society and was unwilling to wait for "future receipts" is not a very encouraging one for the holders of unpaid premiums in distant parts of the country to contemplate.

These are only a few of the unpleasant features of this unfortunate proceeding. We use the word "unfortunate" in its largest sense, for it not only destroys confidence in this society, but to a greater or less degree weakens the faith of fanciers in every society in the country which has not been thoroughly tested. If this course can be generally adopted and not reduce the number of entries at future exhibitions, what is to prevent any society—however weak it may be—from offering twenty or thirty thousand dollars in premiums, and then politely ask the successful exhibitors to consider the premiums awarded them as a debt against the society.

Just at the present writing the action of the Chicago society is a problem; that its solution in the near future will prove an unpleasant revelation there isn't the shadow of a doubt.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the above Poultry journal, the only weekly published in the United States. It is published by Joseph M. Wade, Hartford, Conn.

It is devoted to the interests of Poultry and small pet fanciers, and has no odor of a "ring."

We wish we could say as much of all other Poultry papers. To a fancier who enjoys fresh, spicy news, the *Fanciers' Journal* must prove an acceptable weekly visitor.—*Rural Journal.*

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—An owl was brought to me to-day that measured 43 inches, (and there were giants in those days, Huon!) from tip to tip of wings. E. S. S.

—Over 38,000 squirrel tails were received at the office of the County Clerk, of Lake Co., Cal., in 1875, to claim the bounty offered, for the extermination of the pests.—*Petaluma Argus.*

—Birds of North America.—Nos. 15,16, and 17 of this valuable work has just come to hand. Our readers who are studying Natural History, should not fail to examine this work. Jacob Studor & Co., Ohio, are the Publishers.

—Hare's Nest.—Mr. Varnum does not agree with Mr McCann, but states that after spending 43 years, almost daily in the woods, never saw a nest dug in the ground, nor lined with fur. He says they usually have 2 and 3 young at a birth, and once he saw four.

—Mr. Nelson Varnum, of Atco, N. J., assures us that the red squirrel is castrated by a worm, about ⅜ of an inch in length, similar to those produced by the gad fly, in the backs of cattle. When Mr. V., was a resident of the State of Maine, he often shot the red squirrel in harvest time and extracted the worm.

—Flying-Squirrels.—While in the woods, in Maine, Mr. Nelson Varnum once saw a tree chopped down on an Island. The tree had been killed by the rise of the water. In this tree a lot of flying squirrels had built their quarters. When the tree fell on the ice, from 3 to 5 were killed. This tree was 100 feet from any other which were on the bank of the pond. To reach this tree the squirrels must have ascended some high pines on the bank, from which elevation they were enabled to reach the dead tree on the Island.

—Is it known to naturalists that the Black Bear (*Ursus Americanus*), feeds on still living animals? They are omniverous, but prefer vegetable food to flesh. Unlike the Felidæ, the Ursidæ family never play with their victims. But I am assured by reliable gentlemen living in the Alleghanies, that the Black Bear will carry off a hog to a place that suits his ideas of "the eternal fitness of things," and there make a supper off the flesh of the living animal; not deeming it necessary to first take its life. Travelers tell us that the Abyssinians cut pieces of flesh from living animals, and eat them, being careful not to injure a vital part until much of the carcass has been consumed—are the bears no better?

J. M. McCann.

—"Instinct or Reason?"—I am glad my friend Huon accepts the latter. There is nothing remarkable about the actions of the squirrel spoken of; all squirrels do just the same thing every day—so do birds and insects—they know when the color of grass or leaves is the color as that of their feathers—and insects know when the objects on which they are is the color of their own bodies. But an observer of animals will see them do things that can only be accounted for on the supposition that they are in possession of reasoning faculties. This is especially true of dogs and horses. I have a horse now that opens gates and doors. To those who deny to animals reason faculties, I beg to recommend the following books; to wit: Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History, Jesse's Anecdotes of Dogs, The Birdlye Michelet, The Intelligence of Animals, (Ernest Menault), The Universe,

(Pouchet), Jesse's Gleaning in N. History, Wood's Man and Beast, Watson's Reasoning Power of Animals.

J. M. McCann.

—A Strange Animal.—A correspondent at Gaffney writes to the Helena *Independent* that while out hunting recently, he came across an animal in the mountains, which he describes as a bald faced bear. It is the first time anything of the kind has ever been seen in Montana. Some months ago some hunters in Idaho killed a bear resembling it in some respects, but different from it in essential features. This bear appears to be allied to the grizzly species and was of remarkable size. From the crown of the head to the tip of the nose was a blased spot not unlike the blaze on a horse's face. Although several shots were fired at the animal, severely wounding him; he nevertheless succeeded in escaping. From tracks seen in the snow, the correspondent is of the impression that there are a number of these animals in the mountains.

—Squirrels.—I have in my rambles succeeded in obtaining a very good knowledge of the habits of the most common species of squirrels. That the grey, fox and black squirrels all castrate their own species, to a small extent, is certain, but the most inveterate enemy of them all is the little Red squirrel, some times called the Aleghany squirrel, Sciurus hudsonius. This pugnacious little fellow will castrate every squirrel, large and small, that he can get at, attacking with equal bravery the big fox squirrel, as well as his own species. I do not make this statement on my own observation alone, although the number of cases that have come under my observation would warrant it. I have been able to glean from old mountaineers, men whose lives have been spent in the woods, on intimate terms with all its denizens, sufficient information to corroborate my own experience. Such men are the ones to go to for information, as they are not likely to be led away by scientific facts, for they know only the facts as they observe them with their own eyes.

O. D. F.

—Will Huon please tell me if bovines ever perspire. This is a matter that but few naturalists have thought of, but is one well worthy of consideration. I have yet myself to know of a single instance. On the frontier of Texas, where transportation is conducted by ox wagons, during the entire warm months, after drives of extreme length, and through the deep mud of alluvial soil, I have often searched in vain for moisture on the steers. I have seen wild and fractious cattle chased, in endeavoring to pen them, for five miles in the broiling sun, and while the mustangs would be reeking with perspiration, not a drop of moisture would be found on the cows, except on the end of the nose. This idea was suggested by reading "Zoo notes, No. 12." Would like also for Huon to write on the subject of *Hares*, to give distinguishing difference between them and Rabbits. Also to give the number of varieties of American Hares, with the common and scientific name of each, And if it would not be taxing his ready pen too much, would like to see a short description of each variety's characteristics, in the Fanciers Journal, for future reference.

"Sioux."

—Squirrels—The Final Summing Up.—The question asked by me in "Weekly Gossip," "Is it known to naturalists that squirrels castrate each other?" has brought out the following evidence:—

1st, This most interesting fact has been fully established, by witnesses, from Vermont to Maryland.

2d, That while this habit of the gray squirrel (*Sciurus migratorus*) was known to "every farmer's boy, big enough to carry a gun;" *it had* escaped the notice of the great poet-naturalist Audubon and *all other* writers on animal nature.

3d, That the gray is sometimes castrated by the black or red.

4th, That they are sometimes thus mutilated in battle with each other.

5th, That the operation is often performed by one, or the other of the parents, upon the young while they are in the nest. Proof; In the Spring of 1874, I took a nest of young gray squirrels, and kept two of them until fully grown. One was a female—the other a castrated male. They were quite small when taken, so that the operation in this instance *must* have been performed while they were in the nest. In reply to the suggestion that the work is *always* done by the red squirrel—I have only to say—that this is an animal never seen here.

Result.—A most curious and interesting habit of the *Sciurus* family, for the first time given to the scientific world.

J. M. McCann.

—How to Keep Gold Fish in Health.—1. Cover the bottom of the aquarium with clean coarse sand (obtainable at the aquarium dealers) to the depth of about one inch and a half. Avoid fine sand and soil. 2. Insert the weeds with a stone over each bunch, to prevent their disturbance by the fish. 3. In a few days, when the plants show that they are thriving, by the production of oxygen bubbles, put in the fish—*not before*. 4. Beware of the common fault of putting in too many fish, and be careful as to the admission of sticklebacks, injurious insects, &c. Some sorts of beetles are very destructive to fish. 5. *Never* give the fish bread. In good condition they *require* no feeding; but a pinch of dry vermicelli, broken into minute pieces with the finger and thumb, is good for them. They are very fond of it, and will soon take it from the fingers when called. If forgotten, no harm will follow. 6. Do not let the aquarium remain in a strong sunshine or glare of light; a position between two windows is the best. If *in* a window, the light should be regulated with the blind or frosted glass. 7. In addition to the rooted plants, it is well to have a few of the round leaved water-plants floating upon the top. The water in my aquarium has not been changed for twelve months; I simply add a little from time to time to make up for diminution by evaporation. If the fish remain near the surface, gasping for air, it is a proof either that the aquarium is overstocked with fish, or that the weeds are not growing healthily, through some of the foregoing rules being broken. It it is well to have a few water snails in the aquarium. A sponge fastened to a stick will suffice to cleanse the interior sides, leaving the side next the light uncleansed, whereby the light is qualified. Once fairly started, there is no further trouble whatever.—*Ex.*

Small Pet Department

STRENGTH OF INSECTS.

We call a man, a horse, an elephant, strong; but it is very easy to see that, proportionally, insects are the strongest animals that live. They manifest their strength in running, leaping, flying, and sometimes in other ways. Some insects have been known to run so rapidly that, if a man of ordinary size should make as good time, proportionally, he would run more than twenty miles per minute, or sixty times the ordinary rate of a railroad train. A locust, with the aid of its wings, will leap two hundred times its own length; to equal which, a man would need to leap nearly a quarter of a mile. A flea, without wings, will leap the same relative distance; and it has been estimated that, if a horse should jump as far in proportion to its weight, it would scale the rocky mountains in a single leap. A humble bee has been known to follow a rail car, going twenty miles an hour, against a strong wind, for a long distance. Some beetles have a flight swifter, considering their size, than any bird; and butterflies sometimes travel more than a hundred miles on the wing at one flight; an elephant having the force of a horn beetle would be able to move a mountain. All have doubtless seen a beetle move a candlestick or lamp in his efforts to escape from underneath it; and he has been compared to a prisoner in Newgate shaking the building with his back. Some insects can easily raise forty times their own weight, and the smaller insects in the same groups invariably raise the greater weight in proportion to their size.—*Ex.*

PETS.

"Love me, love my dog."

It is curious to observe how, in the stoniest heart of man, there is always a certain small store of affection still left, which seeks an outlet. The philanthropist extends it over the whole race; the miser bestows it upon the bag that holds his precious hoard, and the poor captive lavishes it all on a tame rat or sociable spider. Old maids and authors, it seems, are famous all over the world for similar predilections; the former to spite an ungrateful sex that would not see their charms, the latter to console themselves for bitter critiques and an unappreciative public. Occasionally only do we meet with a man whom Providence has enriched with legitimate objects of his love, and who still finds a surplus of affection to bestow upon pets. Such an overflowing heart is owned by one

of the cleverest and brightest of French writers. Théophile Gautier, who has lately presented his favorites, under the title of his Domestic Menagerie, to the reading public.

The tendency must have been deeply rooted in his heart, for his very first sorrow was caused by the absence of a favorite pet. He had been carried from his home in the provinces to the capital, and sadly missed, amid the splendor of Paris, the familiar faces, the *patois* of his friends, and, above all, the companion of his gambols, a pet dog, who had been left behind. Though only three years old, he became so homesick that, one fine day, he threw his leaden soldiers, his wooden village, and his bright-red violin, out of the window, and merrily trotted down the street, on his way home. Fortunately, he was overtaken in time, and, to comfort him in his deep felt exile, the nurse purchased a dog for him, that looked enough like his old favorite to dry his tears. The animal soon became gentle, and warmly attached to the boy, especially at m al-time; but after a while he seemed to pine; he looked sad, moved with difficulty, and refused to play and to run. One fine day, when the future author was pulling him rather roughly, he felt something strange in his hair, and the nurse was called in to examine the matter. She took a pair of scissors, cut a thread which she had discovered underneath, and relieved the poor dog of a warm overcoat of sheep's-wool, which he had been compelled to wear for beauty's sake. It had fitted him well enough when he was thin and lean, but, as he fattened under generous treatment, the coat became too tight, and threatened to smother him. Now, relieved of his strait-jacket, he shook his ears, stretched his limbs, and gamboled joyously around the chamber, quite content to be ugly, if he could only be easy.

With growing years, the boy's affections were transferred to cats, as more quiet and dignified, and dynasty succeeded dynasty, till Hildebrand ruled supreme in the house. Hildebrand was a superb creature, with tawny fur, striped with black; large green eyes, and majestic deportment, so as to look for all the world like a miniature tiger, and quite as blood-thirsty. But as his owner began to write poems, which gave his name no small prestige, the pet also began to give way to ambitious designs. One fine day a friend brought to Gautier a parrot, which he wished to be taken care of during a short absence. The bird, slightly frightened, climbed to the top of his pole and examined every thing in the room with his bright big eyes. The cat had never seen a parrot before, and returned the compliment by fixing his green eyes steadfastly upon the strange bird, lying all the while, as motionless as a mummied cat of Egypt, on his soft cushion. All his recollections of life in the garden, the court-yard, and on the roofs, failed to throw any light on the subject. At last he came to the conclusion:

"It must be a green chicken!"

Thereupon he coiled himself up in a ball, ready to spring upon his victim. The parrot followed all his movements with feverish anxiety; he shook his feathers out, he rattled his chain, he raised his claw, snapped his fingers, and sharpened his beak on the edge of his cup. The eyes of the cat became only more eloquent; they said clearly that "green chicken must be good to eat!"

Suddenly the arched back unfolded itself, and, with one magnificent bound, the cat was on the perch. The parrot, seeing his danger, in a solemn, deep-bass voice, suddenly cried out: "Had your breakfast, Jack?"

These words frightened the cat beyond any thing he had ever heard. A trumpet-blast, a pile of plates falling with a crash, a pistol fired at his ear, could not have startled him half as much. He bounded back and looked all consternation. "What did you have—roast meat?" continued the parrot, enjoying his adversary's discomfiture. The cat's eyes said clearly: "It cannot be a chicken, after all; it is a gentleman!" The poor creature crept under the sofa, and did not venture out all day long.

From cats to rats the transition was sudden and violent. A couple of self-styled sailors offered the author some handkerchiefs of pine-apple fibre and a pair of diminutive white rats, with the prettiest pink eyes in the world. He bought them, as he happened just then to have a fancy for white pets, and, from the horses in his carriage to the chickens in his poultry yard, all was white. A huge cage, with stair-cases leading from story to story, was built for the tiny animals, and soon they became marvelously tame. They not only suffered themselves to be caressed, but would seize their master's finger with their tiny pink hands, and lick it most affectionately. After dinner they were let out of their cage, and immediately they began to race, with amazing swiftness and graceful agility, over the arms, the shoulders, and the head of the author, passing under the waistcoat, and reappearing through the sleeve, out at the wrist. Then they were put on the table, and, in a few moments, the merry couple had disposed of nuts, filberts, raisins, and even the lumps of sugar left from the coffee. The author had a narrow plank laid from the edge of the table to their cage, and on this they carried, with an air of amusing stealthiness, all their treasures to their store-room. Soon they multiplied, and some thirty snow-white rats ran up and down in the strange Ratopolis, as their owner called their cage. At times he would go to the uppermost story of his house and whistle softly; instantly the whole little people left the open cage, and, as they could not well ascend the steps, they would climb up one of the balusters, and, in single file, creep up on the railing, till they reached their master, uttering low cries of delight. Their end was tragic. During an oppressively hot summer day their cage had been carried into the garden, under a vine-clad bower. A thunder-storm broke out, and, just as the author was leaving the house with an umbrella, to look after his pets, a tremendous flash of lightning nearly blinded and deafened him; when he recovered from the shock he went to the bower, and there found his thirty-two rats lying on their backs, struck by lightning. The iron wire of their cage had probably attracted the electric fluid.

The strangest among his numerous canine pets was a spaniel, called Zamore, unpretending in figure and color, but remarkable for his extraordinary eccentricities. He hated the fair sex; he accepted all their favors and caresses, but he ignored their wishes haughtily, never obeying nor following them. He attached himself exclusively to the author's father, whom he worshiped silently, soberly, never taking his eyes from him for a moment, and following him, step by step, without looking right or left. He never indulged in the slightest gambol, but appeared, at all times and in all places, calm, philosophic, and almost ridiculously solemn. And yet he concealed under this austere demeanor a most extraordinary passion. An accident revealed it to himself and to the world.

Lying at his master's feet, he was one morning startled by the sudden explosion of a tambourine and a fife before the window; he jumped upon the window-sill, and remained there as if petrified. In the street was a number of trained dogs, dressed up as noblemen, troubadours, or Turks, as Swiss shepherdesses and old marchionesses, according to sex. They walked on their hind-legs, they bowed and courtesied, they danced and pirouetted. Zamore stared, and at that moment probably said to himself: "I al-o am an artist." He rushed out; he tried to raise himself on his hind-legs, and attempted to join the company of learned brethren, but the owner cut him with his whip, and drove him ignominiously away. From that hour, Zamore's peace of mind was gone; he became more morose than ever, and refused even to eat. Soon a strange noise was heard at night, in a vacant room where Zamore used to sleep in an old easy-chair. After many guesses, one of the author's sisters at last ventured to investigate the matter, and, when she opened the door cautiously, she beheld, in the pale moonlight, a most extraordinary sight. There was Zamore on his hind-legs, beating the air with his fore-legs, and practising the

steps he had admired in the street! And this was not a passing fancy. He learned to dance, but only by dint of much hard labor and severe study. No sooner were the tambourine and the fife heard below, than he rushed down into the street, and, with a watchful eye, observed the graceful steps of his fellow-artists; when night came, he retired to his quiet room, and there practised what he had seen. The author and his friends went again and again to the half-opened door, and witnessed the strange performance. But a stranger scene was still to come. One fine morning the servants of the house saw, to their utter amazement, that some fifteen or twenty dogs of the neighborhood had squeezed through the iron railing, which separated the ample court-yard from the street, and formed a kind of circle around a smooth place, on which Zamore was gravely performing his best steps. Soon the outside public became more numerous, and, when the eccentric animal sank down exhausted, after having shown off all his acquirements, he was warmly applauded by an enthusiastic audience of men and dogs. His accomplishments did not change his nature, however; he remained as solemn and atrabilious as he had been before, and died soon after of brain fever, probably the effect of an attempt to learn the Schottische, which was just then becoming the fashion. The author proposed to erect over his grave a monument with the inscription, copied from the tomb of a famous *danseuse*: "O Earth, rest lightly on me, as I have ever rested lightly on thee!"—*Appleton's Journal.*

Correspondence.

A GERMAN LETTER

Fritzlar Kurhezzen, Germany,
February 4th, 1876.

Dear Mr. Wade:

If you have not received from me the subscription fee for 1876, it is because I have been here in Germany since last August, and having no greenbacks here, I could not send any. I therefore hope you will excuse me until I return to Indianapolis, next May, and wish you would continue to send your valuable Journal to my address there, as it will be read by some friends, and an occasional one sent to me by my friends. I am glad to see the Journal continue to improve, a sure sign that it takes, and will eventually pay. Since my stay here in Germany, I have taken considerable interest in the German Poultry and Pigeon fancy, and find the Germans wide awake in their organizations. Their Journals, too, are interesting, and since the existence of newspapers and poultry shows, the price of Poultry and Pigeons has doubled and trebled; the same is true with canaries, and birds of all kinds. Men that formerly raised birds only for pleasure, and would have to give away their surplus in order to get rid of them, can now, through a little advertisement, sell them at good prices, and thus make Pigeon-raising not only a source of pleasure, but of great profit too. The time that you could purchase a fine pair of German Toys for a dollar has long gone by; good birds of any variety cost as much here as they do with us, and the demand is quite as lively, and such birds as good English Pouters, and Short-faced Almonds, bring even better prices here than in America. You know I am a Pouter and Almond Tumbler fancier, and now I have found a variety in Germany, that I shall add to my lofts, and that is the little Pigma Pouter. I think they are bred from the Austrian Pouter. They are found here in all colors, with white bars on the wings. They are exquisite in shape and carriage, and seem to me the real aristocracy of Pigeons. They are very rare, and found only in the hands of the few. I shall also bring a few pairs of Caryl Poultry, a pair of Red Pieds, from Dundee, Scotland, and a pair of Whites, from Birmingham; also a pair of Yellows. Think after I get home, (and can gather courage enough to part with them,) shall dispose of all my Almonds, and keep only large and small Pouters. But here I am rattling away about my fancy without taking your valuable time into consideration, and will therefore speedily draw to a close, with the hope to pay you and Philadelphia a visit on my way home.

Very truly your friend,

F. P. BECKER.

IOWA STATE POULTRY AND BENCH ASSOCIATION.

OFFICERS ELECTED FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.

At a meeting of the above Association, Wednesday Evening, February 9th, 1876, in I. N. Whittam's office, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—Z. Z. Luce, Iowa, Iowa.

Vice-President—J. O. Ferree, DeWitt; H. W. Boynton, LaPort; Alex. Charles, Cedar Rapids; G. B. Smeallie, Independance; A. A. Cope, West Branch; Daniel H. Richards, Cedar Rapids; J. M. Gilchrist, Marshalltown; G. H. Goodrich, Toledo, J. J. Snouffer, Cedar Rapids; J. G. Pearce, DeWitt.

Secretary—Daniel H. Richards, Cedar Rapids.

Executive Committee—J. J. Snouffer, Hiel Hale, Geo. H. Greene, Cedar Rapids; Thomas Barnes, Blairstown; A. Littlejohn, Independence.

It was decided to hold a Bench show of Dogs in connection with the fourth annual exhibition.

Committee on Bench Show of Dogs.—A. C. Taylor, Cedar Rapids, Chairman; G. H. Goodrich, Toledo; these two will fill the committee to five.

Twenty new members joined the Association. Cedar Rapids is again fortunate in securing the location of this show, in January, 1877, or about that time.

THE LICE QUESTION.

Mr. Editor:

Dear Sir:—On page 61 of your Journal, is an article headed as above, signed F. P. Betts. The writer of that article evidently is too penurious to pay you ten cents a line for advertising his lice powder. After telling all he knows about the Lice Question, he says if any person will take the trouble to write to him, with stamp, he will cheerfully advise them all he knows respecting this remedy for lice. I took the trouble of sending him a stamped envelope, and I enclose his reply, which is his card, telling when he was born, that he has Brahma eggs for $3.00, and if I will send him ten to twenty-five cents, he will send me a package of powder, with full directions. I think this is an imposition to the readers of your valuable Journal. He does not do what he promises. If he wants the people to know when he was born, or if he has eggs and powder for sale, why don't he advertise as other men do who have goods for sale, and not say he will tell all he knows, and then ask for 10 to 25 cents for a package, without imparting the knowledge which he promises to give.

Respectfully,

W. J. Brewster.

Hannibal, N. Y., March 1, 1876.

WHITE FANTAILS.

Ed. Journal:

Can *pure* White Fantails, hatched from eggs from *colored* birds be said to be *pure White Fans* and *first-class* birds? By answering the above you will greatly oblige, Yours,

W. W. Elliott.

[They would certainly be pure white, but not pure bred White Fantails, and yet they might have white offspring. They would not be the kind of stock we should select to breed from by any means.—Ed.]

REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF ADVERTISING.

In consequence of the hard times and scarcity of money, we have determined to put the price of advertising within the reach of all; also to make the width of column uniform with other poultry journals. After this date, only TEN CENTS per line of about eight words will be charged for each and every insertion.

200 BROWN LEGHORN FOWLS AND PULLETS for sale, suitable for breeding; also eggs from hens two years old mated with premium cockerels—$2.00 per setting, two settings for $3.00.

PARTRIDGE COCHINS. I claim for my strain, large size and great layers.
Eggs $2.00 per dozen.
M. A. FRY,
Vineland, N. J.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.

A journal published under the auspices of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Henry Bergh, President. $1 per annum.
GEO. WILL JOHNSTON,
Editor and Publisher,
No. 34 Elizabeth Street, New York.

FOREIGN COINS IN 1876.

During the Centennial, large quantities of foreign coins will be circulated by visitors to the International Exhibition. To prevent annoyance, delay, and loss, everybody should at once secure a copy of the New Edition of PETERSON'S COIN BOOK, containing perfect fac-simile impressions of the various Gold, Silver, and other metallic coins throughout the World; with the United States Mint value of each. The whole being placed in proper order as regards the various governments to which they belong, arranged according to their different denominations and value. Together with a complete index, alphabetically arranged, of the coins of each nation, and fac-similes of the State Arms of each of the United States. Published in one folio volume, bound in paper, price $1, and will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bro., 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Do not wait until the foreigners arrive to purchase the needed Coin Book, but secure it at once.

A. N. RAUB, Lock Haven, Pa., has left with him for sale a first class double-barreled Rifle—stub and twist barrels, silver-mounted, cost $60, made to order. Write also if you have a first-rate Setter to exchange.

THREE SILVER CUPS AT BALTIMORE SHOW! Eggs from my cup B. B. Red Games, and W. C. B. Polands; also from my choice Houdans, L. and D. Brahmas, W. Leghorns, Game and G. Sebright Bantams. Address
MONTVUE POULTRY YARDS,
Brooklandville, Md.

NOW READY TO SHIP—pure and fresh eggs, 13 for $2, 39 for $5, of choice D. Brahmas, P. Rocks, and Brown Leghorns. Visitor get tickets for Barto Station *via* Pottstown, Pa.
Address J. K. SCHULTZ,
Colebrookdale P. O., Berks Co., Pa.

DOMINIQUES, FANCY PIGEONS, AND WARREN GAMES.
Also, Black-breasted Red Games. Eggs for hatching in season, $3 per sitting of thirteen. Address
W. H. HELLENGER, Edgewood, Bucks Co., Pa.

W. H. BRACKETT Boston, Mass., Offers for sale at prices varying with quality of specimens, Partridge Cochins of his well known prize-winning strain; Lop-eared, Angora, Himalayan, and Dutch Rabbits; Guinea Pigs, some of which are white; and Pigeons of many varieties. Write for what is wanted, and address
Care of Washington National Bank,
Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE.—A few Games, (pit fowls,) consisting of Black Reds, Duckwings and Heathwoods; prices low. Steel Spurs, Boston drop sockets, $3.50 per pair.
Address
H. M. POOLE, Rockland, Mass.

INTENDING to close out my Partridge Cochins, I offer one cock, three fine cockerels, twelve hens and pullets. Choice stock; very low.
H. A. GRANT, Jr.
Tarrytown, N. Y.

EGGS. EGGS.

From thirty varieties, at $2.00 per setting, sent to hatch. Send for descriptive catalogues, free.
SMITH & BROS,
Stony Brook, N. Y.

SUPERIOR LIGHT BRAHMAS.

Eggs for hatching securely packed and expressed at $2.00 per 13 eggs. A few No. 1 birds yet for sale.
J. A. ROBERTS,
Paoli, Chester Co., Pa.

J. Y. BICKNELL,

WESTMORELAND, N. Y.,

Can spare Himalayan Rabbits, $10.00 per pair; Dutch Rabbits, $5.00 to $10.00 per pair; Black Tumbler Pigeons, Yellow Tumblers, Mottled Tumblers, White Fans, Antwerps, Turbits, Moor Caps, Blue Rocks, Barbs, and Pouters, $5.00 to $10.00 per pair. Eggs from my best fowls, including my extra strains of White Leghorns, Games and Ducks. A few eggs from my imported birds. Send for circular.

ALMOND-BRED TUMBLERS.—Premium birds at the late Baltimore Show. Choice birds at reasonable prices. G. O. BROWN,
No. 1 N. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

BLACK AFRICAN BANTAMS

A SPECIALTY.

Two first and two special premiums were awarded my Bantams at the late show in Providence, R. I. One very nice cockerel for sale, a perfect beauty. Also can spare a few settings of eggs, if ordered early, at $5.00 per dozen; chicks for sale in the fall.
Address E. S. WHITING,
Plainville, Mass., via N. Attleboro.

HAMBURGS, and AYLESBURY DUCKS.—JAS. SCOFIELD, Glen Riddle, Clark's Run, Del. Co., Pa., breeder of all varieties of Hamburgs and Aylesbury Ducks. Eggs in Spring, $3 per 13.

G. O. BROWN. Brooklandville, Md., has one pair each of S. S., G. P., and Black Hamburgs (each won first premium at last Baltimore show), and one pair Golden Polands (first at same show)—to exchange or for sale. What offers? Immediate

EGGS, PIGEONS, RABBITS.—Send for new Circular to Prof. R. P. GEORGE, Secretary Wis. Central Poultry Association, Madison, Wis.

HAMBURGS, JNO. & THOMAS SCOFIELD, 71st and Darby Road, Phila., are making a specialty of, and have for sale, all varieties of Hamburgs, from imported fowls. Eggs in Spring, $3 per 13, carefully packed.

WOOD-CUTS OF FOWLS, PIGEONS,

AND LIVE STOCK GENERALLY.

Having permanently engaged an artist and engraver, I am prepared to furnish, on short notice and true to life, wood-cuts of Fowls, Pigeons and other Pets, at reasonable prices.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

WHITE LEGHORNS,

$5.00 each, and eggs $3.00 per dozen, from the following Pedigree and Premium Birds:

Lord Palmer, Jr., No. 7; Minerva, No. 8; Victoria, No. 10; Princess of Leghorn, No. 14; White Daisey, No. 184; Tube Rose, No. 185; Lilly of Valley, No. 186; White Zephyr, No. 187; Queen of Pearl, No. 188; White Frost, No. 189.

Which constitute the Birds, or are from the strain which took

First Premium, New England Poultry Society, March 1870; Connecticut Poultry Society, Nov., 1870; New York State Poultry Fair, Fall, 1870; North Western Poultry Society, Fall, 1870; New England Poultry Society, Spring, 1871; Connecticut Poultry Society, Nov. 1871; St Louis Poultry Association, Feb. 1872.
Silver Cup, New England Poultry Society, Mar., 1872.
First Premium, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec., 1873.
Second Premium, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec., 1873.
Silver Medal. Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
Two Silver Cups, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec., 1873.

IMPORTED WHITE LEGHORNS.

One Silver Cup, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec., 1872.
One Box Cigars, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec., 1873.
C. A. PITKIN,
Box 85, Hartford, Conn.

PEKIN DUCKS, $10.00 per pair: Eggs, $3.00 per dozen. White and Black Leghorns, G. S. Hamburgs and Houdans eggs $1.00 per dozen from imported stock. SOLOMON SHEARER,
Tuckerton, Berks Co., Pa.

EGGS. EGGS. EGGS.

Dark Brahma, Light Brahma, Partridge Cochin, Colored Dorkin, White Dorkin, Golden Poland, S. S. Hamburgs, and White Leghorns.

$3.00 per 13—26 for $5.00.

Warranted true to name, and a fair percentage to hatch. No Circulars. Correspondence solicited.
J. B. TUCKERMAN,
Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y.

FOR FIFTEEN DAYS.

To make room, the following birds must be sold: 1 Dark Brahma cockerel, June hatch, weight 9 lbs., black breast, clear in back, a good bird, $5; also his sire, weight over 12 lbs., $5; also a few P. C. cockerels from my old cock, Modoc chief, (2803), 1st at Pittsburgh, 1875, $3 to $5; 1 trio G. S. Polands, (plain,) very fine birds; pullets beautifully spangled; good wing bars, $7, or three pullets for $6.
D. E. MOORE, Rochester, Pa.

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"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, MARCH 9, 1876. No. 10.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

My sketch was finished, and I turned to go,
Yet lingered for a minute to compare
The painted cottage in my folio
With that which stood within the landscape there.
How feeble was my picture, despite all my care!

The cotter's wife was standing at her door,
And saw her husband coming down the lane,
And, catching up her baby from the floor,
She hurried out to meet him once again,
Lavish of treasured smiles that were not spent in vain.

Their meeting all his weariness relieved;
His drudgery to merriment gave place;
Exchanging burdens, she his tools received.
And he, the baby, nestling to his face.
So went they back contented to their dwelling-place.

Weak was my sketch, and weak the matchless hue
Which nature shed around on land and sea,
Beside the beauty of affection true
That simple meeting there revealed to me.
Nothing on earth with human love compared can be!

LAWNS.

Those who are about to make new lawns for another year should now commence the labor of trenching or plowing or subsoil plowing very deep. The lawn should be made and allowed to settle a week or two or during two or three good rains before sowing the seed and leveling up, and the seed should be sown as early as the season of cool nights and frequent rains comes on. Some writers advise the use of grains, as rye, oats, etc., to be sown with the grass seed; but, as according to the general law, the stronger overpowers and gradually destroys the weaker, we have found the use of any coarse grain injurious rather than beneficial. In the making of lawns we have at times had the handling of some very light sandy soil, and when compelled to do the best we could, without aid from top dressing, etc., we have used oats in the Fall, for the purpose of holding it from blowing, and have made our second sowing of seed after the oats had grown an inch or so.—*Practical Farmer.*

THE FAMILY.

The family is the educator of the race. Here men and women are made. What they are in the world, that they were in the family as children. The family is the place where the first lessons of law are received, and where the whole character in view of law has a direction given it. The citizen is made in the family long before the time of voting or activity has come. When Napoleon said, in answer to Madame de Stael's question about France's greatest need, "Mothers," he asserted the all-potent influence of a true family life. The family is the greatest means for the development of character. What a world does it present for the affections to abide in! Where on all the earth besides are sympathies so warm, love so pure and fervent as here? All that gives value or beauty to human character finds in the family at once an atmosphere in which to expand and develop the elements which shall bring it to the highest perfection. The family creates a perpetual power which holds and moves evermore each individual of the circle. The parental love evoked every hour in providing, watching, guiding, throws back its influence over the heart and life of father and mother, and makes them what they never could be without it; it is a power which tends all the time to lift them to a higher and better place.

SCRAPS.

The chilling winds of winter have made their appearance; the ponds and rivers are frozen over, and the happy, joyous skaters are gliding hither and thither upon their icy surface, whilst others are climbing the snowy hill and rapidly glide down upon the "ripper," "runner," or old-fashioned sled.

The "tinkling of the bells" greet us pleasantly as they ring out upon "the icy air of night," while the grand old-fashioned sleigh-rides loom up before us, as we recall those times when we went for our "gal," and joined with others in a ride to a neighboring town, there to skip the "light fantastic toe," (when we wern't blessed with "cowhides,") to the rustic music of the village "fiddler" and "prompter."

The saying, "the times have changed and we have changed with them," cannot, perhaps, be more perceptible, than when we contrast the Present with the Past, and cannot cease to wonder what the Future *will be.*

We hear the buzz of machinery throughout the land, and note the various productions of "Yankee" ingenuity with amazement; and now at the Centennial rapidly approaching, I suppose we are making arrangements to outdo all creation.

I suppose, "last but not least," the Centennial will have a "Poultry Show."

How our forefathers would have scouted the idea of a "POULTRY *Show,*" drawling the words with a turn of the nose, indicative of disgust. But we hear of these shows occurring throughout the land, and new Societies are rapidly springing up here and there, for a claim upon our attention, and never was the demand for fancy poultry more great than to-day; the immense shows which are annually being holden, and in the midst of which we are, prove the assertion.

The cash prizes, medals, diplomas, honorable mentions, and specials, have an attraction, and are frequently making poultrymen—some start out with great ideas, but soon comes down to common sense; that he doesn't know it all;—and moreover, you take these men who go into the business for *love,* and you will find the most jolly, good natured, story-loving crowd you often meet.

UNICORN.

AN AMERICANIZED citizen was called on as a witness in a case before one of the justices lately, and when the oath was administered he raised both hands and said: "I shall spoke noddings what ain't drew, if ever I hope to die so quick as a minute."

Poultry Department.

THE TRUE MODE OF FEEDING POULTRY

Is not universally understood, notwithstanding the mass of suggestions and directions that have been afforded through the poultry and agricultural press of this country in the past twenty years.

If we observe the habits of fowls and chickens, daily, we shall notice, that from the day these domesticated birds emerge from the shell, to the hour of their death, they seem to exist *to eat*. When at liberty, they range from dawn to sunset, in search of food—no matter how well they may be fed around the farm-house door, or in their regular feeding pens. Offer them a variety of feed different from the ordinary allowance, and they devour it. And during the warm months, when insect life is busy, they know no cessation, by daylight, in pursuing the flies, gnats, grubs, moths, worms, etc., that come and go in their way.

They eat little at a time, but do this often—upon opportunity. In a state of nature, the jungle fowl picks up his provender at large, and finds it slowly, as do the partridge and quail or grouse. Conditions are changed, of course, when we come to domestication; but the closer we can follow nature, in conducing to the comfort and care of our chickens, the better they will flourish, in the main.

Therefore, it may be set down as a good rule, that the general feeding of our poultry should be done upon a system that at least partakes, in a measure, of the natural course through which chickens will obtain their subsistence, if they find themselves at large, and are required to forage for their living, chiefly, and this mode is a very simple one.

All dry food, in the shape of whole or broken grains, is best fed to poultry by being scattered broadcast, as far and as widely as it can be readily dispersed over a clear space, from the hand. If whole corn and grain is fed, occasionly, it may thus be strewn over the grass-plat about your place, not a kernel will be lost, unless you thus distribute it wastefully, or overmuch, in proportion to the size of your flocks. The fowls and chicks will find it all, and they will thus fill their crops slowly and obtain a goodly degree of exercise during the operation, in preference to gobbling it by the handfull, and thus gorging themselves, as is too often the result in ordinary feeding.

Food thus given digests better, the birds are obliged to "work for their living," by the means, and they swallow their food with a much keener relish in their slow way, than if they cram themselves hastily, by having it thrown to them or fed in lumps, or in large quantities. *Scatter your dry poultry feed*, then, among the gravel, upon the grass, and around the door-yard, at large, whenever this can be done conveniently.

Do this at morning and afternoon feedings, and allow them good range "between meals," with plenty of fresh water always close at hand; and you may be put to very little daily trouble on this score, during seven or eight of the twelve months in the year, while your fowls, both old and young, will thus be kept busy, and do fifty per cent. better in the long run than you can make them do, through the crowding and cramming process in vogue among poultry-raisers in many places that might be pointed out.

DUCKS REQUIRE WATER

For their best thrift, is it usually claimed, and they will wander away from their home premises, a long distance daily, to gratify this indulgence of their natural inclination in this respect. But this is not absolutely essential to the well-being of the duck-race, in all cases, it appears.

A correspondent writes us that he "raises two or three broods of ducks annually, for his own family use in the fall, and he has no stream, pond, or river upon his place." The undertaking, he adds, "was experimental, three years ago, with me. I procured part ducks' eggs in the market, set them under *hens*, hatched my ducklings, kept them amongst my common poultry, and have never had any difficulty with them, more than with the chickens about the place, of same age.

They will eat as much as the largest chicks or fowls, but I feed all alike. They have never troubled me with any wandering propensity, and I have not found it necessary to provide any water for their convenience, other than that which the fowls generally are allowed for drinking purposes. I keep the wooden vessels that hold this water *slotted over* the tops, so that the ducks shall not get into and pollute it. But if they are not accustomed to swimming from their birth, they quickly come to "accept the situation" like the rest. And I have never observed that there was any difference in the habits of this class of domestic fowl, from those of the hens and chickens."

"I raise a couple of dozen, annually," says our correspondent, "which I fatten and kill off in the fall and early winter, for my own table use, and I find them very palatable, inexpensive, and thrifty, from the start; quite as much so as the same number of Cochins chickens would be. But they never see any water, save that which they drink. I keep no ducks over the winter, Christmas and New Year's sees the last of the annual broods. In the spring, I purchase eggs again, set them under hens, feed them as I do the rest of my fowls, and mature them as before, without extra cost or trouble."

Those who are fond of duck-meat upon their tables, may imitate our friend's practice with ease and profit. If two or three dozen can thus be raised, without the requirement of a stream or pond on the premises, in one case, it is certainly a feasible plan; and there appears no good reason why it should not always be similarly successful.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

NEST BOXES AND NESTING.

As the time is now at hand when the arrangement of Nests and and Setting Hens require special attention, I write this article sandwiching new and old ideas together hoping some one reader will at least be benefited by one or the other.

First, the arrangement of Nest Boxes. There is a "bit of advice' that has been published time and time again, that from my experience I cannot give as such, It is this—"let your hens follow their own inclinations"—"Let their nature do the work." "Let your hen and her eggs alone, if you want any chickens," &c. Don't be foolish enough to try this experiment. If you do the majority of our best birds, especially the Asiatics, will teach you a lesson in *nature*, that you was not looking for. I have a Partridge Cochin hen that laid her eggs in a pail of *old iron scraps*, and out of goodness of their nature, she *set on the shells!* and it was not until the most careful searching did I discover the *iron manufacturing in full blast*. Some say a hen hiding her nest, is always a forerunner

a nice clutch of chicks. How many can truly say this is so? With our common and Game fowls, this may be so, but with no other breed. I have yet to see one of the Asiatics do it successfully, and if left alone, as to nest, etc., they make a sad mess out of it. Give your hen and her nest careful attention, and if you do not get stronger and more chicks from the same number of eggs, your experience is quite different from mine.

First.—Have a coop or coops so that you can set your hens apart from the laying stock. For the following reasons: The hens will not be annoyed by others when on or off the nest. You can arrange the food, water, etc., so that she can always have access to it. Also, get a full supply. By being so confined she will not spend more time than necessary away from her eggs. Last and not least; you can see to matters without the annoyance to, or from your other fowls.

Second.—Take a box, the proper size, with *bottom and one side out*. This when on the ground, will give a *ground floor, ends, top and back* covered. If more than one in a coop I place them with the *end* against the side of the coop. By so doing, the hen is out of sight of the others. She must in all cases *go in on to her eggs*. She cannot *go down on to* and break them, as she would be obliged to do if in an open box or barrel. With such a box she is more secluded, and less liable to be annoyed. Nail the box to the side of the coop. Take an old knife and lower the earth in the box, and mix with it equal parts of wood ashes (free from charcoal) and sawdust, the latter dampened with a weak solution of carbolic acid and water. Now pack around the edge of the box, leaving a basin (not funnel) shaped nest. Line this with fine hay, not more than enough to simply cover the earth. Pack thoroughly, and with the warmth of the hen for one day before you give her the eggs, it will be a nest vermin proof, and much better than a mass of straw in an old box or barrel. Put into it two or three nest-eggs. Have plenty of food, water, gravel, etc., so that the hen can have access to it. Take the hen, gently drop her on the floor, after eating she will find the nest before night. If not, at night put her on it; put the eggs under her the next night. Examine the eggs every few days, by careful passing your hand over them. If they move easily they are all right. If not, some of them have been broken. Wash the eggs in warm water; put in a little fresh hay and replace them. Remove the chicks and shells as the eggs are hatched. Do not neglect a box of slacked ashes, or dust in the coop; but most important of all, is careful attention to minor matters, and a few things you *should not do*.

First, and with a heavy hen, absolutely necessary to success is, not to make the nest, be it made of what you will, *funnel shape*. If it is so made, the hen cannot turn the eggs. The upper or outside ones will crowd against, and crush the lower ones—very little weight is required to do this. Any one by examining into this matter, can see this, and instead of laying the blame of broken eggs to biddy, will put it where it belongs. Her *perverted nature* or *your own*. Have the nest *full bowl* shape, if it don't hold quite so many eggs. The hen can then move them about freely, and you can set a twelve pound Cochin without any risk. Have the nest free from small pebbles and bits of charcoal.

Never grease the hen before or while setting, to kill vermin. Greased eggs will not hatch. Never set a hen if you can discover a single louse on her. That louse will soon have a family.

Never put a nest full of eggs in a strange place and expect any hen to brood them immediately. Let her have a day or so acquaintance with the nest and its surroundings.

Never crowd a nest with coarse straw, put in any shape, and expect a favorable result.

Never give a hen more than she can cover. The entire lot will in time *be chilled*, as the hen in turning them brings them to the outside.

Never hurry matters, and attempt to set a hen until she is brooding, and fully ready for the business.

Never *pull* a hen off her nest. Lift her carefully by passing yor hand under her—eggs are eggs, and the rough handling of the setting hen has brought on untimely death to many a chick.

Last but not least: Don't count your chickens before they are hatched, "accidents will happen in the best regulated families."

W. G. Nichols.

Springfield, O., Feb. 29th, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE POULTRY SHOW AT UTICA.

Having secured an invitation from the Central New York Poultry Association, to act as Judge, at their show in Utica, I departed from home on Tuesday morning, February the 8th. The journey through New Jersey, and up the Hudson River was a very pleasant one, but very lonely. On my arrival in Utica, I heard the familiar name, Bagg's Hotel, and one of the porters conducted me within, and I was at once made to feel that I was at home, by the landlord, Mr. Proctor, who is a thorough bred fancier. The exhibition was held in the City Hall, a fine large building, and the stock showed to a good advantage. All was confusion when I entered the room, and who is there who will not understand the meaning of that word who has ever had anything to do with the management of a Poultry Show. There were 850 entries, consisting of Poultry, Pigeons, and small pets. There was a very good display of Fancy Pigeons, some fine Carriers, Jacobins, but the main display was poultry. I never witnessed a finer display of Houdan fowls and chicks. It was indeed grand, also the display of Buff Cochins. I was not favorably impressed with the exhibition of Partridge Cochins. The White Leghorns were admired by all. The display in Hamburgs was very good The Duckwing class was poor, with the exception of two or three pairs. The Plymouth Rocks want a little more Plymouth in them, and they might have been better. I now ask the question, I may be very ignorant: What is a Plymouth Rock? I have an idea, but no, I will not state it: only this and nothing more. That I do not believe that there is a man in the United States who knows what they are. Now for the Lord's sake Dickie, Drake, Corbett, Gilman, Upham, Felch, and Stoddard, do not take up the columns of the Journal in answering me, do not write me letters. I indeed thought, when I visited the Springfield show, that I would find out; but after hearing the views that were advanced by some fifteen persons, I became more bewildered than ever, and gave up in disgust, but I will drop the curtain. Some of the Black Spanish were very good, also the Game class. The display of Games was highly admired by those who fancy that class of poultry. J. Y. Bicknell had a splendid collection of Ducks. Mr. B. is one ahead in ducks in the United States. Mr. Green had on exhibition fish, but my idea of fish is, that I prefer them on the dinner table, and not in glass jars. The display was very creditable to Mr. G.

There was nothing in the hall that attracted more attention than the display of bugs and butterflys, exhibited by Dr. Cook. It was valued at $3,000, for some of them the Dr. paid as high as $30.00. Well we all have to ride some hobby. And now one word on Pekin Ducks on exhibition; well indeed they was. All our shows have had them like the small-pox. Oh, poor little despised Rouen, were you there? In this article, Rouen, I will do you justice; it must come out—you stand high, over the Pekins. outweigh them? yes indeed. I would not give one pair of Rouen Ducks, for three pairs of Pekins. I have been there—I speak by the books—my dutch is up. I do not believe that you can ever make a Pekin duck outweigh a Rouen, no sir, it cannot be done—this is a positive fact: at our exhibition, the Rouens outweighed them, and it is the case every where. The stock of Light Brahmas was very good at this exhibition. I visited the country residence

of J. Y. Bicknell, and found all in perfect order. He has a fine farm, and stands at the head of the poultry fraternity, in the State of New York. I also visited the home of Newton Adams. His stock of Houdans and White Leghorns are about as near perfect as can be found anywhere. This is the third exhibition held by the association, and the managers have reason to be proud of it. The President, Mr. Preston, and in fact all the officers, are live, energetic men, and they deserve success.

I was highly pleased with Utica, it is a grand little city, and its people are very hospitable. Thanks to Messrs. Bicknell, Adams, Proctor, Root, Warr, and the hen judge, Willard, for kindnesses received.

During my visit to Utica, I accepted the kind invitation of the venerable Dr. Cusson, of Clinton, to visit the State Lunatic Asylum. I found it perfect in cleanliness and order, and was glad to find there were no Poultry Fanciers confined within it, and was informed that the insanity of poultry men was of so mild a type, that they were perfectly harmless. I left Utica on Monday morning, changed cars at Albany, and visited the grand consolidated show at Springfield, Mass., and to be candid, I must say that I was not very favorably impressed with consolidation. But some other pen will tell the story. I had the pleasure of meeting some of the prominent men of New England, who are engaged in breeding poultry. I might mention the names of Gen. C. A. Johnson, Sperry, Lockwood, Smith, Bestor, Stoddard, Hudson, Williams, Hudson, Brewer, Plaisted, and others. I found them all gentlemen—whole souled and generous, and was pleased to meet them.

Kindly Yours, Tennet.

Doyleston, Pa.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

HOW TO AVOI VERMIN.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

Dear Sir.—The first number of our favorite *weekly* poultry paper, in its very neat style and form, dated "Hartford, Conn.," reached us to-day after a hiatus of two weeks in its regular issue—and we were very glad to welcome the bright clean pages and well filled columns of the Fanciers' Journal once more, after its change of locality in publication. There is no indication of retrograding, and No. 8, for 1876, is quite up to its predecessors in general value, good appearance, and interest, in all respects.

On page 84 of this number, I notice that your correspondent, Mr. Nichols, takes ground against the efficacy of sulphur, tobacco-dust, and coal oil, in their application for the destruction of vermin upon fowls, and in the poultry house. I am an "old stager" in this business of practical chicken raising (as you know) and I am very certain that Mr. N. is mistaken in his notions—for, during years and years of experience, I have made use of these preventives, and *I have no lice among my fowls*, to trouble them or me.

Mr. Nichols premises in his article headed "To all interested," that after a long experience with poultry he "has found their greatest enemy to be lice," &c. This is correct. *No* malady known among fowls is so annoying, so vicious, so destructive, and so insidious, as is this—and in almost *all* cases of sickness among domestic birds, to *this* nuisance may be traced the grand *cause*, near or remote, of most so denominated fowl "diseases."

But there is no need to have lice about, either upon your fowls or in their nests, coops, or houses, if seasonable means are adopted, and care is properly taken in continuing such means for the *prevention of the breeding of this pest* upon one's premises.

Mr. Nichols says "if your coops are infested with lice," and "if your fowls only rid themselves to return to the infested coops, and "if covered with the varmints," etc., etc., why, of course "sulphur and lime and coal oil is of no use." And in this your writer may be correct, in part. But this is not my style of applying the mentioned remedies—though I use them each and all, and have done this successfully, for many years.

If I am asked "how shall we get rid of the lice, if we are so unfortunate as to be annoyed with them?" I answer that I have never been thus troubled to any extent, and so can hardly advise—otherwise than I have done, herein. But I am quite confident that if those who are plagued with this inconvenience will follow up my suggestions, *thoroughly*, they will be benefited; and by continuing the practice faithfully, when once relieved, neither the owners or the fowls will thereafter be similarly affected.

Prevention *is my plan.*

I do not allow the lice to get a foothold, in the first place. And this is not a difficult thing to manage, at all. If it is not permitted among your layers and setting hens, the chicks will be free from the pest. If vermin is not suffered to breed in your nest-boxes, upon the roosts, or in the breeding (brooding) coops, there will be no "nits," and the fowls, young and old, will be free from that annoyance.

To do this effectually then, *I* have found the application of powdered sulphur in the dust boxes, underneath and on the sides of the sitting and laying nests, and dusted through the feathers of the birds, (male and female) *thoroughly*, a great aid towards the destruction of lice. The burned sulphur (in spring and fall) in the tightly closed house, is another most excellent plan. But the washing of the roosts with coal oil (or turpentine spirits) twice a month in early and late summer, is very beneficial. And the scattering of tobacco leaves or dust beneath and through the hay of the nests is also very effective.

This should be followed up attentively. Once in a year isn't enough! But if it be attended to properly, no lice can *begin* to grow on your premises; and thus, you will not be called upon to devise ways and means to get rid of the curse. The rubbing of a little lard (saturated or mixed with crude oil of petroleum) beneath the wings and around the outside of the vent of adult fowls thus infested, will drive vermin away. But the *nits* on birds so affected must be destroyed, also—or they quickly get lousy again.

In conclusion, I repeat that you must *prevent* lice from getting a hold on the premises or the birds. If the old fowls are thus kept free from the nuisance, the chicks will not be troubled; and I have found that the rightful use of sulphur, tobacco, and kerosene has always done the business for *my* poultry.

Yours, &c., Veteran.

THE ASSOCIATED FANCIERS OF EAST PENNSYLVANIA.

Pursuant to the call for a convention of fanciers and breeders, to meet at Allentown, March 2d, 1876, the following Poultry Societies were represented. The delegates from the Pennsylvania State Poultry Society, were, Messrs. G. W. Frederick and A. P. Groves, Chestnut Hill, Pa.; J. D. Nevions and J. G. Darlington, Philadelphia, Pa. The Eastern Pennsylvania Poultry Society sent as delegates: Messrs. A. M. Dickie, T. P. Harvey and W. T. Rogers, Doylestown, Pa.; W. E. Flower, Shoemakertown, Pa. The Central Pennsylvania Poultry Society was represented by Mr. W. A. Shoemaker, of Tamaqua, Pa.; the Berks County Poultry Society, by Dr. Berkemeyer of Kutztown, Pa.; the Easton Poultry Society, by Messrs. T. L. McKeen, W. H. Hulick and Jos. Rodenbaugh, Easton, Pa.; the Lehigh Valley Poultry Society, by T. James Ruhe, W. C. Miller, and H. T. Warman, Allentown, Pa.; and several other individual members of the association.

Dr. A. M. Dickie called the meeting to order at 11 o'clock A. M., and on motion, J. G. Darlington, of Philadelphia, was chosen President, and W. E. Flower, Shoemakertown, Pa., Secretary. Dr. Dickie then in a few brief and pertinent remarks, stated the

object of the meeting, viz: "to combine or consolidate, for the purpose of holding one large exhibition of poultry, pigeons, dogs, etc., at some designated place in Eastern Pennsylvania" A general discussion then ensued by Messrs. Dickie, Nevius, Frederick, McKeen, and others. On motion of T. P. Harvey, a vote was taken to see what societies were in favor of consolidation or combination, which stood two for, and three against. Allentown declining to vote either way.

On motion of T. L. McKeen, a vote was taken to hold a combined show. The vote stood as follows: Philadelphia, Doylestown, Easton, and Tamaqua, in favor of a combined show. Allentown declining to vote at all. Adjourned until 1.30 P. M.

Meeting called to order at 1.30 P. M., President Darlington in the chair, J. D. Nevius made a motion that a permanent organization be formed, to consist of a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Corresponding and Recording Secretary, and an Executive Committee to consist of one member from each society in the combination; carried.

T. L. McKeen made motion, that a committee be appointed to select a list of officers; carried.

The following committee was appointed by the President: T. L. McKeen, Easton, Pa., A. P. Groves, Chestnut Hill, Pa., W. T. Rogers, Doylestown, Pa., W. C. Miller, Allenstown, Pa., W. A. Shoemaker, Tamaqua, Pa.

The following list of officers were selected by the committee: President, T. L. McKeen, Easton, Pa; Vice-Presidents, A. P. Groves, Chestnut Hill, Pa., and E. J. Fry, Tamaqua, Pa., Corresponding Secretary, Jos. Rodenbaugh, Easton, Pa., Recording Secretary, — Hammond, Easton, Pa., Treasurer, W. H. Hulick, Easton, Pa.

On motion, the above named officers were elected by acclamation.

On motion of Dr. A. M. Dickie, it was decided to hold the first annual exhibition at Easton, Pa., the first week in January, 1877, and that T. L. McKeen be authorized to procure a suitable hall for the purpose. No other business being before the meeting, it was adjourned.

W. E. Flower, Secretary, pro tem.

A CURIOUS OLD WORK ON POULTRY RAISING.

Article I.

We chanced upon a quaint volume, recently, entitled "The Art of Hatching and Bringing up Domestic Fowls, of all kinds, and at any time of the year," by Mons. de Reaumur, of the Royal Academy of Sciences, at Paris. This elaborately prepared, and finely illustrated volume, of about 500 pp., was written over one hundred and twenty five years ago, and bears the London imprint: "Printed for C. Davis, over-against Gray's Inn Gate, Holbourn, in the Strand, 1750."

M. Reaumur's work is devoted principally, to the hatching of domestic poultry, by means of artificial heat—"either in hot-beds, or by that of common fire," and is a studied dissertation upon the mode for hundreds of years in vogue among the *Bermeans*, in Egypt; where millions of chickens are annually, and successfully raised *without* mother-hens.

The modus operandi, through which this colossal result is attained in Egypt, has ever been—and still is—virtually a secret. M. Reaumur says in this volume, although through the researches of Messieurs Monconys and Thevenot, and Father Sicard, we have had much light thrown upon the subject, yet "their accounts have not been sufficiently particular in detail," and there are many minor discrepancies even among the records given by these travelers and savans.

Father Sicard tells us that "we ought not to wonder that this peculiar method of hatching chickens, should not be known in Europe; since it is unknown even in a great part of Egypt. It is a secret, limited there to a single village, called *Berme*, located in the Delta, sixty miles from Cairo—and a few adjoining places, "The inhabitants of Berme teach this secret to their children—but successfully keep it from all strangers." In the proper season, the Bermeans disperse themselves around, each man who understands the process, takes charge of one "oven," for about six months, successively, and through their skilful management from 45,000 to 70,000 eggs are set at a time, in each oven—to be hatched out by means of properly applied, and carefully conducted artificial (fire) heat.

The Egyptian secret consists of two parts: namely, that of building these hatching-ovens properly, and that of causing the immense number of eggs set in them to be regularly and appropriately heated, night and day, as they would be if set on by the hens. The results attained are similar to those reached by the use of modern incubators, on a far lesser scale. The knowledge which the Bermeans possess (and which they keep so cautiously to themselves,) is that of so warming the eggs continuously, for twenty-one days, as to gradually unfold the chicks within, and finally to hatch them; the important point towards success, consisting simply (or in the cases of the American artificial incubator of Graves, or Halsted,) in keeping up a constant and regular needful degree of heat, and knowing exactly how to manage the ovens properly to effect this object.

A veritable account is given of the enormous number of chickens thus hatched in Egypt, as well as the exact number of ovens in use at that period, by the Bermeans. There were then 386 licensed ovens. "This number," says Father Sicard, "can never be increased, or diminished without the fact being known, since the Aga of Berme—a governing official—is the recipient of a regular tax of eight or ten crowns each for the privilege allowed to run an oven; and this being his rent-roll, all operators are duly licensed and registered. Thus it is known that there are (or were) 386 ovens annually at worn Egypt—say in 1740 to '45

In each oven they contrive to turn out, in six months' time, an average of eight broods, or hatchings, one after another. This gives three thousand and eighty-eight *broods*. The number of eggs set in each oven, at one time, is from 45,000 to 60,000. If three-fourths of the eggs hatch, (and this is said to be about the average product) we find that in each yard there are produced in Egypt, by this secret artificial process, 3,088 broods of say 30,000 live chicks, *each*; or the amazing number in the aggregate of *ninety-two millions, six hundred and forty thousand*, annually! At all events, this was the official record, more than one hundred and twenty-five years ago, from indubitable authority.

Americans naturally exclaim "where do all these *eggs* come from, just at the right time for setting, thus?" And "what do they do with these millions of chicks, as to raising, and disposing of them, after hatching?" We will answer these natural questions in next number, and give our readers some farther information upon this curious, but interesting subject—which has wonderously increased in proportions, as a business in Egypt, since the middle of the last century—but to which we cannot conveniently devote farther space this week.

PREMIUM LIST OF EASTON POULTRY EXHIBITION.

Brahmas—Light—Fowls, 1st, Paul Balleit, Ballietsville, Pa.; 2d, W. C. Miller, Allentown; 3d, McKeen & Hulick, Easton, Pa. Chicks, 1st, 2d and 3d, McKeen & Hulick. Dark—Fowls, 1st and 2d, D. C. Waterhouse, New Haven, Conn. Chicks, 1st and 2d, D. C. Waterhouse; 3d, McKeen & Hulick.

Cochins—Buff—Fowls, 1st, McKeen & Hulick; 2d, U. N. Homer; 3d, James Cattell, Easton. Chicks, 1st, 2d and 3d, McKeen & Hulick. White—Fowls, 1st and 3d, J. J. Berry, Hackensack, N. J.; 2d, McKeen & Hulick. Chicks, 1st, J. J. Berry; 2d and 3d, McKeen & Hulick. Partridge—Fowls, 1st,

2d and 3d, D. C. Waterhouse. Chicks, 1st and 2d, D. C. Waterhouse; 3d, McKeen & Hulick.

Dorkings—Silver Gray—Fowls, 2d, Richard Lee, New York. Chicks, 2d and 3d, Henry Hales, Ridgewood, N. J.

Leghorns—White—Fowls, 2d, Jos. S. Rodenbougg, Easton. Chicks, 1st and special, P. S. Hulsiger, Easton; 2d and 3d, Jos. S. Rodenbough.

Houdans—Fowls, 1st, Thos. L. McKeen, Easton; Chicks, 3d, John Bacon, Easton.

Polish—Silver Spangled (bearded)—Fowls, 1st and special, Jacob Otto, Easton. Chicks, 1st, 2d and 3d, Jacob Otto. Silver Spangled—Chicks, 1st, P. S. Hulsiger; 2d and 3d, Jacob Otto. Golden Spangled—Chicks, 1st, Jacob Otto; 2d, H. S. Hickman & Co., Allentown, Pa. White-crested, muff and bearded—Fowls, 3d, H. T. Sperry, Hartford, Conn. Chicks, 1st, H. T. Sperry. White-crested (American)—Fowls, 1st and 2d, H. T. Sperry; 3d, Amos Stone, Doylestown, Pa. Chicks, 1st and 3d, H. T. Sperry; 2d, J. H. Bardell, Nazareth, Pa. White-crested (bearded)—Fowls, 1st, Jacob Ott. White-crested Black—Chicks, 1st, Geo. Hickman, Nazareth, Pa.; 2d and 3d, Jacobb Otto.

Hamburgs—Silver Spangled—Chicks, 1st, C. S. Siexler, Allentown; 2d, Herbert Hammond, Easton. Golden Spangled—Chicks 1st, Chas. Selser, Doylestown. Silver Penciled—Fowls, 1st and 3d, W. S. Rogers, Doylestown, Pa. Chicks, 1st and special, W. S. Rogers. Golden penciled Hamburgs—Chicks, 1st and 3d, Howard Swinning, Doyleston; 2d, A. B. Holcomb, Lambertville, N. J.

Games—Earl of Derby—Fowls, 1st, A. B. Holcomb. Chicks, 1st, A. B. Holcomb. Black-breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, W. S. Eisenhart, Doylestown, Pa. Chicks, 1st, F. Darlington, Doylestown, Pa.; 2d, John Lair, Lambertville, N. J.; 3d, James R. Williams, Port Oran, N. J. Brown-breasted Red—Chicks, 2d, S. Vreeland, Easton. Ginger-Red—Chicks, 1st, Frank Vreeland. Pyle—White—Fowls, 1st, Chauncey Hilliard, So. Easton. Red, —Fowls, 1st, Stewart & Raphael, So. Easton; 3d, Frank Vreeland; Grey—Chicks, 3d, H. Vogel, Easton. Black-Grey—Chicks, 1st, Frank Vreeland. Brass Backs—Chicks, 2d, Frank Vreeland.

Game Bantams—Black-breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, C. E. Long, Lancaster, Pa; 2d, Berton Darlington, Doylestwon, Pennsylvania. Chicks, 1st and 2d, Chas. E. Long; 3d, Fennicle & Hulick, Easton, Pa. Yellow Duckwing—Fowls, 2d, Chas. E. Long; 3d, Fennicle & Hulick. Chicks, 1st, Chas. E. Long. Silver Duckwings—Fowls, 2d, A. B. Holcomb. Red Pyle—Chicks, 1st, Chas E. Long.

Bantams—Other than Game—Gold-Laced Sebright—Chicks, 1st, Jacob Otto. Black African—Chicks, 1st, Chas. E. Long. Plymouth Rocks—Fowls, 1st, D. C. Waterhouse; 2d, John J. Berry; 3d, Dr. A. M. Dickie, Doylestown. Chicks, 1st, D. C. Waterhouse; 2d, Edwin Johnson, Doolington, Pa.; 3d, J. J. Berry.

Turkeys—Bronze—Young, 1st, Christian Knecht. White Holland, Old, 1st, Christian Knecht. Young, 1st, 2d and 3d, Christian Knecht, Naraganset. Blue, Old, 2d, Stewart & Raphael. Wild—Young, 1st, S. L. McKee.

Geese—Bremen, 1st, C. S. Siexler.

Ducks—Pekin, Old, 1st, A. B. Holcomb; 2d, Edwin Johnson. Young, 1st, A. B. Holcomb; 2d, Paul Balliet, Allentown. Rouen—Old, 1st, P. Q. Holcomb. Young, 1st, P. Q. Holcomb.

Pigeons—Levi Bennet, Easton, took 2d, on Black Carriers, 1st, White Barbs, 1st, Red Ch cquered Antwerps, 1st, Black-Cap Magpie, 1st, Red Swallows, 1st, Starlings, 1st, Black Tumblers, 1st, Dun Barbs, 1st, White Trumpeters, 1st, Silver Antwerps, 1st, White Turbits—1st, Tho. B. Spamdren, Easton, 1st, Yellow Tumblers, C. S. Siexler, 2d and 3d, Black Nuns, 1st, White Plain Head Fantails, 2d, White Crested Fantails, 2d, Archangels, 1st Blue Magpies, 1st, Red Magpies, 1st Yellow Magpies, 1st, Mottled Trumpeters, 1st, Black Trumpeters, 1st, Black-Cap Barbs. Rev. L. A. Schwartz, Hornville, Pa, 1st, Yellow-red Pouters, 1st Blue Pied Pouters, 1st, Black Pied Pouters. D. E. Newell, New York, 2d, White Barbs, 1st, Red Barbs, 1st and special, Black Barbs, 1st, Black Carriers. Chas. E. Long, Lancaster, Pa., 1st Blue Swallows, 2d, White Plain Head Fantails, 2d, White Trumpeters, 1st, Black Magpies, 1st Yellow Cap Magpies, 1st, Blue Cap Magpie, 1st, Yellow-wing Turbits, 2d, Red-wing Turbits, 1st, White Calcutta Fantails, 2d, Blue-winged Pouters. McKeen & Hulick, Easton, Pa., 1st and 2d, Blue Antwerps, 1st and 2d, Yellow Barbs, 1st, Silver Owls, 1st and 2d, Blue Owls, 2d, Black Magpies, 1st and 2d, Silver Turbits, 1st and 2d, Checquered Carriers, 1st, White Carriers, 1st, Dun Carriers, 2d, Red Carriers.

H. Hammond, Sec.
Easton Poultry Association.

RHODE ISLAND POULTRY AND COLUMBARIAN SOCIETY.

Office of the Corresponding Secretary.
Providence, March 3, 1876.

Dear Sir:

With this I hand you the list of awards made at our 3d annual Exhibition holden in this city Feb. 7th to 12th. The Exhibition was a perfect success financially, our entries numbered about 475, a little more than half the number of last year, but as a whole were a much better class of fowls. We added a bench show of Pointer and Setter Dogs, owned in the state, to our exhibition, which form d a very attractive feature, our entries, though not numerous, (35) embraced many of the best dogs about here, and we trust another year we shall be able to throw our Premium List on Dogs as on Poultry, open to all comers.

The following gentlemen officiated as Judges on poultry: H. S. Ball, E. V. Lilly, A. F. Stevens, A. E. Abbott, T. A. Todd; on Pigeons, H. S. Ball, Aquatics, W. Clifft; Dogs, Dr. N. Rowe, "Mohawk."

Yours truly,
Jas. L. Bullock,
Cor. Secretary.

Class 1. *Asiatic*—Brahmas—Light—Fowls, 1st, G. B. Fitz, Attleboro', Mass.; 2d, H. A. Rhodes, East Greenwich; 3d, C. & J. H. Cushing, Anthony, R. I. Chicks, 1st, 2d, and 3d, to J. E. Wilmarth, Taunton, Mass. Dark—Fowls, 1st, to C. W. Chamberlain, Arlington, Mass.; 2d, C. G. Sanford, Providence; 3d, H. A. Rhodes, East Greenwich. Chicks, 1st C. G. Sanford; 2d and 3d, H. A. Rhodes.

Cochin—Black—Chicks, 1st, to W. B. and F. B. Hazard, Providence. White—Fowls, 1st, Thornton H. Adams, Pawtucket; 2d, W. B. & F. B. Hazard; 3d, L. B. Whitmarsh, Providence. Chicks, 1st, W. B. & F. B. Hazard; 2d and 3d, Thornton H. Adams. Buff—Fowls, 1st, 2d and 3d, to W. B. & F. B. Hazard, Providence. Chicks, 1st, and 2d to same; 3d, Joshua Vose, Manton. Partridge—Fowls, 1st, to W. F. & F. B. Hazard; 2d, H. A. Rhodes, East Greenwich; 3d, A. L. Dennis, Providence, Chicks, 1st, to Joshua Vose, Manton, R. I.

Class 2. *Dorkings*—Silver Gray—Fowls, 2d, to A. L. Dennis, Providence. Chicks, 2d, to J. S. Moorhouse, North Dighton, Mass.

Class 3. *Hamburgs*—Golden Spangled—Fowls, 1st and 2d, to L. L. Tingley, Pawtucket. Chicks, 1st and 2d, to same. Silver Spangled—Fowls, 3d, to C. B. Carpenter, Providence. Chicks, 2d, H. E Tiepke, Pawtucket. Golden Penciled—Fowls, 1st, John Becker, Pawtucket. Chicks, 1st and 2d, L. L. Tingley; 3d, John Becker. Silver Penciled—Fowls, 3d, John Becker. Chicks, 3d, G. Dillenberger, Providence. Black—Fowls, 1st, J. S. Moorhouse, North Dighton, Mass. Chicks, 1st and 2d, L. L. Tingley.

Class 4. *Spanish*—Leghorns—Brown—Fowls, 2d, to Gray & Sherman, Foxboro', Mass. Chicks, 1st, J. H. Congdon, Providence; 2d, Gray & Sherman; 3d, Oliver Kendall. White—Chicks, 1st and 2d, J. E. Wilmarth, Taunton; 3d, E. B. Pendleton, Westerly.

Black Spanish—Fowls, 1st, J. L. Moorhouse; 2d, Chas. W. Grant, Attleboro'; 3d, J. E. Wilmarth, Taunton. Chicks, 1st and 2d, Chas. W. Grant, Attleboro.'

Class 5. *French*—Houdans—Fowls, 2d, to Joshua Vose, Manton.

Creve Cœurs—Fowls, 1st, R. G. Buffington, Somerset, Mass.; 2d, Joshua Vose, Manton. Chicks, 1st, to R. G. Buffington.

Class 6. *Polish*—Black—Fowls, 1st, S. P. Bullas, Providence. Silver Bearded—Fowls, 1st and 2d, Oliver Kendall, Providence. Silver Spangled—Fowls, 1st, to Oliver Kendall.

Class 7. *Game*—Black Breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, to J. J. DeFray, Newport. Chicks, 1st, J. H. Hammett, Newport; 2d, J. H. Congdon, Providence. Brown Red—Chicks, 1st, J. H. Hammett. Yellow Duckwing—Fowls, 1st, J. H. Hammett. Chicks, 1st, to same. Spangled—Fowls, 1st and 2d, to Frank Brown, Greenville. Chicks, 1st, 2d, and 3d, to same.

Class 8. *Game Bantams*—Black Breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, J. T. Peckham, Providence; 2d, Lincoln Curtis, Watchemoket; 3d, Clifton P. Brown, Providence. Chicks, 1st, Thornton Adams, Pawtucket; 2d and 3d, J. T. Peckham, Providence. Yellow Duckwings—Chicks, 1st, G. Dillinberger, Providence; 2d, W. B. & F. B. Hazard, Providence. Silver Duckwing—Chicks, 1st, S. P. Bullas, Providence.

Class 9. *Bantams*—African—Black—Fowls, 1st, E. S. Whiting, Plainville, Mass.; also 1st on Chicks.

There were some fine specimens of Seabright Bantams entered, that were disqualified from premiums by over weight.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Class 10. *Dominique*—Chicks, 1st, Albert F. Babbitt, Pawtucket; 2d, Jos. B. Hayward, Pawtuxet.

Plymouth Rock—Fowls, 1st and 2d A. L Dennis, Providence. Chicks, 1st and 2d, P. A. Ballou, North Attleboro'; 3d, C. L. Reed, Providence.

Sultans—Fowls, 1st, to Benjamin White, Pawtucket; Chicks, 1st, to same.

Turkeys—Bronze—1st premium, J. B. Heywood, Pawtuxet; 2d, J. T. Wilcox, Warwick Neck; 3d, Harris Ralph, Pawtuxet. White—3d, Wm. Peirce, Jr., Hope, (the 1st and 2d premiums were not awarded). Special premium for the best pair, J. B. Heywood, Pawtuxet.

Guinea Fowls—Pearl—1st premium, R. S. Buffington, Somerset; 2d, Chas. A. Russell, Providence. White—1st, R. S. Buffington, Somerset.

Pea Fowls—1st, J. Lippitt Snow, Providence, R. I.

AQUATICS.

Ducks—White Breasted Poland—3d, J. Lippitt Snow, Providence. Rouen—1st, John S. Moorhead, North Dighton; 2d, Jeremiah Briggs, Providence; 3d, Harris Ralph, Pawtuxet. Pekin—1st, Samuel P. Bullas, Providence; 2d, Avery Forbes, Attleboro'. White Muscovy—1st, Wm. Pierce, Jr., Hope. Colored Muscovy—1st, Wm. Peirce, Jr., Hope; 2d, G. Dillenbarger, Providence; special premium for best pair, S. P. Bullas, Providence.

Geese—Toulouse—1st and 2d, Harris Ralph, of Pawtuxet. Embden—1st, J. W. Miller, Rehoboth; 2d, Wm. Peirce, Jr., Hope. Brown China—1st, J. Lippitt Snow, Providence; 2d, Wm Peirce, Jr., Hope. White China—1st, W. D. & F. B. Hazard, Providence; 2d, Wm. Peirce, Jr., Hope; 3d, Harris Ralph, Pawtuxet; special premium for best pair of any variety, J. W. Miller, Rehoboth, Mass.

COLUMBARIAN DIVISION.

The first preimums in this Division are $2, the second $1, and the Society special $5.

Class 15—*Pigeons*—Pouters—Blue Pied, 1st, Benj. White, Pawtucket; 2d, Adam Horst, Providence. Black Pied—1st, 2d and special, Benjamin White. Red—1st, Benj. White. White 1st, Benj. White. Carriers—White—1st, and special, Sam. P. Bullas, Providence. Barbs—Black—1st, and special, Sam. P. Bullas, Providence; 2d, Benj. White. Red—1st, Benj. White, White—1st, John Bray, Olneyville. English Owls—Blue—1st, Sam. P. Bullas; 2d, N. C. Brown, Taunton. African Owls—Blue—1st, Benj. White. Black—1st, and 2d, to same. White—1st, 2d, and special to same. Blue Tail—1st, N. C. Brown. Black Tail—2d, to same. Fan Tails—White Crested—1st and special, Benj. White; 2d, W. B. and F. B. Hazard, Providence. Smooth Head—1st, Walter Richmond, Providence; 2d, W. B. and F. B. Hazard. Black—1st, C. R., and A. H. Nicholas, Greene, R. I. Blue—1st, to same. Yellow—2d, R. G. Buffington, Somerset, Mass. Turbits—Black—1st, Oliver Kendall, Providence. Blue Wing—1st, and 2d, C. R. and A. H. Nicholas. Red Wing—1st, Oliver Kendall. Jacobins—Black—1st, C. R. and A. H. Nicholas; 2d, Oliver Kendall. Magpies—Black—1st, Oliver Kendall; 2d, Robert J. Haig, Providence. Black Cap—1st, C. R. and A. H Nicholas. Red—1st, to same. Tumblers—Yellow—1st and 2d, Oliver Kendall. Black—1st, to same; 2d, Robert J. Haig Red—1st, to same. Blue Beard—1st, Oliver Kendall. Black Bald Head—1st, to R. J. Haig. Short-faced Almond—1st and special, Benjamin White; 2d, Oliver Kendall. Swallows—Black—1st, Adam Horst. Nuns—Black—1st, Oliver Kendall; 2d, C. R. and A. H. Nicholas. Moreheads—Black—1st, Adam Horst; 2d, C. R. and A. H. Nicholas. Spots—Black 1st, C. R. and A. H. Nicholas. Starlings—1st, S. P. Bullas, Priests—Black—1st, O. Kendall. Red—1st, to same. Archangels—1st, S. P. Bullas. Antwerps—Blue long-faced—1st, S. P. Bullas; 2d, Oliver Kendall. Blue short-faced—1st, G. Dillinborger, Providence; 2d, S. P. Bullas. Silver Dun—1st and 2d, S. P. Bullas. Mahomets—1st, Benj. White. Dutchess—White. 1st, Oliver Kendall; 2d, R. J. Haig. Yellow Magpies—1st, N. C. Brown, Taunton, Mass. Yellow Swallows—2d, T Dillenborger, Providence, R. I. Dun Dragon—1st, S. P. Bullas, Providence.

Class 16. *Rabbits*—Angora, 1st and special, G. Dillenberger, Providence; 2d, James Laycock, Providence. Blue—1st, G. Dillenberger. Native—1st, Henry B. Tallman, providence.

Class 17. *Squirrels*—Gray—1st, Henry T. Root.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stuffed Birds and Animals—$5, Thomas Allcock, Providence.

Canary Birds in Attractive Cages—$5, Greenleaf, Anthony & Co., Providence.

Best Singing Canary—Fine brass cage, and fine German Canary, (two premiums) Greenleaf, Anthony & Co.

Exhibition Coop—$3, C. A. Branford, Manchester, N. H.

Guinea Pigs—Gratuity, Winthrop W. Brownell, Prov., R. I.

White Rats—Gratuity, Joshua Hoyle, Prov., R. I.

Ant Eater—Gratuity, Joshua Hoyle, Prov., R. I.

Display of Sky Larks—Gratuity, Joshua Hoyle, Prov., R. I.

Diploma awarded Steamer No. 10, for fine cage of monkeys on exhibition.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS

Brahmas—Light, for the best cockerel in Asiatic class, Jas. L. Bullock, Prov., R. I., (94 pts) Heaviest Pair Fowls, H. A. Rhodes, East Greenwich. For best pair, J. E. Wilmarth, Taunton, Mass. For best hen, a L. B. hen, G. B. Fitz, Attleboro, Mass. For best pair Fowls, a L. B. Pullet, G. B. Fitz, Attleboro, Mass. Dark—For three best pairs Fowls, one L. B. hen, value $5, H. A. Rhodes, East Greenwich. For best hen, one Partridge Cochin hen, value $5, H. A. Rhodes, East Greenwich. For the largest and best collection of D. B. not less than ten coops, H. A. Rhodes, East Greenwich. For three best pairs Chicks, one Partridge Cochin hen, value $5, C. G. Sanford, Providence. For best Cock, bred by exhibitor, a D. B. hen, C. G. Sanford, Providence. For best pair, C. G. Sanford, Providence. For best collection of Cockerels, $3, S. G. Sanford.

Partridge Cochins—For the five best, in one coop, H. A. Rhodes, East Greenwich: also for best collection. For best pair, $5, Joshua Vose, Manton. White—For largest and best collection, $5, Thornton H. Adams, Pawtucket. For best Cock, figuring the highest number of points, $5, Thornton H. Adams. For best pair, a White Leghorn Cockerel, W. B. & F. B. Hazard, Providence. For best pair Cochins, other than Partridge, $5, W. B. & F. B. Hazard, Providence.

Class 2. *Dorkings*—For best pair Dorkings of any color, one Light Brahma pullet, A. L. Dennis, Providence. For best Dorking cockerel, one year's subscription to *Poultry Argus*, R. G. Buffington, Somerset, Mass.

Class 3. *Hamburgs*—For best pair of Black Hamburgs, a Black Hamburg cock; for best pair Hamburgs, $5; and for best Hamburg cockerel, one year's subscription to *Poultry Argus*, all to L. L. Tingley, Pawtucket. For best silver spangled cockerel, one pair pigeons, to H. E. Tiepke, Pawtucket.

Class 4. *Spanish*—For best pair brown Leghorns, $5, to J. H. Congdon, Providence. For best pair black Spanish, one white Cochin cockerel, to Charles W. Grant, Attleboro'. For best white Leghorn cockerel, silver cup, to J. E. Wilmarth, Taunton. For best pair White Leghorns, $5, to same. For best cockerel in class, one year's subscription to *Poultry Argus*, to J. H. Congdon, Providence.

Class 5. *French*—For best pair, $5, R. G. Buffington, Somerset, Mass.; for best cockerel, one year's subscription to *Poultry Argus*, same.

Class 6. *Polish*—For best pair, $5, Oliver Kendall, Providence.

Class 7. *Game*—For best pair, $5, J. H. Hammett, Newport; for best cockerel, year's subscription to *Poultry Argus*, same.

Class 8. *Game Bantams.*—For best pair Game Bantams, S. P. Bullas, Providence, $5, also for best cockerel, same class, one year's subscription to *Poultry Argus*.

Class 9. *Bantams, other than Game.*—For best pair and best Cockerel in same class, E. S. Whitney, Plainville, Mass.

Class 10. *Miscellaneous*—For best pr. Plymouth Rock chicks, $5, P. A. Ballou, North Attleboro'; for best cockerel, year's subscription to *Poultry Argus*, same.

DOG PREMIUMS.

Premiums were awarded in the "Bench Show" as follows:

Setters.—1st, $10, to Thomas Adcock, of Providence, for red female; 2d, $5, to Benj. Bliven, Providence, for black and white female; 3d, diploma, to John Lassom, for orange and white dog. The committee highly commended W. B. Grover's red Irish dog "Fred," and commended J. C. Arnold's female "Fanny."

Setter Puppies.—1st, $5, to Samuel Scranton, Providence, for native female "Meg," 2d, diploma, to William Tallman, Providence, for black and white female "Jennie." The committee highly commend Byron Kiernan's red Irish female.

Pointers—1st, $10 to Isaac Campbell, for female "Roxie," 2d, $5 to A. B. Foster's dog; 3d, diploma, to C. G. Browne, of Pawtuxet, for dog. The committee highly commended Geo. Anthony's dog.

Pointer Puppies—1st, $5 to Isaac Campbell; 2d, diploma, to Frank E. Carpenter, for white pup "Doc."

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

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***NOTICE.**—Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.*

A. N. Raub, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

NUMBER ONE VOL. THREE

is already exhausted; any of our readers having a copy which they do not intend to bind, will confer a great favor by mailing it to this office. Those having the number, and intending to bind them, will see that they are not destroyed, as they cannot be duplicated from this office.

THE CENTENNIAL POULTRY SHOW.

We are pleased to learn that Dr. A. M. Dickie, of Doylestown, Pa., has accepted the position of Supervisor of Poultry &c., at the Centennial Exhibition, tendered him by the authorities. We congratulate the Commissioners upon their success in securing the services of such an efficient and capable a man as the Dr., whose experience will enable him to discharge the duties appertaining to the office, in a satisfactory manner to all. The Dr. is a thorough "Fancier," highly esteemed by all who know him, and his acceptance of the position cannot fail to give universal satisfaction to the Poultry and Pigeon Fanciers, both at home and abroad.

CAN EGG-LAYING BE FORCED.

We are frequently asked by novices how the laying of eggs may be increased? or how this desirable object may be promoted beyond the ordinary yield afforded by certain kinds of fowls? In a single sentence we reply that there is no known process that will inspire hens to lay, inordinately, or that will cause them to give us more eggs than about so many at the proper time, in a year.

Fowls bred and fed and cared for under different circumstances, or the widely different *breeds* of domestic birds we have in this country, may yield a greater or less quantity of eggs in the course of a season. It is quite possible to indifferently hasten in point of time the depositing of eggs, by using certain stimulating food, in given cases, when the chosen hens are about to begin naturally to lay. But this latter attempt will prove but slightly effective at the best, although we frequently read accounts in the papers of the rare success certain individuals meet with, through feeding with an excess of raw meat, plenty of scraps, quantities of ground bone and like substances. It is quite unlikely that *any* kind of food whatever will materially accelerate this work.

In such instances of noted success, the fowls have reached the point *before* this extra feeding commences, when they are about to lay. The stimulants may promote the discharge of the eggs somewhat, but to no considerable degree. If the hens are not nearly ready to lay, this change of food will do very little good, as a rule, and it is mostly imaginary—the results thus claimed.

Nevertheless, a regular and generous system of this sort of feeding, from the time the pullets are fairly grown, and during the weeks or months they are coming up to the proper time for beginning to lay, will be found beneficial, and good warm quarters in severe cold weather will assist towards inducing them to lay at quite as early (or earlier) an age as a habit of negligence in their diet and care will tend to bring about these first results. But you can't have eggs from your fowls until nature has perfected the processes of their formation. And no amount of stuffing or forcing will expedite the discharge of their eggs, healthily, in the natural way.

It is very true that experiments have been tried repeatedly with this and that kind of food, or advertised "preparation, to make hens lay constantly," which have been pronounced by the experimenters successful. We are constantly reading such accounts in the papers. But it will be found in all such instances that the conditions were right with the fowls thus treated, for them to have performed their work naturally, had they been left without the forcing stimulants. And where this attempt has failed to produce the desired effect, that it was not the fault of the extra food administered. We know of no method to "force hens to lay." When they are ready, they will drop their eggs. Until they are thus ready, they naturally decline to oblige us.

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION—MORE LIGHT.

The editorial in last weeks' issue, under the caption of "A Singular Proceeding," is attracting much attention from Fanciers, Officers, and Breeders, in all parts of the country, as is evidenced by the many letters we are receiving on the subject. We called for a suspension of judgment upon the officers living out of Chicago, as it was probable the matter of witholding the premiums had not been referred to them. In this supposition, we find we were correct. It is safe to say that the questionable proceeding was entered into, and consummated by a few managers, who not only seemed willing to tarnish their own reputations, but by their acts showed that they had no regard for the reputations of the gentlemen whose names had been placed upon the list of officers. It seems to us, that the ordinary courtesy of every-day life would have led them to have at least informed the gentlemen whose reputations were at stake, of the proposed action, and given them an opportunity of making good, in some way, the promises of their Society, or of resigning, if the determination to ignore its solemn obligations was too strong to be overcome.

As it stands, these gentlemen, who were selected for officers, on account of their sterling integrity, their prominence as fanciers, and their influence, without a moment's notice, or a chance to prevent the disgrace, are placed in a false position before the country. We venture the assertion, that there isn't one of them, but who, if the opportunity had been given, would have become personally obligated, if the matter could not have been arranged in any other way, rather than have it said that they were connected with an association which has no respect for its written pledge.

Why, look at the action of the A. P. A. At Chicago, the Society was found to be in debt; immediately the members came forward, took the Society's notes, and furnished the money to pay its bills. It will be said in answer to this, that they had faith in the association. Very well; then the deduction in view of the action of the Chicago Society is, that *its* managers had no faith in its future, and so obliged the exhibitors to carry the debt though they had never received an intimation that this would be required of them. On the other hand they were told that the premium list amounted to over six thousand dollars, and that exhibitors would be treated "with the utmost liberality." The "liberality" with which the exhibitors were treated is shown in the result. All the local bills, even to the "*miscellaneous disbursements in small sums since organization of Society*, $471.26," and which had nothing to do with the exhibition, were promptly paid, and the exhibitors who

made the show what it was, were coolly told to "go whistle down the wind" for the premiums promised and awarded them!

Another point which we touched upon last week: The premium lists were opened at Buffalo, at the exhibition a year ago, and at the time of the annual of the A. P. A., when several gentlemen offered large sums, with the distinct understanding that they were to be given as single premiums. Then circulars were sent all over the country, soliciting donations of PREMIUMS. All this resulted, as appears by the published premium list, in contributions amounting to $3,277. That this amount was contributed for *premiums*, there is not the shadow of a question. In fact, the managers so considered it, for we find them saying in the lists which were sent out to induce breeders to send their birds to the exhibition, that this amount "has been divided by the officers of the association, and distributed through the premium lists." Instead of holding these subscriptions sacred, for the purpose for which they were given, we find them treating the premium gifts as "donations" for general expenses. As appears by the statement given herewith, the amount of offerings for premiums, $3,277, has, however, dwindled to $2,039.73 in "*donations*," and no explanation is given concerning the balance of over $1,200. If this amount was collected, what has become of it? If it was not all collected, why is it that the fact, with the attendant reasons, is not stated? Can it be true as alleged, that fictitious subscriptions were put in for the purpose of alluring exhibitors? From the best information we have, however, we should say the subscriptions were honest ones; that very nearly the full amount was collected, and through some mistake is not given in the statement.

Of this amount ($3,277) $2,415 is entered in the premium list, as having been given to the poultry department, and undoubtedly in strict accordance with the wishes of the donors, but we find even this amount has been entered among the "receipts," and as stated last week, to offset it is an item of $1,282.49, in the "expenditures" paid for prize-cups, so that the money donated by fanciers and others, for the poultry department, was used in part to pay the premiums for the dog fanciers. In addition to this we get well authenticated reports that judges who were invited from a distance to judge in the various classes, and were promised their expenses, have never received a single dollar to reimburse them for their large outlay. Many exhibitors report that they do not receive even the proportion allowed on a number of the premiums which were awarded them. Others write us that while they were required to pay their entry in P. O. orders, or drafts on Chicago, they receive the proportion of premiums allowed them in checks, upon which they are obliged to pay collection fees. Another writes us that a valuable pair of pigeons was sold at the exhibition, without orders, and that although he has repeatedly written concerning the matter, can get no satisfactory explanation. And so we might go on for columns, with the complaints that reach us from all over the country, concerning the mismanagement, to use a mild term, of the national exhibition at Chicago.

Two letters received, deprecate our course in exposing this matter, and say "it would be better to let the matter drop quietly;" that "if it wasn't taken up by the poultry papers, nothing would be heard of it as the injured parties are so widely scattered, no one would be likely to complain, on account of a want of concentration against the probably unintentional wrong." To all such we have but one word. The Fanciers' Journal proposes to live strictly by its adopted motto, "*not for itself but for all.*" It is published for the benefit of fanciers and breeders, in all parts of the country, and wherever it finds wrong-doing in any society, or among those whose names should be on the black list, it will be found denouncing it, without fear or favor, and we are glad to say the Journal is not alone in this position. When the voice of the poultry journals come to be heard on this matter, it will be found that the fanciers of the country are to be well sustained.

We alluded last week to the proceedings of the Chicago society, as being "unfortunate." Look at it in any light we may, let us interpret it as charitably as we can, and it still presents itself in an uncomfortable aspect. This society started out under the most favorable auspices. It was given a splendid send off by prominent fanciers in all parts of the country, who showed their good will by tangible acts of liberality. It was backed up by the A. P. A. in a splendid manner; had the best wishes of the entire East, which sent handsome donations for premiums, and birds for exhibition. The best men in the various States were selected for its officers; in fact, it had everything in its favor, and every advantage that would enable it, under honest and careful management, to take a very high position among the best societies in the country. But by an ill-considered act, it has lowered itself to the level of a few local societies, which think nothing of breaking their pledges. If this so-called national society, with its attractive surroundings, can *peaceably* repudiate its promises, how much labor will it require to convince breeders that they will not receive the same treatment from associations which make no pretentions of superiority?

A feature of this matter is—and we wish to emphasize it—that a vast majority of the criticisms, complaints and censures we have received, come from the West, which goes to show that the western breeders are thoroughly alive to the necessity of having their exhibitions conducted in the same honest and fair manner that the eastern societies conduct theirs.

We trust the Chicago Society may find some way to place itself right before the country. As it is to-day, there is a wide spread feeling of distrust and discontent, among those who had dealings with it, possibly excepting those whose bills were so promptly paid in that city.

We should be pleased to hear from any one who can give us any further light, or has any comments to make on this matter, not for publication, but as additional guides for further remarks.

Below we give the statement of the society, which, as the reader will see, is only partial. It shows over $3,000 on hand, and yet does not state what was done with this amount.

We don't care to dissect these figures this week, but can't help briefly alluding to some of the striking absurdities which reveal themselves at a glance. For instance take the expenditure for "labor, $1,914.80." Well, this amount, allowing $3 per day, which is liberal, would pay for the services of fifty-two men for twelve days. Those who were present at the exhibition know very well that the sum paid is out of all proportion to the service rendered. This labor item as it stands unexplained, gives considerable color to the intimation made by two of our correspondents that some of the managers received handsome sums for services and expenses.

Then again take the item "coal, $129.50." At Chicago quotations this would give over three tons for each stove in operation during the exhibition. There are other items, such as "telegraphing,"—which has a funny history connected with it—"Stoves and pipe," &c., which may be alluded to in the future.

NATIONAL POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

STATEMENT.

As there is a very general desire on the part of Exhibitors and Fanciers to know how the large amount of money received by this Society during its recent Exhibition, has been expended, I present below a Statement of the Receipts and disbursements of Money since the organization of the Association. Many of these items seem extravagant, and the amount can undoubtedly be materially lessened at another exhibition. The Labor Account is nearly double what it would have been had the show been a consolidated one instead of two separate and distinct exhibitions, and had the Association not been compelled to hire men to do work which at all smaller exhibitions is performed by members of the Society free of charge. The large item for Printing and Bill-posting includes the cost of Premium Lists, about $400; Entry Lists $120, and the cost of billing the city during the show, about $300. The balance is made up of cost of Handbills and Circulars for distribution, and miscellaneous printing before and during the show.

The item of $1011.62 for use of the Exposition Building, appears rather liberal, but it seemed an equitable arrangement to the officers of the Association at the time the bargain was made, for if the receipts were small, the compensation would be small, and if the receipts were large it was thought we could well afford to pay 15 per cent. for the use of the building.

RECEIPTS.

Received for Initiation Fees and Dues	$266.00
" " Entries	2,607.75
" " Sale of Tickets	6,744.17
" In Donations	2,039.73
" for Commission on Sales	146.77
" " Sale of Standards, and Commissions from "Automatic Wonder," Peanut Stands, &c	149.13
	$11,953.55

EXPENDITURES.

Paid for use of Exposition Building, (15 per cent. of door receipts)	1,011.62
" " Prize Cups	1,272.40
" " Steam Incubator	100.00
" " Building Partition	125.00
" " Printing and Bill-posting	1,182.12
" " Advertising	590.13
" " Labor	1,914.80
" " Coops (still on hand)	576.60
" " Feed and Water Cups (still on hand)	132.87
" " Placards (still on hand)	76.20
" " Stoves and Pipe, (still on hand)	486.10
" " Lumber	174.84
" " Coal	129.50
" " Feed for Dogs and Poultry	161.91
" " Postage	111.99
" " Stationery	102.80
" " Telegraphing	30.01
" " Gas Bill	295.37
" " Miscellaneous Disbursements in small sums since organization of Society	471.26
Cash on hand	3,008.03
	$11,953.55

That the affairs of the Association could have been more economically administered is quite probable, but the size of the exhibition rendered impossible that personal attention to details by Officers which is practiced at smaller shows, and important duties were necessarily left to disinterested employees. Trusting that the experience gained at the past exhibition will be profitably employed in the future.

CIRCULAR SENT TO EXHIBITORS,

Office of National Poultry Association,
Chicago, Feb. 29, 1876.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed find check for $73.00, which is sixty-five per cent. of $120.00, the amount of your premiums. The Association is unable to pay the full amount of the awards at present, although it has on hand 1,894 exhibition pens, 4,037 feed and water cups, 13 large stoves and pipe, and other fixtures used during the recent exhibition, the cost of which was over $1,300. These would be sold by the Association if it could realize over thirty per cent. of their cost, but as this cannot be done, it has been decided not to sacrifice them, as they are worth their full cost for use at future exhibitions. This residue of thirty-five per cent. the Association regards as a debt to be paid out of the proceeds of future exhibitions.

Below we present statement.

Sixty-five per cent. of premiums	$78.00
Amount due on Entry Fees	
Amount due for expressage	5.00
Amount due for stock sold	
Commission on sales	
	$73.00

We give below the list of officers of the "National Poultry Association," elected at the last annual meeting held in Chicago. The list as it now stands is not correct, as we are notified that several of the gentlemen named have resigned since the statement of the society has been published.

We are informed, on the very best authority, that very few of the officers residing out of Chicago were notified of the contemplated repudiation of the society pledges. If this is so, they certainly should not be denounced and criticised as they are until they have had an opportunity to place themselves right before the public.

The gentlemen named as officers who were not consulted in regard to the management at Chicago, therefore not responsible for the unfortunate *denouement*, and who do not wish to stand in a false position before their brother Fanciers of the country, will undoubtedly correct all wrong impressions concerning themselves.

PRESIDENT.

Edward M. Teall, Chicago.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

John P. Reynolds, Chicago.
A. D. Warren, Worcester, Mass.,
Charles H. Turner, St. Louis.
Charles A. Sweet, Buffalo.
Dr. F. W. Byers, Lena, Ill.
H. A. Mansfield, Waltham, Mass.
Jos. M. Wade, Philadelphia.
E. R. Spaulding, Jaffrey, N. H.
Dr. J. H. Bryant, St. Paul, Minn.
Albert Noyes, Bangor, Me.
Dr. N. Bowe, N. Y.
Chas. H. Raymond, Morris Plains, N. J.
L. H. Smith, Strathroy, Ont.
Luther Adams, Boston.
Horace Smith, N. Y.
Geo. H. Warner, New York Mills, N. Y.
J. M. Ferris, Stamford, Conn.
I. N. Barker, Thornton, Ind.
C. B. Elben, Pittsburg, Pa.
E. S. Ongley, Auburn, N. Y.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER:

Charles P. Willard, Chicago.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE:

W. W. Corbett, Chicago.
John H. Whitman, Chicago.
E. L. Lamb, Chicago.
Alonzo Snider, Chicago.
William H. Woodward, Chicago.
C. J. Ward, Chicago.
W. F. Milligan, Chicago.
S. H. Seamans, Wauwatosa, Wis.
Dr. Horace Enos, Milwaukee, Wis.
Philander Williams, Taunton, Mass.
Z. C. Luse, Iowa City, Ia.
J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland, N. Y.
D. L. Miller, Polo, Ill.
David Jones, Tecumseh, Mich.
Jas. M. Lambing, Parker's Land'g Pa.
John D. Olcott, Milwaukee.
Thomas F. Barnes, Blairstown, Ia.
John F. Boyden, Lincoln, Ill.
I. K. Felch, Natick, Mass.
W. H. Todd, Vermillion, O.
H. T. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

Mr. E. L. Lamb the retiring president, was unanimously nominated for re-election, but positively declined to serve.

The Secretary, Mr. Chas. E. Willard, who labored so assiduously to have things go right, has sent in his resignation. He will receive the hearty commendation of the fanciers of the country if he adheres to his expressed determination to insist upon its acceptance.

The poultry breeders of America are under lasting obligations to Mr. H. T. Sperry, of Hartford, for his timely and earnest defence of the New Standard and earnest entreaty that it should not be tampered with or changed, except by consent and full knowledge of all the fanciers in the country. At the last meeting of the A. P. A., several resolutions changing the standard, disqualificates, etc., were introduced, and the Association seemed inclined to make some radical changes until Mr. Sperry, by his sensible and timely remarks, showed conclusively that it would be the ruin of the Standard to make any change unless due notice was given before such changes were made. It is often the case that *one* clear head will prevent much future trouble, and in this case, Mr. Sperry's head was most decidedly *"level."—Chicago Poultry Journal and Record.*

WHITE-CRESTED BLACK POLANDS.

Newton Adams, Secretary of Central N. Y. Poultry Association, has sold all his White-crested Black Polands, to Mr. Asa P. Moormand Cold Water, Michigan.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—A story is told of a class of ragged boys who had learned to answer the questions in the catechism by rote. One day a stranger entered to examine them, but unfortunately the boy who was always at the head of the class was absent. The stranger asked: "Who made you?" And the boy answered: "The dust of the earth." "Oh, no!" was the remonstration, "God made you." "No," was the response, "the boy that God made isn't here."

—Squirrels.—Long years have passed since I have had an opportunity to observe the squirrel in its native haunts, but when a boy in the good old Buckeye state, I have passed many happy hours in observing their peculiarities. One of these I have never seen in print, although I confess to not being well read on the subject. I have never observed it in any but the red and the gray squirrel. It is a fondness for swinging violently back and forth suspended from a limb by the hind feet, always as far as pointed out to me and as far as my own observation extends early in the morning and on *fallen* trees. I have myself taken advantage of this knowledge to shoot them. Hiding myself near

a fallen tree about sunrise. I have never failed to shoot one or two while thus engaged in their morning gymnastics.

W. P. S.

—Is the Blue-bird a Winter Resident?—I observed on Jan. 19th, at Bristol, Pa, a pair of Blue-birds in possession of a hole in a dead limb of a water-birch. At times both would disappear entirely in the hole, remaining for some time, and as the weather, until the day previous had been very cold, the thought struck me (although I am aware of their migratory power) that perhaps they sort of hibernated in that snug little retreat during the prevalence of very cold weather, appearing only on warm sunns days.

W. P. S.

—E. S. S wishes to know the name of the animal that Col. Bee shot, and which was called "Lepus Sylvaticus, a local name, a Jackass Rabbit." Judging from the size of the animal, as given by E. S. S., it must have been either the "Lepus California," Gray, "Lepus Audobonii" Baird, or the "Lepus Trowbridgii" Baird.

Now whether it was one or the other of the above named, much depends upon the locality in which Col. Bee found it. The first of the above mentioned animals are found from Lower Colorado to Fort Jones, California. Baird says: "not East of the cascades." The other two inhabit the California coast, from San Francisco to San Diego. Tha Jackass Rabbit, "Lepus Texanius" or "Lepus callotus" is not found at all in California.

Huon.

Small Pet Department

(Reported for the Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

PHILADEDPHIA,

(For the week ending March 11, 1876.)

1 Turkey Buzzard (*Eatnartus aura*). Presented by J. M. Wilson, Washington, D. C.
2 Opossums (*Didelphys Virginiana*). Presented by S. P. & G. D. Wetherill, Phila.
1 St. Bernard Dog, (*Canis familiaris*). Presented by P. B. Mingle, Phila.
3 Minks (*Mephitis Mephitca*). Presented by Jos. A. Cunningham, Virginia, Ill.

Huon.

BRANT GEESE.

(*Anser bernicla*—Linn)

THEIR HABITS—MIGRATION—BREEDING PLACES.

None of our game birds are perhaps so little known as the brant of the East coast of North America and Arctic region. This bird must not be confounded with the brant of the Mississippi Valley, (*Anser Albifrons*—Aud.) or with that of the Pacific, (*Anser Nigrican*—Law.) The subject of these remarks has been so often and so accurately described by ornithologists as to require no further specific characterization. We would, however, remark that our observation has led us to believe there is no sexual difference in plumage or size. The young birds are a shade paler brown than the old ones and have the wing coverts more deeply margined with white. They are exclusive and reserved in their habits, never consorting with other fowl. They hiss at one approaching as other geese do, and their "ruck, ruck," and "r-r-ronk, r-ronk," when trilled off by an expert, is not altogether unmusical. They travel within circumscribed limits, and are not like other birds scattered and diffused over the Continent. As far as we know they have never been bred or domesticated in this country or England. Their domestic life, the order of the family, the food of the young, their growth and development, are entirely unknown. No one has at any time, we presume, studied their habits from birth to maturity, and consequently that great field for studying character—the home—is lost to us.

We have had good opportunity for observing their habits during their migrations at Cape Cod for more than twenty years, and we learn that at other migratory points their habits are identical. The M. B. Club has for many years kept as decoys all the way from six to twenty of these birds, but in no instance have they exhibited any connubial desire. Some years since, the club presented half a dozen of the birds to a wealthy bird fancier in this vicinity for the purpose of breeding, but the scheme totally failed. Another party has three fine specimens that are allowed by day to roam about the house with other fowl, but they, in common with all their fellows, are first shorn of the tip of a wing to prevent their speedy departure. Nor have these shown any reproductive proclivities. While in bondage, they drink fresh water, but in a normal condition, if they drink at all, it is of salt water. Their food is wholly vegetable, consisting of eel grass and other marine growths. We have never seen them partake of fish, or any of the myriads of animal life that infest our shores. Their excrementary deposits indicate entirely vegetable diet, and as they never dive except when wounded and pursued, they must feed where the water is less than two feet deep. Corn alone constitutes the bill of fare of the decoys. From our stand point on Cape Cod we should say, in ordinary seasons, brant begin to arrive and depart early in March, and they continue coming and going till the end of April. At times there are immense numbers on the feeding ground. They are too wise to set out upon a long voyage in the teeth of a northeasterly storm, but let the wind haul to Southwest, and one will see those nearest shore gobble a quantity of sand—"take in ballast," as the natives say—lift up and swing round, often two or three times to get the proper altitude, then strike out over the beach in an E. N. E. direction, and with such precision as to provoke the remark that each leader must carry a compass in the top of his head to steer by. There is no day during the season above named when there are not more or less brant at this point, and with proper appliances and skillful management large numbers of them may be slaughtered, but no sport is more dubious than this brant shooting. The tides, wind, weather, all have their influence, and the birds are often very freakish and do not decoy well. The course they lay in departing is further on, somewhat deflected, so as to bring them into the Bay of Fundy, up which they pass, lifting over the narrow neck of land to Northumberland Straits, where again they find shoal water and good feeding ground. Here, and along the shore of Prince Edward's Island, they "feed and batter" till the end of May or fore part of June, when they push along still further North. Between Cape Cod and Prince Edward's Island they rarely stop except when compelled to do so by hard winds or a storm, nor have they at any time ventured far inland or out to sea. Here, however, with an accumulation of strength and adipose matter, they are prepared for the long, tedious, and possibly somewhat dangerous journey that is before them. Leaving the Gulf of St. Lawrence they proceed along to westward of the Island of Anticosti, and at 65° or 66° west longitude, strike out boldly over the land in a northwesterly direction to the Arctic Ocean. Navigators on Hudson's Bay have not spoken of seeing them in such numbers as to warrant the belief that they make any considerable stop there. Their line of flight from the St. Lawrence to the Arctic is not definitely known, and yet it is certain they pass north between Boothia and Victoria Land, and between Melville Island and North Devon. Whether in the long journey they are guided by certain isothermal lines, influenced by electric currents, or drawn thither by the magnetic pole, which is represented as being at about latitude 70° 10′—west longitude 96° 5′—is not known. That they do arrive in the vicinity of Melville Island in vast numbers, and that they pass along Wellington Channel and other Arctic waters to still more northern feeding and breeding grounds is well authenticated. We assume then that all the other swimming birds—the eiders, auks, gulls, swan, &c., travel and breed along the coast of Labrador, Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound, while the brant do not. They take a widely different route and go much further

north than the great mass of other birds. What we know, all we know, in fact, of the birds away up in this inhospitable region is gathered from the fragmentary narration of Arctic explorers, and from the birds themselves. That they do go North of 70°, or even 82° north latitude, and go in large flocks, we will further on undertake to prove. We do not assume that all the brant go north of 82°, but that nearly all that intend to reproduce their young, do. Some from weakness or weariness, caused by the long journey, or possibly from the pressure of the egg for extrusion, or other causes, may drop out of the flock and hence be seen in Summer south of 70° north latitude. Again, some may linger with no intention of breeding, as do the other geese. Sir John Richardson says of geese (vol. 1, p. 251:) "There are a considerable number who do not breed, but keep in small bands and are called barren geese. Of these we saw several flocks." Among the earlier Arctic explorers the opinion evidently prevailed that brant did not go so far North to breed. So late as 1848, Sir John Richardson writes: "In Coronation Gulf are many islands. Swan, snow geese, brant geese, eiders * * * breed in immense numbers on these islands." Further on he says that they (brant) breed on Wollston Land. They were going north, and he presumed they would stop there, but now recent explorers have demonstrated his error. Hall, on his first expedition, saw brant at the mouth of the Jordan River, and others may have been seen in out-of-the-way places. The surgeon of the "Hecla" and "Griper," Alex. Fisher, on the 16th of July, remarks: "A party of six went out for a ten day's hunt. They saw a great many brant, but only succeeded in killing a dozen." And further on Latitude 70° 30′—longitude 71° 15′, on the third of September, 1820: "Saw two flocks of brant geese." June 12, while at Hooper's Island, (near Mellville) he observes: "We saw several ptarmigan and a great many of the geese so often mentioned in the course of our journey * * * of these birds we managed to shoot four during our stay, and found them to be brant geese. They weighed about four pounds each." Parry, on his first voyage to Melville Island, June 12, 1820, says: "The birds seen by our people were many brant geese and ptarmigan, several golden plover, one or two boatswains, and abundance of snow buntings." They were hurrying along north, just as they do at Cape Cod; in fact, they are always in a hurry; always on the alert. We have never seen them sit down like other fowl, head under wing and sleep.

McClure, while at Prince of Wales Straits, wrote the following: "The king and common eider, the pin-tail ducks, and the brant geese form their simple nests in spite of the prowling fox." As he does not speak of seeing a brant's nest, we are rather inclined to believe it was not there. We doubt, with a single exception, if any one has ever discovered or seen a brant's nest. McClintock, at Cape Bird, remarks (p. 290): "I saw and shot a brant goose, seated upon an accessible ledge, and made a prize of four eggs." But apparently fearing his reader might be led to believe it a common occurrence, appended the following: "It seemed strange that the bird should have selected so unusual a breeding place." Further on, at Boothia Felix, latitude 69° 50′, longitude 96° 10′, (p. 280) he says: "On the 8th of June the first ducks and brant geese were seen flying Northward." At Bellot Straits (1858) he writes: "We cannot discover the nests of either ducks or geese."

Dr. Kane, on his first voyage, (1850) saw no brant till he arrived in the vicinity of Wellington Channel. So early as the 26th of August, the brant began to be seen on the return voyage. He says (p. 160): "If we add to these (the other birds) the crowding tenants of the air, the brant geese which now came in great cunoid flocks from the north by east." And again, (p. 174): "Our solitary goose, (one shot by Murdaugh with a rifle on the wing) was the *Anser bernicla*, crowds of which now began to fly over the land, and in a cunoid stream to the east of south." This "cunoid stream" rather puzzles us. If they fly in that shape in the Arctic region, it is different from what they move in New England. They generally fly irregularly in a line. That line is sometimes bent forward in the centre so as nearly to represent a V, but never continues so for any length of time. We should be inclined to believe the birds described were Canada geese, were they not named specifically. And, besides, we presume *Anser canadensis* does not reach so high a latitude. Sir John Richardson says (vol. 1, p. 320): "The Canada geese breed throughout the woody districts, (of North America) but do not reach the vicinity of the Arctic Sea." Again, writing from Fort Confidence (vol. 2, p. 105): "The Canada geese come in the van (May 19) and remain breeding in the woody country."

In this northern journey, from the vicinity of Wellington Channel, the brant take a northeast course which brings them to the north part of Smith's Sound, where they were seen by Kane, Morton and others. We quote from Morton's statement (Kane's expedition): "June 21, 1854, a flock of brant geese were coming down the valley of the lowland, and ducks were seen in crowds upon the open water. When we saw the geese first they were apparently coming from the eastward; they made a curve out to seaward, then turning, flew far ahead over the plain until they were lost to view, showing that their destination was inland. The general line of flight of the flock was to the northeast." This was near Cape "Constitution," and about latitude 80° North. At Renssalaer, Kane says (p. 302–3): "The brant geese had not been seen before, since entering Smith Straits. It is well known to the Polar traveler as a migratory bird of the American Continent. Like the others of the same family it feeds upon vegetable matter, generally marine plants with the adherent molluscous life. It is rarely or never seen in the interior, and from its habits may be regarded as singularly indicative of open water. The flocks of these birds, easily distinguished by their wedge-shaped line of flight, now crossed the water obliquely and disappeared over the land to the north and east. I have often shot these birds in Wellington Channel in latitude 74° 50′ nearly six degrees to the South. They were then flying in the same direction."

(*To be Continued.*)

Correspondence.

LIVE FEED FOR CHICKS.

Dear Sir: Make a pit, by digging out the ground about four feet square, six inches deep, and make it smooth; then take two bushels of bran, and put in the pit; then wet the bran with water, and put in the bran a pig's or sheep's pluck, and in a short time there will be plenty of live feed for the chicks. Take a shovel and throw out a few shovels full a day. I think this is better than tieing meat up to a tree, and hitting it with a stick, to shake out the maggots.

R. B. D.

SAGINAW VALLEY POULTRY AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.

East Saginaw, March 5th, 1876.

Jos. M Wade, Esq.,

Dear Sir: A large and enthusiastic meeting of the fanciers of this part of the State, assembled last evening, and perfected the organization of the Saginaw Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association. It was decided, and included in the association, the counties forming what is known, as the Saginaw Valley, Saginaw Bay, Tuscola, Midland, Gratiot, Isabella, Clan, &c. From the great general interest taken in their new association, we look forward to a successful show for another winter. A great deal of fine

stock is owned in this vicinity, which will be still further improved and augmented through the stimulus given by an association.

I enclose a list of officers:

President—A. Ferguson, East Saginaw.

Vice-Presidents—A. Purchase, Jay; C. Beierle, Bay City; J. K. Rose, Saginaw City; P. C. Heald, Midland City.

Secretary—J. H. Cowell, M. D., East Saginaw.

Treasurer—C. W. Wells, Saginaw City.

Executive Committee—Peter Lepp, Stephen H. Haskell, J. A. Ashley, East Saginaw; D. W. Green, Fred Lewis, Saginaw City; J. Spordeder, of Tilwaukee; E. Stimson, of St. Charles, and W. R. Munroe, Bay City.

J. H. Cowell, M. D., Secretary.

LOSS OF SIGHT IN A GAME STAG.

February 26th, 1876.

J. M. Wade, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—Will some of the readers of the Journal tell me what to do for my Game Stag? He is blind in one eye—done by stone, stick, or snow ball, (not fighting). The eye seems all right, only a film over it. I would like to know what will take it off.

"Whisper to Will Burleigh," that several of the fanciers around here, do not feel very well towards that "nun" he rescued, down at Philadelphia. Is not he going to give us any more of the youthful follies.

Yours Truly, Black Red.

HOW MANY EGGS TO A POUND?

Mr. Wade,

Dear Sir: What is a fair number, per lb., for pure White Leghorn eggs. Please answer through Fancier's Journal. An argument arose with parties here the other day, they saying it would take 10; and to convince them, I weighed, from my stock, eggs weighing 1 lb. and ½ oz., not picking the eggs out, taking them just as they came out of the box. If you answer such questions through your columns, please do so and oblige,

D. Gilpin.

P. S:—State my number and weight—may hear from other fanciers. D. G.

SCOTCH COLLIE.

Feb. 29th, 1876.

To the Editor of the Fancier's Journal:

Dear Sir: Would you be kind enough to ask through the columns of your Journal for a description of the Scotch Collie or Shepherd Dog. The markings and points that indicate a pure blooded, thorough bred animal, and oblige,

Inquirer.

LeRoy, Mower Co., Minnesota, Feb. 16, 1876.

Friend Wade:

There is a "Gun Club" in our village, and some of the members tell me that they have hard work to find birds when they want them. They are anxious that I should raise pigeons, and offer ten cents each for them, allowing me all that escapes, and return home (which, judging from their last "shoot," would be a good many).

Now I would like to know if it would be profitable to raise pigeons at that figure? or will it pay to raise them for market? I will have five hen houses 8x16x7 front x4 back. Now, could I not at a *little* more expense put a pigeon-roost the whole length of each house? (on top of course).

Which kind are the strongest flyers? and which make the best Squabs,—please answer through your columns. I would like to give the *Journal* a puff but everything in that line is stereotyped. So you will have to wait until I can conjure up something original in that line. However, it won't be a puff, will it? to say that it comes regularly, and that I read it from "kiver to kiver" every time.

By the way; now I think of it, can't you prevail on your "Inkslingers" to "let up" on Brother Pyle a little? first thing you know he will get so mixed that he can't tell a Brahma's egg, from any other man. Now I have 75 of the very "mongrelest" kind of "Dung-hills," and I got some of the "yallerest" eggs you ever saw, yet I would not say anything about it, for fear of adding myself to the list of "P(y)ilers."

But don't forget to answer the above questions, and oblige,

Yours, &c., "Jonathan Squabb."

[The common pigeon is the best for this purpose; but why raise them at 10 cents each when the lowest price is 15?—Ed.]

Villytelfy, Marsch te ade.

Meister Vade:

Efer sens I peen reating so mooch apoud dot "Zoo Nodes," in te *Schournal*, I hafe peen a regeler gusdomer mit der Zoologicaller Garten. I vood like do no somedings apoud dot Hyener animals. Dem vellers peats me oud. I nefer was so mooch mordafide mit brovidents pefore as ven I see dose tam schackasses bacing oop und town mit der gage. I ax dot veller vot schlings der peef, ov vot use is dot animals in te egon-o-me ov nadure? und he say he vas braowl rount mit der Botters Vielt und eads oop dot bauper vellers und dramps und efery kint ov tead, und schtinking gargases und I dells him I dink apoud a tousand of dem vellers vas soon got vat apoud Prooklin and Vashingdon. Ladst Soonday I vas coom in te Garten aboud vecting dime; I look ad dose Hyener vellers a few minudes, und den I prings oop mit some papy lions und I hafe lods ov vun mid der blayvul dricks und I vorgeds me all apoud dot Hyeners undil all ad vonce somedings schream like sevendeen tousand loonadigs; I vas vell sure it vas a lion proke loose or te Bensilfany Rale Rote vas exploted und I gids me oud ov dot blace boody quick now I dold you, und ven I vas coom pack dot peef schlinger he laff und ax me if I hafe a vrient oudsite. Meister Vade, I hafe ovten peen in pattle mit schtorm ov schott and schell, (und dot schells mene pusiness und dond go vooling rount mit demselves, dond id?) und I dells you, sir, I sooner hafe vordy-nine schells schreaming rount mit mine ears as one tam Hyener. Dot is a midy gweer kint ov peast, aind id? I stoody dot vellers oop und ride a pook apoud id.

Schonny Sproagle.

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

Friend Wade:

Please look again at my notes on the Chicago Exhibition, and you will see that I am correct, and that my statement agrees with your correction. On p. 49, No. 5, I say "Two men entered Asiatics, for the $100 prize, and two entered Games. The competition was so great that, by mutual consent, the competitors divided the amount," meaning, of course, that the *four* competitors divided the amount. Yours, truly, J. Y. Bicknell.

Westmoreland, N. Y., March 6, 1876.

F. P. BUTTS AND THE LICE QUESTION.

Oakdale, Feb. 21st, 1876.

Friend Wade:

In journal No. 6 appeared a communication signed F. P. Butts, offering to any one sending a stamp, information in regard to a powder to destroy lice. I enclosed a stamped envelope to Mr. Butts. I send the reply to you. If Mr. Butts as a "true Fancier" will tell all he knows, why don't he make known the ingredients of which his powder is composed, instead of keeping them secret and making a charge for the powder. Small as price asked is, the inference is, there is some money in it. I do not know Mr. Butts. You perhaps do and know that all is fair and right. The

relations I sustain to you are such that I feel in duty bound to lay all such documents before you, and if you feel that you have been imposed on, you possibly have some redress. Without any further information I at least will have no more correspondence with Mr. Butts.

Your friend, A. A. MILLER.

HAVANA, Feb. 16th, 1876.

Mr. A. A. MILLER:

Dear Sir:—Your's received, and in reply will say that I did not write as fully to the Journal as I intended, hence I must ask you to remit me either 10, 15, 20, or 25 cents just as you choose, and I will mail you a package of this powder and write you how to use it. *This is no humbug*, and I believe one can save at least 25 per cent. in feed by its use. If I could see you and tell you all I know about it, you would, I know, in the future never go without it. I never expect to make a cent out of it, but as I claim to be a true Fancier of good poultry I am perfectly willing to tell all I know.

Hoping to further our acquaintance, I am respectfully,

F. P. BUTTS.

IMPORTATION.

Baltimore, Md

I received per. Steamship California, from Glasgow, Scotland, on the 8th inst., two pairs Pouters; one pair blue, and a red cock, yellow hen.

If you have any space in your Journal, please make a note of it. Yours, CHAS. BECKER.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BLACK LIST.

We have several complaints against Wm. S. Knox, of Allegheny City. Will Mr. Knox please explain.

H. T. BOLLES, Rockville, Conn., will exchange one Pea Comb P. C. Cock and four hens, for Light or Dark Brahma pullets, or hens hatched in 1874.

E. G. FLANDERS & CO., Manchester, N. H., have to exchange 1 pair of Black Magpies, one six-barreled revolver, for a pair of Red or Yellow Balls, and a trio of White and Brown Leghorns. Must be No. 1.

J. W. KILGORE, 569 North Queen St., Lancaster, Pa., will exchange a good single gun, has not been used much, for a male Canary, good whistler, or fancy Pigeons. Write quick.

M. VON CULIN, Delaware City, Del., has for exchange, 1 pair B. B R. G. Bantams, 5 pullets and 1 cockerel G. S. Hamburgs, 1 trio S. S. Hamburgs, for Brown or White Leghorn pullets, and one Brown Leghorn cockerel.

F. G. PATTERSON, Portland, Me., will exchange three Blue Carrier cocks from imported stock, and common Pigeons for breeding, for Light Brahma (Duke of York stock) eggs for hatching, or Guinea Pigs, or offers.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange 1 extra fine Black and Tan Bitch, weight 4½ lbs, 20 months old, value $25; had one litter of pups; warranted extra stock, for two pairs mated Blue Jacobins; must have good hood, chain and pearl eyes, and no foul feathers. What other propositions?

JACOB L. OTTO, No 1031 Lehigh St., Easton, Pa., offers in exchange, 4 Houdans, cost $20, bred by Bicknell, from an imported cock, cost $40; 1 pair Light Brahmas, (Todds); 1 Golden Polish cockerel; 1 Silver Bearded cockerel; Cooper's small work on the Game Fowl; and Mechanical Toy, runs for nearly one half hour, cost $5, for Bearded White Polish hens or pullets, Wright's, Tegetmeier's, Cooper's, or Doyles' Poultry Book, Talking Parrot and cage, or Black Cochins.

CHAS. W. DeGRANT, Findlay, Ohio, wants to exchange one pair of Silver Duckwings, and a Black Breasted Game Bantam cockerel, for three good, early hatched Black Breasted Red Game hens or pullets. Will send first to any advertiser in Fanciers' Journal. Speak quick! No postal cards.

JAMES B. FIRST, Harrisburg, Pa., has to exchange White and Mottled Pouters, for other fancy pigeons, Tumblers excepted.

M. L. & M. W. GRAVES, Northampton, Mass., offers eggs for setting from high-class Light Brahmas, Brown Leghorns, and American Dominiques, in exchange for Fancy Pigeons. What offers?

DR. G. L. REAGAN, Shenandoah, Pa., will exchange Jersey bull Nicholas, age 14 months, No. 1874, A. I. C. C., for Ayshire bull, same age and registered, or Berkshire Pigs. Will give, and want good stock.

S. CHASE, Jefferson, Jefferson Co., Wis., has for exchange one B flat Cornet, German silver, warranted correct toned and good as new, cost $42.00, for Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, bound, and first-class fowls. What offers?

J. S. EDMONDS, Schenectady, N. Y., will exchange copy of Stanley's How I Found Livingston, 3 vols. Harpers' Weekly, 9 vols. Scientific American, Wonders of the World, 2 vols. American Builder, for revolver, canaries, books, or offers. Write if you have anything to exchange.

GEO. W. SCHEFFER, No. 21 South 2d Street, Harrisburg, Pa., has for exchange one young Kid Goat, 3 months old, for Fancy Pigeons of the following kind: Owls, Turbits, Nuns, or Yellow Pouters, or Carriers or Angora Rabbits; also Stereoscopic Views of Black Crook, for Fancy Pigeons of any kind. What offers?

GEO. W. SCHEFFER, P. O. Box 163, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange a young Fawn-color Kid Goat for Fancy Pigeons, either Pouters, Owls, Nuns, or Angora Rabbits; also have a fine Black Hamburg cock, 2 Game cocks, and Seabright hens, for Pigeons; also have Tumblers and Silver Sanborn hen, and other odd birds to exchange for Lop-Eared Rabbits.

JAMES Y. BORDEN, Box 306, Bridgeton, N. J., has his stock of fine Lops, Angora, Silver Gray, and Dutch Rabbits, to exchange for pedigree White or Brown Leghorn chickens. Has two of choice Black and Tan Dogs, weight when full grown, three pounds, pretty as pictures; will exchange them also for the above fowls. Write quick.

I. B. TUCKERMAN, Eaton, N. Y., will exchange a gold watch, open face, detached lever, 18k. cases; one gold album watch chain; one pair White Crested ducks, one pair Golden Poland chicks, two Colored Dorkin cockerels, for what offers. Write. See wants.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

I. B. TUCKERMAN, Eaton, N. Y, wants a pair of Silkies, and a pair of Guinea Pigs See exchanges.

ADVERTISEMENTS

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

BUFF COCHINS.—My entire breeding stock of this variety are for sale, one cock and five hens, (the pair that took first at Philadelphia, January 1875 as chicks, included.) Price $40. JOHN CHANDLER, Box 12, Kennett Square, Philadelphia.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A pen of Black Red Games, consisting of cock and six hens, standard birds, bred from imported stock; will exchange for a good grade Alderney cow.
Address C. H. MALLESON, Hudson, Col. Co., N. Y.

THREE AYLESBURY DRAKES, $5 each; 2 pairs Cayuga Ducks, $10 per pair; 3 pairs Rouen Ducks, $10 per pair; Pekin Ducks, $15 per pair; one White Muscovy Drake and 3 ducks for $10 All first-class stock. Rouens and Aylesburys are far superior to Pekins in size and other desirable points. I have facts to prove my assertion. Remember my warning. Send for price list of eggs and fowls.
J. Y. BICKNELL, Westmoreland, Oneida Co., N. Y.

WHITE LEGHORN EGGS for sale at $2.50 per 13, from my stock that took 1st premium at Pennsylvania State Poultry Show in 1870–74 and '75; also 1st and special for best cock, and special for best hen at Maryland State Show at Baltimore '76. Birds I raised have taken more first premiums at the Pennsylvania State Show at Philadelphia than all other Leghorns combined! Deny it who can; it can't be did.
Address WM. McANALLY, Newark, Del.

G. S. HALL, Gustavus, Trumbull Co., Ohio, can spare Dark Brahmas, Buff Cochins, Partridge Cochins, Brown Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, and B. B. R. Game Bantams. Write for circular giving full descriptions of breeding stock, price list of eggs, etc.

P. S. Having bought of G. W. Dickinson, of Warren, Ohio, his entire stock of Buff and Partridge Cochins, and B. B. Red Game Bantams, including some grand imported fowls and a number of prize winners, I am better prepared than ever to fill orders for first-class stock.

REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF ADVERTISING.

In consequence of the hard times and scarcity of money, we have determined to put the price of advertising within the reach of all; also to make the width of column uniform with other poultry journals. After this date, only TEN CENTS per line of about eight words will be charged for each and every insertion.

HAMBURGS, and AYLESBURY DUCKS.—JAS. SCOFIELD, Glen Riddle, Clark's Run, Del. Co., Pa., breeder of all varieties of Hamburgs and Aylesbury Ducks. Eggs in Spring, $3 per 13.

G. O. BROWN, Brooklandville, Md., has one pair each of S. S., G. P., and Black Hamburgs (each won first premium at last Baltimore show), and one pair Golden Polands (first at same show)—to exchange or for sale. What offers? Immediate

HAMBURGS. JNO. & THOMAS SCOFIELD, 71st and Darby Road, Phila., are making a specialty of, and have for sale, all varieties of Hamburgs, from imported fowls. Eggs in Spring, $3 per 13, carefully packed.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.
A journal published under the auspices of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Henry Bergh, President. $1 per annum.
GEO. WILL JOHNSTON,
Editor and Publisher,
No. 34 Elizabeth Street, New York.

FOREIGN COINS IN 1876.
During the Centennial, large quantities of foreign coins will be circulated by visitors to the International Exhibition. To prevent annoyance, delay, and loss, everybody should at once secure a copy of the New Edition of PETERSON'S COIN BOOK, containing perfect fac-simile impressions of the various Gold, Silver, and other metallic coins throughout the World; with the United States Mint value of each. The whole being placed in proper order as regards the various governments to which they belong, arranged according to their different denominations and value. Together with a complete index, alphabetically arranged, of the coins of each nation, and fac-similes of the State Arms of each of the United States. Published in one folio volume, bound in paper, price $1, and will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bro., 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Do not wait until the foreigners arrive to purchase the needed Coin Book, but secure it at once.

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Also, Black-breasted Red Games. Eggs for hatching in season, $3 per sitting of thirteen. Address
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W. H. BRACKETT Boston, Mass.,
Offers for sale at prices varying with quality of specimens, Partridge Cochins of his well-known prize-winning strain; Lop-eared, Angora, Himalayan, and Dutch Rabbits; Guinea Pigs, some of which are white; and Pigeons of many varieties Write for what is wanted, and address
Care of Washington National Bank,
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INTENDING to close out my Partridge Cochins, I offer one cock, three fine cockerels, twelve hens and pullets. Choice stock; very low.
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Tarrytown, N. Y.

EGGS. EGGS.
From thirty varieties, at $2.00 per setting, sent to hatch. Send for descriptive catalogues, free.
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Eggs for hatching securely packed and expressed at $2.00 per 13 eggs. A few No. 1 birds yet for sale.
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Can spare Himalayan Rabbits, $10.00 per pair; Dutch Rabbits, $5.00 to $10.00 per pair; Black Tumbler Pigeons, Yellow Tumblers, Mottled Tumblers, White Fans, Antwerps, Turbits, Moor Caps, Blue Rocks, Barbs, and Pouters, $5.00 to $10.00 per pair. Eggs from my best fowls, including my extra strains of White Leghorns, Games and Ducks. A few eggs from my imported birds. Send for circular.

ALMOND-BRED TUMBLERS.—Premium birds at the late Baltimore Show. Choice birds at reasonable prices.
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BROWN LEGHORNS.
Eggs, $3.00 per dozen.
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EXCLUSIVELY.
(Felch Strain.)
Pedigree Birds. My stock that I sell eggs from is first class. Correspondence cheerfully and promptly answered without stamp. Write
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A PURE BLACK and TAN BITCH.
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Fancy Pigeons, also Common Pigeons, in large lots. Write for what you want.
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EGGS. EGGS. EGGS.
Dark Brahma, Light Brahma, Partridge Cochin, Colored Dorkin, White Dorkin, Golden Poland, S. S. Hamburgs, and White Leghorns.
$3.00 per 13—26 for $5.00.
Warranted true to name, and a fair percentage to hatch. No Circulars. Correspondence solicited.
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HAVANA, N. Y.—Send 10, 15, 20, or 25 cents, and I will send you a package with full directions, and you will never regret the trouble. I do not make anything out of the matter, only to impart good. Will have it for sale at 12s. per lb., and ½ lb. will be enough for a season, if used judiciously.

Respectfully, F. P. BUTTS.

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Winners of first or second prizes, at Chicago, Utica, and Elmira. Eggs from same stock I breed from myself, $3.00 per 13.

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IF YOU WANT EGGS from pure-bred WHITE LEGHORN FOWLS call on or address the undersigned. Only $1 per dozen. Pedigree given if desired.

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EGGS from three yards of Steel Grey (Williams' and Sharpless') Dark Brahmas. Also, a few clutches from White-crested Black Polands. $2.00 per 15.

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FOR SALE.—Two pair pure bred English Bull Terrier pups, 8 weeks old, pure white; Partridge Cochins, bred from imported stock, eggs $2.00 per 15. I have just received from W. E. Bonney a few of first-class Brown Leghorns; eggs, $2.00 per 15. My fowls have unlimited range. Eggs warranted to hatch.

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PEKIN DUCKS, $10 PER PAIR.

EGGS, $5 per dozen. Black Breasted Red Game Eggs, $3 per dozen.

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FOR SALE LOW.

Four cockerels, 11 hens and pullets, D. Brahmas; 1 cock and 3 pullets, S. S. Hamburgs; 1 fine large cock, 1 hen, and 1 pullet, P. Cochins; one cockerel, 8 hens and pullets, W. Leghorns. Eggs for hatching from these varieties, $3 per 13.

E. S ANDREWS, Box 474, Orange, N. J.

HOUDANS,

EXCLUSIVELY.

Eggs from my premium stock at three dollars per sitting.

A few more choice fowls and chicks for sale at fair prices.

Reference.—Reports of exhibitions throughout New England for the last four years.

E. C. ALDRICH, Hyde Park, Mass.

ROUEN DUCKS, EXCLUSIVELY. Stock unexcelled. Eggs $3.00 per dozen, packed safely in egg-safety package.

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O. B. CONWAY & BRO.,
Sparta, Marrow Co., O.

A. VIGNOS, Canton, Ohio. has eggs from choice fowls for sale. SPECIALITY, Brahmas, Leghorns, "Bonney's stock." G. L. Sebrights, S. P. Hamburgs, etc., etc. Also on hand, crushed bone, oyster shells, imperial egg food, cooked beef meal, articles indispensable for fowls. A few S. P. Hamburgs, G. L. Sebrights, &c., for sale.

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, MARCH 16, 1876. No. 11.

FIRST PREMIUM BLACK CARRIER COCK AT BALTIMORE, OWNED BY MR. JOHN YEWDALL, PHILADELPHIA.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE WIND FLOWER.

Come with me to the woods when the March wind blows,
And I'll show you a flower in bloom;
Its delicate petals outrival the rose,
Though it hath not the faintest perfume.

In the depth of the wood, at the foot of a tree,
I found it in beauty, alone,
A waif in the forest, a stranger to me,
But I loved it and called it my own.

And every spring to the woods I repair,
When the blue bird is singing with glee,
Though years have flown past since I first found it there,
It still seems as lovely to me.

You may ask why I fancy the frail little thing?
And perhaps at my favorite sneer;
But I love it because it heralds the spring,
Ere a swallow ha h dared to appear.

PETER PEPPERCORN.

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

WHICH BREED FOR PROFIT?

What breeder of thoroughbred fowls in the country, does not have the question asked a dozen, and perhaps a hundred times in the course of a year—"which breed shall I keep for profit?" In many instances this is a difficult question to give a proper and sensible reply to—but under consideration of certain circumstances and facts, which we shall name, we will give one solution of the question asked. Taking it for granted, that before making your choice, you have posted yourself on the different varieties, their excellences, as well as their drawbacks, you will arrive at the conclusion, that for profit, you wish *egg-producers* more than you do fowls suited for market purposes, and that it is universally admitted, that the small breeds far excel the larger varieties in this essential point. Of the small breeds,—after years of experience—I place the *Leghorns* at the head of the list, and the White, No. 1. I have bred them in all ways, and under all circumstances; in close confinement; in moderate sized yards, and at liberty, on the farm, and with proper care I find them to do equally well. By actual experiment, I find them fully fifty per cent. more profitable, that is, on twenty per cent. less feed, they produced *in value*, thirty per cent. more eggs; and this trial was at a time when I had not less than twenty varieties in my yards (that covered many acres), and was made from an entirely unbiased standpoint, and taking several years in succession, the result was the same. From one yard, of sixteen White Leghorns, pullets and hens in their first year, from March 1, to September 1, I received 1,696 eggs, an average of 106 eggs to each hen, for six months.

The eggs were sold at prices ranging from 25 cents to 75 cents per dozen, and realized over $75, at an expense of less than $10 for feed. They were confined in a barn-cellar 15x20 feet, and their only "run" was a small area of 20x3 feet between the barn and the yard fence. The feed consisted of scraps and refuse from the table, plenty of green food from the garden, and fresh water, with whole wheat as a substantial. No chicks were raised, and besides eggs sold as above, there were used the quantity usually needed in a small family of which no account was taken. Actual experiments under other circumstances show the same favorable results—trials having been made with both larger and smaller flocks. Were I not tresspassing on your space I might give a dozen experiments of a similar kind, with items of debit and credit in full.

Another material point to the Fancier in favor of White Leghorns is, that if proper care is exercised in mating for breeding, no one variety will produce so large a percentage of saleable birds, and at such highly renumerative prices. F. F. J.

(For Fancier's Journal.)

THE LICE QUESTION.

To permanently get rid of these pests is out of the question while you keep fowl; but to render them comparatively harmless only requires a few hours labor two or three times a year. Will W. J. Brewster execute the following directions, in the lousiest resort he knows of, and report progress; put a quantity of any kind of fat scraps into an iron kettle, heat to melting, best in the hen-house on a portable furnace and kept hot; make a tight pliable swab at the end of a pole, and with this apply the grease to every inch of the interior of the henery, especially along the perches, top and bottom, and "suzzle" it into every crack and cranney. At the end of another pole rig a vessel in which put any inflammable rubbish and sulphur, set fire to it and let the flame come in contact with every portion of the interior; no danger from fire with a little care. Have no stationary nests, you can then carry them out into the yard and fire their contents. Do thus, and with a place to take a dust bath, my word for it you will experience but little trouble from the arch enemy of your fowl. Sifted coal-ashes is very permeating, and not at all offensive to the fowl. PATRICK WELCH.

LINDEN, N. J.

No. 2.

THE SUBJECT OF ARTIFICIAL EGG-HATCHING

was referred to in our last number, and the Egyptain method of producing millions of chickens annually there, without the use of the hen-mothers, was briefly mentioned. In the further perusal of Mons. de Reaumur's entertaining work, from which we gather our data on this curious subject, we find that we have entered upon a more prolific theme than we at first deemed it to be—though none the less instructive and edifying. We shall be obliged to devote one more article (after this) to the matter we have undertaken to discuss, to give even an inkling of the method, and its apparent advantages.

It is very doubtful if we in America can successfully follow the Egyptian, or Bermean lead, in this business of raising poultry in such enormous quantities, according to their concealed method. The "ovens" we alluded to last week are called *mamals*, in Egypt. Each mamal has its Bermean, and one only is entrusted with its management. He is educated from childhood to the work, but the French authors for whom we quote, advances the proposition (very cautiously) that "the huge quantity of chickens, which will be looked upon as really prodigious, *might* be annually produced in France, or other populous countries," through means approximatory in character to those employed by the Egyptians.

Then Mons. Reaumur goes on to tell how common bakers' and pastry-cooks' ovens may be utilized, to produce similar results. Indeed he details numerous experiments he tried, and

succeeded with excellently well, with such ovens—or rather the waste heat of them—in the space *over* the hot bread and pie ovens of Paris. At the convent of the Society of L'enfant Jesus, with the nuns at the Convent St. Sulpice, and also under the superintendence of the Abbe Menon—in France, the experiments with their baking ovens were practiced upon de Reaumur's suggestion with a few hundreds of eggs at a hatching, with remarkable success and satisfaction.

Prior to the issuing of this book by de Reaumur—away back a hundred and forty years ago—the Duke of Tuscany (so Thevenot asserts) in order to indulge a laudable curiosity, "for which the ancient house of *Medicis* was eminent, had sent to him from Egypt one of these educated Bermeans, skilled in the art of hatching chickens," who hatched some at Florence with as good success as they were got out in Egypt. This experiment was subsequently similarly tried with like success in Poland. A French prince attempted it at Chantilly, subsequently, without the Bermean—but failed, comparatively. And it was concluded that to do this work as *they* did it—producing such vast quantities of chickens at a time—the Egyptian operator must be imported, who knew how to build the "oven" firat, and how to manage it and the eggs deposited therein, rightfully—afterwards.

We have only approached to this "art" in hatching chickens through similar modes, by using the incubator, which is heated artificially, and from which only a few score, or hundreds at most, can be hatched at a time. And even this system is but indifferently understood in this country as yet, though we are gaining upon it, constantly. "Where do the eggs come from, in Egypt, to supply these enormous hatching-ovens at the right time, of such freshness as to be rendered at once available?" is a question we proposed last week to answer in this issue.

Through this method of successfully hatching such large quantities of chickens every year by the Bermeans, under a system that has been in vogue there for centuries, it is at once apparent that "hens have been rendered infinitely more common in Egypt than in any other country known. This is of course owing to the facility with which Egyptians are able to multiply them," says Reaumur. And Father Sicard adds that a thousand eggs are sold there for not above thirty to forty *medins*—which is equal to but 36 to 40 cents in silver. There is therefore no difficulty in procuring *any* quantity of eggs, when they are wanted—since every peasant or poultry owner knows when they are needed for the hatching-ovens, and provides his share from day to day through the season on the spot, at Berme, where they are used and promptly paid for, on delivery.

Next week we will conclude this subject with an article explaining how the Egyptians rear their chickens, from the shell—when they find them coming forth to the light at the rate of a quarter of a million to *each* of the 386 ovens, in a season.

THE POULTRY SHOW AT UTICA.

LIST OF AWARDS:

Class 1.—*Brahmas*—Light, second premium cock, G. T. Hollingworth, Utica; third, Chas A. Sweet, Buffalo; first premium hen, Seward Merry, Ilion; second, Chas. A. Sweet, Buffalo; third, Seward Merry; first premium cockerel, Seward Merry; second and third, do.; first, second and third premium pullet, Seward Merry. Dark—cock, first, Seward Merry; second, Chas. A. Sweet; third, W. A. Fuller; hen, first and second, Chas. A. Sweet; third, E. A. Down, Utica; cockerel, first and third, Chas. A. Sweet; second, J. M. Seymour, Clark's Mills; pullet, first and third, Seward Merry; second, Chas. A. Sweet.

Cochins—White—first premium cock, Geo. Chapman & Co., Rochester; second, W. A. Fuller, Glen, N. Y.; third, W. S. Bills, Auburn; hen, first, W. S. Bills, Auburn; second George Chapman & Co.; third, W. A. Fuller, Glen; first premium cockerel and pullet, W. S. Bills, Auburn; pullet, second, George Chapman & Co. Buff—cock, first, second and third, Seward Merry; hen, first, second and third, Seward Merry; pullet, first, S. S. Morley, Clyde; second and third, Seward Merry. Partridge—cock, first, C. H. Crosby, Danbury, Ct.; second, James H. Nelson, Ilion; third, G. G. Wickson, Jr., Lyons; hen, first, C. H. Crosby; second, George Chapman & Co; third, James H. Nelson; cockerel, first, G. G. Wickson, Jr. Black—cock, first, L. B. Root, Utica; hen, first and second, cockerel, first and second, pullet, first and second; L. B. Root, Utica.

Class 2.—*Houdans*, cock, first, Warner & Root; second, Edward Warr, Utica; third, Michael Ryan, Utica; hen, first and second, Warren & Root; third, Michael Ryan; cockerel, first, Michael Ryan; second, Daniel Pinckney, South Onondaga; third, Edward Warr; pullet, first, Warren & Root; second, Daniel Pinckney; third, Edward Warr. Crevecœurs, cock, first, Kent Jarvis, Cooperstown; second, E. Warr; hen, first, E. Warr; second, Kent Jarvis; pullet, first and third, J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland. LaFleche, cock, first, and third, C. N. Brown, Unadilla Forks; second, J. N. Seymour; hen, first, J. N. Seymour; second, C. N. Brown; third, J. Y. Bicknell; cockerel, first, J. Y. Bicknell; second, C. N. Brown; pullet, first, J. Y. Bicknell; second, C. N. Brown.

Class 3.—*Leghorn*—White—cock, first, Newton Adams, Utica; second, O. Howland, Auburn; third, John D. Ernst, Franklin Iron Works; hen, first, L. D. Ely, Jr., Rochester; second, George K. Hawley, Glens Falls, N. Y; third, O. Howland; cockerel, first and second, Newton Adams; third, John D. Ernst; pullet, first, L. D. Ely, Jr.; second, C. W. Weaver, Deerfield; third, J. A. Hall, Utica. Brown—hen, first, F. H. Loucks, Salisbury Center; second, A. Leach, Utica; cockerel, first, John D. Ernst; second, C. W. Weaver; third, F. H. Loucks; pullet, first, J. C. Walter, Leonardsville; second, John D. Ernst; third, C. W. Weaver. Black—cockerel, first, and pullet, first, A. Leach, Utica. Spanish—Black—cock, first, George E. Barber, Auburn; second, Cole & Son, Richfield Springs; Thomas Stafford, Sr., Utica; hen, first, George K. Hawley, Glens Falls; second, S. P. Halleck, Oriskany; third, Thomas Stafford, Sr.; cockerel, first, George E. Barber; second, Cole & Son; third, Thomas Stafford; pullet, first, O. Howland, Auburn; second, George E. Barber; third, J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland.

Class 4.—*Dorkings*—White—cock, first, C. N. Brown; hen, first, C. N. Brown; second, J. Y. Bicknell; cockerel, first, G. H. Warner; second, C. N. Brown; pullet, first and second, G. H. Warner; third, C. N. Brown. Silver Grey—cock, first, G. H. Warner; hen, first, C. H. Warren; cockerel, first and second G. H. Warner; pullet, first, second and third, G. H. Warner. Colored—cock, first, R. P. Wolcott, Holland Patent; hen, first and second, R. P. Wolcott; cockerel, first, G. H. Warner; second, R. P. Wolcott; pullet, first and second, G. H. Warner; third, R. P. Wolcott.

Dominiques—hen, first, J. Y. Bicknell; second, O. Howland; cockerel, first, J. Y. Bicknell; second, O. Howland; pullet, first, J. Y. Bicknell; second, O Howland.

Plymouth Rock—cock, first, S. S. Morely; second, A. Leach; hen, first, A. Leach; second, Newton Adams; third, L. D. Ely, Jr.; cockerel, first, Newton Adams; second, A. Leach; third, J. C. Walter, Leonardsville; pullet, first, A. Leach; second, Newton Adams; third, C. W. Weaver.

Class 5.—*Hamburghs*—Golden-spangled cock, first, E. S. Ongley, Auburn; second, L. D. Ely, Jr; third, Newton Adams; hen, first, E. S. Ongley; second, J. N. Jacobs, Holland Patent; third, L. D. Ely, Jr.; cockerel, first, E. Ongley; second, Newton Adams; third, L. D. Ely, Jr.; pullet, first, E. T. Ongley; third, L. D. Ely, Jr. Silver-spangled—cock, first and second, Warren A. Worden, Auburn; third, Newton Adams; cockerel, first and second, Warren A. Worden; third, Newton Adams; pullet, first and second, Warren A. Worden; third, Newton Adams. Golden penciled, cock, third, C. H. Warren; cockerel, second, L. D. Ely, Jr. Silver penciled, cock first, hen first, cockerel first and second, pullet first and second, Warren A. Worden; pullet third, J. Y. Bicknell. Black Hamburghs—cock, first and second, hen first and second, cockerel first and third, George W. Wood, Ithaca; cockerel, third, T. R. Proctor; pullet, first, Newton Adams; second, George W. Wood.

Class 6.—*Polish*—White crested black, cock, first, hen, first, J. Y. Bicknell; cockerel, first and second, and pullet second, Newton Adams. White—cock, first, F. H. Loucks; second, O. Howland; cockerel, second, O. Howland; third, G. N. Chidsey, Elmira; pullet, first, O. Howland; second, G. W. Chidsey. Golden—cock, second, C. D. Cartwright, Frankfort; third, C. H. Warren; hen, first and third, C. D. Cartwright; second, C. H. Warren, cockerel, first, second and third, pullet, first and second, C. D. Cartwright; pullet, third, C. H. Warren. Silver—cock, first and second, E. A. Putnam, Syracuse; third,

William Morris, New York Mills; hen, first and second, E. Aug. Putnam; third, William Morris; cockerel, first, C. H. Francisco, Stillwater; second and third, E. Aug. Putnam; pullet, first, C. H. Warren; second, E. Aug. Putnam; third, C. H. Francisco, Golden bearded—cock, first, Alfred Fosgate, Auburn; second, C. D. Cartwright; hen, first, Alfred Fosgate; second, C. D. Cartwright; cockerel, first and second, pullet, first and third, C. D. Cartwright. Silver bearded—cock, first, George H. Gilfus, Auburn; second, C. D. Cartwright; hen, first, George H. Gilfus; second and third, C. D. Cartwright; cockerel, first and third, pullet, first and second, George H. Gilfus; cockerel second, and pullet third, C. D. Cartwright.

Class 7.—*Game*—Black-breasted Red—cock, first, J. A. Davis, Auburn; second, J. Y. Bicknell; third, A. B. Smith, Whitesboro; hen, first, J. A. Davis, Auburn; second, J. Y. Bicknell; third, J. A. Davis; cockerel, first, C. H. Warren; second and third, A. B. Smith; pullet, first, C. H. Warren; second and third, A. B. Smith; Brown-breasted red—cock, first, E. P. Howlett, Syracuse; hen, first, E. P. Howlett; second, C. H. Warren; cockerel, first and second, E. P. Howlett; third, C. H. Warren; pullet, first and third, E. P. Howlett, second, C. H. Warren. Golden Duckwing—cock, first, C. H. Warren; second, James F. Fulton, Johnstown; third, J. M. Seymour; hen, first, J. M. Seymour; second, John fulton, Gloversville; third, C. H. Warren; cockerel, first, James Y. Fulton, second, J. Y. Bicknell; third, John Fulton. Silver Duckwing—cock first, John Fulton; second, C. H. Warren; hen first, C. H. Warren; second, E. C. Dietrich, Buffalo; cockerel, first, Kent Jarvis; second and third, John Fulton; pullet, first, Kent Jarvis; second, A. B. Smith; third, J. Y. Bicknell. Pile—cock, first, John D. Leland, West Schuyler; second, J. Y. Bicknell; third, C. J. Bulkley, Utica; hen, first, Robert Burch, West Schuyler; second, J. Y. Bicknell; third, E. C. Deitrich; cockerel, first, John D. Leland; second, J. Y. Bicknell; pullet, first, Robert Burch; second, J. Y. Bicknell; third, John D. Leland. Blue—cockerel, first, J. Y. Bicknell; second, C. H. Warren; pullet, first, J. Y. Bicknell. Irish grays—cock, first, hen, first, E. C. Deitrich; second, John Fulton; cockerel, first, E. C. Deitrich. Black—cock, first and hen second, J. Y. Bicknell. White—cock, first, John Fulton; second, George Chapman & Co.; third, J. Y. Bicknell; hen, third, J. Y. Bicknell; cockerel, second, John Fulton; pullet, first, John Fulton; second, George Chapman & Co. Spangled—cock, first, John Fulton; second, and hen first, C. H. Warren.

Class 8. *Game Bantams*—Black-breasted Red—cock, 1st, E. B. Smith; 2d, C. J. Everett, Utica; 3d, G. H. Warner; hen, 1st, Robert Burch; 2d, E. B. Smith; 3d, Rev. W. N. Irish, Holland Patent; cockerel, 1st, E. B. Smith; 2d, H. S. Quinn, Utica; 3d, Rev. W. N. Irish; pullet, 1st and 3d, E. B. Smith; 2d, H. S. Quinn. Brown-breasted Red—cock, 1st, hen, 1st, Rogers & Heywood, Worcester, Mass.; 2d, Charles J. Hodge, Buffalo; cockerel, 1st, Kent Jarvis; pullet, 1st, Charles J. Hodge. Silver Duckwing—cock, 1st and 2d, E. B. Smith; hen, 1st and 2d, E. B. Smith; 3d, S. P. Hallock; cockerel, 1st, G. H. Warner; 2d, E. B. Smith; 3d, S. P. Hallock; pullet, 1st, E. B. Smith; 3d, G. H. Warner. Golden Duckwing—cock, 1st, E. B. Smith; 3d, George Chapman & Co.; hen, 1st and 3d, E. B. Smith; 2d, J. Y. Bicknell; pullet, 1st and 3d, E. B. Smith; 2d, J. Y. Bicknell. Pile—cock, 1st, C. H. Crosby; 2d, J. Y. Bicknell; 8d, Rogers & Heywood; hen, 1st. C. H. Crosby; 2d, L. B. Root; 3d, J. Y. Bicknell; cockerel, 1st and 2d, E. B. Smith; 3d, L. B. Root; pullet, 1st and 3d, E. B. Smith; 3d, J. Y. Bicknell. White—cock, 1st, Doll & Volger, Buffalo; hen, 1st, Rogers & Heywood; hen, 2d, cockerel, 1st, pullet, 1st and 2d, E. A. Tallman, Utica. Black—hen, 1st, Chas. J. Hodge; 2d, E. A. Tallman; pullet, 1st, E. A. Tallman; 2d, Chas. J. Hodge.

Class 9. *Bantams*—Golden Sebright—cock, 1st and 2d, G. H. Warner; 3d, G. W. Chidsey; hen, 1st and 2d, G. H. Warner; 3d, G. W. Chidsey; cockerel, 1st, G. H. Warner; 2d, J. M. Seymour; pullet, 1st and 2d, G. H. Warner; 3d, J. M. Seymour. Silver Sebright—cock, 1st, hen, 1st, cockerel, 1st, Alfred Fosgate. Black African—cock, 1st, hen, 1st, Geo. W. Wood; cockerel, 1st, G. H. Warner; 2d, J. Y. Bicknell; pullet, 1st, G. H. Warner; 2d, J. Y. Bicknell. White Rose Combed—1st on cock, hen, cockerel, and pullet, E. A. Tallman.

Class 10.—*Miscellaneous*—Sultans—1st on cock, hen, cockerel, 1st, and 2d, pullet, 1st and 2d, Edward Warr. Silkies—pair fowls, 1st, D. A. Carter; pair frizzled fowls, 2d, O. Howland; pair black Russians, 2d, A. Leach.

Class 11. *Turkeys Old*—Bronze—cock, 1st, Chester Wolcott, Trenton; 2d, J. Y. Bicknell, 3d, J. W. Jenkins, Verona; cock, young, 1st, Chester Wolcott; hen, young, third, J. Y. Bicknell. White—pair 1st, O. Howland; 2d, T. R. Proctor, Utica. Black 1st, R. H. Wolcott, Holland Patent; 2d, O. Howland; pair black young, 1st, R. A. Jones, Whitesboro; 2d, R. P. Wolcott.

Class 12. *Ducks*—Rouen, pair old, 1st, Chester Wolcott; 2d, J. Y. Bicknell; 3d, G. H. Warner; young, 1st, G. H. Warner; 2d, J. Y. Bicknell; 3d, C. H. Warren, Verona; Pekin, pair old, 1st, G. T. Hollingworth; 2d, J. W. Jenkins; 3d, Chester Wolcott; Pekin, pair, young, 1st, G. T. Hollingworth; 2d, Chester Wolcott; 3d, J. W. Jenkins; Aylesbury, pair old, 1st, J. Y. Bicknell; 1st and 2d, do., young, J. Y. Bicknell; Cayuga, pair old, 1st, Chester Wolcott; 1st do., young, O. Howland. Muscovy, pair old, 1st, R. A. Jones, Whitesboro; 2d, S. F. Sherman, New Hartford; 3d, J. Y. Bicknell, Westmoreland; pair young, 1st, R. A. Jones.

Class 13. *Geese*—Bremen, pair, 1st, George Chapman; 2d, O. Howland; pair wild, 1st, Chester Wolcott; 2d, O, Howland; African, 1st, Nathaniel Barnes, New Hartford; China, 1st, O. Howland.

Class 14. *Ornamental, Pea Fowls*, 1st, C. N. Brown; 2d, T. R. Proctor; White Guinea, J. Y. Bicknell; pearl do., 1st, O. Howland; 2d, T. R. Proctor.

Class 16. *Cage Birds*—1st premium mocking bird, goldfinch, bullfinch, song thrush, German canary, cardinal, green parrot, George Weber, Utica; 2d premium German canary, same; 1st premium Belgian canary, Jacob Meyers, Utica.

Class 17. *Pigeons*—Pair pied Pouters, 2d, S. Y. Lane, Utica; 3d, J. Y. Bicknell; pair fantails, 1st, J. Y. Bicknell; 2d, S. Y. Lane; pair Tumblers, 1st, J. Y. Bicknell; 2d, S. Y. Lane; 3d, D. M. Cook, Utica; pair Jacobins, 1st, J. Y. Bicknell; pair Nuns, 2d, S. Y. Lane; pair Barbs, 2d, S. Y. Lane; 3d, J. Y. Bicknell; pair Starlings, 1st, S. Y. Lane; pair Trumpeters, 1st, J. Y. Bicknell; 2d, Dr. M. Cook; pair Owls, 1st, J. Y. Bicknell; pair Antwerps, 1st, S. L. Willard, Utica; 2d, J. Y. Bicknell; pair Blue Rocks, 1st, J. Y. Bicknell; pair Archangels, 1st, Dr. M. Cook.

Class 18. *Rabbits*—pair lop-eared, 1st, G. H. Warner; Angora, 1st, D. A. Carter, Utica; Himalayan, 1st and 2d, J. Y. Bicknell; Dutch, 1st and 2d, J. Y. Bicknell.

Class 20. *Red Squirrel*—1st, B. Willard, Utica.

Guinea Pigs—best pair, 1st, and 2d, R. Roemer, Utica.

Class 21. *Miscellaneous*—1st premium incubator, C. C. Weston, Washington, D. C.; 1st premium for best coop for rearing and protection of chicks, Potter Brothers, Onondaga.

Special, Dr. M. Cook, large entomological collection, also coop for pigeons.

Newton Adams, Sec'y.

THE POULTRY SHOW AT ELMIRA.

Official Report.

Asiatics—Light Brahmas, Fowls, 1st, and Spec., John H. Hall, Catharine, N. Y.; 2d, W. W. Albro, Elmira, N. Y.; 3d, F. F. Preston, Candor, N. Y. Chicks—1st, 2d and specials, F. F. Preston; 3d, G. W. Chidsey, Elmira, N. Y. Dark Brahmas—Fowls, 1st and special, John H. Hall; 2d, Laing & Taynton, Elmira; Chicks, 1st, John H. Hall; 2d, W. H. S. Scott, Elmira; 3d, W. W. Albro, Elmira. Partridge Cochin—Fowls, 1st, Geo. W. Chidsey, Elmira; 2d, H. B. Batterson, Elmira; 3d, W. L. Moody, Elmira. Chicks, 1st, Laing & Taynton, 2d and special, D. G. Eacker, Havana, N. Y.; 3d, LeRoy Emhoff, Elmira. Pea-comb P. Cochins, Chicks, 2d, Laing & Taynton; Buff Cochin—Fowls, 1st and special, F. F Preston; 2d, D. G. Eacker; 3d, Geo. Chapman & Co., Rochester, N. Y.; Chicks, 1st and 2d, F. F. Preston; 3d, Laing & Taynton. White Cochin—Fowls, 1st and special, Geo. Chapman & Co. Chicks, 1st, LeRoy Emhoff; 2d, D. G. Eacker; 3d, Geo. Chapman & Co.

Houdan—French—Fowls, 1st and special, Ed. Ware, Utica, N. Y; 2d, Jesse Lyon, Catharine, N. Y.; 3d, Wm. F. Miller, Geneva, N. Y. Chicks 1st, Jesse Lyon; 2d and 3d, Wm. F. Miller.

Crevecœurs—Fowls, 1st and special, Kent Jarvis, Cooperstown, N. Y. Chicks, 1st, Wm. F. Miller.

LaFleche—Fowls, 1st and special, Wm. F. Miller; 2d and 3d, Wm. F. Miller.

Leghorn—White—Fowls, 1st and special, Newton Adams, Utica, N. Y.; 2d, Geo. W. Chidsey; 3d, S. H. Laney, Elmira. Chicks, 1st and 3d, Newton Adams; 2d, Geo. W. Chidsey. Dominique—Chicks, 2d, H. L. Pelton, Penn Yan, N. Y. Brown—Fowls, 2d, Kent Jarvis. Chicks, 1st, 2d, 3d and special, W. T. Bowlby, North Hector, N. Y. Black—Chicks, 1st and special, W. P. Bowlby; 2d, M. H. Thurston, Elmira.

Spanish—Black—Fowls, 1st and special, H. L. Pelton,; 2d, Kent Jarvis. Chicks, 1st special, and 3d, H. B. Batterson; 2d, M. King, Elmira.

Dorking—Colored—Fowls, 2d, H. L. Pelton. Silver Gray—Chicks, 1st, H. L. Pelton. White—1st and special, P. C. Shepard, Ithaca, N. Y.; 2d, H. L. Pelton.

Plymouth Rock—Fowls, 1st and specials, A. P. Coddington. Trumansburg, N. Y. Special Cock or Cockerel scoring most points, A. P. Coddington, on P. R. Cock; Wm. F. Miller; 3d, Newton Adams. Chicks, 1st, Newton Adams; 2d, A. P. Coddington; 3d, G. W. Chidsey.

Hamburg—Golden Spangled—Fowls, 1st, L. D. Ely, Jr., Rochester, N. Y.; 2d, Newton Adams; 3d, Geo. W. Wood, Ithaca, N. Y. Chicks, 1st and 2d, Newton Adams; 3d, Geo. W. Wood. Golden Penciled—Chicks, 1st, Newton Adams; 2d, A. McLaren, Meadville, Pa. Silver Spangled—Fowls, 1st and special, Newton Adams; 2d, Orlando Seely, Ithaca, N. Y; 3d, F. C. Shepard, Ithaca, N. Y. Chicks, 1st, 2d and special, Newton Adams; 3d, F. C. Shepard. Black—Fowls, 1st and special, Geo. W. Wood, Ithaca, N. Y.

Polish—Black White-crested—Fowls, 1st and special, Newton Adams; 2d, Chas. G. Day, Ithaca, N. Y. Chicks, 1st Newton Adams; 2d, Chas. G. Day. Silver—1st and special, H. L. Pelton; 2d, Chas. D. Brooks, Addison, N. Y; 3d, Wm. Ward, Elmira, N. Y. Chicks, 1st, H. L. Pelton; 2d, Wm. Ward. Golden—1st and special, A. McLaren; 2d, L. D. Ely, Jr.; 3d, Jesse Lyon. Chicks, 1st, Chas. G. Day; 2d and special, Jesse Lyon. Bearded-Golden—1st, LeRoy Emhoff. Chicks, 1st and 2d, Leroy Emhoff. White White-crested—Fowls, 1st and special, Geo. W. Chidsey. Chicks, 1st and 2d, G. W. Chidsey.

Game—Black-breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, special and 3d, Curtis & Whiton, Elmira; 2d, A. McLaren. Chicks, 1st and 2d, Curtis & Whiton; 3d, C. S. White, Elmira. Brown-Red—Fowls, 1st and special, E. P. Howlett, Syracuse, N. Y.; 2d, Curtis & Whiton; 3d, E. P. Howlett. Chicks, 1st, E. P. Howlett; 2d and 3d, S. H. Laney, Elmira. Silver-Duckwing—Fowls, 1st and special, Curtis & Whiton; 2d, A. McLaren. Chicks, 1st, Kent Jarvis; 2d, Curtis & Whiton. Yellow Duckwing—Fowls, 1st and special, Curtis & Whiton. Chicks, 1st, Curtis & Whiton; 2d, C. S. White; 3d, A. McLaren. Red Pile—Fowls, 1st and special, Wm. F. Miller, Geneva, N. Y.; 2d, A. McLaren; 3d, Curtis & Whiton. Chicks, 1st, Curtis & Whiton; 2d and special, C. S. White. White Pile—Chicks, 1st and 3d, C. Havens, Elmira; 2d, Dwight Palmer, Elmira. Blue-Red—Fowls, 1st, S. H. Laney. Chicks, 2d, Baker & Reynolds, Elmira. Irish-Gray—Fowls, 1st, A. McLaren. White—Fowls, 1st and special, C. S. White. Chicks, 1st, A. McLaren; 2d, Geo. Chapman & Co. Black—Chicks, 1st, A. McLaren; 2d, C. S White; Ginger-Red—Fowls, 1st and special, Curtis & Whiton; 2d, S. H. Laney; 3d, L. B. Clark, Elmira. Chicks, 1st, S. H. Laney; 2d, Curtis & Whiton. Spangled—Fowls, 1st, A. McLaren.

Bantam—Black-B. Red—Fowls, 1st and special, E. B. Smith, Buffalo; 2d, A. McLaren; 3d, Kent Jarvis. Chicks, 1st, A. McLaren; 2d, Geo. W. Chidsey. Brown-Red—Fowls, 1st and special, C. S. White. Chicks, 1st, Kent Jarvis. Silver-Duckwing—Fowls, 1st and special, E. B. Smith; 2d, C. S. White; 3d, Geo. W. Chidsey. Chicks, 1st, and special, A. McLaren; 2d, G. W. Chidsey; 3d, C. S. White. Golden Duckwing—1st and special, Geo. Chapman & Co. Chicks, 1st and special, E. B. Smith; 2d, C. S. White; 3d, Geo. W. Chidsey. Red Pile—Fowls, 1st, A. McLaren; 3d, G. W. Chidsey. Chicks, 1st and special, E. B. Smith; 2d, G. W. Chidsey; 3d, W. H. Peters, Elmira. White Pile—Fowls, 1st, E. B. Smith. White Game—1st, S. H. Laney. Golden Sebright—Fowls, 1st and special, Geo. W. Chidsey. Chicks, W. H. Peters. Silver Sebrights—Chicks, 1st, special and 3d, F. C. Shepard. African—1st and special, Geo. Wood.

Frizzle—Chicks, 1st, H. B. Batterson.

Turkeys—Bronze—1st and special, Geo. W. Chidsey. Slate—1st and 2d, D. P. Billings, Elmira.

Ducks—Rouen—1st and special, S. H. Laney; 2d and 3d, H L. Pelton. Aylesbury—2d, Geo. Chapman & Co. Cayuga Black—2d, Geo. Chapman & Co. Pekin—1st and special, R. Merrill, Elmira; 2d, H. B. Batterson. Colored Muscovy—1st and special, S. H. Laney; 2d, John H. Hall.

Geese—Bremen—1st and special, Geo. Chapman & Co.

Pea Fowls—1st, John Friend, Elmira.

Guineas—White—1st and special, H. L. Pelton. Pearl—1st and special, John H. Hall.

Silver Pheasants—1st, W. W. Albro, Elmira.

Pigeons—Black Bald-head—F. F. Pre-ton. White Fans—1st and special, F. F. Preston; 2d, J. Desmond, Elmira. Black Fans 1st, C. S. White. Red Jacobins—1st, E. R. Bloomer, Elmira; 2d, A. P. Hall, Elmira. Yellow Jacobins—1st, J. Desmond. Red-wing Tumblers—1st, F. F. Preston; 2d, Geo. W. Chidsey. Yellow wing Tumblers—1st and special, Geo. W. Chidsey. Black and Red Carriers—1st, J. Desmond. Black Barbs—1st and special, C. S. White. Nuns—1st and 2d, J. Desmond. Red Tumblers—1st and 2d, J. Desmond. Archangels—1st, J. Desmond. Black Priests—1st. Chas. G. Day.

POULTRY SHOW AT MT. KISCO.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of the Secretary, the following list of Premiums have been delayed from publication.

Dear Sir:

I send you a copy of the Premium List, of the West Chester County Poultry Association Exhibition, held at Mt. Kisco, Feb. 8th, 1876. It was a very great success. The display of Games was fine, also Polish and Hamburgs. There were no poor birds exhibited. The Pigeon display was very good. Mr. D. E. Newell had a splendid collection. The whole affair passed off well. It was the first and we have everything to encourage us.

C. W. Bolton, Sec.

Official Report of Premiums.

Class 1. *Cochins*—Partridge—Fowls. 1st, R. Y. Fairservice, East Newark, N. J. Chicks, 1st, R. Y. Fairservice; 2d, H. A. Grant, East Newark, N. J. Buff—Fowls, 1st, W. H. Hammond, Tarrytown, N. Y. Chicks, 1st, W. H. Hammond. Black—Chicks, 2d, H. A. Grant, Jr., Tarrytown, N. J.

Brahmas—Light—Fowls, 1st and 2d, R. Y. Fairservice; Chicks, 1st and 2d, R. Y. Fairservice. Dark—Fowls, 1st, R. Y. Fairservice. Chicks, 1st and 2d, R. Y. Fairservice. Chicks, 1st, W. H. Hammond,

Class 2. *Plymouth Rocks*—Chicks, 1st, Rev. D. D. Bishop, Ridgefield, Conn: 2d, H. L. Underhill, Croton Landing.

Dominique—Fowls, 2d E. H. Smith, Wolcottsville, Conn. Chicks, 1st, Henry Wood, Bedford, N. Y.; 2d, E. H. Smith.

Class 3. *Hamburg*—Golden Spangled—Fowls, 1st and 2d, C. W. Bolton, Armonk. Chicks, 1st, C W. Bolton. Silver Spangled—Chicks, 1st and 2d, C. W. Bolton. Golden Penciled—Fowls, 1st, W. H. Hammond; 2d, C. W. Bolton. Chicks, 1st, C. W. Bolton; 2d, W. H. Hammond. Silver Penciled—Fowls, 1st, C. W. Bolton. Black—Chicks, 1st and 2d, Jarius Gilbert, Mount Kisco.

Class 4. *Spanish*—White-faced Black—Chicks, 2d, J. A. Hayt, Patterson, Put. Co.

Leghorns—White—Chicks 1st and 2d, Underhill Bros., Croton Landing. Brown—Fowls, 1st, A. L. Banks, Mount Kisco. Chicks, 1st, A. L. Banks; 2d, Henry Wood, Bedford. Dominique—Chicks, 1st, A. L. Banks; 2d, E. H. Smith. Spangled—Chicks, 1st and 2d, A. L. Banks.

Class 5. *Houdan*—Fowls, 1st, D. F. Gorham, Mount Kisco. Chicks, 1st and 2d, H. A. Grant, Jr. Crevecours—Chicks, 1st, Elliot Smith, White Plains.

Class 6. *Polish*—Golden—Fowls, 1st, C. W. Bolton; 2d, W. H. Hammond. Chicks, 1st and 2d, C. W. Bolton. Silver Penciled—Fowls, 1st, C. W. Bolton. Chicks, 1st, W. H. Hammond. White Penciled—Chicks, 1st and 2d, C. Bolton, Armonk. White-crested Black—Fowls, 1st, C. Bolton. Chicks, 1st, C. Bolton, Golden Bearded—Fowls 1st, I. M. de Varona, 18 Wall street, New York. Chicks, 1st, I. M. de Verona. Silver Bearded—Chicks, I. M. de Varona; 2d, C. W. Bolton.

Class 7. *Games*—Black Breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, C. S. Betts, Mt. Kisco; 2d, E. T. Bailey, Mt. Kisco. Chicks, 1st, C. S. Betts, 2d, W. Hammond. Ginger Red—Chicks, 1st, E. T. Bailey. Brown Red—Chicks, 1st and 2d, C. S. Betts. Yellow Duckwing—Fowls, 1st and 2d, C. S. Betts. Chicks, 1st, E. T. Bailey; 2d, C. S. Betts. Grey Strychnine—Chicks, 1st, C. S. Betts. Clippers—Fowls, 1st, C. S. Betts. Derby—Fowls, 1st, C. S. Betts. Chicks, 1st, E. T. Bailey. White Muff—Fowls, C. S. Betts. Sefton—Fowls, 1st, C. S. Betts. Henny—Chicks, 1st, C. S. Betts. Tartars—Chicks, 1st, E. T. Bailey. Blue—Fowls, 1st and 2d, Geo. Laidlow. Blue Breasted Red—Chicks, 2d, E. Bailey. Red Pile—Fowls, 1st, E. T. Bailey. Chicks, 1st and 2d, E. T. Bailey.

Class 8. *Bantams*—Black B. R. Game—Fowls, 1st, W. H. Hammond. Chicks, 1st, Underhill & Bros; 2d, Rev. D. D. Bishop. Silver Duckwing—Chicks, 1st and 2d, W. H. Hammond. Yellow Duckwing—Fowls, 1st, W. H. Hammond. Chicks, E. T. Bailey. Ginger Reds—Chicks, 1st, W. H. Hammond. Golden Sebright—Chicks, 1st, Joseph Schirmer, Mt. Kisco.

Class 10. *Turkeys*—Bronze—1st. W. H. Hammond; 2d, Geo. Laidlow, Mt. Kisco.

Class 12. *Geese*—African—1st, Peter Archer, Mt. Kisco; Embden, 2d, Geo. Laidlow. Brown Chinese—1st, W. H. Hammond.

Class 13. *Ducks*—Aylesbury—1st, W. H. Hammond. Rouen—1st, S. H. Weeks, Jr. Pekin—1st, Odell Stevens; 2d, Geo. Laidlow.

Class 14. *Pigeons*—White Jacobin—1st, Tho. H. Hammond, Tarrytown. Red Jacobins—1st, Tho. H. Hammond; 2d, Elliott

Smith. Black Ba'd-headed Tumblers—1st, W. H. Pullis, L. I. Black Tumblers—1st, D E. Newell, Yonkers, N. Y.; 2d, Tho. H. Hammond. Red Tumblers—1st, Tho. H. Hammond. Mo tled Turbits—1st, Joseph Schirmer. Blue-wing Turbits—2d, T. H. Hammond. White Turbits—1st, Wm. H. Pullis. Red Tumblers—1st, Wm. H. Pullis. Blue Antwerps—1st, D. E. Newell. Black Magpies—2d, T. H. Hammond. Splashed Trumpeters—1st, T. H Hammond. White Trumpeters—1st and 2d, D. E. Newell. Priest Bronze-wing—1st, D. E. Newell. Black Carriers—1st and 2d, D. E. Newell. White Carriers—1st, D. E. Newell; 2d, J. Schirmer. Blue Carriers—2d, D. E. Newell. Black Barbs—1st, Henry Johnson, Mount Kisco; 2d, D. E. Newell. White Barbs—1st and 2d, D. E. Newell. Red Barbs—1st and 2d, D. E. Newell. Dun Barbs—1st and 2d, D. E. Newell. Yellow Barbs—1st, J. S. Schirmer. Red Pouters—1st and 2d, D. E. Newell. White Pouters—1st, D. F. Gorham; 2d, D. E. Newell. Blue Pouters—2d, D. F. Gorham. Red Mahomets—1st, D. E. Newell; 2d, E. T. Bailey. White Crested Fantails—2d, Elliott Smith. Helmets—2d, D. F. Gorham. Black Swallows—1st, J. C. Schirmer. Silver Swallows—2d, J. Schirmer.

Class 15.—German Canary—1st, A. C. Banks. Black Bird—1st, S. Potter. Magpie—1st, S. Potter.

Class 16. *Rabbits*—Lop-eared—1st, I. M. deVarona. Himalayan—1st, T. H. Hammond.

Class 17.—Guinea Pigs—1st, Elliott Smith. Grey Squirrels—1st, Ed. Quett.

Class 18.—Best collection of Dressed Poultry, Geo. Carpenter, Mount Kisco.

Class 19.—Feeding Troughs, C. W. Bolton. Aquarium of Gold Fish, A. B. Banks.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"PERHAPS."

"Perhaps" we are a little late in attending to your case Mr. Unicorn, but "Perhaps" if you will look over the pages of the Journal it may occur to your befogged vision that it was a Game and *not* a Brahma man who first inaugurated the stepping on of corns. One of these days it may also seem to you that Burleigh is a capable, energetic writer, fully able to take care of himself. It may require two *Games* to get away with one *Brahma* in these days of the degenerated Game whose fighting qualities are supplanted by a uniform, reminding us of the Home Guards during our "late unpleasantness," and rendering him as harmless as a Quaker cannon, and as liable to "bust" when touched off. Pray do not mention the "average" Game as a fighter, because if a small, dirty-faced boy should make his appearance at your yards with a "pit" Game under his arm spoiling to fight your best for fun, love, or his entire capital of a dollar, you would throw yourself on your good behavior, and declare that your birds should be subjected to nothing of the kind, whereupon the boy might appropriately remark, if he kept a *bull dog* with *cropped ears* he would have one which would "tend to biz." But, Mr. Unicorn! would you keenly enjoy seeing a valuable, peaceful, unoffending bird cruelly thrust into the camp of his enemy, then taken to his own home, wounded, bleeding, and mangled, and then retire to your "little bed" and thank God for the pleasures of the day? If so all we can say is, the Almighty in His infinite wisdom has seen fit to construct some men with a few more brains it is true, but with fewer good qualities and of less value to the community than an average Brahma. We do not intend to keep fowls which will be a nuisance to our neighbors, nor shall theirs longer annoy us. Should any more of these practical highflyers visit us during the present season, thus kicking up a row and destroying, for the time being our breeding pens, we shall use, without any hesitation, the powder and shot which we recommended to our young friends as exceedingly effective and to be applied daily (Sundays excepted) until we are rid of the loafers. This is also excellent practice just before snipe shooting, and as we carefully wipe out our pet breechloader we shall sigh for one more shot at a rooster scaling the fence. Beautiful sight, the gracefulness of the act is only surpassed by a dog running down street with a tin kettle tied to his tail. Your bird? gets off the ground (somehow) with sundry flops, kicks, and unearthly yells, and as much fuss as if he was just being burnt out at home, arrives at his destination with a sheepish air and don't know as he really is a roost r until he can believe his ears and has heard himself crow.

"Tread on your corns"—oh! no! Please try and rinse some for the chicks and see if you can conquer your depraved taste for fowls fed on the delicious tit-bits, and flavored with the delightful extracts of the "barnyard." We *do* know of people who "keep Brahmas in the barnyard," but thank Heaven we are not obliged to eat at their table—we do not intend to "discuss both sides of this question," any more than that our Brahmas shall fight both sides of the fence. As to the Golden Rule we do not see where that appears in the case of the hen which lays two eggs in summer at ten cents per doz., &c., &c. "Alert, graceful, juicy-fleshed game." A fowl which can be "*picked up* &c., from a *walk*" (why don't you call it a fly)? You could not catch one in a week in a ten acre lot unless, like a darkey you take advantage of the night. If you expect one for dinner, try our receipt, no "axe," no patent about it, nearly all use it who keep your kind.

Young Breeder.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

At the annual meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, held on the 7th inst., the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Edward Gregg; Vice Presidents, C. B. Elben, Theodore Grey, Kinder Blair, R. Henderson, Alexander King, P. J. Rodgers; Treasurer, C. A. Stevens; Secretary, A. H. Lane; Executive Committee, John Morrow, Henry Phillips, A. C. Hays, W. H. Jeffries, S. H. Cook, John Dyer Samuel Cameron, J. W. Knox, J. Carpenter, C. H. Siedle.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

AFFLICTIONS POULTRY.

We *are* afflicted, not like Job,
He hadn't progressed to the white ear-lobe,
Though "setters" might have licked his sores,
And wattled carriers "flew on chores."

But Job knew nothing of Canker or Roup,
And doubtless he never white-washed a coop.
And though he was scourged to the very brim,
His scourge wa'nt caused by "breeding in."

But now days we have both *lice* and *mites*;
Hen hawks by day, and "owls o' nights,"
Minks, and Skunks, and Thomas cats,
That fraternize and "*compound*" with rats;
And every thing that can do evil,
From *rodents* to the very De'il.

11 P. M.—three traps set, therefore Ed. Journal excuse—will do better next time. T. J. M. D.

Hollis Centre, Me.

The Small Boy has long been recognized as one of the most formidable of wild beasts, but no handsomer compliment has ever been paid to his capacity for making life a burden to his fellow-creatures than this, which we find in our latest files from Mexico: A father in Guadalajara, during the earthquake season, sent his two boys to a distant friend's until the peril was supposed to be over. A few weeks after, the father received this letter from his friend: "Please take your boys home and send down the earthquake."

A famous auctioneer, after exhausting the language of praise in extolling a certain gentleman's park which had to fall under his hammer, said he was bound, as an honest man, not to conceal the only drawbacks to the property, which were the litter made by the rose leaves and the perpetual din kept up by the nightingales.

Sportsman's Department.

Dogs in Shakespeare.—At a dinner, now long ago, Lord Nugent (the greatest Shakespearean scholar of his day,) affirmed that there was not in the whole series of the plays a single passage commending, directly or indirectly, the moral qualities of the dog. Thinking this to be impossible, I accepted the wager which Lord Nugent offered me on the subject, with the concession of a year to make my research. Even with the aid of several friends, I failed to find any such passage; and at the end of the year I paid the guinea I had lost. At a dinner at the Bishop of Exeter's, some time afterward, when I related the anecdote, Mr. Croker, with his wonted ingenuity, struck upon a passage which came nearest to the point; but it was an ingenious inference only, and would not have won me my wager.—*Sir Henry Holland's Recollections.*

The Consciousness of Dogs.—A dog feels anger precisely as we do, and after provocation is sometimes vindictive and sometimes placable, according to his individual character. He is susceptible of hatred of the bitterest kind. He is so excruciatingly jealous that his life becomes a burden in the presence of a favored rival. His envy continually leads him to eat what he does not want, lest another animal should take it, and illustrate the fable of the dog in the manger. Gluttony holds out to him temptations under which even his honesty sometimes succumbs; but, on the other hand, from drunkenness he is nobly emancipated. A dog mentioned by Rev. Thomas Jackson, ("Our Dumb Companions,") having been once made so drunk with malt liquor that he was unable to walk up stairs, ever after declined to taste the pernicious beverage, and growled and snarled at the sight of a pewter pot.

Animal Affection.—"I have reared a fine mastiff. He is now three and a half years old. While he was a puppy, he and a kitten evinced a strong liking for each other. The kitten, when able to leave her mother, fixed her residence in the dog's kennel, and never seemed happy when away from her large friend. She ate her breakfast out of the dog's bowl, and slept in his kennel with his paws around her. She used to catch mice and young rats and carry them to him, and seemed pleased when he accepted friendship's offering. One morning I observed the cat preparing a bed with straw in the corner of the kennel—an ordinary wooden one, 4 by 2½ feet. As she was going to have kittens, I thought she intended making the kennel her nursery, and Cato (the dog) her head nurse. Such proved to be the case. She brought forth five kittens, and there they lay for some time. The mother frequently went away for hours, leaving the dog to look after her family. I many times stooped down to examine them, and Cato stood by my side very proud of his charge. The poor cat came to an untimely end eighteen months ago, but the only surviving kitten of the five named above is as fond of the dog as her mother was. She brings mice, young rats, and rabbits, and lays them down before Cato, and looks beseechingly till he takes them. She constantly plays with him and gets on her hind legs to look fondly into his face, while he puts his paws around her as he used to do to her mother. She must have inherited this affection from her mother, as she was too young to have imitated her mother's actions at the time of her death."—*Nature.*

A Dog's Remorse.—Being accustomed to walk out before breakfast with two sky terriers, it was my custom to wash their feet in a tub kept for the purpose in the garden, whenever the weather was wet. One morning when I took up the dog to carry him to the tub, he bit me so severely that I was obliged to let him go. No sooner was the dog at liberty than he ran down to the kitchen and hid himself. For three days he refused food, declined to go out with any of the family, and appeared very dejected, with a distressed and unusual expression of countenance. On the third morning, however, upon returning with the other dog, I found him sitting by the tub, and upon coming toward him he immediately jumped into it and sat down in the water. After pretending to wash his legs, he jumped out as happy as possible, and from that moment recovered his usual spirits. There appears in this instance to have been a clear process of reasoning, accompanied by acute feeling, going on in the dog's mind from the moment he bit me until he hit upon a plan of showing his regret and making reparation for his fault. It evidently occurred to him that I attached great importance to the foot-bath, and if he could convince me that his contrition was sincere, and that he was willing to submit to the process without a murmur, I should be satisfied. The dog in this case reasoned with perfect accuracy, and from his premises deduced a legitimate conclusion which the result justified.—*Spectator.*

A Dog's Confidence.—Robert Hey, Prebendary of Litchfield, Vicar of Belper, Derbyshire, sends the following description of the conduct of a bull-terrier at Clay Cross to the *Animal World:* "She was rejoicing over a litter of pups, attending to them with a motherly care, caressing them, and showing for them much anxiety. The owner of this interesting family, accompanied by a few friends, came to look at them. The fierceness of the mother was at once developed, and manifested by impetuous growlings, snarls, and barkings. She would evidently die in defence of her offspring. But the master said, 'I can take every one of those pups away from the mother, and she will not hurt me. He drew near and approached his hand towards one of the pups. The mother flew at it and seized it in her mouth. He did not attempt to withdraw it until she released it. He proceeded to lay hold of one of the pups. She seized his hand again and held it fast, but without biting it. By degrees he withdrew one of the little creatures. The same process was repeated until every pup was removed and the mother was bereft of all her offspring. She was the picture of misery. She looked up piteously in her master's face and howled with an exceeding bitter cry. The appeal could not be resisted. He replaced the little ones in their nest, and rejoiced to witness the caresses and gratification of the mother. But his surprise and that of his friends was great when he saw her take them up one by one in her mouth and bring and lay them down at his feet. He waited to see what she meant, and was soon convinced that she wished to express her entire confidence in her master. She laid her dear ones at his feet, one by one, with the assurance that he would take care of them with affection equal to, if not greater, than her own. She then returned to her nest, now empty, lifted up her head into the air and gave vent to several piteous cries until her little ones were once more restored to her. It is impossible to misunderstand her impulse. She had at first misdoubted her master, but now she trusted him. She brought them of her own accord and placed them at his disposal, with full confidence in his love.

THE

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A. N. Raub, *Associate Editor.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

There is a bill now before the Legislature of Pennsylvania in which the penalties for cock and dog fighting are very severe. The abettors of dog and cock fighting, the individuals who train the creatures for the fight, and the persons who pay or take pay for witnessing the fight, are punishable the same as the principal —by a fine of $10 to $20 for the first offenses, and $20 to $50 for subsequent offenses. Where the fine exceeds $20, an appeal may be taken, upon the usual security, to the Court of Quarterly Sessions, and upon conviction there the fine may be $200, or imprisonment for one year, or both. In the lower courts, the punishment may be imprisonment in the Work House for sixty days to six months, in lieu of fine.

THE CHICAGO MATTER—WORSE AND WORSE.

We stated last week that the premiums donated to the Chicago Society amounted to $3,277. We find an error in this which we hasten to correct. On a more careful examination of the Premium List we discover several premiums given the society which are not entered upon the list of "donations." Among others we note *Tremont House*, $50.00, *Western Sportsman*, $125.00, *Southern Sportsman*, $25.00, and E. F. Stoddard, $25.00. Adding these and others which should be included, but which for some unexplained reason are left out of the regular list of donors, and we find the premiums given the society amount to over $3,500, instead of the sum stated. Deducting the amount credited in receipts as coming from donations we have the neat little sum of very nearly $1,500 unaccounted for. We are informed that only two or three of the donors of small premiums have not as yet responded, so that there is a clear discrepancy of about $1,400. which would go some ways in making up the 35 per cent. unpaid premiums. We understand that the society will claim that the donations made by the various publications were given in advertisements, but if we allow that every cent so donated was in advertisements, there still remains a handsome amount to be accounted for. We are informed, however, that the bills for these advertisements are charged in the disbursements, so that the whole amount should be entered in the receipts. A prominent dog fancier calls our attention to another very discreditable operation. In the Premium Lists sent out to the country we find this solemn announcement made in red ink to emphasize and give it prominence:

"It was the original intention of the Association to offer only CASH PREMIUMS, but many of the prominent dog fanciers expressed a preference for a handsome piece of plate as a trophy of their victory, and for that reason the Society have Substituted cups for cash in the first prizes.

These are offered with the assurance that the valuation placed upon them is the *regular price, and not an inflated one for the purpose of swelling the Premium List.*

This proves to be a falsehood and seems to have been uttered with a deliberate intention to deceive. For as concise and unmistakable as the assertion is made, the very book in which it is printed furnishes proof that it is untrue, for we find that while S. H. Smith donates for a premium $25, the cup which it buys is put in at $35.

Arnold Burgess donates $25 and his cup is put in at $35.

The Commercial Hotel donates $50 and the two cups are put in at $70.

The Matteson House donates $25 and it is swelled to $35.

E. C. Weller donotes $25, and it grows to $35.

The Sherman House donates $50, and its two premiums enlarge to $70.

The Chicago Field donates $100, and the three cups which this amount procures are put in at $120.

John D. Alcott donates $10 and is represented as giving a $25 cup.

We needn't go through the entire list, the same thing is done with nearly every item, so that the premiums offered for dogs is swollen nearly five hundred dollars over amount credited in list of "donations" as given for that purpose.

It may be claimed that the society was not satisfied with the amounts given by the dog fanciers, and so added to their donations from the amounts given by the poultry fanciers. We hardly anticipate that this claim will be put in, however. It is more than possible that the gentleman who wrote the paragraph alluded to, didn't know that the Premium Committee were "padding" the lists.

Notice has been sent us, giving the names of ten or fifteen officers who have resigned, but as it is not official, we withold the names for the present. All the gentlemen who have withdrawn, disclaim any knowledge of the doings of the society; say they were never consulted in regard to the witholding of the premiums, or any other matter relating to the society. Three write that they were never notified of their election as officers, and didn't know that their names were being used, until they saw them in the list, given in last week's Journal.

Well, what have the other gentlemen to say in regard to this matter?

SOME ECHOES.

The following are extracts from a few of the many letters we have on this subject:

FROM MILWAUKEE.

* * * * Yes, sir, you are correct, "the western breeders are thoroughly alive to the necessity of having their exhibitions" conducted in an honest manner. Perhaps we care quite as much about the decency and honor of the thing as we do the "necessity." * * * * "I have talked with some of the prominent *managers* and I find that some of them were paid all their expenses, am rather inclined to think some of them got more than that." * * * * "What a sweet thing it is, to be sure, invite guests like Felch and Ongley and Mansfield and Spaulding and others from the East to our entertainment, tell them we will give them a good square meal, and take fine care of them if they will work for us, and then sit down to a well-filled table, held ourselves first, clean it all off, and then tell those gentlemen to go and buy some food for themselves or go hungry; well, it isn't a very pretty picture, but that is just what was done at Chicago." * * * * "Am glad there is one Journal which has courage enough to say what it thinks of mean things and small things, and disreputable things, whenever it finds them among poultry men." * * * * "Let us go with clean hands, and honest efforts, even in the chicken business, if we can't, then let us stop."

Yours encouragingly,

FROM A MEMBER OF THE EX-COMMITTEE.

* * * "I was present at a meeting of the Executive Committee where a resolution was introduced and carried, to the effect,—I forget just the wording—that if the Society could afford it, after paying all its honest debts, that

$500.00 be paid the Secretary, for his labors. I am not posted, but I give it as a guess, that it looked at one time as though there would be money enough, and so the amount was paid before all the accounts were in—mind now, I don't say that this was done, but that it might have been done—very easily if one may judge from the statement just out, $1,900 for *labor*, $500.00 for stoves, good gracious! $1,300 contributed for premiums not accounted for. * * * * Well, friend Wade, you are doing a good work. If you make them explain and show after all that they didn't do anything but make a mistake in "taking care of our folks," and 'letting the strangers suffer, you have done a good thing, and will get lots of thanks too.

FROM ERIE, N. Y.

* * * * They induced the Buffalo society to give up their show this season under the promise that they would omit and unite with them at Buffalo next year. The fact that they have voted to hold an exhibition in spite of this promise, shows how the duck swims. * * * *

FROM ST. PAUL, MINN.

* * * My Dear Wade, do you expect to live, and yet go for a great national association as you do? Now why can't you rest easy and shut your eyes to the blemishes. Don't you know we shall get right up and howl "Eastern Jealousy," "Fighting Fanciers' Figuring Furiously," "Journal Jokers Jawing Jealously," "Chicken Choakers Causing Curious Comments," "Enraged Exhibitors Execrating Extravagant Expenses," and all that sort of thing, why my dear fellow you wont be able to stand the pressure. Just wait till our western papers get at you—wait till you get an explanation of the crooked things at that exhibition. Just because crooked whiskey had to be straightened out in Chicago, you don't suppose the chicken business has got to follow suit—not a bit of it—some fellow out here will stop the Journal, then see how you'll apologize; then see how all the Vice-Presidents and Executive Committeemen will go for your hair * * * * * But if you do shake a bit send to me and I'll give you some delightful facts you havn't got hold of yet, though I must say you're likely to find them without my help if you keep on mousing.

FROM AN EXHIBITOR.

Now I rather enjoy the fun; I thought I wouldn't say anything, but let the procession move on without me, but I see you say there was something funny about the telegraph bill, well I should say there was. I was there, I got a dispatch after the lists were closed, to increase my entries to a certain number, and by so doing would "be sure to take the President's $100.00 premium for best display of one variety." Now I wasn't the only one who got that sort of thing wired to him—and what did I do? why I saved the dispatch, and it is at your disposal.

FROM OUR DUTCH FRIEND.

"I vos at does show, und I vas dond like zum tings mit him. I vas geet zum bremums vot vos gif mine ens ash vos petter ash zum udder ens vash dare, und now vot vash dere told me zum tings, veel dat ish dish, dare show is bankrubt und don't pay mit der bremums all to vonst, zum dime von you know zum udder show you ish hav von bill mit der rest—Dat ish not like der man vot ish keep der sthore und zo I ish zeek und zell der ens, vich is bad."

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—Brute beasts are defenseless, and to torture them is despicable; the assassin at least risks his life, but the torturer of animals risks nothing; and I do not hesitate to place him lower still in the scale of humanity. There are men who have committed great crimes, and yet in whom the spark of humanity is certainly not extinct; but he who takes pleasure in the sufferings of a dumb animal, and prolongs them regardless of its groans and of its supplicating looks, I pronounce—without a heart; and when the heart is dead all is dead.—*Comte de Gasparin.*

—RETRIEVING EXTRAORDINARY.—An Aylesbury drake was added to my stock a few evenings ago, but the morning after he was not to be found, high or low. "Strayed away, or stolen," was the unanimous conclusion come to. During the day, Rose, my setter, was observed sniffing about the place, apparently very uneasy in her mind, and the same evening towards dark, to the great surprise of the cook, the drake, without a feather being turned on him, was brought into the kitchen and laid at her feet by Rose, who seemed quite delighted with the exploit. Now, it is very extraordinary that the setter should know the strange bird from the others, exactly the same in color; and she evidently feels that he requires looking after, for she always keeps an eye on him, when she gets a chance, and has taken him more than once in to cook—a very significant reminder, I should say. She never takes in any of the other fowls.

—THE foreign papers state that at the recent meeting of horticulturists in Melbourne, Australia, the sparrow difficulty was the principal subject of discussion. To such dimensions have the losses of stone and small fruits attained that the growers feel themselves face to face with the most serious obstacle they have to encounter. By the introduction of the English sparrow the balance of Nature has been completely upset; the native birds which used to visit the gardens at certain seasons—many of them insect destroyers—have been driven away by the pugnacious strangers, to whose rapacity fruits, grain, and seeds are alike sacrificed.

—G. W. CAMPBELL, a well known horticulturist of Delaware, Ohio, described a method by which he claims to be able to ascertain in advance the qualities of seedling grapes. He says that in the taste and flavor of the green tendrils of the vine may be found a true index of the character of its prospective fruit. He further declares that the tendrils of each variety possess a distinguished flavor, by which it may always be detected from any other, and a seedling with this peculiarity of character may be at once set down as good, even in advance of its crop. His predictions have been verified in every instance, and frequently, too, when the appearance of the foliage would lead him to the opposite conclusion.—*Ex.*

—LONGEVITY OF TREES.—From an article by Elias Lewis, on the longevity of trees, published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, for July, 1873, we learn the following facts of the greatest age of trees:

	YEARS.
Palms	500
White Pine	430
Wadsworth Oak, Genessee, N. Y.	500
Cowthorpe Oak, England	1,800
Oak at Saintes, France	2,000
Chestnut, Tertworth, England	1,000
Linden, Wurtemburg, Germany	1,000
Evergreen Cypress, Spain	800
Cedar of Lebanon	1,200
Cypress of Montezuma, Mexico	2,000
Cypress of Santa Maria del Tule	4,024?
Ankerwyke House Yew, England	1,100
Brabene Churchyard Yew	2,500?
Sequoias, California	2,000?
Baobab, Africa	3,000

According to this, 500 years may be reckoned the longest life of a tree in the United States east of the Rocky mountains.

—CRUMBS OF KNOWLEDGE.—No. 1. Fish—Fish do not possess much sense of taste, as the solitary glands are inconspicuous, nor have they an external ear. Their organs of touch lie mostly in lips. In some fish, teeth are not found in the mouth, but in the gills.

Every scale of a fish has a hole through it, which admits the water, and this balances the outside pressure from the same element.

Organs of voice are entirely wanting in fish, though many make a sound; for instance, the Weak-fish (*Otolithus regalis*) make quite a noise, when caught. Black drum and cat-fish do the same, but the sounds are abdominal, not vocal.

Some species of fish habitually leave the water in search of food. In Siam is found a fish which is there called amphibious, as it has been found on the land a full mile from the water.

Fish are never poisonous in themselves; whenever they have been, they have been made so by feeding on some poisonous plant or animal. Several fish, however, have a poisonous sting. The bones of certain fish are used for fish hooks in some parts of the world, to catch other fish of the same species! ADSUM.

—MR. WADE:—I found the enclosed item in the Pacific Rural Press, the best paper of its class on this coast. Mr. M. Eyre, Jr., is the poultry editor. "Mr. Eyre—Sir: Received your circular. You wanted to know the exact age of my bronze gobler. The eggs were set the 2d day of May. When last weighed he weighed over 40 pounds. He will not weigh that now because he runs with a flock of 24 turkey hens, and I don't feed him, in order to lessen his weight. His color is a very dark brownish grey, very rich plumage and heavy low build. Of my half breed turkeys of

last year, the gobblers weighed 20 pounds; the hens, 10, 12 and 14 pounds. I sold them for $4.50 to $6 I have not thought yet of selling my gobbler. I can get $25 at the door."

Mrs. J. E. Gaffney.

Galt, Sacramento Co., Feb. 4th, 1876.

Mrs. Gaffney doesn't say *when* "he was last weighed," but it is safe to presume that it was about Thanksgiving, as people are "hefting" their poultry about that time. He would be then about six months old. Now, Sir Vanderveer, let's count up a little, on our fingers. You called 26 lbs. at six months very large. Well, 26 : 40 : : 42 : 64.61 +.

I pacifically await further developments.

—Excitement at West Point.—A Rabid Dog Bites the Post Surgeon.—On Saturday, March 12th, as Dr. Erwin was emerging from his quarters, an immense dog sprang upon him. The Doctor to protect himself, threw out his arm, which was covered with the cloak he wore. The teeth of the rabid animal tore through it, and grazed the wrist, not however abrading the surface, but leaving spots of ecchymosis. After which, the dog turned into the door yard, when a sentinel sent a bullet coursing through his carcass which put an end to his depradations. Before attacking the Surgeon, he had jumped upon the back of the Bugler, and attempted to seize him by the neck, but the dog's weight pushed the man prostrate upon the sidewalk, and he passed on. The dog entered West Point by the road leading by the government graveyard, when he attacked the keeper's dog, and lacerated him fearfully about the neck. In the fight, a splendid grey-hound was also bitten. To-day, (Sunday) the police are patroling the grounds, shooting such luckless curs as present themzelves within range. The torn cloak was smeared with the frothy saliva from the rabid dog's mouth.

The Surgeon and scar-worn veteran of a quarter of a century's service, was so nervous over the event that he took the next train to New York, for the purpose of consulting Dr. Hammond, who has gained notoriety by writing on the subject.

Impending danger from virus lurking in the system, will cause the stoutest heart to quail, and it is not surprising to find a nervous man succumbing to the impression. Although, in this instance, innoculation could not have taken place, as there was no broken skin for absorption.

In the bite from the mad-dog the teeth in penetrating garments, are cleansed from the poisonous mucus, and therefore the danger to the individual is not so great. "Sioux."

—Parasitic Growths in Wine.—When wine becomes acid, it has been invaded by the flower of vinegar, *Mycoderma aceti*, the function of which seems to be to transform alcohol into acetic acid by a sort of incomplete combustion. This has been seen into by most housekeepers, when they give the name of *mother* to the membranes found in jars which have contained vinegar; and a rapid way of making vinegar has been based on this observation. Another analogous mycoderm, the flower of wine, does not occasion any hurtful formations, but seems rather to favor the reaction due to what is called the "bouquet." A worse malady has for its cause a growth which presents itself under the appearance of filaments of extremely slender aspect, and forms those slight waves which may be remarked when wine is shaken. This mycoderm has a strong affinity with that which produces lactic acid. Wines that are described by the growers as fat and oily, are charged by a fermentation which takes the form of globules joined together in a kind of entangled chaplets. What they call an old or bitter taste is a malady which chiefly attacks the finest wines, and also has its origin in a special fermentation, which reminds the palate of wine turned acid; under the microscope the floating particles are larger, and resemble the branches of dead trees. If the germs of these different mycoderms are killed by heat, the wine is safe from all change so long as it is kept in a closed vessel, but it is evident that these precautions are useless if new germs are brought with the air, or in unprepared wines which may be mixed with that which has been heated. After many experiments which have been made by the wine-growers of Burgundy, it is decided that it is well to heat the vintages to the amount of from sixty to eighty degrees, if for only a minute, and that instead of losing their aroma and flavor, they are in fact rather improved. For the same reason, a voyage to a hot climate has been recommended.—*Ex.*

—Oh, Huon, do you know what they're trying to do. Why! to have one seals the prey of everybody. 'What seals?' Why, the sea lions on seal rock. Have you never heard of that pleasant drive through the sand hils over that marvellously fine road to the Cliff House; that place of resort built upon a cliff one hundred and thirty feet almost perpendicular, of frowning basalt, where you can sit upon the porch and watch at your leisure the gambols of the sea-lions on the group of rocky islands but a short distance from the beach? They are very numerous, and show by their seeming freedom from fear their appreciation of the 'sanctity of the law' that protects them. So nearly human are they, that, (it is said) the more audience they have, the louder and oftener do they roar. This roar is stunning to stranger's ears, but the San Franciscan finds it sweet music. When a blast longer and louder than those gone before startles us, you'll be sure to hear him say, "That's Gen. Grant, you bet your pile he's a top of the highest rock." And so we find him the largest, most active of the colony whom we do not have to watch long to see that his supremacy is acknowledged among them. None attempts to climb to his place and when he descends all make way for him to flapper his way to the water. But now just think of it, Huon, a curious set of zealots styled "Fish Commissioners" are praying legislature "that nine-tenths of these intelligent animals may be killed. They eat from 10,000 to 20,000 lbs. of fish a day" and where, oh where, is the supply for San Francisco's market in 1886 to come from? —entirely ignoring the millenium that is on the books for next year, when we shall need no fish,—and deeming as naught the warning of that most approved prophet who has San Francisco swallowed whole by an earthquake in just half of ten years time.

Various and many are the arguments put forward by the friends of the seals. For one, that fish from but one of four articles of seal food. They live chiefly upon the sea gull, the worst enemy the fish have. Also, upon mollusks, crustaceans and smooth round stones, some of them a pound in weight. It is curious to watch the seal catch a gull. He dives deeply under water, then swims some distance from where he disappeared, then, rising cautiously exposes the tip of his nose above the surface, at the same time giving it a rotary motion like a water-bag at play. The unwary bird on the wing seeing the object near by, alights to catch it, while the sea-lion at the same moment, settles beneath the waves and at one bound, with extended jaws, seizes his screaming prey and instantly devours it.

A voice has come to us from the East. Seth Green says, "Don't. If you do you'll regret it but once and that will be forever afterwards. They don't destroy as many fish as a Chinaman." Now, Huon, "rise up next," as Domine Dictum says, tell us about these beautiful eyed creatures. As some one said to me, "It seems almost like sanctioning murder." Just look in their eyes and see if there isn't most soul enough there for them to be Human.

Small Pet Department

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 14.

THE MARSUPIALS IN THE GARDEN—THE KANGAROO.

"Good gracious! how you hop,
Over the fields and waters too—
As if you never would stop!
I wish I could hop like you—
Said the Duck to the Kangaroo.

True, Ducky, Kangaroo can hop—that is,—when he has a chance—fifteen feet on the clear can he hop, and then not hop his level best.

The Kangaroo, while it is of much interest and curiosity in our Zoo, is quite the reverse to the settler in Australia, that strange, fifth-quarter of the globe, when most things are reversed apparently; where cherry-stones grow outside of the pulp, where the big end of the pear is attached to the branch, where nettles, ferns, and grasses grow into trees, and lilies, tulips, and honeysuckles assume almost the substantial form of the American Oak, and where are found more than fifty species of quadrupeds,—frugivorous, carniverous, and omniverous, formed on the opossum plan, with a *marsupium* or a pouch which serves as bed, cradlehouse and home for the little family.

When first born, the young Kangaroo is a strange looking object. It is but little over an inch in length, much resembling a transparent mouse, or an earth worm, only it has not as much shape or form. The most prominent thing about this *lump* is four knobs, which full develop in time, two of them into those long and powerful hind legs, and two into the short fore-ones. Strange

to think that these hind legs at maturity so much the longest, are at birth one-third shorter than the fore! What strange work nature performs! In an embryotic, unfinished state, is the Kangaroo born, but the mother finishes the process by dropping her "Joey" into her pouch, pocket or cradle, at the proper time, where the young "sucker" finds something to attach himself and to which he will cling until his "knobs" turns to legs and his mother licks him into shape. Soon he will be able to hop out of the pouch, to return again however, at the first sign of danger, and very interesting does he appear with his head protruding from his pouch door, his soft round eyes taking in the entire situation.

When mother Kang has deposited "Joey" safely in her pouch she has no further trouble, and for eight months she allows him to make that his home. At the end of that period he must "git up and git," but even after he is driven f om home he is quite a "mammy calf," and will rush back to the maternal cradle at the slightest approach, or sign of danger—perhaps to find a brother or sister (never but one) in occupation.

"How large is he when he leaves home?"

Well my boy, he is about the size of a cat, weighs about ten pounds, and will grow to weigh one hundred and sixty if you will give him a chance.

The Kangaroo is not a sociable animal, though he is seldom seen entirely alone, and while other quadrupeds move in large groups, the Kangaroo grou s never exceed in number six or eight. Macropus Major, Head Kang, of the Zoo would be called a "boomer," perhaps "old man," in his native land and there he would eat as much grass as three sheep, and trample and destroy quite as much as he would eat; hence the stock breeders in Australia have no particular cause to love him. And what nice work does he make of the settler's garden! Think of some half dozen of them, each measuring ten feet from head to tip of tail, and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, every mother's Kangaroo of them, settling down, just as soon as the—

"Little stars, one by one mount their golden throne."

—for your Kangaroo is a night robber, and there by the light of the moon cut and slash among your headed cabbage, your crisp lettuce leaves and other "garden sass." Therefore, is Kangaroo hunted down, his hind quarters given to the roast, his tail to the soup kettle, and his hide to the shoe-maker, for your Australian Lady and Gent *par excellence* do greatly delight in a shoe or boot made from the skin of the Brush Kangaroo, and for a long time they would were no other.

A "boomer" is rather an ugly customer when he gets his blood up. Drive him in a corner and he will suddenly place his fore legs round the neck of his pursuer and with his powerful hind legs, armed with a terrible weapon in the shape of a nail, he will, in a moment, rip his enemy open. Dogs who know their "biz" don't tackle a "boomer" until a musket has begun the work, or one is handy to begin it. A "boomer" was once known to sieze a dog which was pressing him too sharp, and holding him in his fore paws, he plunged with him into a stream and there held the dog's head well under until he had drowned him! And yet some naturalists have said the Kangaroo is of a low order of intellect!

"Will he live here anytime?"

Yes, madame, he seems quite hardy and does not mind heat or cold, so that the extremes be not too great. Like a good *honest* politician he changes his coat at the proper time. In Summer his fur is light and scanty, but when Winter comes he dons a thick woolly overjacket well adapted to keep out both cold and wet, and there is no trouble to furnish him with food.

Seeing the wonderful hops of the Kangaroo one cannot wonder that the Duck who wanted to see the wo ld should have selected him as a steed! And how coaxingly Ducky puts her request! We do not know, but we hope she was not refused.

"Please give me a ride on your back!
I would sit quite still and say nothing but "quack"
The whole day through!
And we'd go to the Dee and the Jelly-Bolee—
Over the land and over the sea—
Please take me a ride, Oh, do!
And away we'll go with a hop and a bound;
And we'll hop the world three times around!
And who so happy, Oh! who?
As the Duck and her Kangaroo?"

Huon.

BRANT GEESE.

[*Continued from No.* 10.]

Dr. Hayes' sledge expedition reached Cape Lieber, latitude 81° 35′, April, 1861, and found the nests and breeding places of many birds, but no brant. If further testimony were needed that these birds breed north of and beyond any human footprints, we would give the following from the last named author: Long lines of cackling geese were sailing far overhead winging their way to some more remote point of Northness." (p. 382). Again, July 7, he says: "I found a flock of brant geese, but could not discover their nests." (p. 411.) If they do breed along the shores of Baffin's Bay and the Arctic Archipelago, it is very singular that none of these voyagers have spoken of finding their nests or or eggs, as they do of the eiders and other birds.

Capt. Hall's first expedition reached Frobisher's Bay June 24, 1861, and a party went ashore for eider ducks eggs with the following result; "In ten minutes four of us gathered six dozen, and at another island, in twenty minutes, sixteen dozen and five." He makes no mention of brant in this vicinity. Again, July 23, he observes: "Duck were to be seen in every direction. * * * They were in such numbers that when above us they almost darkened the air." His second voyage was through Hudson's Bay, to King William's Land, but he does not speak of seeing brant. The third expedition—the unfortunate "Polaris"—reached 82° 29′ north latitude, where he pens this sentence: "Seals, game, geese, ducks, musk cattle, wolves, fowls, bears, partridges, and lemmings are plenty." Our quotations from the brave men who have suffered untold hardships to discover a "Northwest passage," or "open Polar Sea," are, we submit, sufficient to establish the hypothesis that brant go north of 82° to breed, and that they go in large flocks. Any observer of the habits of birds knows very well that while they are in "large flocks," they are in no condition for breeding. Before nidification takes place, they "woo and wed," *i. e.*, they "pair" and retire to solitary nooks for the seclusion of the little family, and although hugely gregarious at other times, during the breeding season we believe all the *anserinæ* are strictly monogamous. Nor do we suppose all the birds go to one island, or arrive or depart at the same time. It takes from four to six weeks for all of them to pass a given point at Cape Cod or Prince Edward's Island, so that the last of the flight does not reach the Arctic Archipelago till late in June. Then see how brief a period they have to build their nests, incubate and carry their young through the various stages of growth, from the tender days of infancy, to the self-sustaining maturity. It seems almost incredible that all this is accomplished in less than three months! It so happens that some years there are no young brant. The cause of this we presume to be the shortness of the season, *i. e.*, when the Spring is backward and Winter sets in early. When the young ice forms rapidly by the 3d of September the parent birds must abandon their progeny or perish with them. The law of self preservation is stronger than the love of offspring, and with sorrowing hearts they bid adieu to the callow brood and wing their way to more genial climes. On the following Spring the epicure will in vain call at the Parker House for the coveted morsel.

We have spoken of the Arctic Archipelago as the place of

nativity of these birds. It is possible that Greenland continues to and beyond the pole. Certain it is that these birds do not go into the middle of the ocean or "open Polar Sea" to lay their eggs and rear their young. They are not divers, and must feed on shore or in shoal water. It is probable that the region north of Greenland and around the pole is dotted all over with islands. The Austrian "Tegethoff" expedition of 1872, which discovered Francis Joseph's Land, and other islands has proved this theory further east, and we think the brant themselves have westward. The climate must be so warm as to produce marine vegetables for food, and also to exempt the eggs from the possibility of destruction by frost. There is something inexplicable in the temperature of these unexplored latitudes. The sun's rays fall more obliquely as we approach the pole, and yet it must be warmer than at 70° of north latitude. Is it not possible—nay, probable—that in the wisdom of the Creator, some law exists whereby the sun's rays, on reaching a certain degree of obliquity, renew their heating power, which being intensified as it approaches the pole makes a comparatively warm climate there! We know that a similar law exists in regard to water. Water diminishes in bulk, as it cools downs to 39:80°, at which point it expands down to the freezing point. Let us suppose the law of solar heat to be cooling as the rays incline to an angle of 45°, (or any other) and warming beyond that degree, and we are at once relieved from our brant dilemma. Another feature of the climate disturbs us. Dr. Kane discovered ice in Smith's Sound forty feet thick, and Koldewey, on east coast of Greenland, sixty feet! The old navigator, Scoresby, in 1820, undertook to prove that this ice formed in mid-ocean, but this hypothesis is contrary to our observation. The first young ice is formed along the shore line, in shoal water, then pushes itself out into the bay or ocean. We presume in the Arctic region the ice forms around the islands, then extends to meet that formed around other islands until it encases everything in its crystal folds. Then as Summer approaches it is disengaged from the land or broken up by heavy gales and drifts with the current down through Baffin's Bay, or between Spitzbergen and coast of Greenland, where it melts and disappears. Of course the ice first melts in Spring, where it first froze in Autumn, along the shore line, and is there first disengaged. Were it not so the brant would not be able to get on to their feeding ground so early as the end of June, and consequently would not be able to reproduce at all. Then there would seem to be scarcely time for the growth of marine plants for food. It may be fore ordained by Divine Wisdom that the tender herb may be dispensed with. We have observed, more especially in Spring time, the decoys constantly pecking at the boards and decayed posts of their pen. They seem to hanker after decayed wood, and we have been led to suspect that this article forms no inconsiderable portion of their food in their boreal abode. Why should they eat up their pen? It is a curious way of obtaining their liberty, and yet we are well assured they devoutly desire this boon. They often try to fly or jump out of their pens, and when a flock is flying overhead in sight, they instantly and vociferously utter the call note "r-r-ronk! r-r-ronk!" There is plenty of drift wood in the Arctic region which in time must decay. Capt. John Franklin (afterwards Sir John) found, in 1821, at mouth of Banks' River a fine log of drift wood sufficient to cook a bear. McClure, at Banks' Land, 1851, discovered wood to the depth of forty feet. McClintock and the other navigators in that quarter, speak of great quantities of drift wood along the Coast of Greenland, and Parry finds the same thing at Spitzbergen. All the rivers of Northern Asia, Europe and America, as well as the swift currents of Behring's Straits are constantly discharging their rich freight of drift wood into the Polar Sea, and if the brant do not feed upon it there they act very differently from what they do in bondage. Here, then, we may, in our mind's eye, see the different families isolated and scattered all over these islands, at the end of August or first of September, gathering and reuniting into large flocks ready for the long voyage South. Doubtless many of the young are too feeble to endure the long journey, and either do not set out, or fall by the way. Their return is by nearly the same route they went thither. They make no stop at Cape Cod, unless compelled to do so by stress of weather, and the time of their passage is the latter part of October and whole of November, but at this season they are poor and not prized, either by sportsmen or epicures. They spend the Winter months along shore from Barnegat to Florida, or possibly Gulf of Mexico, where they again recuperate and on their return North in Spring are regarded as among the finest fowl on our coast.

W. Hapgood,
in Forest and Stream.

The Testimony of Birds.—We copy the following very interesting letter from the London *Times* of Aug. 17:—

Sir:—Is there a warm zone at the North Pole? Most probably there is. The last American expedition saw a vast expanse of open water in that direction, but were unable to reach it. The brant geese and the knot also answer in the affirmative, but especially the former. A few nests of the latter have been found as far south as the Hudson's Bay territory, &c. But it may be interesting to many of your readers to know that only one nest of the brant goose has ever been found, either in its wild or domesticated state, and that was found at Melville Island, and it contained three young ones. All who have visited Holland, the Baltic, or our own eastern coast during a severe winter, or even Tobay, must know this bird; it is at times sold in large quantities in Leadenhall Market, for a mere trifle, its delicious flavor being unknown here, it having the name of being fishy, which is a mistake, as it never dives, unless wounded, and is a vegetarian. It leaves our coasts in the early Spring, and appears in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the coast of Labrador, where I have seen it in millions, directly the ice breaks up (about the middle or end of April), where it is highly prized by epicures, and is now shot in a novel manner in vast quantities, with decoys, out of a punt sunk in the middle of an eight-foot raft (below the water line), and sent to the United States, where it is higly prized.

Long after the wild geese and ducks have gone to Labrador or the Hudson's Bay territory to breed, the brant goose is seen in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, finally disappearing early in June, probably just in time for the Arctic Summer. It generally makes its flight on a moonlight night, and they are constantly seen in their progress northwards. If there is open water and land at the North Pole, we may fairly presume the brant geese breed there, as they have been seen at Melville Island; nor can it be extremely cold there, otherwise the eggs would be addled; and there must be land uncovered with snow, otherwise, being a vegetarian, it could not live there.

Several brant geese have recently been sent out to the Australian Colonies by our ever active superintendent at the Zoological Gardens, to see if they will breed there. I only trust our Arctic voyagers may find them in the vast quantities that I have seen them in during their flight northwards; then, indeed, they will have a delightful change from their potted meats, &c.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
Frederick Swabey.

A Brashear editor offers a reward of $5 for the best treatise on "How to Make Out door Life Attractive for the Mosquito."

A rural editor, wishing to be severe upon an exchange, remarks: "The subscriber of the ——— in this place tried, a few days ago, to carry home some lard in a copy of that paper; but, on reaching home, found that the concentrated lie had changed it to soap."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EXCHANGE COLUMN AGAIN.

FRIEND WADE:

On reading my complaint in JOURNAL No. 8, Mr. ———, Philadelphia, immediately shipped me a good trio Dark Brahma chicks, (Herstine strain) saying—"Had I made complaint to him instead of sending to JOURNAL he would have made trade satisfactory; it being his invariable rule to satisfy all his customers," Which I do not doubt. Of course everything is lovely, and the goose hangs altitudinously. The New Yorker's conscience don't disturb him.

Through exchange in your JOURNAL, I received from H. Burchard, Corry, Pa., two fine female Maltese Kittens; the larger one is a well conducted lady, taking up her quarters in the barn, and giving the house a wide berth. The smaller one is just as fond of the house, as the other of the barn.

From Dr. J. G. Reagan, Shenandoah, Pa., I received a large Maltese Tom. The Doctor said he was large, with a very fine coat. He is all the Doctor represented him, and alas! a great deal more. I am somewhat peculiar—I want everything to be very good or very bad—saints or devils. No milk and water people or animals for me. Tom is as great a devil as ever walked on four legs. In the short time he has been here, he has almost destroyed a carpet in one room, and rendered the house nearly uninhabitable from the stench arising therefrom; killed a fine canary; licked the cream off innumerable pans of milk; carried off everything eatable within his reach, and a good deal that was almost out of his reach. Finding a strict watch was exercised over his movements, he betook himself to the cellar, where he sleeps through the entire day, (a positive fact) and as soon as the house gets quiet at night he starts out on his predatory excursions, crawling through cracks and holes it would seem impossible for him to get through. I do not reflect on Dr. Reagan for sending him—not at all. The cat being such a complete devil, I have a great admiration for him. But I think after he has performed certain duties required of him, I will tie a stone around his neck and deposit the stone in the deepest hole in the creek running past my place.

From offer on my part of certain birds in exchange for Plymouth Rocks, I received two offers to exchange. Having accepted an offer for a trio from a party East, I offered the parties making second offer (Streeter, Son & Co., Youngstown, Ohio,) a pair of turkeys for a pair of P. R. pullets, and received a very fine pair pullets. Did not receive trio for some days after receiving pullets. Not being pleased with trio, expressed my displeasure in emphatic language; party who sent them, retorts "you're another." Having, previous to shipping P. Rocks, received birds from me and expressed no dissatisfaction when he acknowledged their receipt. Will await further developments before I have anything more to say.

Yours,

A. A. MILLER.

VENANGO COUNTY (PENN.) POULTRY SOCIETY.

At a meeting held on the 17th inst., the following persons were elected officers of the above society, for the present year:

President, Joseph Bell.
Vice-President, Wm. A. Blakely.
Treasurer, W. A. Cooper.
Secretary, W. T. Bell.

Executive Committee, Dr. I. St. Clair, B. F. Smiley, T. D. Adams, J. M. Lambing, Jacob Sheasley.

Dec. 19th, 20th, and 21st, 1876, was the time fixed for holding the next exhibition.

W. T. BELL, Secretary.

FRANKLIN, PA., March 17, 1876.

HARTFORD, March 20, 1876.

J. M. WADE, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR:—In your last number, the question is asked "how many eggs to a pound?" for pure White Leghorns. On reading it at noon, I went directly to my hen-house and found fifteen eggs. This was just what had been layed that morning. They weighed 34½ ounces, or an average of 2 3-10 ounces per egg. Average weight of seven, 16 1-10 ounces. In picking out, I found one weighing 3½ ounces, two that weighed 6½ ounces. Through years of experience, I find my White Leghorn's eggs to average 27 to 28 ounces per dozen; have picked out a dozen that weighed 32 ounces.

C. A. PITKIN.

IMPORTATIONS.

JOS. M. WADE:

DEAR SIR,—I have just received per steam ship "Germanic," from Rev. G. W. Joyce, Tavistock, England, one pair very fine Dark Brahmas, they arrived in splendid condition.

Yours truly,

MACK. W. MINER.

WYOMING, ILL., March 13, 1876.

I have just received direct from Lewis Wright, his best pen of Dark Brahma Chicks, (4 Pullets and Cockerel.) they arrived in very good order, and are fine specimens of that variety.

CHARLES E. PERRY.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BLACK LIST.

We have several complaints against Wm. S. Knox, of Allegheny City. Will Mr. Knox please explain.

G. W. CHIDSEY, Elmira, N. Y. will exchange two pairs of Silver Duckwing Bantams for Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

M. L. & M. W. GRAVES, Northampton, Mass., offers eggs for setting from high-class Light Brahmas, Brown Leghorns, and American Doniniques, in exchange for Fancy Pigeons. What offers?

F. G. PATTERSON, Portland, Me., will exchange three Blue Carrier cocks from imported stock, and common Pigeons for breeding, for Light Brahma (Duke of York stock) eggs for hatching, or Guinea Pigs, or offers.

W. H. RATHBONE, Uncasville, Conn., will exchange a few sittings of eggs from his superior Light and Dark Brahmas, (of the most fashionable strains,) for Brown Leghorn or Black Hamburg eggs from fowls of equal merit. Those interested, address as above.

DR. J. DeVILLE DENNIS, Watrousville, Tuscola Co., Mich., will exchange thirty splendid Light Brahma pullets, for Partridge Cochins and Brown Leghorns. Must be pure, as mine are. Will also take a trio of pure Houdans.

T. TREGONING, Box 17, Foxburg, Clarion Co., Penn., will exchange a trio of Duckwing fowls, and a trio of Duckwing chicks; each took first and special premiums at Foxburg show. What offers? Speak quick, or off come their heads.

N. H. JONES, Bridgeport, Conn., will exchange Dark Brahma hens, Crosby's strain premium birds, two for D. B. cockerel: three for two D. B. pullets; 3, 4 or 5 for equal number Plymouth Rock hens; 4 for trio Aylesbury ducks; 2 for pair Red Barbs.

JAS. H. PHILLIPS, Coventry, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair Partridge Cochin hens, 1874 hatch, (one Bradley, one Williams bred); cost $12.00, for 1 pair Brown Leghorn hens, 1874 hatch, of as good strains, and well marked.

C. G. PALMER, Albion, N. Y., will exchange two pairs Black Belgium or Big-Eyed Tumblers, for Yellow Carrier hen, or pair Blue Pied Pouters. All good stock, nothing else wanted.

J. R. SHELDON, Hornellsville, N. Y., will exchange a silver-plated Tea Sett, six pieces, as has no use for it, for Wright's Illustrated Poultry Book, bound, and a first-class Light Brahma hen, dark hackle. Tea sett worth $35. What offers.

A. C. VAN DOREN, Washington, N. J., will exchange 1 pair Game chicks, (strychnine and Clipper cross,) for Red or Yellow Pied Pouters, or good singing Canaries.

J. H. FASSITT, 1630 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange a number of Mayne Reid's and Oliver Optics books, for Fancy Pigeons; any kind but Tumblers.

WM. B. HARRIS, Dodgeville, Wis., will exchange an English Beagle bitch, 1 year and ten months old, Black, White and Tan, about 14 inches high; ears from tip to tip 16½ inches. She is as handsome as a picture, for a young No. 1 bitch or female whelp of same breed.

WM. B. HARRIS, Dodgeville, Wis., will exchange one 1 year old Rose comb White Dorking cock for same or cockerel; also three Silver Grey Dorking hens for two Plymouth Rock pullets or hens. Must be No. 1, as mine are.

E. & C. VOORHEES, Delaware City, Del., will exchange a Black and Tan Terrier bitch, 9 months old, for Fancy Pigeons or Poultry; or offers. Also will exchange printing for Fancy Pigeons. Have small printing press to exchange; also Rule, Square, Bevel and Spirit Level combined. Make offers!

PHIL. M. SPRINGER, Springfield, Ill., will exchange Partridge Cochins, Pea fowls, or Light Brahmas, for Canaries, Aylesbury Ducks, or Terrier Pups. Offer good stock and get the same.

E. D. ANDREWS, North New Salem, Franklin Co., Mass., will exchange Pigeons, male Pouter, or male Runt, for female Runt; 1 pair premium Pouters for White Calcutta Fans, or Black Carriers.

C. W. HOITT, Nashua, N. H., will exchange one trio each for Dark Brahmas and G. P. Hamburgs, for Brown Leghorns or Plymouth Rocks. Good stock only wanted.

V. C. GILMAN, Nashua, N. H., will exchange a pair of Shepherd pups about four months old, and a watch dog, (Bloodhound,) one year old, color black, weight 90 lbs.; is not cross, for carriage harness worth forty-five to fifty dollars.

G. W. CHIDSEY, Elmira, N. Y., will exchange one extra fine crested White Fan cock, for one crested White Fan hen. Must be good, as the cock is extra.

EXCHANGE AND PURCHASING AGENCY, Minneapolis, Minn., offers fine, illustrated cards, circulars, envelopes, &c., for fanciers, in exchange for good Leghorns, Houdans, and other fowls, trios or hens; also eggs from high class Brahmas, Cochins, Leghorns, Houdans, &c., (20 varieties,) for fowls, merchandise, or offers. Satisfaction given.

W. WOODBURY, Niagara Falls, N. Y., would exchange one American Knitting Machine, Florence, Victor, Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machines, one Bass Rod, for Lop-eared Rabbits, Brown Leghorns, P. Rocks, Black Hamburghs, Carriers, or Pouters. What offers?

FRED LUCAS, 1127 South 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa., has a No. 1 pair of Moorcaps, color black and white, 2 months old, no foul mark, but out of good stock, (beauties); will exchange them for a pair of Solid Owls, or a good Blue Pied Pouter hen, (booted.) None but good stock wanted, as mine are. Write soon, or else will be sold.

HAYDEN H. TSHUDY, Lititz, Penn., will exchange S. S. Hamburg, P. Rock, American Dominique, P. Cochin, or B. Leghorn eggs, for Pekin Duck, Dark Brahma, P. Rock, or Buff Cochin eggs.

JOHN DOYLE, 115 Richmond St., Providence, R. I., will exchange a full-blood Mastiff dog, 11 months old, value $25, for Light or Dark Brahmas or Plymouth Rocks; also one Rabbit hound, for ferrets.

F. C. SHEPHERD, Ithaca, N. Y., will exchange 1 trio S. S. Hamburgs, 1 trio Black Cochins, for Pouters, Carriers, or Antwerp Pigeons.

CHARLES LIPPOLD, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, one pair of B. B. Red Game Bantams; one pair of mated Trumpeters, cock mottled, hen solid black, heavy booted; one German Goldfinch; two good Linnets, in full song; Canaries, male and female, for a G. L. Sebright Bantam cock, or cockerel, must be A No. 1; or a White Owl hen, A No. 1; or pair of pure White Jacobins, pearl eyes and good ruff.

H. C. WICKER, 71 West Clifford St., Providence, R. I., will exchange one pair Blue Pied Pouters, or one light colored cock Pouter, and a pair of White Fans, for Brown Leghorns, Light or Dark Brahmas, Berkshire or Essex Pigs, or Wright's Illustrated Poultry Book. My birds are very nice; same wanted. What offer?

GEO. M. WONSON, East Gloucester, Mass., will exchange first premium Aylesbury Duck eggs, for premium White or Brown Leghorn eggs.

GEO. T. REDPATH, Hyde Park, Luzerne Co., Pa., wishes to exchange a pure white Bull Terrier Pup, 5 weeks old, or a Slut dog, 15 months old, for a trio of white-faced Black Spanish, or a European Thrush, for same. Good stock given; same wanted.

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will exchange Shepherd Slut, Essex pigs, eggs from 8 varieties of Fancy Poultry, Pigeons in variety; two Ring Dove hens, for an Archangel cock, or B. B. R. Game Bantam cock, Barbs or others.

T. J. McDANIEL, Hollis Center, Me., wants Brown Leghorns in exchange for plans and specifications of Poultry Houses, which I will give to those intending to build, upon receipt of a description of locality, breed and number of fowls to be kept. Will send plan for approval.

ANDREW RAMSEY, Manor Station, Westmorland Co., Pa., will exchange one double barreled shot gun, London laminated steel barrels, 32 inches long, bore No. 12, weight 8½ lbs., and one young male Ferret, trained on rats, for lop eared does, or Japanese Silkies pullets or hens.

BREEDER, South Vineland, N. J., has for exchange Brown Leghorn and Partridge Cochin eggs, for merchandise and a bronze turkey, or books and stationery.

L. A. THOMPSON, Basking Ridge, N. J., has 8 White Cochins (3 cockerels, 5 hens,) 1 trio B. B. Red Games, and a Setter dog, 10 months, shot over last winter, to exchange for any thing but live stock.

S. K. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., would like to exchange "Doyle's Illustrated Book of Poultry," 380 pages, 49 illustrations, for a good trio of Plymouth Rocks; also have a fine yellow-legged Red Pyle Game Bantam cockerel, value $10, for offers.

THOS. STEVENSON, 14 Knox St., Lawrence, Mass. has a pair A No. 1 Black Barbs, imported from England last summer, cost $16, gold. Will exchange for pair White African Owls, or pair black, or good family flour. Sent on approval, and want the same.

JOHN B. CONANT & WILLIAM ON, Springfield, Ill., have for exchange one Alto Brass Horn, very fine, valued at $15, to exchange for Parrott, Monkey, Ferrets, or a Black and Tan Pup; also 1 sitting of Poland eggs for female Snell, red head and tail; one male Snell for a pair of Red Jacobins. Be good.

W. V. PECK, Box 2, New Richmond, Ohio, will exchange books for a trio of P. Rocks and trio of White Leghorns. Have Greeley's American Conflict, $10; Grant's Campaigns, $3; The Four Great Powers, $3; Life of Webster, $2; Chamberlin Commercial Law, $5, and many others. Will take eggs if the others cannot be furnished. Books as good as new.

S. K. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., wants a choice sitting of White Crested White Polish Eggs in exchange for Eggs of White Leghorns, Dark or Light Brahmas, Partridge or Buff Cochins, or Golden Sebright Bantams. Stock strictly high-class, and bred with extreme care.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

G. W. CHIDSEY, Elmira, New York, wants a crested White Fan hen. Must be A No 1.

JAMES F. HELYARD, Rancocas P. O., Burlington Co., N. J., wants from ten to thirty Brown Leghorn hens, and two B. L roosters. State age, average laying, "strain," and lowest cash prices in proportion to number purchased.

G. W. PLEASANTS, Wright City, Mo., wants a choice trio each White and Brown Leghorns, Part. Cochins, B. B. R. G. Bantams, Aylesbury and Pekin Ducks. Write immediately, and give full particulars, as to age, weight, quality, strains, &c.

J. W. BROWNING, Indianapolis, Ind., wants an A No. 1 Buff cockerel, for which I will pay $25, or more, if worth it. I advertised some time since for buffs, received many replies; bought several lots; none came fully up to description. Want no more such.

ADVERTISEMENTS

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

FOR SALE.—Two pairs of crested White Polish, at $5.00 per pair, if ordered quick. G. W. CHIDSEY, Elmira, N. Y.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—First and Special Premium, at Buffalo, 1875; First Premium at Utica, 1875. Eggs, $2.00 per 13. S. S. MORLEY, Clyde, N. Y.

FOR SALE OR TRADE for Buffs or Duckwing Bantams, one pair of fine large Dark Brahmas, '75 hatch. Mine are No. 1 stock—shall expect same. J. W. BROWNING, Indianapolis, Ind.

20c. $20. Order Early!

S. K. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., Can ship Eggs from choicest strains of WHITE LEGHORNS, (well-known, popular laying strain of J. F. FERRIS, 50 choice pedigree birds,) Cochins, Brahmas, Bantams, Ducks! Twenty large breeding yards! Safe transportation guaranteed!! *No chromos!!!* Eggs, 20 cents each—$20 per 100!! Fowls, $3 to $20 each! Write!!

A. MUELLER, 160 So. Broadway, Baltimore, Md., offers for sale one pair Yellow Priests, booted, $12.00; one pair Blue Swallows, bared cock and bareless hen, $15 00; both pair show birds.

J. P. SCHWARTZ, Stall 14 Broadway Market, Baltimore, Md., offers for sale pair Black Swallows, $7.00; one pair Blue Bared Swallows, $10.00; one Blue Swallow cock, bareless, $11.00. All show birds.

BUFF COCHINS.—My entire breeding stock of this variety are for sale, one cock and five hens, (the pair that took first at Philadelphia, January 1875 as chicks, included.) Price $40. JOHN CHANDLER, Box 12, Kennett Square, Philadelphia.

REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF ADVERTISING.

In consequence of the hard times and scarcity of money, we have determined to put the price of advertising within the reach of all; also to make the width of column uniform with other poultry journals. After this date, only TEN CENTS per line of about eight words will be charged for each and every insertion.

HAMBURGS, and AYLESBURY DUCKS.—JAS. SCOFIELD, Glen Riddle, Clark's Run, Del. Co., Pa., breeder of all varieties of Hamburgs and Aylesbury Ducks. Eggs in Spring, $3 per 13.

G. O. BROWN, Brooklandville, Md., has one pair each of S. S., G. P., and Black Hamburgs (each won first premium at last Baltimore show), and one pair Golden Polands (first at same show)—to exchange or for sale. What offers? Immediate

HAMBURGS. JNO. & THOMAS SCOFIELD, 71st and Darby Road, Phila., are making a specialty of, and have for sale, all varieties of Hamburgs, from imported fowls. Eggs in Spring, $3 per 13, carefully packed.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.

A journal published under the auspices of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Henry Bergh, President $1 per annum.
GEO. WILL JOHNSTON,
Editor and Publisher,
No. 24 Elizabeth Street, New York.

FOREIGN COINS IN 1876.

During the Centennial, large quantities of foreign coins will be circulated by visitors to the International Exhibition. To prevent annoyance, delay, and loss, everybody should at once secure a copy of the New Edition of PETERSON'S COIN BOOK, containing perfect fac-simile impressions of the various Gold, Silver, and other metallic coins throughout the World; with the United States Mint value of each. The whole being placed in proper order as regards the various governments to which they belong, arranged according to their different denominations and value. Together with a complete index, alphabetically arranged, of the coins of each nation, and fac-similes of the State Arms of each of the United States. Published in one folio volume, bound in paper, price $1, and will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bro., 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Do not wait until the foreigners arrive to purchase the needed Coin Book, but secure it at once.

A. N. RAUB, Lock Haven, Pa., has left with him for sale a first class double-barreled Rifle—stub and twist barrels, silver-mounted, cost $60, made to order. Write also if you have a first-rate Setter to exchange.

THREE SILVER CUPS AT BALTIMORE SHOW! Eggs from my cup B. B. Red Games, and W. C. B. Polands; also from my choice Houdans, L. and D. Brahmas, W. Leghorns, Game and G. Sebright Bantams. Address
MONTVUE POULTRY YARDS,
Brooklandville, Md.

DOMINIQUES, FANCY PIGEONS, AND WARREN GAMES.

Also, Black-breasted Red Games. Eggs for hatching in season, $3 per sitting of thirteen. Address
W. H. HELLENGER, Edgewood, Bucks Co., Pa.

W. H. BRACKETT Boston, Mass., Offers for sale at prices varying with quality of specimens, Partridge Cochins of his well known prize-winning strain; Lop-eared, Angora, Himalayan, and Dutch Rabbits; Guinea Pigs, some of which are white; and Pigeons of many varieties. Write for what is wanted, and address
Care of Washington National Bank,
Boston, Mass.

CHOICE EGGS FOR HATCHING.

From high class White Cochin, Light Brahma, and Plymouth Rock fowls, winners at the exhibition of the "Maine Poultry Association," of forty-one premiums, including silver pitcher, salver, and six cups. My eggs are hatching finely this season. I warrant every egg to reach its destination in safety. Address
JOHN A. LORD, Kennebunk, Maine.

SUPERIOR LIGHT BRAHMAS.

Eggs for hatching securely packed and expressed at $2.00 per 13 eggs. A few No. 1 birds yet for sale.
J. A. ROBERTS,
Paoli, Chester Co., Pa.

HAMBURGS.—Golden-spangled and Silver-penciled, having made three importations during the last four years I can now spare a few trios of good birds; also, B. B. Red Game Bantam cockerels. Eggs $4 per dozen.
F. TAYLOR, Oakdale, Delaware Co., Pa.

FRUIT REGION POULTRY YARDS.

Eggs for Hatching from high class Plymouth Rocks, P. Cochins, W. Leghorns, S. S. and G. S. Hamburgs. Eggs, $3 per 13.
A. KEPHART & BROS.,
Berrien Springs, Mich.

A TRIO CHICKS

given away for the largest order of Eggs up to July. Send for price list. ABRAHAM PERRY,
Monroe, N. Y.

W. H. CUNNINGHAM,

CHENANGO BRIDGE, Broome County, N. Y.

BREEDER OF FIRST-CLASS

WHITE LEGHORNS.

Eggs, $2.00 per dozen.

EAGLE POULTRY YARDS.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, PROPRIETOR, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa.

Eggs from premium birds of the following varieties, at $3.00 per setting of 13, 2 for $5 50, warranted fresh and genuine:—Dark and Light Brahmas; Buff and Partridge Cochins, and White-Faced Black Spanish. My fowls took leading premiums this season in this section. Truly, OLIVER D. SCHOCK.

STYLISH

BROWN LEGHORNS.

Eggs, $3.00 per dozen.
DR. A. M. DICKIE, Doylestown, Pa.

LIGHT BRAHMAS,

EXCLUSIVELY.

(Felch Strain.)

Pedigree Birds. My stock that I sell eggs from is first class. Correspondence cheerfully and promptly answered without stamp. Write
J. F. SHEARER, Oil City, Pa.

WOOD-CUTS OF FOWLS, PIGEONS,

AND LIVE STOCK GENERALLY.

Having permanently engaged an artist and engraver, I am prepared to furnish, on short notice and true to life, wood-cuts of Fowls, Pigeons and other Pets, at reasonable prices.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

☞ Look for Dr. Dickie's advertisement before sending your orders for eggs.

FOR SALE.—A fine lot of Dark Brahmas and American Dominiques. Reference to pedigree if required. Eggs in season at $3.00 per setting. No circulars. Address A. R. GALLOWAY,
Monroe, Orange Co., N. Y.

INTENDING to close out my Partridge Cochins, I offer one cock, three fine cockerels, twelve hens and pullets. Choice stock; very low.
H. A. GRANT, Jr.
Tarrytown, N. Y.

ALMOND-BRED TUMBLERS.—Premium birds at the late Baltimore Show. Choice birds at reasonable prices. G. O. BROWN,
No. 1 N. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—From first-class Dark Brahmas, White Leghorns, and S. S. Hamburgs. A few fine fowls for sale.
E. S. ANDREWS, Box 474, Orange, N. J.

FOR SALE.—To Western parties only, a few dozen Buff eggs from imported stock, and their progeny purchased of W. C. Munroe, M. D., Penn Yan, N. Y. Price $2.50 per dozen.
J. W. BROWNING, Indianapolis, Ind.

FOR SALE.—First premium Aylesbury Duck eggs at $1 per dozen. GEO. M. WONSON,
East Gloucester, Mass.

PEKIN DUCKS, $10.00 per pair; Eggs, $3.00 per dozen. White and Black Leghorns, G. S. Hamburgs and Houdans eggs $1.00 per dozen from imported stock. SOLOMON SHEARER,
Tuckerton, Berks Co., Pa.

HAMBURG EGGS.

Black S. S. and G. S., $2.00 for 13, $5 00 for 40.
4t CHAS. SELSER, Doylestown, Pa.

SILVER SPANGLED HAMBURGS,

LIGHT BRAHMAS AND COLORED DORKINGS.
A No. 1 Stock.
Eggs for hatching, $2.00 per dozen; 3 dozen for $5.00.
2t JOHN K. CAMP, Winsted, Ct.

MY BREEDING STOCK FOR THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

Light Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, White Leghorns, White Polish, Plymouth Rocks, Golden Sebrights, Bantams; all first prize winners. Eggs $3.00 per 13; 26 for $5 00. G. W. CHIDSEY,
2mos Elmira, N. Y.

AT CHICAGO SHOW.

The undersigned did not compete, but eleven birds purchased of him for the aggregate sum of $445 were exhibited (five for competition), winning—one Light Brahma cock, first; Buff hen, first, Buff cock, third; Plymouth Rock pullet first; cockerel, second. In other classes his strains were also successful. To spare, good to very "high-toned" specimens of Light and Dark Brahmas, Cochins, Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Bantams, Ducks, Geese, Bronze Turkeys, etc., and eggs for hatching. Price list free.
eow W. H. TODD, Vermillion, Ohio.

WHITE LEGHORNS,

$5.00 each, and eggs $3.00 per dozen, from the following Pedigree and Premium Birds:

Lord Palmer, Jr., No. 7; Minerva, No. 8; Victoria, No. 10; Princess of Leghorn, No. 14; White Daisey, No. 184; Tube Rose, No. 185; Lilly of Valley, No. 186; White Zephyr, No. 187; Queen of Pearl, No. 188; White Frost, No. 189.

Which constitute the Birds, or are from the strain which took

First Premium, New England Poultry Society, March 1870; Connecticut Poultry Society, Nov. 1870; New York State Poultry Fair, Fall, 1870; North Western Poultry Society, Fall, 1870; New England Poultry Society, Spring, 1871; Connecticut Poultry Society, Nov. 1871; St. Louis Poultry Association, Feb. 1872.

Silver Cup, New England Poultry Society, Mar. 1872.
First Premium, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
Second Premium, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
Silver Medal, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
Two Silver Cups, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.

IMPORTED WHITE LEGHORNS.

One Silver Cup, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
One Box Cigars, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
C. A. PITKIN,
eow Box 85, Hartford, Conn.

FANCIERS' AGENCY, W. J. STANTON, MANAGER, 12 CORTLAND STREET, N. Y.

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PIGEON FEED AND FIXTURES OF ALL KINDS, SALT CAT, A PREVENTATIVE OF CANKER AND OTHER DISEASES OF PIGEONS.
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We are breeding from well selected birds of the above varieties, and are prepared to furnish Eggs for hatching for the Centennial Year. Our Plymouth Rocks took first and special at the Northwestern Pennsylvania Poultry Show, held at Meadville, December 22, 23, 24, and 25, 1875, and cannot be excelled anywhere. Games.—We are breeding an imported cock with choice imported and mated hens. Orders booked now. Plymouth Rock Eggs, $5 per sitting of thirteen. Black-breasted Red Game Eggs, $4 per sitting of thirteen. Address

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HOWARD I. IRELAND, Camden, N. J.

HAVANA, N. Y.—Send 10, 15, 20, or 25 cents, and I will send you a package with full directions, and you will never regret the trouble. I do not make anything out of the matter, only to impart good. Will have it for sale at 12s. per lb., and ½ lb. will be enough for a season, if used judiciously.

Respectfully, F. P. BUTTS.

WHITE LEGHORNS,

Winners wherever exhibited. Send for circular containing list of premiums won at Chicago, Utica, Detroit, Ithaca, and Elmira, and price of eggs.

NEWTON ADAMS, Utica, N. Y.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Winners of first or second prizes, at Chicago, Utica, and Elmira. Eggs from same stock I breed from myself, $3.00 per 13.

NEWTON ADAMS, Utica, N. Y.

PRAIRIE LANDS!

Send your address on POSTAL CARD to LAND COMMISSIONER B. & M. R. R., BURLINGTON, IOWA, and receive FREE, copy of IOWA and NEBRASKA FARMER, with CHART of LANDS.

IF YOU WANT EGGS from pure-bred WHITE LEGHORN FOWLS call on or address the undersigned. Only $1 per dozen. Pedigree given if desired.

D. GILPIN, Concordville, Del. Co., Pa.

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There is hardly a person but what has some article of value, useless to them, that might, if exchanged with some one similarly situated be made available. This can be done for 25 cents, through the FANCIERS' JOURNAL, published by JOS. M. WADE, Hartford, Conn. Every Poultry and Pigeon Fancier, Sportsman, and Stock Breeder should send TEN cents for a specimen copy.

CHICAGO, CENTRAL CONNECTICUT, AND WESTERN MASS.

My Dominique Leghorn chicks took first at all above during the winter, and also all the specials: one of the hens I own having taken 1st at Central Connecticut in 1874. Eggs, $3.00 per dozen, or $5 for two dozen.

Address F. M. MOELLER,
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POLANDS.

White Crested White, and White Crested Black, and Black African Bantams. Have purchased E. S. Ongley's entire stock of Bantams. Eggs from the above, $5.00 per dozen. Addres with stamp,

D. FRANK ELLIS, Cambridge, Mass.

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

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PINE RUN POULTRY YARDS.

Eggs to hatch, $3 per dozen. Orders received now. (No circulars.)

A. M. DICKIE, M. D.,
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CHEAP AND RELIABLE.

EGGS from three yards of Steel Grey (Williams' and Sharpless') Dark Brahmas. Also, a few clutches from White-crested Black Polands. $2.00 per 15.

Rev. U. MYERS, Turbitville,
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HOMING PIGEON.

ITS HISTORY, GENERAL MANAGEMENT,

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BY W. B. TEGETMEIER.

Price 75 cents, free by mail.

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TANK AND BELL GLASS AQUARIA,
FISH GLOBES, AQUATIC PLANTS,
GOLD AND OTHER FANCY FISH.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

☞Aquaria constructed and stocked on scientific principles.

MOORE'S WORK ON PIGEONS.—One of the most complete works ever published, and yet the cheapest. Price, in paper covers, 30 cents; in cloth, 50 cents. The recipe for "salt cat" alone is worth the money. Address

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SILVER PHEASANTS.

Eggs of the above birds at $15 per sitting of 13, at

LOUIS WAEFELAER, Hoboken, N. J.

MY ENTIRE STOCK OF FANCY PIGEONS FOR SALE.

Write quick, if you want good birds.

CHAS. D. PARKER,
3t 308 Jay St., Baltimore, Md.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

DARK BRAHMAS, LIGHT BRAHMAS,
PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

tf REV. F. M. GRAY, Seaside, Staten Island, N. Y.

PEKIN DUCKS, $10 PER PAIR.

EGGS, $5 per dozen. Black Breasted Red Game Eggs, $3 per dozen.

S. P. BULLAS,
170 Dyer St, Providence, R. I.

FOR SALE LOW.

Four cockerels, 11 hens and pullets, D. Brahmas; 1 cock and 3 pullets, S. S. Hamburgs; 1 fine large cock, 1 hen, and 1 pullet, P. Cochins; one cockerel, 8 hens and pullets, W. Leghorns. Eggs for hatching from these varieties, $3 per 13.

E. S. ANDREWS, Box 474, Orange, N. J.

HOUDANS,

EXCLUSIVELY.

Eggs from my premium stock at three dollars per sitting.

A few more choice fowls and chicks for sale at fair prices.

Reference.—Reports of exhibitions throughout New England for the last four years.

E. C. ALDRICH, Hyde Park, Mass.

C. WERCKSHAGEN,

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"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, MARCH 23, 1876. No. 12.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

WORK AND THINK.

Work, boys, work, it is useless to be talking,
By labor not by prayer nations thrive;
If bees in summer hours,
Only buzzed around the flowers,
There never would be honey in the hive.

Think, boys, think, the mind improves by thinking,
And freely criticises everything,
Untrammeled by tradition,
Unchained by superstition,
Regardless of Pope, President, or King.

On, boys, on, the world expands before you,
And Nature the true goddess leads the way,
Over mountain and through hollow,
Her foot-prints boldly follow,
She never yet was known to lead astray.

Courage, boys, courage, though bigots may assail you,
Their curses and their prayers are in vain,
They may crush down by oppression,
But they cannot stop progression,
Evolving from the hand and the brain.

PETER PEPPERCORN.

A LUCKY DIVER.

In a recent-published book, entitled "Log-Book of a Fisherman," by Frank Buckland, the writer gives the experience of a Whitstable diver:

Mr. Wood made his first real start in life by an extrordinary, and, as it turned out, a very lucky, piece of diving. If the reader will look at the map of Ireland, he will see that outside of Belfast Lough, and a little to the southwest, opposite Donaghadee, are situated the Copeland Islands. It so happened that a Whitstable man was a coast-guardsman in this district. He heard a legend that a ship laden with a heavy cargo of silver had been wrecked off the Copeland Islands some half-a century ago. He therefore communicated with some of his friends at Whitstable who were divers. Accordingly Mr. Wood and four others put their diving dresses on board a vessel, and sailed from Whitstable to Donaghadee. The story they heard when they got to their destination was, that the wrecked vessel was in the slave-trade, and that she had on board a large number of slaves when she struck on the rock, and also a considerable sum of money in the form of silver dollars. Nothing would have been known of the wreck having taken place had not somebody discovered human legs projecting above the surface of the water. It appears that the people on board the ship had tried to escape, having first filled their shirt-sleeves with dollars; but in getting up the rocks many of them had fallen back and come to an untimely end, as the weight of the dollars had kept their heads under water. No one had ever disturbed the wreck since the vessel went down. So Mr. Wood and his friends set to work to find out where she was. They put on their diving dresses, and for two or three days walked about to and fro at the bottom of the sea in about forty feet of water, searching for the treasure. This they did by clearing away the weeds and turning over the stones with crowbars, and feeling for the dollars with their hands, as the water was too thick to see. The wood part of the wreck itself had entirely perished, through lapse of time and the ravages of the sea-worms. After a long and careful search, at last they came upon the dollars. They were mostly spread about among the stones. But many had slipped down among a heap of iron ore which had formed the ballast of the ship. Many of the dollars were worn thin by the action of the water. Some were lying separate, others in great lumps, like rocks, soldered together by iron. In some cases, certainly, this iron had been handcuffs used for the slaves. Some days the divers got two hundred dollars, some times three hundred, sometimes a thousand; the best day they got five thousand—*i. e.*, £1000. In all, the number of dollars they got up from the wreck was about twenty-five thousand, which, when reduced to English pounds, equals £5,000.

When hunting among the wreck for the dollars, Mr. Wood had some curious under water adventures. One of the divers complained that he was annoyed by a lobster, and couldn't work. Mr. Wood learned the whereabouts of the lobster, and went down after him. He soon discovered Mr. Lobster sitting under a rock, looking as savage as a lobster can look. His feelers were pointed well forward, and he held out his two great claws wide open, in a threatening manner. Wood, knowing the habits of lobsters, offered his fellow his crowbar, which he immediately nipped with his claws. Then, watching his opportunity, he passed the signal-line over the lobster's tail, made it fast, and signaled to the men above to "haul away." Thus they did, and instantly away went Mr. Lobster, flying up through the water into the air above, with his claws still expanded, and as scared as a lobster could be. A great conger-eel also paid the divers a visit. He was an immense fellow, and kept swimming round Wood, but would not come near him. Wood was afraid of his hand being bitten, as a conger's bite is very bad. He once knew a diver whose finger was seized by a conger. The brute took all the flesh clean off the man's finger. A conger is a very dangerous animal to a man when diving in the water. However, this conger kept swimming round about Wood. So he took his clasp-knife out and tried to stab him; but the conger would not come near enough to be "knifed." It was a long while before the conger would go away. And even after he had gone away, Wood could not go on working, because he was not sure that the brute was really gone for good, and he might have come out of some corner at any minute and nipped his fingers.

"Here's your money, boy, and now tell me why your rascally master wrote eighteen letters about that contemptible sum?" "I'm sure, sir, I can't say; but if you'll excuse me, sir, I sort o' reckon 'twas because seventeen didn't fetch it."

"If Smith undertakes to pull my ears," said Jones, "he will just have his hands full, now." The crowd looked at the man's ears, and thought so, too.

Poultry Department.

(For Fancier's Journal.)

A LAY FROM MY POULTRY-YARD.

A LEAF FROM A DIARY.

I had a flock of chickens,
  The sweetest little things,
With tiny coats of creamy down,
  And little hints of wings,
And bills like finest ivory,
  From Indian jungles brought,
And slender, polished legs, that seemed
  Carnelian finely wrought.

How round and bright their beady eyes,
  And cunning sidelong peep,
As 'neath their clucking mother's wings
  They nestled down to sleep!
How sweet their chirping twitter
  As they clustered at her side;
How nimbly on her slippery back
  They hopped up for a ride!
Oh, it would take the graphic pen
  Of a Hawthorne or a Dickens,
To picture half the beauties
  Of my charming little chickens!

Ah, vain was all my tender care!
  Wild March, with stormy breath,
Breathed o'er my little nurselings,
  Three slept the sleep of death—
And three of those stern March had spared
  In one sad, baleful hour,
A cruel, wicked, murderous cat
  Did ruthlessly devour!

More earnestly the rest I strove
  To shield from hurt and harm,
And fortune seemed to favor me—
  The air grew soft and warm.
I deemed them safe, when—one by one—
  To crown the sad mishaps,
The remnant of my little flock
  Fell victims to the *gaps!*

Alas! alas! all words are vain
  To picture my dismay;
And vainer still, poor Mother Hen,
  Thy sorrow to portray—
A voiceless, tearless Niobe,
  By Fate's fell arrow stricken,
Thou standest by the empty coop,
  Bereft of every chicken!

No need for me, at noon and eve,
  The dainty crumbs to bring;
No need for thee, poor lonely hen,
  To spread the sheltering wing.
I gaze around, and o'er my eye
  A dewy dimness thickens,
And, with bereft Macduff, I cry,
  "What! *all* my pretty chickens?"

K. K T.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

GAME FOWLS.

Game fowls are the aristocrats of the poultry yard. With their graceful form, handsome carriage, fine feather, and undeniable courage, who can help admiring them? And then we must not overlook their useful qualities. Good layers, although not rivaling some other breeds perhaps, whose only redeeming quality is in their egg production, their eggs being of the finest known quality. The best of sitters, steady and careful, differing from some of the Asiatics in the fact that they do not care to sit regularly after laying five or six eggs, and then when they bring off their young, almost always coming off with a good percentage, there *are no equals*, as mothers. Always on the alert for any lurking intruder, they are ready to fight for their young, generally coming off victorious, too. Then when they come to maturity they can be caught and dressed at any time, always being plump and fat, and a fit subject for the palate of the epicure. Look for a moment at their exquisite feathering. What can be more pleasing to look upon than the rich and glistening plumage of the Black Breasted Red, or any of the less common varieties? The courage and fighting qualities of the Game fowl which are something remarkable, is not to be passed over. For my part I had just as soon see a good Game-cock fight as to eat a good dinner, of which I am very fond. There are, I very well know, persons who can stand up (or sit down as to that) and preach against cock-fighting, but such persons I should not care to trust with my pocket-book. In connection with the subject of cock-fighting, let me relate a little anecdote. One Sunday, while recuperating from the labors of the week, I noticed a cock in the yard above us, walking out towards the street where another cock was crowing, ready to give battle. They did not get near enough to "strike," however, for the owner of the first bird, having heard their noise, came out and drove his bird back. One of the ladies who was sitting with us exclaimed: "Oh! dear! What did he come out and drive in his rooster for?" Taken as a whole, Games are, I think, (and I hope that many of the readers of the Journal will side with me) the only fowl that will "fill the bill" every time. I have been very much interested in reading "Will. Burleighs" papers relating to Game fowls, in his articles on "Youthful Follies," and hope that he will give some more of his pleasant and instructive articles at no late date.

Black Red.

THE MALLARD DUCK.

BY O. D. FOULKS.

Genus Anas embraces two species: the common Mallard or Green Head (*Anas boschas*), and the Black or Dusky Duck, (*Anos Obscura*). Mallard: head and neck bright grass green, with a violet gloss; a white ring encircles the middle of the neck, below which, and on the fore part and sides of the breast, the color is a dark brownish chestnut; under parts and scapulars grey, undulated with minute lines of brown. Back, reddish brown; rump, black, glossed with a bluish green; speculum purplish violet, terminated with black. Length of drake, about twenty-three inches; stretch of wings, about thirty-seven inches.

From this species originated all the domestic varieties, and presenting one of the rare cases where the original is known of a domestic animal. Still there are several marked differences. In the wild state the Mallard always pairs, and during the period of incubation the male, although he takes no part in the process, always keeps in the neighborhood of the female; half breeds, between the wild and tame varieties, always exhibit the same habit. Now the domestic drake is entirely the opposite. Every one who has had the care of ducks, cannot fail to have noticed how an old drake will fight and drive the younger ones in his en-

deavors to obtain as many wives as possible. A domestic drake is also a greedy, selfish animal, never welcoming the females to enjoy any delicacies, but like some men, gobbles it all himself; neither does he strive in their defense, but takes wing or paddles away at the first approach of danger. Another difference between the wild and tame Mallard is to be found in the much broader, harder and more horny feet of the latter.

The Mallard is a migratory duck, passing to the north in the spring to breed; in the autumn they return southward, scattering over the western lakes and prarie ponds as well as over the eastern bays, rivers and sea coast. As a general thing the nest is placed upon the ground among reeds or sedge grass near the water; but sometimes holes are appropriated, and even hollow trees and logs, but this is rare. The eggs are not uniform in number, varying from eight to fourteen. The young are covered with a light grey down, and shortly after the little ducklings extricate themselves from their brittle covering, they are led to the water by the female; here they are joined by the male, who swims behind acting in the capacity of a rear guard.

Mallards were once very abundant around the head waters of the Chesapeake, but of late years, from some unknown cause, they have almost entirely abandoned these once favorite feeding grounds.

Another peculiarity of this bird is the wonderful change of plumage which the drake undergoes. The molting commences about the middle of May; the breast and back of the drake then exhibit the first appearance of change of color, next the curled feathers in the tail drop out, and grey feathers appear in the green around the eyes, then the change becomes rapid, until by the first of July, every feather of the once brilliant plumage has disappeared, and the drake has received the brown, spotted and streaked garb of the female, only a shade or two darker. There is not the slightest clue offered by which we can trace this strange phenomenon, nor can we understand the cause which produces this wonderful change of plumage. All that we can say is, that once a year, from the middle of May to the first of July, there is, neither in the poultry yards of civilized man nor through the vast range of nature, a single drake in that plumage which, at other seasons of the year, is so remarkable for its splendor. About the middle of August this brown plumage begins to drop off and by the first of October he again appears in his brilliantly magnificent dress.—*Practical Farmer.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE BRAHMAS AT SPRINGFIELD.

To say that the show of Brahmas, at the Consolidated Exhibition at Springfield, was the best ever made in America, is but true, and probably was the best ever made in the world. Your correspondent acting as judge, found it the grandest class he ever was called to examine, and the task not an easy one to award the prizes satisfactorily.

The glass in the hall was colored, and red predominating in it cast a reddish color on all white birds.

In considering the disadvantage of light, the judge conceived it safest to judge the birds in the light, letting it have its effect on all, rather than to allow for its effect, for should he forget in any case to make its allowance it would militate against such specimens, so it will be seen that each and every specimen, won richly all the score they got, and no doubt by their owners, in some cases the judge was thought severe.

The coops were far too small and did not show the birds to advantage, for they could not stand naturally in them, which made it necessary to remove each bird to a large coop, which was done, thus subjecting each bird to the same light and conditions while being scaled. The judge scaled in Light Brahmas, 20 Fowls, and 29 Chickens, and in Dark Brahmas, 8 Fowls, and 20 Chickens. The cards, as in pairs, scaling the most indicating the prize birds. But to make his position sure before announcing the awards, Geo. G. Johnson and A. P. Amidon were called in as umpires on Light Brahmas, and H. G. Felch on Dark Brahams, who ratified the decision of the judge. Mr. Johnson scoring the pair receiving 1st in Lights, and agreeing within one-half a point with the scaling of the judge. There was much fault-finding and many harsh remarks made of the judgment, and it was to be expected when we consider that the 1st prize birds of Brooklyn, Bristol, Portland, Spencer, Northampton, Utica, the Grand National and many other exhibitions were competing for the three prizes in each class, and with the fact of 77 specimens being scored and the poorest of the scaling 87½ points, the best 96 points, is it strange when the three best pairs in Lights scaled 185, 185¼, and 186, that the owner of each should believe his was the best. You could see as pairs there was little or no difference. The criticisms were, as is usually the case, based on individual tastes and not on the standard. For instance, one called the judge to account for cutting his Cockerel entered 421½ points in the tail when said Cockerel did not show his sickel feathers at all, but they were then under the coverlets, and the tail was small and rounded in like a Cochin's. The 1st prize bird was cut 1 in the tail because his sickles run up straight, and the tail was pinched a little; both of these tails were elegant in color. Now read the description of the Standard: "Full, well spread, carried tolerably upright, and well filled underneath with soft, curling feathers, sickel-feathers short and spreading laterally, &c." People are too apt to consider their own taste as the embodiment of the Standard, and when they are asked to apply the Standard to answer as did the above individual. "That that was the tail they were going for in his section, and that he should continue to breed to it regardless of the Standard;" this he certainly has the right to do, but he has no right to censure the judge because he does not in it see the results required by the Standard.

The comb of the Cockerel in pen 657 was a matter of much comment, but let us consider this. The Standard gives you a perfect comb, and by actual measurement we find that a comb, which is in height just one-half the distance from the top of the head to the lower line of the lower jaw fills the bill exactly. Now, the Cockerel 657 had a comb that was straight and firm on his head and had every one of the 17 serration; the back of the comb was on a line with the center, and while the rear point did not fall below the center it did not rise above. The comb was just two-thirds the width of the head high, which will be seen was one-sixth of the width of the head too high, for coarseness and size of this comb, he was cut 2½ points or 31½ per cent. of the whole. Entry No. 421 had a comb that turned in a ceral to the right, thus crinkling all three of the serrations. This comb was cut 3. Your judge cannot see any injustice in his action. With these two specimens another *seeming injustice*, viz.: the cutting of tails 2 points, when it seemed all right in color, is accounted for as follows: In the meeting of the Judges before commencing their work, it was remarked that at Chicago 5 birds received 1st prizes whose tails had no sickel-feathers in them, and it was considered by the judges at Springfield, that the absence of sickle feathers should be cut 2 points, the same as sickels that showed white, and your judge wishes to say in his class, there were 8 Cockerels in which he found no sickles or found them broke off one inch from the "apex vertebrata," and the stubs were white.

Of the 8 best Light Brahma chickens none were cut in condition except the 1st prize Pullet. She was as white naturally as any pullet on exhibition but being dingy with dust she was cut one for condition. The 1st prize pair were 2 lbs. over weight, thus getting a credit of excess of 2 points, but the dirt made the pul-

let less attractive, and thus drew censure on the judge by some. Again the second best Cockerel had legs that turned in slightly, very little, however, and was cut 2 points, but he weighed 13 lbs, getting a credit for extra weight of 3 points. Now visitors exclaimed that the judge gave the preference to this specimen to the disadvantage of the Cockerel that was second in the regular award when the best latter only weighed 10½ lbs., and had not as good a comb as the 13 lbs. Cockerel. Visitors do not consider these differences in weight and censure where they have little right to do so.

Some found fault because a specimen was cut in symmetry, when it stood upright like a game but had a breast that was flat, yet broad, and followed up the censure with the remark, "What station the bird has." I think station belongs to the game class. No specimen can be full in symmetry and not be full in breast and body but a bird can be full in breast and body and not be full in symmetry, if the color be all right. There were not 5 specimens that literally filled the Standard in breast and body, which is, "*Full, broad, and round, and carried well forward.*" And in the case cited above the judge could see no reason to change his award.

Visitors invariably compare the poor specimens of one coop with the good one of another when they are disposed to criticise, but when birds are exhibited as single specimens then all this trouble and harsh criticism falls to the ground. If visitors would look to the score cards to ascertain the merits of specimens they would see then which is the best specimen of the exhibition, and in the Springfield Exhibition they were found there in coops not winning in the regular class.

For instance, in the Light Brahma class of Chickens:

Entry No. 657 won 1st prize, scoring 187, and was the best as a pair.

Entry No. 727 won 2d.

Entry No. 421 won 3d.

Entry No. 724 was 4th, as a pair.

Entry No. 209, in which was the best Cockerel, was disqualified on account of his mate, a black-back hen.

In Fowls—C. C. Plaisted won 1; P. Williams 2 and 3. But had the awards been made on Light Extras, they would have been as follows:

Cocks—C. C. Plaisted 1, score 94½; P. Williams 2; F. O. Bailey 3; P. Williams 4.

Hens—1 and 2 to P. Williams and 3d to C. C. Plaisted. Thus you see the 1st cock and 3d hen won 1st prize; the best hen and 2d cock won 2d prize and 2d hen and 4th cock won 3d prize.

Chickens—Cockerels:

Entry 210, 1st, scoring 96 points.

Entry 427, 2d best, scoring 93½ points.

Entry 657, 3d best, scoring 92½ points.

Entry 421, 4th best, scoring 91¾ points.

Entry 724, 5th best, scoring 91¼ points.

Pullets:

Entry 724, 1st, scoring 94 points.

Entry 657, 2d, scoring 93½ points.

Entry 421, 2d, scoring 93¼ points.

Entry T. H. Allhech Pullet, 4th, scoring 92½ points.

Entry 727, 5th, scoring 91¼ points.

And you see the 3d Cockerel and 2d Pullet winning 1st prize as a pair; the 5th Cockerel and 1st Pullet taking 2d prize, and the 4th Cockerel and 3d Pullet winning 3d prize, while the 1st and 2d best Cockerels win nothing. We will never see the time when a Judge can satisfy all till we show single birds. Were a man to believe what he heard as he went around through the different classes Friday morning he would be astonished to learn that there was not an honest judge employed by the Consolidated Exhibition at Springfield. The Dark Brahmas were a fine class. The magnificent hen in the 1st prize coop carried to the front with her a cock good in front but little faulty in color.

While the 2d prize pair was "worthier" and merited. The 3d prize birds being a fine pair which, but for the white in the flights of the cock, would have won 1st prize. The awards in this class called out but little criticism. The belle of the class of Chickens being the Pullet exhibition by Mr. Lamb, of Chicago, her mate failing to have points enough to place her among the winners, although she scaled herself 95½ points, the evil again of showing in pairs. In closing I will say that when one does judge an exhibition "*By the imperative demands of the American Standard of excellence, laying aside all personal prejudice and preconceived tastes,*" he must not find fault, nor do I in this case, if for the time of their disappointment the owner of specimens does censure him.

Fraternally yours,

I. K. Felch.

No. 3.

THE EGYPTIAN MODE OF RAISING CHICKENS,

is a very simple one, and it could be imitated in this country, perhaps to good advantage, and no doubt on a considerable scale, in the hot season, any where, or at the extreme south during seven or eight months in the year. "The first thing however, to do towards cooking your trout," says quaint Izaak Walton, "is to catch him." And intelligent Californians have a proverb among them advising that "you secure your bear, before you offer to sell his skin."

In this view, we add that the first thing to perform in the raising of chickens, in small or large quantities, is to successfully hatch them. The Bermeans do this on an enormous scale. *How* they do it, is a matter that must be studied attentively, and experimented upon largely, before the American breeder will be able to do it as *they* succeed with it. But—given the chickens in hand—successfully hatched, the mode adapted in Berme to raise them is by no means complicated, since they do this, by the million there.

But they have a vast advantage over us in the temperature of their warm climate, to begin with. In Europe or America, even if it were easy at any one time to collect several hundred thousand eggs suitable for hatching, (which is hardly possible,) and if we were then able to so manipulate them in the incubators, or properly prepared "ovens," or heating houses, as to get out even five or ten thousand at a time, what could we do—in many of our cold localities—with so many chickens, produced on the same day? What must become of the poor little creatures, fresh from their shells, without mothers to brood and shelter and keep them from perishing in infancy?

"Artificial mothers" are already invented, replies the maker of incubators. We are aware of this fact. But how far will those machines go toward the desired end, when we are speaking of what is to be done for tens of thousands of chicks, possibly to be produced? "Multiply the number of machines?" Very good. But this would not remedy the objection, in our wet, cold days and nights, while in Egypt, it scarcely ever rains, and the climate is constantly sufficiently warm to permit of dispensing with "mothers," natural or artificial. They do not use them there, at all, and thus they can raise chickens in quantities as we can not.

M. Reaumer tried many experiments, upon a larger or lesser scale, to provide for the broods of young chicks which he hatched from time to time by artificial heat; and his "hot beds" and "equally heated chambers," were the most successfully carried out, for this purpose. In his day the means of heating an apartment with steam-pipes was of course unknown. He used stoves in the center of his rooms, keeping up a regular heat, graduated attentively from the indications of the thermometer, and never

intentionally exceeding a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees—by night or by day.

He was thus able to rear large numbers of chickens, until they were old enough to bear the climate out of doors. These, at an early age, were killed off for market or table use, and answered the purposes of his long tried experiments. But our breeders in this country have never yet given the time or attention to this subject that De Reaumer did—a hundred and twenty years ago, and they probably never will. So we make no recommendations to American fanciers, on this score, and have only referred to the matter of artificial chicken-raising briefly, with a few quotations from the old work we started with, as items of curiosity in their way.

That chickens *can* be multiplied among us artificially, and that they *can* be reared through means similar to those long in vogue among Egyptians, there is little question. That hundreds of batches of chickens are nowadays hatched and raised, at least to goodly marketable size in America, we are assured is the fact by those who have in the last three or four years used the Yankee "incubators," invented by our people in New York, and Boston.

How this may continue to be increased, by advancing knowledge and experiments in the use of these machines, or how we may improve upon these modes by and bye, as we become more enlightened and more skillful in this direction, remains to be seen. But on the principle that "which man *has* done, man *may* do," we see no reason to doubt that sooner or later we shall be able to turn out chickens by the hundred or thousand, artificially, as easily as we now produce the clutches of dozens or scores, by the natural method. And whenever we reach such proficiency in getting the chicks out of their shells in quantities, successfully, there is no doubt that we shall also with the at present known modes of heating their quarters evenly and appropriately, during their young days—be able to contrive to raise them to advantage, and subsequent profit.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE SHANGHAI.

The shanghai is a pretty bird,
He wakes us in the morning
With dulcet sweets so long drawn out,
To tell us day is dawning.
The milkman rings his little bell
To start us from our sleeping.
Then too, there is the big fire bell,
Its fearful "boom, boom" keeping.
But the shanghai beats them *both* for noise,
He's *never* tired of calling,
His "cook-a-doodle-doodle d-r-r-r;—
"Get up I tell you it's morning.

In armies and in navies too,
The revillè is sounded.
And always in the good hotel,
The chinese gong is pounded.
E'en the iron horse with noise and jar,
And whistle, din and rattle
Cannot compare with notes sometimes
Drawn by the feathered cattle.
Yes! the shanghai beats them *all* for noise,
When in his tones of thunder
He calls ten thousand times a day;—
"Who'll feed me *next*, I wonder-r-r-r r-r."

E. S. S.

The ghost of Noah Webster came to a spiritual medium in Alabama, not long ago, and wrote on a slip of paper: "It is tite times." Noah was right, but we are sorry to see he has gone back on his dictionary.

When an Indiana girl gets tired of a lover and determines to dismiss him, she doesn't throw much fresco work into her speech. "I guess you can pull off, now, Sam," is her icy remark, "this egg won't hatch."

The song of the repentant husband after knocking his wife down—"Come to my bosom, my own stricken dear."

Sportsman's Department.

SHEPHERD DOGS.

In southern California you may see on plains and hills thousands of sheep, but not a man to watch them. Around each flock or band of, say a thousand sheep, are half a dozen dogs, of a peculiar breed; dogs whose progenitors were imported from the sheep pastures of the Old World. These dogs take the entire care of the sheep, drive them to pasture in the morning, keep them from straying during the day, and bring them home at night. These dogs have inherited a talent for keeping sheep; but the shepherds do not depend wholly on that. They cultivate it in this way: "When a lamb is born it is taken away from the mother sheep before she has seen it, and a puppy put in its place. The sheep suckles the puppy and learns to love it. When the puppy grows old enough to eat meat, it is fed in the morning and sent out with the sheep. It stays with them because it is accustomed to be with its mother, but it cannot feed with them. As they get full the dog gets hungry. At length, impatient to return where it hopes to get another piece of meat, it begins to tease and worry its mother, and finally starts her toward home, the other sheep follow, and thus the whole flock is brought in. If the dog brings the sheep home too soon, or comes home without them, he gets no supper, or is punished in some way. Hence he soon learns when to come, and to see to it that none of his charge are left behind. These animals are trained by taking advantage of their instincts and appetites."

SPORTSMAN AND SPORTING MAN.

There is a wide difference between a sportsman and a sporting man, by popular abbreviation a "sport." To the sportsman the appellation is objectionable, for the reason that while it is true that a sporting man may be a sportsman, yet as a rule, where the former begins the latter ends. The sportsman enjoys pleasure for the pure, undefiled pleasure it gives, for the recreation and rest it affords from active labor, and for its health-giving powers; since as a necessity much exercise must be taken in the pursuit of game, and exercise is the price of health. The sporting man, on the other hand, is a speculator on chance, and goes into it for the profit and gain quite as much as for the excitement of the moment it affords.

The sportsman is generally a man engaged in some active business or professional pursuit, who contributes in one way or another to the benefit of the community, while the sporting man is a drone, a consumer without being a producer—profiting by the chance opportunity of the occasion, and receiving but giving nothing in return, therefore of necessity adding neither to the wealth of the community nor benefiting mankind. It is but natural that society should place a ban on him, and that the sportsman should object to being identified with him.

It is but a short time since that same society has learned to

distinguish the one from the other; and although there are those who are not yet sufficiently educated up to the subject to discriminate between the two, there is cause enough for gratification that daily it is becoming better understood, and doubtless those who yet confound the two will eventually learn to distinguish between them.

Not so very long ago, with many, a sportsman, a vagabond, and a lazy fellow were synonymous, and to the young man engaged in business being fond of a dog, a gun, or a horse, seriously affected his business standing, and predicted for him ruin from his older business acquaintances. A party of sportsmen going off on a shooting excursion, was accredited with making shooting only a pretext for the real motive of carousing and gambling. If married their wives were looked upon with pity by their more sanctimonious acquaintances, and among the female portion of them there was much cause for congratulation that their own matrimonial lines had not been cast in the same waters. Even spinsters, who had reached the meridian of life and were traveling rapidly past that goal which every woman, more or less, hopes to reach, a period when opportunities are not to be thrown away, looked with disfavor on him who was a sportsman.

It was against this odium the sportsman had to contend, a prejudice begotten of ignorance, a relic of Puritanism, and but little in keeping with the intelligence of the American Nation and the enlightenment of the present century. But now it is different. Being a sportsman is not considered incompatible with being a gentleman, a useful member of society, nor even with being a Christian, since in the ranks are to be found ministers, doctors, lawyers, merchants, and farmers, and the various other branches of business and professions. No longer is the horse, dog, or gun the insignia of the sporting man, the loafer, or the vagabond, but rather of the manly man.—*Chicago Field.*

A Well-trained Dog.—"Yes, Sir, this is Tompkins' saloon. Possibly the most aristocratic place of the kind in town. But one objection to Tompkins', and that is its situation, right in the greatest thoroughfare in our populous burgh. That is my dog. Julius and I are constant companions. Now, Tompkins' place is so extra select that dogs are not allowed to go inside. Once, it is said, a strange dog eat a free lunch there." Here my informant waved his hand to a poodle, who crossed over the other side of the street, and seating himself on a curb stone, gazed at us. "Wonderful dog. He knows Tompkins' dislike to animals. Now, pray observe him. Just as soon as he sees us enter, he will make the circuit of the block, and then bolt for the back door of Tompkins'. People—for they are great busybodies in this town—might infer that, since Julius was outside on the street I was inside taking some quite necessary refreshment, but I can afford to look down upon public opinion." Desirous of testing Julius' sagacity, though his master was quite unknown to me, I put my hand on the latch which opened the door to Tompkins' aristocratic establishment. Instantly the dog disappeared around the corner. "If," said my quondam friend, "you was to invite me to keep on drinking here all night, that dog never would budge from the back door. He would wait for me until to-morrow morning." As I was as fully assured of Julius' sagacity as of his master's capabilities, I did not insist on making a more detailed experiment.

A Barber's Assistant.—Mr. J. Griffin, hair-dresser of St. Andrew's Hall Plain, has succeeded in training a really noble-looking dog (of the Retriever breed) to be of eminent service to him in his business. On entering Mr. Griffin's *sanctum sanctorum*, if the object be a further reduction of the hair or a pleasant shampooing, the visitor will observe a handsome Retriever reposing in dignified case on a mat evidently carefully arranged for his comfort. The proprietor touches a bell; the dog eyes his master for a moment with a look of intelligence, then with a few active bounds ascends the stairs to "regions above." Presently the machinery connected with hair-brushing is set in motion. The visitor's curiosity being aroused, he is courteously invited by the proprietor to observe the log at his work. For our own part, we must confess we were both astonished and amused. The animal was "hard at it" in a large wooden wheel, which he turned rapidly with his feet. On our appearance, as though anxious to display his ability and proud of his acquirements, he redoubled his efforts and the wheel revolved at a great rate. The dog continued his work after we had left him until the signal was again given him by a touch of the bell, when he at once reappeared in the lower apartment, taking his position on the mat, evidently prepared to "wait for further orders."

Dogs Disliking to be Ridiculed.—I once had a Skye terrier which, like all of his kind, was very intelligent. When in good humor he had several tricks, which I know to have been self-taught, and the sole object of which was evidently to excite laughter. For instance, when lying upon one side and violently grinning, he would hold one leg in his mouth. Under such circumstances nothing pleased him so much as having his joke duly appreciated, while if no notice was taken of him he would become sulky. On the other hand, nothing that could happen displeased him so much as being laughed at when he did not intend to be ridiculous. Mr. Darwin says: "Several observers have stated that monkeys certainly dislike being laughed at" (p. 71.) There can be little or no doubt that this is true of monkeys; but I never knew of a really good case among dogs save this one, and here the signs of dislike were unequivocal. To give one instance. He used to be very fond of catching flies upon the window panes, and if ridiculed when unsuccessful, was evidently much annoyed. On one occasion, in order to see what he would do, I purposely laughed immoderately every time he failed. It so happened that he did so several times in succession—partly, I believe, in consequence of my laughing—and eventually he became so distressed that he positively pretended to catch the fly, going through all the appropriate actions with his lips and tongue, and afterwards rubbing the ground with his neck as if to kill the victim; he then looked up at me with a triumphant air of success. So well was the whole process simulated, that I should have been quite deceived had I not seen that the fly was still upon the window. Accordingly, I drew his attention to the fact, as well as to the absence of anything upon the floor; and when he saw that his hypocrisy had been detected he slunk away under some furniture, evidently very much ashamed of himself.

Bull-dog Courage.—An evidence of the courage and pugnacity of the English bull-dog was shown in a remarkable manner a few days since, in England. A dog of this description, who had never been accustomed to see trains until lately, has taken a great aversion to them, and has made a point of chasing them whenever he has had an opportunity of doing so, but, of course, without being able to catch them. On the morning in question, being out with his owner's brother, in the vicinity of the Somerset and Dorset Railway, between the Midford and Wellow station, the early train from Bath was heard to be rapidly approaching. The dog, as usual, was off directly. The gentleman, knowing they were in advance of the train and fearing the dog would be killed, called loudly to him to come back; but quite in vain. He then ran to see what would be the consequence of the brute's folly, and was just in time to see the dog boldly charge the cow-lifter of the engine and disappear. The gentleman then closed his eyes for one moment, not wishing to see the dog's remains torn to pieces, and on opening them the next moment, much to his surprise, he distinct-

ly saw the dog under the rapidly passing carriages, evidently waiting an oportunity to make a dash between the wheels, but their, to him, unusual velocity rather bothered him; he therefore remained until the last carriage had passed over him, and then emerged, wagging his tail as though he had done something to be talked about, and having only sustained a few cuts about the head, and loosing all the hair from one side of his tail.

A Boy that Deserves a Medal.—He was a very small boy, all in tatters, and his clothes were dripping. In his arms he had a miserable little dog, and both boy and dog were shivering in the cold January weather. This is about what he told me: "You see, Mister, Bill Bostwick and me was playing by the river, betting cents on the chunks of ice, a seeing which one would go first over the dam, when this 'ere little dog came trotting past. Says Bill to me—says he, 'Let's have this 'ere dog for a passenger.' So we took him and put him on a real big hunk of ice, and Bill, who is an everlasting mean kind of a boy, was for shoving him off into the water just so, but I wouldn't. I had a bit of twine in my pocket, and I hitched it to a jagged bit of the ice, so as it couldn't get off. Oh, we had lots of fun at first, with that 'ere pup, as a passenger. But Bill is an awful ornary boy, Mister, so when it was his turn to play two-horse with the chunk of ice and the dog for a passetger, he just let the cord slide on purpose, so he did. Then I pitched into that ere Bill Bostwick and guv him fits. But you see there was the ice, and the pup as was passenger, sliding down that ere river like thunder. I felt sure the passenger was going to be drowned; as I happened to know that pup's mother I felt kind of sorry, so I went again for Bill Bostwick, and went for him good. Just then the cake of ice, with the poor pup a yelping and kiespieing on it, was just over the dam. I dursn't look, Mister. That ere night tho' I must have slept good, that pup's howling I kind of dreamed about. Well, arter breakfast, I ventured to look outon the river, and there was the pup still a yelping, just like Moses in the bullrushes. The ice had kind of sot during last night as it was cold, but wasn't yet real hard. I just skinned across that dam on the logs—sakes! but it was slippery, and I tumbled in over my head twiste, and was just able to get that pup off, as was passenger, by the scruff of his neck. Now, Mist r, I am going to keep that ere dog until he is growed up, and just as sure as ever Bill Bostwick whistles to him, I am going to teach him to bite Bill, and if he is too small to do it, I ain't too little to lick two boys like Bill. I say, Mister, if you know of any society as gives medals to boys as saves dogs' lives, send em to me, as my name is George Washington Ostergood, of Perry, Iowa." If there should exist, we thought, such a thing as a society awarding medals to heroic urchins for saving an animal's life, we feel certain, poor ragged George would have been entitled to one of them.—*Perry Chronicle.*

The Ursine Baboon.—The Ursine Baboon (Cercopithecus Ursinus) is well-known to naturalists from descriptions given by scientific travelers, and of late years has been much hunted by English sportsmen. It is an animal of considerable strength, and when full grown attains the size of a Newfoundland dog. It resembles the dog in the shape of its head, and is covered with shaggy hair of a brownish color. On level ground it always goes on all-fours, but among rocks, its natural refuge, it principally uses its hind feet, and springs from cliff to cliff with great agilitiy It subsists entirely on wild fruits and edible roots and bulbs which abound in the district which it inhabits. For defence against its enemies—the leopard, hyena, wild dog, &c—it is armed with formidable teeth about half an inch long, and when severely pressed will defend itself successfully against the most powerful wolf-hound. It has a mode of grappling its antagonist by the throat with its fore-paws, while it tears open the jugular vein with its teeth. In this manner I have known a stout baboon to dispatch several dogs before he was overpowered; and I have been assured by the natives that even the leopard is sometimes defeated and killed by a troop of these animals. It is, however, only in large bands that it can successfully oppose this powerful enemy. In many of the mountainous districts the leopard, it is said, subsists chiefly by preying upon baboons and monkeys; lying in wait and pouncing suddenly upon them, in the same manner as the domestic cats deals with rats.

Although sometimes troublesome to mankind by robbing gardens, orchards, &c., I have never known it either singly or collectively to attack individuals, although I resided for several years in a locality where this baboon is numerous. It is told, however, at Cape-Town, that a party of these animals on one occasion playfully carried off an infant from the pleasant villagd of Wynberg, seven miles from Cape-Town. My informants were persons of respectability, and assured me that this incident occurred within their own recollection, and that the child was recovered by the inhabitants after a long and perilous pursuit, without having sustained any serious injury.

The strong attachment of these animals for their young is an interesting trait. When a band are discovered by the colonists in an orchard or cornfield, they are driven to the mountains with dogs and guns. On such occasions if the females are separated from their young they will return to search for them in the midst of their pursuers.

It is the habit of this animal to descend from its rocky fastnesses in order to enjoy itself on the bank of the mountain rivulets, and to feed on the nutritious bulbs which grow in the valleys. While thus employed it usually takes care to be within reach of some steep rock to which it can fly for refuge on the appearance of an enemy. Sentinels station themselves on large stones to give warning to the others if necessary. While riding along secluded valleys I have suddenly come upon a troop of forty or fifty baboons, while suddenly turning a sharp rocky corner in the road. Instantly a loud cry of alarm would be raised by the sentinels, and the entire band would rapidly scamper off, and would soon be many hundreds of feet up the mountains where it would be impossible for any creature without wings to follow them. The large males would bring up the rear, ready to turn with fury upon any hounds if they molested them. I consider the Ursine Baboon one of the most interesting of the many wild animals of Africa.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Taking the Risk.—The other day, a colored resident of Vicksburg found a bottle of whisky in the suburbs of the city, and, hailing a pedestrian, he inquired:

"Dat's whisky, ain't it?"

"Smells like it, and I guess it is," was the reply.

"And there ain't no pizen in it?"

"Well, there may be—I can't tell. I shouldn't want to drink it."

"If dere was pizen I'd be a dead nigger, eh?"

"You would."

"And if dere wasn't any pizen, I'd be wastin' a pint of good whisky."

"Yes!"

The finder turned the bottle over and over, smelled of the contents three or four times, and finally made ready to drink, saying:

"Dare's heaps ob pizen lyin' around loose; but dere's also heaps ob niggers in Vicksburg, an' Ize gwine to tip up de bottle an' run de chances."

"No, sir," said a weary looking man on a street car to an individual by his side. "I wouldn't marry the best woman alive. I've been a dry goods clerk too long for that."

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A. N. Raub and G. O. Brown, *Associate Editors.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE A. P. A. GROUP.

Mr. G. O. Brown, of Brooklandville, Md., wishes us to state that he has delayed completing his A. P. A. group in consequence of there being several that had not responded to his circular, and in order to get all the new members recently elected at Chicago, the time will be extended until May 1st, when it will be closed and completed whether all have responded or not. Every member of the A. P. A. should respond at once and then they will have no cause to regret when too late.

CHICAGO.

Below we give extracts from a few of the letters received since our last issue. We notice one of our correspondents alludes to a reply by the Secretary of the "National." Trusting it will clear up matters, and show that only mistakes were made, we patiently await its appearance.

MORE ECHOES.

FROM DES MOINES, IA.

* * * * I am of the opinion that when the smoke clears off, your motive in showing up the management at Chicago—I notice with pleasure that you do not charge them with dishonesy—will be fully understood and appreciated by the fanciers of the country—I know some small minded persons who haven't honor enough in their own make-up to credit any one else with pure intentions, will impugn your motives, and say you do it for many purposes other than the correct ones. But you keep right on, don't get excited, but carry an even head, and deal justly as you have, so far, and you will have done a work, for which you will get the hearty thanks of the best men, and this is what you desire, I know. * * * * I have talked with many breeders, and have letters from six who showed birds at Chicago, and they all say the same thing, that you have done your duty in a manly way. * * * *

FROM AUBURN.

* * * * On the whole, I am sick of the affair, sick of it, because the promises were so big and so easily laid aside, sick of it, because I can very clearly see that unless the strong voice raised against the procedure is listened to, other societies will follow its bad example, and very soon we shall not know which to trust. Why, as you said, even the judges were unfairly dealt by, one gentleman was invited from this place *officially*, and never so much as received a complimentary thank you; another gentleman at Buffalo was telegraphed to, and not a cent of his expenses were paid. There may not be "fraud" out there, as some are charging, but if it is simply mismanagement as you intimate, then if there are to be great national shows and exhibitors are to suffer if there is a loss, the exhibitors had better take the responsibility of the management. * * * *

FROM BLOOMINGTON.

* * * * Have had the satisfaction of reading the proof of an article prepared by the Secretary of the National Show, in reply to your severe arraignment of its management. While on the face of it, it appears very plausible, there is an underlying current which isn't pleasant to consider He attempts to reply to some of the charges, but the defense is very weak, at the least; by his own showing there was only blundering and dullness all through. I suppose you will see it in some western journal, and will give it your own treatment. * * * *

FROM ST. JOE, MO.

I was much pleased, and at the same displeased, in reading your comments on the Chicago Show. Pleased at the way you handled it, and displeased at the showing. I hope that you will "not let one of the guilty parties escape" until you have all their crooked ways made straight, and those that cannot be made to bend, put them on the black list, as it is an outrage on Breeders and Fanciers who are in the habit of exhibiting their birds, and do so much to assist in getting up our fine exhibitions of Poultry and Pets. If it is allowed to go on it will not only break down the National, but all other societies. I should like to ask who has reaped the greatest amount of benefit from this Show? Was it the first class breeders, who are well known, and have spent so much money in preparing their stock, paying freight, hotel bills, and many other incidentals? or is it the citizens of Chicago, who have, as individuals, contributed but a very small portion, and as a city or a municipality, not one dollar towards the great and fine display. It was the means of thousands visiting their city, and they all spent more or less money there. I do not wish to dictate, but I do think it would have been doing but little, if the city of Chicago had furnished the hall free of all cost, and those citizens who had bills against the society too could have held them at least long enough for the exhibitors to pack up and receive their small amount of premium moneys, I think it would have been much to their credit, as a city, if they had not the generosity to do the fair thing, I think it would be well for the good of the society to hold their next show in some other city where they would have some consideration and where help and fuel is not quite so high. I do not wish to blame any particular person, but there certainly was bad management connected with their first show. I am very much afraid that it will hurt our local shows throughout the west, not so much with home breeders as those from a distance. This year at our show we had some Breeders from a very great distance represented, and I now fear we will have none next year Still as we did all we promised to do, it ought not to hurt us

FROM ALLEGHENY.

* * * * In the last number of the Journal, I read with a great deal of interest your article on the Chicago show.

Now, Mr. Wade, can we call this a National Show? it may indeed be one as far as the entries are concerned, but as to the payment of premiums, losses, &c., methinks it plays to the tune of "Home, sweet Home!" or in other words, it was merely a local show, where Chicago got paid first, and the distant ones got the "leavings."

I entered two pair of pigeons, and only one pair was returned. When I enquired about the missing pair, they stated that they "supposed" they were stolen. I immediately said that I "supposed" they would hold themselves responsible. "No indeed!" said they, "all we promise is that due precaution shall be used." Now what is due precaution, but proper precaution?

Auburn, N. Y., March 8th, 1876.

I have this day sold to Mr. D. Frank Ellis, Cambridge, Mass., my entire stock of Black African Bantams, including my imported cock, Black Prince, and mates, which are prize winners in both England and America. This trio, with the birds of my own breeding, will give him one of the best, if not the best breeding yard of Black African Bantams in America. This also includes the cockerel, Henry Beldon, which scored 98 points at the Springfield exhibiton (Signed) E. S. ONGLEY.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—An Irishman talking with a friend says, "The laws uv the counthry is currupt, the outher day whin me cillar was fluded wid wather by ther grate rain, I wint dowen stairs an found me hins all floatin arount. I tuck me case to ther court, an all the satisfacshun I got out ov it was ther sludge tould me to kape doocks.

—A letter from Cape May to the *Evening Star* says that a large shoal of porpoises, followed by great flocks of "codfish gulls," both very unusual winter sights, passed that place the other day close ashore, giving assurance that codfish were coming along on which these were preying—the former on the fish, and the gulls on the fragments and blood left by the devourers.

As codfish are unlooked for less than six miles off shore, no one wet a line for them. A fine specimen washed ashore, chased in by a porpoise, it is supposed. A steamer put out from the breakwater recently and caught 900 pounds in a few hours. They are caught while at anchor or hove to, and clams are used for bait.

—Sioux asks—"Do the bovines ever perspire?"

One day, when I was a boy, I remarked in the presence of an old uncle, who had been all his life among cattle, that somebody or something "sweat like a bull." "Huon," said the old man, "never say that again. A bull does not sweat, nor any of his kind. No anim ls sweat but man and the horse." Since that time I have had no reason to contradict him by occular proof, though I have heard of a breed of dogs which is said to sweat, or in Sioux's words, to "perspire." Will some one who knows speak for the dog? I, certainly, have never seen one in a state of perspiration. Huon.

—Your correspondent, E. S. S., calls my attention to a very large owl. I wish that writer had told us to what family it belonged. An owl with an alar extent of 43 inches is worth knowing It may have been a *Bubo virginianus* (great horned owl), which has been known to measure 60 inches from tip to tip of wing; or may have been a barn owl (*Strix pratincola*), which measures, when full grown, 44 inches; or perhaps it was the long eared owl (*Otus Wilsonianus*), which, though its general alar extent is 40 inches, has been found to go beyond that in one or two instances. The grey owl (*Syrnium cinereum*), the largest North American owl, measures 48 inches from tip to tip. Now will E. S. S. be kind enough to state to which of these, if to any, the owl in question belongs? Huon.

—Sagacity of Rats.—Incredible as the story may appear of their removing hens' eggs, by one fellow lying on his back and grasping tightly his ovoid burden with his fore-paws, while his comrades drag him by the tail, we have no reason to disbelieve it, knowing, as we do, that they will carry eggs from the bottom to the top of the house, lifting them from stair to stair, the first pushing them on its hind, and the second lifting them with its fore legs. They will extract the cotton from a flask of Florence oil, dipping in their long tails, and repeating the maneuver until they have consumed every drop. We have found lumps of sugar in deep drawers at a distance of thirty feet from the place where the petty larceny was committed; and a friend saw a rat mount a table, on which a drum of figs was placed, and straightway tip it over, scattering its contents on the floor beneath, where a score of expectant brethren sat watching for the windfall.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—The birds which remain in the vicinity of New Haven, Conn., during the *entire* year, and their comparative abundance, I have observed to be as follows:—

Red tailed hawk. Common in summer; rare in winter.
Red shouldered hawk. Common in summer; rare in winter.
Great horned owl. Rare at all times.
Mottled owl. Common summer and winter.
Barred owl. Common at all times.
Downy woodpecker. Common summer and winter.
Golden winged woodpecker. Common in summer; rare in winter.
Kingfisher. Common in summer; rare in winter.
Robin. Common in summer, and not rare in winter.
Blue-bird. Not rare in winter, and common during the summer.
Chick-a-dee. Rare in summer; common in winter.
Cedar-bird. Common throughout the year.
Purple-finch. Rare in summer; common in winter.
Yellow-bird (*Chrysomitris*). Common summer and winter.
Song sparrow. Common in summer; rare in winter.
Meadow lark. Rare in winter, but common during the summer.
Crow. Common both winter and summer.
Blue jay. Commonly found all the year.
Wild pigeon. Rare in summer; rare in winter.
Ruffed grouse. Common summer and winter.
Quail, Common throughout the year.
Dusky duck. Rare in summer; common in winter.

Possibly there may be one or two more species, but having carefully observed the habits of our birds, I am inclined to believe that all are included in the above list.—*Forest and Stream.*

"How are ye, Smith," said Jones. Smith pretended not to know him, and answered hesitatingly: "Sir, you have the advantage of me." "Yes, I suppose so. Everybody has that's got common sense."

Small Pet Department

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 15.

SNAKES.

Though as yet the largest of snakes are not exhibited in the Zoo, still we need not travel with Sinbad to the "Valley of Diamonds" to find some of a respectable size. In the reptile room, solitude, are specimens of dimensions great enough to make delicate nerves shiver and shake to quite an uncomfortable degree. I suppose every visitor to "Our Zoo," goes at least once into the reptile room, but very few, however, seem much in love with what they see there,—like the traveler, when invited to partake of a celebrated dish by his Indian friend—they don't "*Hanker after rattlesnoke*"—short is the stay, in that room, by most visitors, and general are the expressions of dislike, disgust, and even horror, on their exit from it.

Now why is this? Has the serpent been improperly made—or should he not have been made at all? This disgust, and repugnance even to look at him cannot all be owing to that old "old story" about him and mother Eve. When we come to know the serpent tribes we find as much beauty among them, that multitudes of them are quite as harmless, quite as useful, and that they fit quite as well in the groove nature prepared for them, as the other animals of God's creation. That they fill a place in the great economy of nature, and fill it properly, which is more than can be said of some of God's "nobler" creatures, no one will deny upon consideration, and upon which, for my present purpose, no more need be said.

The aptitude of the whole serpent tribe for being tamed, which, considering we *must have pets* of some kind or other, is a great recommendation the snakes carry with them.

John Watson, in his Annals of Philadelphia, says a child had a pet snake which eat porridge with her out of the same bowl, and when the snake would advance beyond a certain line she would say in her Quaker language "now thee shan't do it again—keep to thy own side." Maria Edgeworth tells the same story as happening in England, with this addition, when the snake would intrude its head beyond the proper line, its mistress would give it a rap with her spoon, with the admonition, "Eat on your own side, I tell you." Watson's child was Rebecca Coleman, who died at the age of 92 years! It does not appear that living in close communion with a snake was of much injury to her health.

W. I. Broderip, F. R. S., once knew a lad who rendered a common snake so tame, that it became very fond of its owner, would wind itself round his neck and face, and when tired would go to sleep in his bosom! and it is well known that the N. A. Indians were famous for making pets of Rattlesnakes, the most dangerous of all the American reptiles.

A great improvement has been recently made in the reptile room, namely, a bath tub has been given to all those who love the water—and that includes nearly all snakes, especially the boas and pythons, who always haunt the neighborhood of waters, in their wild state; and therefore it is quite natural to see the Zoo snakes availing themselves of the accommodations provided for them, and from which they seem to derive so much pleasure and comfort, especially on the hot days in summer, when those which have not bath tubs, will improvise one out of their drinking basin, and lie there coiled up, with nothing out of water but head. Any one who has ever observed the peculiarly graceful sinuosities of the snake in crossing a pond knows how much of snake-beauty is lost in depriving the reptile of the power to obey its instinct by swimming.

Water snakes will take fish as well as frogs, for food, but only when driven to it by a scarcety of the latter. The water snake

does not kill the frog as the Rattlesnake does the rat, or the boa does the rabbit,—he takes him alive! nor does he take his victim head foremost, as they do, but "vasey varsey"—catching him as he tries to escape from his deadly enemy, the snake doubles the hind legs of poor froggy, under the body, and, rump foremost, entombs him alive—"feathers and bones." In my younger days when fishing, I have more than once witnessed this operation, to which my attention would be called by the piteous cry of the frog—and more than once, thinking it most cruel on the part of the snake, have I went to the rescue and by a tap with my fishing-rod on the neck of the snake, made him release his prisoner—though I do not remember that I stopped pulling out the fish when I had one on my hook. "Questionable humanity toward the frog," you say? True, but then you see the fish did not cry for help; and the process of swallowing the living frog is not pleasant to behold, and a certain naturalist was once made glad by seeing a small one which had been swallowed by a very large snake, take advantage of an unlucky gape—an action quite common to snakes immediately after they have swallowed their prey—and leap out of its enemy's mouth! Sometimes two snakes seize upon one unfortunate frog at the same time, and then it is "pull Dick, pull Devil" indeed. (I think it is said the snake was the devil in Eden, that Zoo-garden No. 1?)

All the constrictor serpents kill their prey by crushing, and when a comparatively small one seizes a rabbit, or anything as large, to get power, it winds itself round and round it many times, but a large boa, or python, takes but *one* turn round its victim, one fold is enough, it will do the business, and why use this muscular power, and thus waste it, when there is no necessity? "Wise as the serpent," has not been said without some truth; and there is wisdom shown, too, on the part of the common snakes, which live on birds, lizards, &c., when they swallow their prey *head* foremost, very obvious is the reason—self-security.

The "fascination" by the serpent has been stoutly maintained by some, and as stoutly denied, by others.

Catesby (in History of Carolina, 1714) says he found Rattlesnake there weighing between 8 and 9 lbs., and that they had the power to charm rabbits and squirrels in such a manner that they run directly into their months." "This" he says, "I have seen myself, by a squirrel and a rattlesnake."

Acrell (Swede—residing in Philadelphia, 1756) says "as the snake lies under the shade of a tree, opening his jaws a little, he fixes his bright and glittering eyes upon the squirrel, which soon utters a mournful, feeble cry, and as if forseeing his fate leaps from bough to bough on every side, seemingly to attempt a sudden escape, but struck with the fascination he comes down the tree and with a spring flings himself into the open jaws of his enemy." The observations of some experiments confirms the truth of this—for instance—

A naturalist, having some doubt in the matter, shut a mouse up in a box with a rattlesnake. The poor little rodent crouched up in a corner with its bead eyes upon the reptile which lay coiled up in the opposite corner. From head to foot the mouse trembled as the snake fixed his terrible eyes upon it, and at last, without power to resist it, actually threw itself into the serpent's open mouth! This was in America, while beyond seas, the same experiment was tried, with exactly the same result!

Ah, but is not this *charming* belief the result of the same "old story," together with the desire to excuse poor mother Eve for that miserable false step of hers?" Perhaps. Let us look at the other side, even if the dear "old lady" will have to suffer for it.

The fascinating power of the snake is said to be, in some, the terrible fixed gaze, in others a subtle emanation from the body. It is well known that most serpents exhale a disgusting odor, especially after gorging themselves with food, (I hope it was not this perfume that charmed poor Eve), but it is now believed that this odor gives the snake no power of attraction, but is wisely bestowed upon it as a protection during the time it lies torpid and inactive from over-eating, nor is it believed by the non-charmers that the gaze can, or ever does produce the effect in question. They say all suppressed cases of charming can be explained very satisfactorily on other and more reasonable grounds, such as fear amounting to a panic, and solicitude for the young. This, after personal investigations, was Dr. B. S. Barton's opinion (book published in Philadelphia, 1796). And W. Bartram, naturalist, from personal observation agrees with him, and the celebrated ornithologist, Wilson, quotes and corroborates Bartram, (interesting articles all, but too long to farther notice in this paper). It would clearly seem then from all these personal observations of capable naturalists that the clue to the "fascinating" theory is, that the bird or quadruped is terrified, yet urged by instinctive solicitude for its young exposes itself to imminent peril in their defense and thus falls an unwilling sacrifice.

The translators of the present edition of the Bible seem to have possessed very little zoological knowledge. The Psalmist says the "Adder is deaf," "she stoppeth her ear," Psalm lviii: v. 4, and Proverbs xx: 32, says the wine cup "stingeth like an Adder." Now there is no snake of whatever family, that stings—all either crush or bite, and to say the Adder "stops her ears," seeing that neither it, nor any other snake has ears, externally, is, zoologically speaking, a simple absurdity.

There is another popular error which says *all* snakes are poisonous. Were they so, their existence would be a sore evil indeed. Happily, however, multitudes of them are harmless, having neither power or venom—to hurt man—still to the human race none are general favorites, while most of them are beautiful in coloring and graceful in form. Man is evidently at enmity with them, can we wonder at it? Holy writ is against them at the beginning, and the unalterable expression of cunning and ferocity shown in the fiery gaze of their fixed eyes does make one in love with them. Their winding, silent, insidious mode of progress, the rapid, noiseless manner in which the head is raised in search of prey, and then so suddenly dropped at its approach, the poison of some and the unconquerable strength of others all combine to render the whole family objects of both alarm and aversion.

But the serpent room at the Zoo. is well worth a visit by all lovers and students of natural history or the curious who may be neither lovers nor students. Much may be learned about the snake kind. There are worse *snakes* in the world than are found there, or in any Zoo. garden in the world; for

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad;
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now you must know,
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class; Alas!
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

And if you are partial to snakes my lad!
—A passion some think very low—
Don't enter to see em',
The *Devil's Museum!*
'Tis very much better to go
To the Zoo—That's so—
And visit the regular show.

Huon.

The friend who shows me the mirror of myself, who conceals no defects, gives me friendly warning, and heartily scolds when I have not fulfilled my duty—he is my friend, however little he may appear so.

ADVENTURES OF A CAT.

A vessel visited Garliestown Harbor, the captain of which had a favorite cat that hunted at will over the ship, and amply repaid board and lodging by the destruction of rats as well as mice.

Tired, however, of the sea and its perils, puss gave her old friends the slip, by landing unnoticed, and establishing without leave asked or given, her headquarters in the garden attached to the principal village inn.

Here, however, she was a welcome guest to all save the small birds that hop among the twigs of trees in summer,—entered the house occasionally, and was fed regularly for a period of five months.

But some farmer friend having seen and taken a fancy to the stranger, she was dispatched far inland, packed in a basket to diminish the probabilities, if not possibilities, of ever finding her way back again

But puss repudiated the idea of becoming a thrall at pleasure; the home assigned might be all very well in its own way, but its novelties she liked not. The moors were too near, the hills high, and the dogs especially pert and uncivil.

Again, therefore, she became a tramp, and at the end of ten days reappeared at her former domicile, guided by some curious instinct, which is as useful to the feline species as the compass to the mariner.

If the old folks looked surprised, the young ones were delighted, while all admired the sleekness and plumpness of the far-traveled mouser.

After a little time, notes were compared, from which it appeared that the cat had been eight days on the road, shifting as she best could, and in a district where plovers and other birds were rife, observing carefully the old maxim, "As we journey through life, let us live by the way."

CORRESPONDENCE.

PEKIN DUCKS AGAIN.

Editor Fanciers Journal:

I notice that our friend J. Y. Bicknell improves every opportunity to speak unfavorably of Pekin Ducks. Now, if he *has* any quarrel with the gentlemen who introduced this variety into the country, would it not be in better taste for him to write *them* up, or down, as the case may be, in place of slandering the "Pekins?" If Bro. Bicknell don't like them, he is not obliged to keep that variety, but he ought to consider that many of his friends and customers have tried the "Imperial Pekins," and are as much prejudiced in their favor, as he is against.

He further goes out of the way to say that Rouens are *far superior* to Pekins—and yet advertises the former for $10, and the latter $15, per pair! We have nothing to say against Rouens or any other variety, but we have some choice "Pekins," and we like them. "Live and let live," is the best principle.

Respectfully yours, F. G. Batterson.

Portland, March 21, 1876.

WHITE LEGHORNS AGAIN.

Mr. Wade:

Dear Sir,—Your valuable Journal is again at hand. I have felt very much lost for the past two weeks without it, as there is always something to be derived from it, both in Gallina culture and improvement of the mind, as nature, or intentions will prove themselves in time—requiring a little time and experience in cultivation. Strict attention to business, with a little pride attached to the same, makes one master of his trade, and therefore he is able to speak boldly of what he knows to be facts. I see by the Journal of the 14th of February, Mr. C. A. Pitkin is writing of Leghorns in regard to the proper color of ear-lobes. I have had both cream and white—the white are very small in comparison to the cream colored, and are no better layers—therefore I prefer the larger ones, believing them to be two separate breeds. He also refers to an article in the *Rural Journal* of February, 1876, signed H. I should suppose Mr. H. to be a man of much experience, as he says "any mixture of the blood shows itself very plainly in the color of the egg-shell; and, further, such information as this, ought immediately to educate all." As regards this variety, any admixture of blood does not show in color of egg shells, because there is no color to change; and it will only show when mixed with such variety as lay colored eggs, or eggs that are not white. This is what I have been contending for—"just so much coloring as the egg contains beyond its natural color to suit the breed, just so much foreign blood are in the male or female parent;" which all Fanciers will admit before another centennial.

Yours truly,

Wm. I. Pyle.

Ed. Journal:

Dear Sir,—I have what is said to be a genuine first cross between a Light Brahma cock and a speckled Guinea hen. I will be able to give history and particulars soon. Its color is mostly *white*, with some dozen regular Guinea feathers in wings and tail, and a very few on the body. All its feathers are of more than average length for either chicken or Guinea. I herein send you a colored tail feather. This kind is very long from head to tail, and does not stand up very well. It looks to be as big as a Brahma hen, and yet weighs but five pounds and a quarter. Its neck is somewhat longer and its legs some shorter than those of a Brahma hen. It has *no* comb, *no* ear lobes, and no wattles. Its stiff feathers stand out high up on its neck, and it is feathered on the top of its head to its bill. The latter is hawk shaped, blood red near the head and dark and very hard at point. Its face is white, legs rough with no feathers. It can fly like a Guinea, and makes a noise in distress somewhat like one. I don't know its sex, as I have had it but two days. I might add that the boy who brought it to me, told me he had but one Guinea on the farm, and that she hid her nest out, and hatched this thing.

J. W. Greene.

Chillicothe, Mo., March 16, 1876.

CORRECTION.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I notice an article published in the Journal of the 9th inst., which states that Dr. A. M. Dickie has accepted the position of Supervisor of Poultry, &c., at the Centennial Exhibition. I write to inform you that I have been appointed by the Centennial Commission, Superintendent of the Poultry Department, at the International Exhibition. The time for holding the Poultry display, has been definitely fixed as follows: commencing Oct. 27th, and closing Nov. 6th, 1876, you can so state it.

Yours truly, John E. Diehl.

Beverly, N. J., March 20, 1876.

SCOTCH COLLIE.

Editor Fanceries Journal:

Dear Sir,—In No. 10, of Journal appeared a communication from "Inquirer," asking for a description of the Scotch Collie or Shepherds' Dog. I think the following is a true description: Height at shoulder, 21 inches; very gracefully shaped muzzle, pointed ears, half-erect coat, long but fine and silky tail, and hams fringed with hair, color usually black and tan or sandy yellow. I send you this for the benefit of "Inquirer."

Collie.

March 21, 1876

Ed. Fanciers Journal:

Dear Sir,—Do you know Mr. R. Grist of Philadelphia? I sent an advertisement to him in December, for a directory he was publishing, he said would be issued in two months. I have written him two letters and can hear nothing from him. *Is he a fraud?* Yours truly, J. K. Camp.

Winsted, Conn., March 25, 1876.

[We saw Mr. Grist several times in Philadelphia, he then said he was preparing his directory, but it would not be out for some time, we have heard nothing from him or others in reference to the subject for some time.—Ed.]

Editor of Fancier's Journal:

In Vol. III, No. 10, of Fancier's Journal, in the list of Awards of the Easton Poultry Association, for Golden Penciled Hamburg chicks, it mentions Howard Swinning, as taking 1st and 2d premiums. It should be Howard Twining, Doylestown. Please make the correction, and oblige,

Howard Twining.

Doylestown, Buck's Co., Penn.

CORRECTION.

I see in my inquiry of weight of eggs, you omitted the number 8 weighing the amount. If I omitted in my letter, my mistake. Please state 8 weighed 1 lb. ½ oz., or the inference may be 10 weighed it, as it reads. Respectfully,

D. Gilpin.

THE CLOVE CROP.

For a few weeks past there has been considerable speculation in cloves, the principal cause of which is the reported short supply and the deficiency in the coming crop. Advices state that the Amboyna crop is almost a total failure, and that the yield will not probably exceed 200 bales, while that of Zanzibar is also said to be short. As Amboyna cloves are not largely used in this country, being consumed mainly in Europe, the deficiency will not be directly felt here. But as European dealers, in the absence of the Amboyna cloves, will have to make up the loss with the Zanzibar production, the prospects are that our own supply of this latter kind will be curtailed, and it is this that has given rise to the present activity.

From a recent circular of Messrs. Symons & Co., of Rotterdam, we take the following in regard to the future of the clove crop:

About three and a half years ago nearly all of the clove trees at Zanzibar were destroyed by a heavy hurricane, thus depriving the trade of one of its most important sources of supply, the plantations of the Isle of Pemba, which represent about one-third of the whole crop, almost escaping. According to trustworthy accounts, it takes not less than seven years for the tree to bear fruit even in limited quantities; and not until fourteen years does it attain its full growth and yield its maximum quantity of fruit. This proves that nothing can be expected from Zanzibar for four years at least, while the production will be light for a further period of seven years to come.

Ambon, a clove growing country second in importance to none but Zanzibar, will produce a very small quantity, owing to the almost utter neglect of the trees, which are in many instances overgrown by weeds and shrubs.

In comparing the actual demand with the visible supplies, we find that the consumption has increased during the last five years about 9,500 bales annually, according to the deliveries in Holland and London alone. The stock held in Europe and America at the time of the hurricane have so far provided for the wants of the trade, as holders of course rushed their supplies, which at that time were large, into the market and obtained very remunerative prices, a sudden advance following the destruction of the trees.

The total yearly consumption at all places is estimated at 50,000 to 60,000 bales, whilst the production, since the destruction of the trees, has been only 27,000 bales; Ambon producing about 7,000 bales. During the last five years the average of yearly arrivals at London and Holland amounted to 13,523 bales, against deliveries of 15,452 bales; thus the shortcomings of that period amount to 1,929 bales a year.—*American Grocer.*

Exchanges.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"To exchanges for cash" or "greenbacks," "wanted a purchaser," or "wanted an offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BLACK LIST.

We have several complaints against Wm. S. Knox, of Allegheny City. Will Mr. Knox please explain.

C. C. WHEATON, Zoar, Mass, will exchange No 1 Golden Spangled Hamburg Cocks, for Brown Leghorns. Must be good.

L. S. HUDSON, Lansing, Mich., will exchange two fine pair of 1½ inch steel spurs, for Fancy Pigeons. Spurs cost $5 00 per pair.

F. A. PENNINGTON, Delaware City, Del, will exchange a first-class Flute, right, new, cost $11, for Black, Red, and Yellow Fans.

S. K. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., would like to exchange "Doyle's Illustrated Book of Poultry," 380 pages, 40 illustrations, for a good trio of Plymouth Rocks; also have a fine yellow-legged Red Pyle Game Bantam cockerel, value $10, for offers.

W. M. SHAW, East Lemon, Wyoming Co., Pa., will exchange Golden Polands for Duckwing, or B B. R. Games, also for one Black Spanish cock.

JOHN D. WHITE, Chicopee, Mass., has Yellow Jacobin hen to exchange for cock of same variety; also Suabian cock for Suabian hen.

GEO. H. NORTHRUP, Danvers, McLean Co., Ill, will exchange L. Brahma, W. Leghorn, and Bronze Turkey Eggs, for Pekin Duck's eggs; also for copy of New Standard and other books, or Toulouse Geese eggs. We keep nothing but first class stock. (Stamp.)

FRANK I. BARDEN, North Attleboro, Mass., will exchange new seven-barreled Revolver, pure nickel plate, with box of cartridges, and one pair White Crested Fans, one pair Black Tumblers, good stock, for pair of Yellow Jacobins, or White Pouters. Either must be good.

F. A. PENNINGTON, Delaware City, Del., will exchange 2 pairs of Black and White Fans, 1 pair White Dutchess, 1 Blue Dragons, 1 pair Dun Carriers, 1 pair Ruffles Black hen, and Red cock, 1 Black Barb cock, 1 Yellow Owl hen, 1 White Carrier hen, for Red, Black or Dun Carrier hens.

STEPHEN BOALT, Norwalk, Ohio, will exchange P. Cochin, Light and Dark Brahma, Houdan, Black Spanish, S. S. Hamburghs, B. B. R. Game Bantam, and Bronze Turkey eggs, for Aylesbury Ducks, Red Pyle, Black African, and White Game Bantam, Scotch Terrier Dog, or merchandise.

T. P. MONTGOMERY, 9 South 3d St., Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange a fine Coon and Squirrel Dog, well trained, for Fancy Pigeons; pair of Pouters, for female Red Wing Turbit; Dun Carrier cock, for Black Trumpeter cock, or offers.

F. C. SOMES, North Attleboro, Mass., will exchange a pair of common pigeons for a mated pair of Red or Black Jacobins. Must have good hood, chain, pearl eyes, and no foul feathers.

JOHN K. CAMP, Winsted, Conn., will exchange fine large Light Brahma pullets, P. Williams' strain, for fine Colored Dorking hens or pullets. Speak quick.

JOHN MOORE, Toulon, Ills., has 2 W. Leghorn hens, good combs and white ear lobes, No. 1 birds, to exchange for P. Rock eggs from No. 1 stock, or Newfoundland pup, or offers.

I. VARONA, 226 East 32d St., New York, has six pairs Ferrets, three cream and three black, all imported, young, and in first class condition, to exchange for young and extra large Cochins and Brahmas, or for good Berkshire pigs from two to four months old.

M. LYNCH, Petrolia, Butler Co., Pa., will exchange two Game hens (Pit strain), warranted dead game, bred by Dr. Betts, for anything useful; would prefer small Black and Tan dog. What offers?

BOX 86, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange a White Spitz pup about 8 weeks old, very finely bred, for pigeons, or offers.

G. B. MILLS, Box 841, Schenectady, N. Y., will exchange Waltham watch, Sewing and Knitting Machine, Cabinet Organ, all new, for fowls, gun, rifle, revolvers, printing press, turning lathe, or offers.

H. F. WHITMAN, P. O. Box 154, Baltimore, Md., will exchange a pair of Dun Carriers for Barbs of any color, or offers.

M. W. MINER, Wyoming, Ill., will exchange 4 flying squirrels for a good revolver. No more games wanted; but I do want the revolver.

WILSON HARVEY, Brownsburg, Bucks Co., Penn., will exchange 1 good double barrel shot gun, 1 Colt's new seven shot revolver, 1 violin, 1 fish net, 10 yards long, 1 set net, for common or Fancy Pigeons, or Bees, or offers. Write for particulars.

WILLIAM FREY, York, Pa., will exchange a thorough bred white and liver Pointer pup, 8 months old, of the celebrated Prince of Wales stock, for a good trio or pair of Brown Leghorns, or other approved varieties. Send along your offers.

G. H. GOODRICH, Toledo, Iowa, has a fine young Newfoundland dog, large, hand one, and A No. 1 watch dog, to exchange for a well broken Setter, or any desirable pet stock What offers?

MATT HAFLE, Foxburg, Pa., will exchange eggs from first and special premium stock, G. Sp. Hamburgs, Brown Leghorns, and Rouen Ducks, for Bantams, Goose, or Pekin Duck eggs. Write!

T. D. HAMMOND, Mayville, N. J., to reduce stock, will exchange Light Brahmas, cocks or hens, for double barrel breech loading shot gun, Straw Cutter, Brie Lawn Mower, Milch Cow, Pigeons, or offers.

HOWARD TWINING, Doylestown, Bucks Co., Pa., will exchange four Golden Penciled Hamburg cockerels, (last summer's hatch, good stock, two of which took premiums last winter,) for almost anything that offers Let me hear from you soon.

I. P. H. BROWN, Augusta, Georgia, will exchange a few pure tested Italian Queens, of imported mothers, for Dark Brahma hens and cock of genuine stock, or for eggs of same.

J. B. PERRY, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, will exchange White Cochin cock, Todd's stock, for Brown Leghorn hen, or sitting of Red Game Bantam eggs.

G. K. LINDERMAN, Scarlet Mills, Pa., will exchange eggs from Dark Brahmas, Plymouth Rock, and White Leghorns, for Brown Leghorns, W. F. B. Spanish, and Silver Spangled Hamburg eggs. Must be from first class stock, and the same will be given

J. M SKILES, JR., No. 9 Margaret St., Allegheny City, Pa., will exchange one pair Mottled Trumpeters, one pair Yellow Jacobins, one pair Stars, one Yellow Pouter hen, one White Dutch hen, one Ruffleneck Moorecap cock, for Magpie Quakers, Snells, and Black Jacobin cock. Want nothing but first-class birds, as mine are. What offers?

A. E. ABBOTT, East Hampton, Hampshire Co., Mass., will exchange one liver colored, pure blood, unbroken Setter, about 2 years old, for anything that won't eat. What offers? Rejected offers unanswered.

C. G. WILSON, Millbury, Mass., wants to exchange eggs from Dark Brahmas and Plymouth Rocks, from the best of strains, for any kind of Bantam eggs, (name the strains of your fowls,) or Pigeons.

A. S. BEEKMAN, South Branch, N. J., will exchange Lop-eared Rabbits, 11 months old, 16 inch earage; Angoras, 10 months old; Fire do., 3 months old; Fancy Pigeons, Red Jacobins, Tumblers; one handsome pair Yellow Tumblers; one Red Tumbler cock, and several others; one Red Barb cock, very tame, regular pet; White Fans, and Antwerps, for Houdans, White Leghorn pullets, or offers. Nothing but first-class stock wanted.

S. K. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., wants a choice sitting of White Crested White Polish Eggs in exchange for Eggs of White Leghorns, Dark or Light Brahmas, Partridge or Buff Cochins, or Golden Sebright Bantams. Stock strictly high-class, and bred with extreme care.

D. FRANK ELLIS, Cambridge, Mass., will exchange Golden Spangled Hamburg cock or cockerel, for Fancy Pigeons. See wants.

ORVILLE FLINT, Westhampton, Mass., will exchange Bass Drum, 30-inch heads, and Double Barreled Rifle, for Brown Leghorns, fowls, or eggs, Wright's, Tegetmeier's, Cooper's, or Doyles' Poultry Books, Webster's revised Unabridged Dictionary, or what offers.

W. WOODBURY, Niagara Falls, N. Y., would exchange one American Knitting Machine, Florence, Victor, Wilcox & Gibbs Sewing Machines, one Bass Rod, for Lop-eared Rabbits, Brown Leghorns, P. Rocks, Black Hamburghs, Carriers, or Pouters. What offers?

JOHN K. CAMP, Winsted, Ct., will exchange eggs for hatching from first class Light Brahmas, (P. Williams' strain,) for first class S. S. Hamburg, colored Dorking, or B. B. Red Game Bantam hens or pullets.

JOHN E. SCHUM, 150 South Water St., Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange a fine trio of Angora Rabbits, a few Dutch Rabbits, one Light Brahma cockeral; two pullets, good stock; one male Canary bird, one good single barrel shot gun, for most anything useful. Make me offers.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

J. C. LONG, JR., 39 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa., wants good White Jacobin cocks, with clear plumage and pearl eyes; also good Black-winged Turbits, and Blue and Black-winged Swallow hens. State quality and price.

W. ATLEE BURPEE, 1832 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa., wants Fancy Pigeons, especially Jacobins, of all colors. Give particulars and prices. Only first-class birds will be purchased. Large lots preferred.

T. D. HAMMOND, Mayville, N. Y., wants Mocking Bird, must be a good singer; B. B. Red Game Bantam pullets, Ferrets, Scotch Terrier Bitch, Pigeons, Garden Seed, in exchange for Light Brahmas, old or young, male or female.

W. G TRACY, Towanda, Pa., wants a pair of Black Nuns, a pair of Yellow African Owls, and a trio of Gold Laced Sebrights, 1875 hatch. Good stock wanted. Send full description and lowest cash price. Pigeons must be mated. No postals wanted.

D. FRANK ELLIS, Cambridge, Mass., wants a solid Yellow Fantail cock, solid Red Turbit cock, short face Blue Beard hen, and a pair of good Black Beards; also Red or Yellow Nuns, and Black Crested Fantail hens

ADVERTISEMENTS

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

FOR SALE.—Two pairs of crested White Polish, at $5.00 per pair, if ordered quick. G. W. CHIDSEY, Elmira, N. Y.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—First and Special Premium, at Buffalo, 1875; First Premium at Utica, 1876. Eggs, $2.00 per 13. S. S. MORLEY, Clyde, N. Y.

FOR SALE OR TRADE for Buffs or Duckwing Bantams, one pair of fine large Dark Brahmas, '75 hatch Mine are No. 1 stock—shall expect same. J. W. BROWNING, Indianapolis, Ind.

20c. $20. Order Early!

S. K. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., Can ship Eggs from choicest strains of WHITE LEGHORNS, (well-known, popular laying strain of J. F. FERRIS, 50 choice pedigree birds,) Cochins, Brahmas, Bantams, Ducks! Twenty large breeding yards! Safe transportation guaranteed!! *No chromos!!!* Eggs, 20 cents each—$20 per 100!! Fowls, $3 to $20 each! Write!!

PURE and Fresh Eggs from Choice L. Brahmas, P. Rocks, and Brown Leghorns. Thirteen for $2.00; 39 for $5 00.
5t Address C. A. ANDREW, West Boxford, Mass.

FREE.—Send your address to Geo. Resseguie, Jr., North Ridgeway, N. Y., and receive his circular and price list of Eggs for hatching. Low prices and choice stock. 3t eow

FANCY PIGEONS AND EGGS FOR HATCHING.

I have a lot of young Red and Yellow Barbs, at $4.00 per pair; White Fantails, $3.50 per pair; Bald Tumblers, $3.00 per pair; and other varieties at low prices. Can furnish Eggs from Light Brahmas, $4.00; Brown Leghorns, $3.00; P. Cochins, $4.00; American Dominiques and White Leghorns, $3.00 each per setting of 13. My stock is all guaranteed to be pure bred. Eggs carefully packed. J. C. LONG, JR.,
2t 39 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

WHITE LEGHORN EGGS for sale at $2.50 per 13, from my stock that took first premium at Pennsylvania State Poultry Show in 1870–74 and '75; also 1st and special for best cock, and special for best hen at Maryland State Show at Baltimore '76. Birds I raised have taken more first premiums at the Pennsylvania State Show at Philadelphia than all other Leghorns combined! Deny it who can; it can't be did.
eow Address WM. McANALLY, Newark, Del.

G. S. HALL, Gustavus, Trumbull Co., Ohio, can spare Dark Brahmas, Buff Cochins, Partridge Cochins, Brown Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, and B. B. R. Game Bantams. Write for circular giving full descriptions of breeding stock, price list of eggs, etc.

P. S. Having bought of G. W. Dickinson, of Warren, Ohio, his entire stock of Buff and Partridge Cochins, and B. B. Red Game Bantams, including some grand imported fowls and a number of prize winners, I am better prepared than ever to fill orders for first-class stock.

R. F. SHANNON,

Breeder of High Class Light and Dark Brahmas.

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GAME BANTAMS AND FANCY PIGEONS.

EGGS PACKED TO HATCH, AND SATISFACTION GIVEN.

Light Brahmas, $3 per 13; Dark Brahmas, $5; Pyle Bantams, $4. No circulars. Enclose return postage.

P. S. See premium lists of Chicago and Pittsburgh, '76.
Address P. O. BOX, 568, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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LIGHT BRAHMAS, DARK BRAHMAS, PARTRIDGE COCHINS, WHITE LEGHORNS, BROWN LEGHORNS, HOUDANS, GOLDEN SEBRIGHT BANTAMS,

From stock imported by me and from selected specimens of the best strains in this country.

Fowls for sale at all seasons. Eggs for hatching from same pens I use for this purpose, $3.00 per sitting of 13, or 52 for $10.00, any or all varieties. No circulars. When you write, please state explicitly what you want.

GEO. S. JOSSELYN, Fredonia, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL.

THIS POPULAR MONTHLY HAS BEEN ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

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POTTS BROS., Parkersburg, Pa.

B. & V. HASBROUCK, Box 27, South Orange, N. J., Breeders of Fine Poultry and Eggs, have a few more Choice Fowls to sell at low prices, for 30 to 40 days. Fowls are all from No. 1 strains; Buff Cochins at $5 a trio, eggs $1.50 for 13; and nice Rose-Comb Dominiques, only $7.50 to $10 00 per trio, eggs $2.00 per 13 Nothing sent C. O. D. Please state where you saw this advertisement. Orders received now.

HAMBURGS.—Wheaton Bros., Zoar, Mass., are making a specialty of Golden and Silver Spangled Hamburgs, from imported stock. Eggs $2 per 13.

T. T. PRESTON, Candor, N. Y., breeder of Light Brahmas, Buff and Partridge Cochins, Golden Sebright Bantams. Can spare a few eggs from the above varieties, at $5.00 per dozen.
March 1876

C. G. TREXLER, Allentown, Pa., can furnish earthen nest pans at half the usual price; they prevent vermin and promote cleanliness. Price, $1.25 per dozen, or $5.00 for five dozen, including packing. Can be shipped either by freight or express.

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Duncan Kay, Galt, Ont. Canada, importer and breeder of Black Spanish, Black Hamburgs, Golden Penciled Hamburgs, Silver Penciled Hamburgs, Golden and Silver Duck Wing, and Black Breasted Red Game Bantams. Eggs $4 00 per sitting of 13, three sittings for $10.00. A few birds of each variety for sale.

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At half price, from Williams' Light Brahmas and Aylesbury ducks, (Todd's strain).
Address W. W. ELLIOTT,
2t McEwensville, Pa.

The Cheapest and Best

way to get good birds, is to purchase Eggs. I am shipping Eggs from my best Game birds, fresh and carefully packed in baskets, at $5.00 per dozen for Black Reds and Duckwings, and $6.00 per dozen for Brown Reds. All of the above stock are equal to any in the country, and are, many of them, imported birds of the best strains. JOHN STONE,
Coatesville, Chester Co., Penn.

FOR SALE.

Ten good Light Brahma cockerels, 15 to 20 good pullets

I have given careful attention to breeding these fowls for several years.

My birds are pure and my prices reasonable. Write for particulars.
3t T. D. HAMMOND, Mayville, N. Y.

A GOOD OPENING FOR AN ENERGETIC BIRD MAN.

A Bird Store, stock, and fixtures, $300; the only store known in 100 miles radius. The advertiser wishing to embark in other business. One cage in the above cost $120. A good bargain to those interested. The stock will retail, at a rough calculation, about $300. Any stock objected to will be deducted from the same. Address BIRD STORE,
Hyde Park, Penn.

FLYING ANTWERPS.

To arrive in March, fifteen pairs of Flying Antwerps, from Antwerp, Belgium, at from $6 to $10 per pair. Also, extra trained birds, from $15 to $20 per pair. Orders taken for young birds.
JOHN VAN OPSTAL,
4 Lewis Street, New York.

BRONZE TURKEYS AND PEKIN DUCKS.

Eggs, $5.00 per Dozen.

LIGHT BRAHMAS, $3.00 per dozen. Premiums awarded in 1876: At Maine Poultry Exhibition, 1st, 2d, and all specials on Bronze Turkeys; also premiums for best collection of Bronze Turkeys and Pekin Ducks. At New England (Springfield) Exhibition, 1st and 2d on Bronze Turkeys, and 2d and 3d on Pekin Ducks. I am breeding Light Brahmas to the cock which took 1st premium at Maine Exhibition of 1875, and to another which took 1st at Maine Exhibition of 1876. Eggs, $3 per dozen. White Crested Black and Silver Spangled Polish, White and Brown Leghorn eggs from premium stock, $2 per dozen. Birds of all the above kinds for sale. Send for catalogue.
C. P. MATTOCKS, Portland, Me.
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EGGS FOR HATCHING.

I will sell a limited number of Eggs for Hatching from my best mating of Light Brahmas this season, at $3.00 per dozen.

I make a specialty of these fowls, and have 8 breeding pens of choice birds.
6t T. D. HAMMOND, Mayville, N. Y.

WHITE GUINEAS.

I have about five or six more pairs of *pure White Guineas for sale*; also one pair of Dominiques.
Address C. H. FRY,
Box 364, York, Pa.

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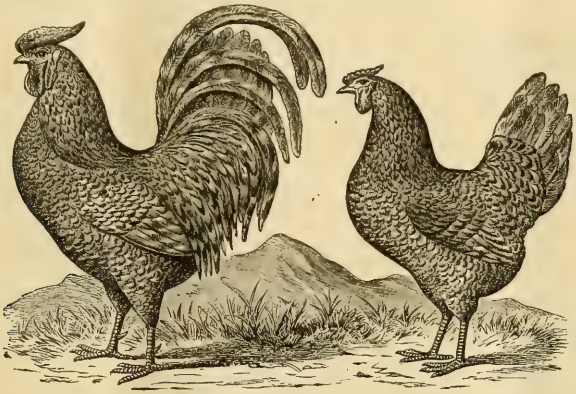
"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, MARCH 30, 1876. No. 13.



AMERICAN DOMINIQUES.

HOME-LOVE.

My heart goes back to a cottage home
  Away 'mid the ferny fells;
Now the guelder roses are out like foam
And the crown imperial's leafy dome
  Is heavy with tremulous bells.

Laburnum and lilac, gold and gloom,
  And the snow-white chestnut spires,
And the bountiful hawthorn's drifted bloom,
They lend me the wings of their swift perfume
  To flee where my soul desires.

Over the town that is friendless and bare,
  O'er tower and steeple and dome,
Over great houses and gardens rare,
Over wide forests and pastures fair,
  Till I come to my cottage home.

To my home that is hid in the Past's great tomb
  I can go with the scent of the flow'rs,
And pass, by the magic of each perfume,
Through the garden paths and the shaded room
  Where I lived Life's happiest hours.

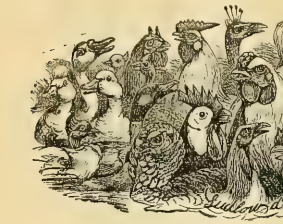
AMERICAN DOMINIQUES.

This is an old-fashioned breed, so to speak, which is probably quite as widely known, and has been as well liked as any of the now fashionable ones, which are now sought after at extraordinary prices. The Dominique is a breed adapted to all uses, being very hardy, both as fowls and chicks, excellent layers, and especially as winter layers, they have few if any equals. The hens are good setters and mothers. The color of plumage may be described, as bluish-gray each feather having a light grey ground, barred crosswise with a dark, slaty, blue penciling. The cocks have a proud carriage, full neck, and saddle hackles, and full tails, with well curved sickle feathers. The hens are active and domestic. We should add that a broad back, and full deep breast, with short thighs set wide apart, and well tucked wings, are essential points. They are fine birds for the table, their flesh being very tender and juicy, and of excellent flavor, and their bones being small, they afford much more meat than large framed birds of greater weight, and the color of plumage contrasting with their bright red faces, combs, earlobes, and wattles, and yellow legs, render them very attractive wherever seen. And their many good qualities commend them to the notice of both farmer and fancier.

THE SPANISH CHESTNUT.

In all the mountain regions of Spain, France, Italy, and Switzerland, their declivities, half way up from the plains below to the snowy peaks above, are clothed with magnificent forests of a species of chestnut, the edible fruit of which, imported into this country, is known as the Spanish chestnut. Gardener's Farmer's Dictionary contains the following brief description of this "famous European tree;" The European, also called the Spanish or Italian chestnut, is of immense size and longevity, trees being known which have a girth of sixty feet. The wood, except in very old trees, is admirable, being more durable than oak in most situations. The bark is also used in tanning. It prefers a dry, silicious soil, abounding in silicious matter and potash. The European variety is easily raised from the seed, grows rapidly, and bears in seven years. The fruit is five times larger than ours, and commands a good price in the market; chestnuts are used boiled, roasted and raw. In southern France, Italy, etc., they constitute the bread of a large population.

An old lady hearing of a pedestrian's "great feat," wondered why they didn't interfere with his fast walking.



Poultry Department.

RAISING TURKEYS.

Last year while traveling in the Visalia country, we met a flock of 300 turkeys, which were being driven to San Francisco to market. It seemed very strange that turkeys could stand so long a trip, but Mr. Johnson, one of the proprietors, informed us that he drove his turkeys to market every year in this manner. Thinking that he must be a very successful poultry raiser, we questioned him as to his method of raising and feeding them, and as we camped together that night, we learned the following facts: "I own half this flock," said Mr. Johnson, "and I raise from 150 to 200 turkeys every year. I have about ten acres of alfalfa, over which I run the water. I have had it fenced off in two fields, turkey tight, and then I clip their wings. I have good warm houses and attractive places for the hens to lay, and when they begin to hatch, I shut up the brood for a week or two. At first I feed them coarse corn meal, corn being very plenty in my locality, and mix it up with scalding water or sour milk. I commence from the very first to mix a little black pepper in their feed, and I am careful not to over-feed, nor let them have anything to eat later than four o'clock in the afternoon.

When the young are about two months old I allow the hens to take them into one of the alfalfa fields, and after that they require very little feeding, though a little scalded meal and black pepper, and occasionally a little sulphur, is very good. All the thick milk I put in troughs where they can get all they want of it. He informed us that his present number of turkeys would bring in San Francisco over four hundred dollars. It was his calculation to keep them somewhere near Oakland, in a suitable field until they had recruited from the trip, before offering for sale.—*Sacramento Valley Agriculturalist.*

NON-SITTING FOWLS.

The non-sitters comprise all the different kinds of Hamburgs, Spanish, Leghorns, and Polands, and also some of the French fowls. To eradicate the instinct, which is so inherent in wild birds and so necessary to their existence, poultry keepers have taken the least constant sitters for many generations, to lay eggs for hatching. This is a curious instance of what can be done by the breeder's art, and is quite valuable, as division of labor works as economically in the poultry-yard as in human society. Non-sitters, if well-bred, will not give one confirmed case of sitting among fifty birds, though they sometimes sit for a few hours or a day, but soon leave off. They often have periods of leaving off laying for several days or a week. These correspond to the sitting fever of the incubating breeds. The instances of fowls sitting steadily, although belonging to a breed of pure non-sitters, show reversion to the primitive type when incubation was universal.

If you wish your stock fully up to the mark, do not breed from such. A cross between two different breeds of non-sitters produces a race that sits as regularly and persistently as any fowls. Some crosses between breeds are very desirable, but non-sitters should be kept pure, or the trait which constitutes their principal value, is lost. Where many fowls are kept it is better to have the larger part consist of some non-sitting breeed. A great saving may be made in a sitting breed to produce a few good mothers, and the rest, say three-quarters of the whole of your stock, of some breed of non-sitters. Labor is so high in this country, that the time of man, woman and child, capable of managing poultry, is worth saving. It is as easy to take care of two hundred non-sitting hens during the warm season as one hundred of a sitting variety. Suppose the non-sitters are kept in eight yards, each yard having twenty-five layers, with no trouble from obstinate, clucking hens; also the latter in four yards, of twenty-five each. It being well known, among managers of poultry, that fowls must be kept quiet to do well, and therefore must not be mixed with strangers; the sitters from a yard must be confined in a particular jail-pen, to cure incubating inclinations, and then returned to their own friends in the same yard. Now, four yards each with its jail-pen, make eight in all to be supplied with food, water and dust-bath, to be cleared often, and also to be whitewashed or to be treated with carbolic acid, the work being about the same as that required by the eight yards of non-sitters in the first case; and if we make any account of time spent, in looking after and removing sitters, which is considerable, where there are a great number of fowls, the sitters compare at a still greater disadvantage.—*American Stock Journal.*

SIZE OF FLOCKS.

Persons wishing to realize the best results per capita should not keep too many fowls together. The larger the flock, the smaller the average number of eggs to the hen. A smaller number than fifteen kept together, will give a better average of eggs than a greater number.

Flocks do pretty well until they number twenty; but a greater number will not give profits corresponding to numbers of ten, twelve, or even six in a flock.

To illustrate what we mean, we say, if we had thirty six hens, we would expect to get better returns from them if they were separated into three colonies and kept apart, than if they all ran in one flock. Three flocks would take no more feed, but would require a little more time to look after them, than if they all ran together, and would give from thirty to forty per cent. better returns. We do not claim that it will pay farmers to arrange the necessary accommodations for separating their flocks and keeping them apart, but simply state the fact that small flocks are more profitable than large ones, unless the necessary care be given to the large flocks. We would not undertake to keep more than twenty-five hens in one flock, and generally keep from ten to fifteen in a flock.—*Journal of Agriculture and Farmer.*

RAISE FOWLS.

In view of the fact that grasshoppers and other insect plagues are spreading over the country from the West, and that they generally accompany a dry summer and may be expected to reach this state soon, it would be well for farmers and all who can do so, to raise many chickens, turkeys, and other domestic fowls, which, like the birds, are among the best destroyers of insect life. Shooting of all insectiverous birds should also be prevented. Even crows will do more good by destroying potato bugs and grasshoppers than is generally supposed. An instance is related of a flock of crows having cleared of potato bugs a patch of potatoes planted near the edge of a wood, and it is suggested that a dead snake or any small carcass placed near by would draw them to

any potato-patch not too close to the farm buildings. Our readers will no doubt remember the account published last year of a vast army of black caterpillers in California being destroyed and the crops saved by turning into the field two thousand turkeys, collected wherever they could be found, for that special purpose. The small grasshoppers are increasing in numbers most remarkably every year, even in this section, and domestic fowls will be found a valuable aid in their suppression. The wise laws against the destruction of insectiverous birds have already checked the alarming increase of caterpillers, and largely augmented the yearly fruit crop in this region; and now, as we have destroyed nearly all the woods in which the game birds found shelter, we must defend ourselves against the larger insect pests by raising armies of domestic fowls. Every one owning even a small lot of ground can help, and they will generally more than pay for the trouble and expense of keeping them.—*Reading Eagle.*

A DOUBLE EGG.

Less than a mile from Pillow, Pa., lives a farmer that had a double, or double shelled, egg. It was an extra large egg, and drew the attention of the family, and came to the conclusion that it must have two yolks.

When the lady came to use the egg, she made a small hole in the shell to let it run out, but only a small quantity of white came out. When nothing more came she began an examination, and to her amazement found another perfect egg inside the shell. She preserved it till the family came together, when she showed it, and told them what she had found.

When the second shell was broken, nothing more was found than a real and natural egg. The egg was also shown to neighbors who can testify to its truth.

FACTS IN TURKEY BREEDING.

The American *Agriculturalist* has these comments and quotations on turkey breeding and raising:

There is nothing like facts to confirm a theory. If it were really believed that good selection and good feed would increase the average size of turkeys a third, it would not be difficult to get intelligent farmers to pay attention to these points. We find a very important item in a local journal from North Stonington, Ct., which confirms this view. This town is on the borders of Rhode Island, and represents the district where the Narragansett turkeys are principally raised, known in the market as Rhode Island turkeys. The writer says: "Probably more than fifty thousand pounds of poultry were sent from this vicinity for the Thanksgiving market in Boston last season, at 23 cents per pound. The quality sent this year is better than that of last year, some lots of turkeys averaging more than twelve pounds, and one monstrous old fellow bore down thirty-six and a quarter. The size of turkeys raised hereabouts has increased steadily for twenty-five or thirty years, owing to attention to propagation. The time was when the average at Thanksgiving did not exceed eight pounds, and brought only as many cents per pound; whereas the weight has been increased fifty per cent., and the price two hundred per cent."

From Stonington, the town immediately south, a still larger quantity was sent, and the quality was a grade heavier. Said an old farmer who bought a large bronze gobbler of premium stock last season: "I must have some more of that stock, for I have the heaviest turkeys in the neighborhood." Good feed, especially during the first fall and winter, is almost as important as good stock. A farmer feeds a bushel of corn a day to a hundred turkeys in November, at the cost of a dollar, and it looks a little extravagant. But it is less than the third of a quart, and the cost of a cent a day for each bird. We once tried the experiment of feeding some second litter turkeys through the winter, and found the hens gained about two pounds a month and the gobblers three. The feed was principally boiled potatoes, and meal and corn. At this rate, the gain in flesh, at twenty-five cents a pound, would be worth seventy-five cents a month for each gobbler, and fifty cents for each hen. If thirty cents worth of feed will make this gain, it cannot be very bad business to feed turkeys liberally through the winter. By all means have large, well-fed stock to breed from in the spring, and the time to make them is now.

WOMEN AS POULTRY RAISERS.

The special capacity of women for caring for pets is so well established that it is a matter of suprise that a larger number do not make their natural inclination a matter of profit in the raising of poultry. There is no reason why woman may not be as successful as man in this branch of productive and profitable industry. Indeed, when it is considered that the business requires close attention to minute details, patience, and gentleness of manner, woman seems to be peculiarly fitted for the business. The Danbury man's humorous description of the different ways in which woman and man attempt to get a hen into the coop, and the superiority of the former's method, is as true as it is funny. After the hennery or coop is built there is no department of the work that a woman cannot preform without exhausting labor or too heavy demand upon her time. "Down South," poultry raising is a woman's special department, and one need not go farther South than Baltimore or Washington to find the markets thronged with the female venders of their own feathered products. That the business is profitable, the experience of hundreds testifies, and that it is healthful, and may be attractive, is susceptible of demonstration. —*Iowa Fine Stock Gazette.*

HEREDITY.

How far external conditions will influence a being, and then that being communicate it to a race, is brought up prominently by a discussion now going on as regards the origin of a breed known as Tailless Fowls. These breed and continue to breed chickens that have no tails; and there is a sort of tradition, believed in by chicken-fanciers, that this breed originated by some one cutting off the tails of a pair and continuing to cut them off for several successive generations. Once started in that way by art, the habit became second nature to them, and they continue to communicate this nature to their progeny. This is the idea, and it seems very absurd to entertain it for a moment. Ever since the Normans conquered England, men of that country have used the razor and shaved their faces clean. No doubt some families could be found in which for many generations not a hair of their beard has been allowed to grow; yet we venture to say that if any young sprig of such a family were ambitious to raise a mustache, he would have no more trouble in doing so than any average young blood of the present day. We pare our nails and clip our hirshute head-covering continually, and some say only to make them grow all the more! Surely all this should show that nothing permanent could come from clipping feathers from the birds in the way of finally suppressing them. Still there is no doubt that continuous habits have some influence on heredity. For an instance it is said, and it is probably true, that the operatives of India have a finer sense of touch than we have, and that this has been wholly brought about by handling silk for so many generations. The one who now may never have handled silk, yet inherits the delicate sensation from those who have. In cattle also, many injuries inflicted externally become hereditary spavin, a disease wholly from over-work in the first instance, according to Hugard, an authority among veterinarians, will reappear in the

offspring, as well as other weaknesses arising in the same way. Hugard even believes that a blind race could be formed by continually breeding from parents that had their eyes put out; and simple disuse for want of light to use their eyes, produced in time the family of blind fishes which inhabit the Mammoth Cave.

As we have said, there does not seem any more reason why continuous shaving should not in time end in a beardless race, than in the idea that continuous cropping produced the Tailless fowls; but the whole subject is one that is not well worked out, though it is of great interest to every stock-breeder.—*Journal of Agriculture and Farmer.*

THE EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL POULTRY ASSOCIATION AT CHICAGO.

The much talked of show came off according to programme. The entries numbered about 2,200—a large number, but still not equal to the general expectation. It was the universally expressed opinion that there would be from 3,000 to 4,000 entries, especially as the premiums were awarded to single birds. In point of excellence, the show was fully equal to the average, and, perhaps, a little above.

The exhibition was held in the north wing of the Exposition Building—a fine hall, three hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide. The fowls were well arranged, leaving broad, spacious aisles between the rows of pens, and frequent cross passages, so that, while there were hundreds of people present, the room did not seem at all full. Some defects in management, which are always incidental to a first show, were perceivable, but these will be rectified after the experience of this exhibition.

Of the breed shown, the Asiatics and Games were the largest classes. Of Light Brahmas, there were one hundred and fifty-five entries; of Dark, one hundred and ten. The first were a good show, but not equal to Brooklyn in quality. The application of the new scale-of-points did not meet with favor by all the exhibitors, although the judges are (or seem to be) quite satisfied with its working.

In Cochins, of Partridge there were sixty; Buff, eighty; White, twenty-four, and Black, twenty; all excellent classes,—the Whites the poorest, many of the birds having been the rounds of the shows for the past two months, and being greatly out of condition in consequence. The Partridge were excellent, and the Buff probably the finest class seen for some years.

In the Games, the Black Reds numbered seventy-four entries, and a grand class they were. The celebrated Pure-Gold strain of Dan. Allen, Galt, Ont., were exhibited in four generations, and succeeded in carrying off their share of prizes. It was a hard class to judge, for competition was very close. In the other varieties of Games, there were one hundred and thirty-seven pens, and a grand display they made. The Yellow Duckwings were very fine, as a class, which is unusual. Silver Duckwings, also good. The prize birds of Brown Reds were of extraordinary merit, but the remainder not above the average.

Of Polish there was a total of ninety-six pens divided into Silvers, fifteen; Golden, twenty-eight; White, thirty-seven, and White-Crested Black, sixteen. All the varieties of unusual excellence, and forming a class, the like of which we have never before seen. Sperry, of Hartford, was there in strong force with his Whites, and carried off all the prizes in that variety. The White-Crested Black were splended. One exhibitor had some grand birds, which would have won high honors, but he was over anxious, and plucked out the few black feathers there were in the crests; the birds were, of course, disqualified, and he was made a wiser, if not a happier man. Goldens and Silvers were both of a quality rarely seen. The judge on Goldens, however, was somewhat green, for he threw over cocks, or cut them severely, because they had white feathers in their crests, when, as every breeder knows, old fowls of this variety are never without them.

Of Dorkings, there were but twenty pens. Whites good; Silver Grays fine in size, but bad in plumage; Colored, very large and fine.

Hamburgs were also a grand class. Silver Spangled, thirty-seven coops, of high merit; Gold Spangled, nineteen pens, ditto. Ongley, of Auburn, was well represented here, and won high honors with his celebrated "Beldon's stock. Silver Penciled comprised the largest and best class of this variety we have ever seen. Golden Penciled, a large class, twenty-eight coops, also excellent. Blacks, the smallest in numbers, but not at all behind in excellence, reflected credit on Wright of Sandwich, Ont. Competition was very close, and much dissatisfaction prevailed among exhibitors, each claiming *his* fowls should have been first. The judging, in our opinion, *was* faulty.

In the French class, Houdans led with twenty-two coops. Creves, only four pens; all of fair quality. La Fleche, four coops, were good.

In Spanish, there were twenty-two pens, a good class, better than usually seen.

Leghorns, a poor class. Whites, thirty pens; many of the prize winners had very yellow ear-lobes. The present Standard allowing this "creamy" tinge, deteriorates sadly the quality of the birds for the show pen. Brown, only seven pens, but enough and plenty for the quality,—a very poor lot. First cockerel and pullet both dark colored, dull and cloudy, and small; ear-lobes and comb the only good points about them. There was nothing in the class worthy of a first, and very doubtful if of second. Dominique Leghorns, only two pens of very fair birds.

Of Plymouth Rock there were twenty pens. A good show of good birds. Competition very close, and some very good birds just shut out by only one or two points.

Game Bantams numbered one hundred and twenty-two pens, and were, without doubt, the finest lot ever shown in America. Spaulding, of Jaffrey, N. H., had it nearly all his own way on Black Reds and Duckwings, and also considerable of a "Pile" of premiums on other varieties. Smith, of Buffalo, N. Y., McLaren, of Meadville, Pa., and Seamans, of Wauwatosa, Wis., were his strongest competitors. Of Sebright, the Goldens numbered seven coops, only fair. Silvers, nine pens, were unusually fine in color. In fact, the best we have seen for a great many years. Plumage was clear white and lacings fine. Black Africans, twenty-seven coops, also a most excellent collection, probably never excelled on this continent. The birds were overfed, and when the judges finally examined them, some of the best and handsomest birds were disqualified for over-weight. The best cock of the whole lot, in our opinion—owned by Allen, of Galt,—exceeded the prescribed weight by one-half ounce, and was shut out. The first prize cockerel—owned by Enos, of Milwaukee,—was a perfect beauty, and deserved his honors. Elben, of Pittsburg, carried off high laurels in this class.

The Turkey class was small, but good. The same may be said of the Geese, which comprised only seven pens.

Ducks numbered thirty-eight pairs. Aylesburys, nine pens, of fine quality; Rouens, ten pens, also fine; Pekins, eight pens (as usual, much lighter in weight than either Aylesburys or Rouens, although apparently of double the weight). Cayugas, good, and White-Crested also good.

In the miscellaneous class, Erminetts and Silkies disputed the palm.

Of Rabbits, there were seven entries of Lops and two of Himalayans, all fine specimens.

Ferrets, four entries, Reinhardt, of Buffalo, having the finest collection, which were exclusively of the "fitch" variety. They

were very gentle, allowing strangers to handle them with perfect impunity. They are noted for their gentleness, and fine ratting and hunting qualities. Johnson, of Wisconsin, also exhibited largely some fine Whites, and of other colors.

Pigeons counted up two hundred and sixty-five pens: Spear, of Milwaukee, and Beier, Jr., of Buffalo, the largest exhibitors, The collection was a fine one, and quality very good; some of the high-class pigeons extra fine.

Axford, of St. Louis, exhibited his "*Lightning Steam Hen.*" (a misnomer, as there was no steam about it, neither "lightning"). The machine had been running in the office of the building for three months previous to the show, and the chicks were hatching out daily, to the delight of the ladies and children, who constantly surrounded the stand. The principal points of the machine are the regulation of the heat, by means of electricity, and the mode of providing humidity in the egg-drawer. It is, however, too complicated to meet with general favor, as well as too high priced. The capacity of the machine on exhibition was one hundred and fifty eggs, and the price $150. In strong contrast, was the "*Self Regulating Incubator,*" standing close by: a simple (apparently) square box, holding one hundred and fifty eggs, price $35; regulating itself, and keeping the heat at 101 to 103°, without any attention other than trimming the lamp, and filling it as often as required.

The dog show was held in another part of the building during the three last days of the Poultry exhibition, and was a grand success. Over three hundred dogs were shown, comprising all sorts and sizes. We hope to have a special report of this department for some future issue.

LIST OF AWARDS.

NATIONAL POULTRY SOCIETY, CHICAGO, JANUARY 20 TO 28, 1876.

BRAHMAS. *Light*, Cocks. First, Woodward Brothers, Hyde Park, Ill.; second, Wright & Butterfield, Sandwich, Ont.; third, P. Williams; fifth, Jarvis & Lamb, London, Ont. Cockerels. First, P. Williams; second, Woodward Brothers; third, P. Williams; fourth, C. G. C. Alden, sumnan, Ind. Hens. First, P. Williams; second and third, Woodward Brothers; fourth and fifth, P. Williams. Pullets. First and third, same; second, C. G. C. Alden; fourth, W. R. Phelps, Chicago. *Dark*, Cocks. First, S. H. Seamans, Wauwatosa; second, third and fourth, P. Williams; fifth, W. H Doel, Lancaster, Ont. Cockerels. First, P. Williams; second, C. A. Sweet, Buffalo; third, William Horn, Janesville, Ill.; fourth, J. W. P. Hovey, Glencoe, Ill. Hens. First, C. A. Sweet; second, P. Williams; third, H. M. Thomas, Brooklyn, Ont.; fourth and fifth, C. A. Sweet. Pullets. First, First, fourth, and fifth, P. Williams; second, R. F. Shannon, Pittsburg; third, C. A. Sweet.

COCHINS. *Partridge*, Cocks. First, third and fourth, P. Williams; second, Wright & Butterfield; fifth, Jarvis & Lamb. Cockerels. First, second and fourth, P. Williams; third, B. N. Pierce, Corning, Iowa; fifth, W. B. Shyrigh, Urbana, O. Hens. First, P. Williams; second, J. N. Barker, Thornton, Ind.; third, Wright & Butterfield; fifth, A. P. Groves, Philadelphia, Pa. Pullets. First, second, third and fourth, P. Williams; fifth, Lapham & Co., Northfield, Ind. *Buff*, Cocks. First and third, Jones & Sons, Tecumseh, Mich.; second, T. F. Barnes, Blairstown, Iowa; fourth, S. H. Seamans; fifth, S. Platt, Geneva, Ill. Cockerels. First and fourth, Wright & Butterfield; second, J. T. Boyden, Lincoln, Ill.; third and fifth, T. F. Barnes. Hens. First, Jones & Sons; Second, Wright & Butterfield; third, Dodge & Kelley, Ravena, O.; fourth, J. N. Barker; fifth, T. F. Barnes, Pullets. First, J. T. Boyden; second, Wright & Butterfield; third and fourth, T. F. Barnes; fifth, J. T. Boyden. *White*, Cocks. Second, J. J. Berry, Hackensack, N. J.; third, S. H. Seamans. Cockerels. First and second, S. H. Seamans; third, J. J. Berry. Hens. First, S. H. Seamans; third and fifth, J. J. Berry; fourth, W. B. Shyrigh. Pullets. First, W. E. Stitt, Columbus, Wis.; fourth, S. H. Seamans. Hen. Second, J. J. Berry. Pullets. Second and third, J. J. Berry. *Black*, Cocks. First and third, P. Williams. Cockerels. First, Mrs. J. C. Dawell, Elmwood, Ill.; second, third, fourth and fifth, P. Williams. Hens. First, P. Williams; third, C. W. Heaton, Farmington, Ill. Pullets. First and third, P. Williams; second, Mrs. D. W. Dawell.

GAMES. *Black-Breasted Red*, Cocks, First, Curtis & Whiton, Buffalo; Second, D. Allen, Galt, Ont.; third, Miller & Frazer, Polo, Ill.; fourth, H. M. Thomas; fifth, Mrs. J. C. Dawell. Cockerels. First and second, D. Allen; third and fourth, John Snider, Homer, Mich.; fifth, Curtis & Whiton. Hens, First and fourth, same; second and third, D. Allen. Pullets. First, second and third, same; fourth, S. E. Law, Norwood Park, Ill.; fifth, Curtis & Whiton. *Brown Red*, Cocks. First, D. Allen; second, Curtis & Whiton. Hens. First, A. F. Bradley, Jeffersonville, Ill.; second, Curtis & Whiton; third, D. Allen. Pullets. First, A. McLaren, Meadville, Pa. *Silver Duckwing*, Cocks. First, second and third, Curtis & Whiton. Cockerels. Second, H. M. Thomas; third, Curtis & Whiton. Hens. Third, same. Pullets. Second, same. *Yellow D. W.*, Cocks. First, Curtis & Whiton; second, H. M. Thomas; fourth, J. D. Olcott, Milwaukee. Cockerels. First and fourth, Curtis & Whiton; second, D. Allen; third, H. M. Thomas. Hens. First, second and fourth, J. H. Hammell, St. Louis; third, D. Allen. Pullets. Fourth, Curtis & Whiton. Cock, Third, John McGraw. *Red Pile*, Cocks. First, H. M. Thomas; second, Curtis & Whiton; third, Grant & Leonard, Davenport, Ind. Cockerels. First, Curtis & Whiton; second, J. D. Olcott. Hens. First, H. M. Thomas; second, Curtis & Whiton. Pullets. First, same; second, J. D. Olcott. Cock. Fourth, J. Munroe, Chicago. Hens. Third and fourth, same. *Black*, Cocks. First, S. E. Law. Hens. First, same; third, Curtis & Whiton. Pullets, First, same; second, Miller & Fraser. Cockerel. First, S. Cameron. Hen. Second, same. *Spangled*, Cocks. First, J. D. Hammill; second, S. Cameron, Beaver, Pa. Hens. First, J. S. Hammill; second, S. Cameron. *Blue*, Cock. First, Grant & Leonard. Hens. First, same. Pullets. First, Hughes & Wachter, Sparta, Wis. Cockerel. First, S. Cameron. Pullet. Second, John Snider. *Grey*, Cocks. Second, E. C. Dietrich, Buffalo. Cockerels. E. C. Dietrich. Hens. First, D. Allen; second, E. C. Dietrich; third, Miller & Fraser. Pullets. First, same. Cock. First, J. Munroe. Cockerel. First, S. Cameron. Pullets. First, same.

LEGHORNS. *White*, Cocks First, J. B. Smith; second, N. Adams, Utica, N. Y. Cockerels, B. Smith; second, O. L. Taylor, Freeport, Ill; third, S. H. Seamans; fourth, L. D. Ely, Rochester, N. Y. Hens. First, S. H. Seamans; second, J. B. Smith; third, L. D. Ely; fourth, N. Adams. Pullets. Second, O. L. Taylor; third, J. B. Smith; fourth, S. H. Seamans. Cock. Third, O. Howland. Pullet. First, same. *Dominique*, Cockerels. F. M. Moeller, Plymouth, Mass. Pullets. First, same. *Brown*, Cockerels. First, O. Foester, Chicago. Pullets. First, same; second and third, J. G. Lapham, Northville, Ill. Cockerel. First, S. Cameron. Pullet. Second, O. Cameron.

BLACK SPANISH. Cocks. First, R. McMillan; second, H. M. Thomas; third and fourth, F. M. Bradley, Chicago. Cockerels. First and third, J. Bennet, Sunman, Ind.; second and fourth, R. McMillan. Hens. First, H. M. Thomas; second, O. Howland, Auburn, N. Y. Pullets. First, R. McMillan; second and third, J. Bennet.

HAMBURGS. *Black*, Cocks. First and second, George Wood, Ithaca, N. Y.; third, Wright & Butterfield. Cockerels. First, George Wood; second, Wright & Butterfield; third, W. E. Shedd, Waltham, Mass.; fifth, Wright & Butterfield. Hens. First and third, George Wood; second, R. McMillan; fourth, Wright & Butterfield. Pullets. First and second, J. M. Lambing, Parker's Landing, Pa.; third, George Wood; fourth, Wright & Butterfield. *Golden Spangled*, Cocks. First and second, E. S. Ongley, Auburn, N. Y. Cockerels. First, second and third, same. Hens. First, C. B. Elben; second and third, F. Sturdy, Guelpt, Ont.; fourth, E. S. Ongley. Pullets. First, second and fourth, same; third, F. Sturdy. *Golden Penciled*, Cocks. First, C. S. Burt, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; second, R. McMillan; third, C. S. Burt. Cockerels. First, same; second and fourth, R. McMillan; third, Wright & Butterfield. Hens. First, C. S. Burt. Pullets. First, R. McMillan; second and fourth, C. S. Burt; third, Wright & Butterfield. *Silver Spangled*, Cocks. First and second, W. A. Worden, Auburn, N. Y. Cockerels. First and second, same; third, Wright & Butterfield; fourth, A. Kephart, Berrien Springs, Mich. Hens. First and fourth, Wright & Butterfield; second and third, W. A. Worden. Pullets. First and second, same; third, Lapham & Co., Northville, Mich.; fourth, C. B. Elben, Pittsburg. *Silver Penciled*. First and second, W. A. Worden. Cockerels. First and third, same; fourth, Wright & Butterfield. Hens. First and second, W. A. Worden. Pullets. First and second, same; third, Wright & Butterfield; fourth, Duncan Kay, Galt, Ont.

POLISH. *White Crested White*, H. T. Sperry, Hartford, Conn., took twenty-four premiums, all that were awarded on this variety. *W. C. Black*, Cocks. Third, Stowe & Leaton, Bloomington, Ill.

Cockerels. First, Wright & Butterfield; second, S. H. Seamans; third, Jarvis & Lamb. Hens. First. Dr. H. Enos, Milwaukee, Mich.; second, Stone & Leaton; third, S. H. Seamans. Pullets. First, Wright & Butterfield; second, Jarvis & Lamb; third and fourth, S. H. Seamans. *G. S.*, Cocks. First, A. Fosgate, Auburn, N. Y.; third, H. M. Thomas; fourth, Jarvis & Lamb. Cockerels. First, Cartwright & Co., Fairport, N. Y.; second, H. M. Thomas; third and fourth, Cartwright & Co. Hens. Second, H. M. Thomas; third, Cartwright & Co. Pullets. Second, H. M. Thomas; third and fourth, Cartwright & Co. *G. S. Bearded.* Cocks, Second, H. M. Thomas; third, Cartwright & Co. Cockerels. First, H. M. Thomas. Hens. First and second, A. Fosgate; third, H. M. Thomas; fourth, Cartwright & Co. Pullets. First, H. M. Thomas. *S. S.*, Cocks. First, Cartwright & Co.; second, H. M. Thomas. Cockerels. First, Cartwright & Co; second, George H. Gilfut, Auburn, N. Y. First, Cartwright & Co. Pullets. First. G. H. Gilfut.

Houdans. Cocks. First, S. H. Seamans; second, George Butters, Oak Park, Ill; third, Mrs. J. C. Darwell. Cockerels. Jarvis & Lamb; second, J. C. Walters, Leonardville, N. Y.; third, Geo. Butters. Hens. First, Cartwright & Co.; second, J. M. Willis, Bloomington, Ill.; third, S. H. Seamans; fourth, George Butters. Pullets. First, Jarvis & Lamb; second, Mrs. J. C. Darwell; fourth, George Butters. Pullets. Third, F. P. Sigler, Oseola, Iowa.

Creveceurs. Cocks. First, J. Henry Symonds, Boston. Cockerels. First, same. Hens. First, same. Pullets, same.

Dorkings. *White*, Cocks. First, Jarvis & Lamb. Cockerels. First, same. Hens. First, same. Pullets. First, same. *Colored*, Cocks. First, S. H. Seamans; second, H. M. Thomas. Cockerels. First, S. H. Seamans. Hens. First, H. M. Thomas; second, S. H. Seamans. Pullets. First and second, same.

Plymouth Rocks. Cocks. First, A. P. Coddington, Trumansburgh, N. Y.; second, J. J. Berry, Cockerels. First, A. P. Coddington; second, D. White, New London, Ohio; third, E. N. Sanders, Oshkosh, Wiss.; fourth, N. Adams, Utica, N. Y. Hens. First, J. J. Berry; second, Lapham & Co.; fourth, J. J. Berry; fifth, A. P. Coddington. Pullets. First, D. White; second, N. Adams; third, S. Beard, Polo, Ill.; fourth, A. P. Coddington.

Dominiques. Cocks. First, E. K. Smith, Wolcottville, Conn. Cockerels. First and second, J. Y. Bicknell; third, E. K Smith; fourth, O. Howland. Hens. Second, same; third, J. Y. Bicknell; fourth, E. K. Smith. Pullets. First, J. Y. Bicknell; second, O. Howland.

Bantams. *B. B. R. Game*, Cocks. First and second, E. R. Spaulding; third, E. B. Smith, Buffalo; fourth, A. McLaren. Cockerels. First, second and third, E R. Spaulding; fourth, E. B. Smith. Hens. First, second and third, E. R. Spaulding; fourth, D. Allen. Pullets. First and second, E. R. Spaulding; fourth, E. B. Smith. *Silver D. W.*, Cocks. First, E. R. Spaulding; third, S. A. Seamans; fourth, McMillan. Cockerels. First, T Mason, Jacksonville, Ill.; second, Duncan Kay; third, A. McLaren; fourth, R. McMillan. Hens, First, E. R. Spaulding; second, E. B. Smith; third, S. H. Seamans; fourth, Duncan Kay. Pullets. First, T. Mason; second, R. McMillan; third, S. A. Philbrook, Brookville Center, Wis.; fourth, E. B. Smith. *Yellow D. W.*, Cocks. First and second, E. R. Spaulding; third, D. Allen; fourth, Duncan Kay. Cockerels. First, E. R. Spaulding; second, E. B. Smith; third and fourth, E. R. Spaulding. Hens. First and second, same; third, D. Allen. Pullets. First, E. B. Smith; second, third and fourth, E. R. Spaulding. *Red pile*, Cocks. First. R. F. Shannon; second and third, A. McLaren. Cockerels. First, E. B. Smith; second, R. F. Shannon; third, G. A. Spear, Milwaukee; fourth, S. H. Seamans. Hens. First, E. B. Smith; second, G. H. Spear; third, A. McLaren. Pullets. First, E. B. Smith; second and third, S. H. Seamans; fourth, R. F. Shannon. *White pile*, Cocks. First, E. B. Smith. Cockerels. First, same. Hens. First, same. Pullets. First same. *Ginger Red*, Cockerel. First, C. H. Hodge, Buffalo. *Black*, Cock. First, C. H. Hodge. Hen. First, same.

Bantams. *Black African*, Cocks. First, C. B. Elben; second, E. S. Ongley; third, S. A. Seamans; fourth, C. B. Elben. Cockerels. Second, same; third, E. S. Ongley. Hens. First, S. H. Seamans; second and fourth, E. S. Ongley. Pullets. First, S. H. Seaman; second and third, E. S. Ongley; fourth, C. B. Elben. *Golden Sebright*, Cocks. Third, J. N. Barker, Thorntown, Ind. Cockerels. Third, Stone & Leaton. Hens. Second, J. N. Barker. Pullets. First and second, same; third, Stone & Leaton; fourth, S. H. Seamans. *Silver Seabright*, Cocks, First, A. Fosgate. Cockerels. Second, same. Hens. Second, same.

Turkeys. *White.* First, J. M. Wills.

Geese. *Toulouse.* First, Jarvis & Lamb; second, S. H. Seamans. *Embden.* First, S. H. Seamans.

Ducks. *Cayuga*, Old. First, J. Y. Bicknell; second, O. Howland. Young. First, O. Howland; second, J. Y. Bicknell. *Aylesbury*, Old. First, J. Y. Bicknell; second, F. Sturdy. Young. First, J. Y. Bicknell; second, F. Sturdy; third, J. Y. Bicknell. *Rouen*, Old. First, F. Sturdy; second. J. Y. Bicknell; third, W. E. Still; fourth, H. L. Brown, Peru, Ill. Young, First, J. Y. Bicknell; second, F. Sturdy; third and fourth, S. H. Seamans. *Pekin*, Old. First, second, third and fourth, A. Merrill, Meadville. Young. First, S. H. Seamans; second, third and fourth, A. Merrill.—*Poultry Bulletin.*

LIST OF PREMIUMS

Awarded at the First Annual Exhibition of The Sullivan County Poultry Association, held at Newport, N. H., February 9th and 10th, 1876.

Asiatics—Light Brahmas—Chicks, 1st, J. H. Johnson, West Springfield; 2d, B. P. Spalding, North Grantham; Fowls, 3d, B.P. Spalding. Partridge Cochins—Chicks, 1st, Mrs, J. G. McKeen, South Acworth; 2d, G. H. Woodbury, Newport; 3d, A. P. Welcome, Newport; Fowls, 2d, A. V. Hitchcock, Newport. Buff—Fowls, 2d, Charles H. Lewis, Newport. White—Chicks, 3d, N. E. Reed, Newport.

American—Dominique—Fowls, 2d, Chas. H. Lewis, Newport, Plymouth Rocks—Fowls, 1st, C. G. Britton, Keene; 3d, Henry A. Wilcox, Newport; Chicks, 1st, C. G. Britton; 2d, H. A. Wilcox.

Bantam—Golden Sebright—Chicks, 1st, M. M. Straw, Unity. Black-breasted Red—Fowls, 1st, R. S. Dudley, Newport; Chicks, 1st, J. G. McKeen, South Acworth.

French—Houdans—Fowls, 2d, J. G. McKeen, South Acworth; Chicks, 1st, W. D. Hall, South Acworth; 2d, C. H. Watts, Newport. Plumbagos—Chicks, 1st, Fowls, 2d, D. W. Hall, South Acworth.

Game—Black-breasted Red—Chicks, 1st, J. G. McKeen, South Acworth. Brown-Red—Chicks, 2d, Ira Stowell, Newport.—Heathwood—Chicks, 1st, 2d and 3d, R. S. Dudley, Newport.

Hamburg—Golden Spangled—Chicks, 1st, Mrs. J. G. McKeen; Fowls, 2d, Mrs. J. G. McKeen, South Acworth. Silver Spangled—Chicks, 1st, J. G. McKeen, South Acworth; 3d, F. W. Richards, Newport; Fowls, 2d, A. W. Rounsevel, Newport.

Polish—White-crested White—Fowls, 1st, G. H. Woodbury, Newport. Golden Spangled—Chicks, 1st, E. H. Carr, Goshen.

Spanish—White-faced Black—Fowls, 3d, Will Stearns, 3d, S. H. Edes, Newport. White Leghorns—Fowls, 1st, C. G. Britton, Keene; Chicks, 1st, E. A. Pollard, Newport; 3d, J. B. Haven, Newport. Brown Leghorns—Chicks, 1st, Isaac Woodbury, Newport; 2d, H. P. Coffin, Newport; 3d, A. V. Hitchcock, Newport. Dominique Leghorns—Fowls, 1st, Curtis G. Britton, Keene.

Guinea Fowls—1st, G. H. Woodbury, Newport.

Pea Fowls—1st, J. B. Smith, West Springfield; 2d, Benj. N. Mazzey, Newport.

Turkeys—Grades—1st, Henry A. Wilcox, Newport.

Pigeons—White-Fantails—1st, M. E. Hatch, Newport.

Rabbits—White English—1st, Jimmey Kingsley, Newport. Colored English—1st, Mrs. J. G. McKeen, South Acworth.

Kittens—Maltese—1st, Dell Graves, Newport.

Dogs—Bull Pup—1st, Joseph Gamash, Newport. Cocker Spaniel Bitch—1st, R. S. Dudley, Newport. Scotch Shepherd—1st, Fred J. Allen, Newport. Spitz—1st, E. P. Fisher, Newport. Grades—Bitch with Pups, 1st, Joseph C. Kimball, Newport.

Hen and Chickens—1st, J. B. Haven, Newport.

A. J. TUCK, } Judges.
A. BEARD, }

The following Officers of the Association have been elected for the ensuing year:

President, A. V. Hitchcock, Newport.

Vice-President, A. W. Rounseval, Newport.

Secretary, H. P. Coffin, Newport.

Treasurer, F. W. Richards, Newport.

Directors, J. G. McKeen, South Acworth; E. A. Pollard, Newport; R. S. Dudley, Newport; E. H. Carr, Goshen; G. H. Woodbury, Newport.

A jawbone six feet long is to be exhibited at the Centennial by Massachusetts. Put it in the woman's department, by all means.

Sportsman's Department.

THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

Translated from the German of Chamisso.

A tax of three crowns on my dog do they say ?
May Heaven's bolt strike me dead if I pay !
Of what are they thinking then ; will the police
Their griping extortions to levy ne'er cease ?

I'm old, I am feeble, bowed down by pain,
Not one single penny can I ever gain ;
No money have I, and no bread in my scrip,
'Tis but from the cup of distress that I sip.

When stretched on the bed of sickness, and when
I was poor and in want, who pitied me then ?
And who, when I was forlorn, and alone
In the world, united his fate with my own ?

In sorrow by whom was I loved and consoled ?
Who was it that warmed me when I was cold ?
And when I murmured, hungry and faint,
Who hungered with me, nor whined with complaint ?

We both now are going down hill apace,
My friend we must part ; one last embrace !
Thou art like thy master, both sickly and old,
And he must drown thee for service untold !

Such is the reward, such is gratitude's worth !
And thus it is oft with the sons of the earth.
By heavens ! in battle I've wielded my blade,
But never as yet I the hangman have played.

See ! there is the cord, and here is the stone,
And there is the water—It must be done.
Come hither, you hound, look not in my face,
One push with the foot, so ends thy disgrace !

Now o'er his neck drawing the noose of the band,
The dog fawned caressingly, licking his hand,
Then quickly he drew the cord with a check,
And suddenly threw it around his own neck.

He spake a dread curse, through the silence it rang,
The remains of his strength then collecting he sprang
With a bound in the waters, which, foaming, arose
In circles around him then sank in repose.

Though the dog, to the rescue, plunged into the deep,
And waked with his howling the boatmen asleep,
Though whining he dragged them along to the shore,
Alas ! when they found him he was no more.

At midnight they buried him in the deep gloom,
The dog alone followed the corpse to the tomb ;
And where the earth covers his master and friend,
He laid himself down, and awaited his end.

The following hints copied from one of the leading sporting papers in the country, will perhaps be read with interest by the sportsmen hereabout: "Guns and rifles can be easily cleaned from lead by the following process: If a muzzle loader stop up the nipple or communication hole with a little wax, or if a breach loader, insert a cork in the breach rather tightly; next pour some quicksilver into the barrel, and put another cork in the muzzle, then proceed to roll it about for a few minutes. The mercury and the lead will form an amalgam, and leave the barrel as clean and free from lead as the first day it came out of the shop. The same quicksilver can be used repeatedly by straining it through wash leather; for the lead will be left in the leather and the quicksilver will again be fit for use.

NAMING THE DOG.

By reference to the city clerk's records, says the Worcester *Gazette*, where dogs are compelled to register their names, we find that he has licensed 1,606 dogs this year, including 161 females. It is with the names of these dogs that we have to do just at present, and the list is suggestive and curious. To the ordinary observer, who is generally no observer at all, it appears that all the dogs he knows are called Major, or Jack, or Tiger, but a reference to the city clerk's lists indicates that while these names are quite frequent, there is a wide list of less common names, from which to select, if it should happen that you should have a dog for which a name is wanted.

In the first two hundred and fifty names recorded in Mr. Smith's dog-register we find that Jack is entered eighteen times, while Jip appears nine times, Carlo eight times; Fido, Major, and Rover seven times each; Don, Skip, Fanny and Prince, six times; Dick and Spot four times; Topsy, Pedro, Captain, Sport, Fan, Dash, and Nellie, three times; Tige, Tiger, Jennie, Beauty, Sailor, Ned, Bruno, Charlie, Pink, Dick, Shepherd, Dot, and Dan, twice each; and beyond these a list of single names as Major, Zack, Spry, Duke, Ben, Ned, Pomp, Lion, Nero, Dick, etc., all of no especial merit as names, or of oddity in application.

But there is oddity in the list, for one man calls his dog Bunkum, and another calls his Nigger, while Punch, Hunter, Duke of Kent, Pat, Sporter, and Wallace are in the first two hundred and fifty names. Beyond these, all along the list of prosaic names we find such gems as Smartie, Bruiser, Pup, Patsey, Joke, Cube, Turn, Gunner, Squiz, Gash, Gaston, Bear, Toady, Boss, Teaser, Doctor, Savage, Troy, Prime, Sig, Gloster, Sweep, Basher, Chico, Pilot, Wag, Tottle, Bady, Braman, Tonpeti, "Dog," Neat, Danger, Moses, Scamp, Calvin, Chubba, Pepper, Saint, Josh, Chance, Carl, Rosa, Deacon, Tag, Steamer, Bender, Brandy, Posey, Merite, Turker, Curl, Judge, Mixey, Rather, Luke, Guess, Dutchman, Doggie, Shady, Slumbo, Web, Snib, Lucky, Limpey, Heater, Button, Faith, Joker, Primp, Veto, Rupee, Chippy, Satan, Loafer, Keeper, Smoker, etc., etc.

Such a list shows no little invention in the aggregate, and indicates that names are cheap. None of these are copyrighted, and if any luckless owner of a nameless dog can read the list without finding a name to his taste, the accommodating city clerk will, if he pays the license fee, allow him to select from the full list, "free, gratis, for nothing."

A certain parson, who is also a school-teacher, handed a problem to his class in mathematics, the other day. The first boy took it, looked at it awhile, and said: "I pass." Second boy took it, and said: "I turn it down." The third boy stared at it awhile, and drawled out: "I can't make it." "Very good, boys," said the parson; "we will proceed to cut for a new deal." And the switch danced like lightning over the shoulders of those depraved young mathematicians.

In a country churchyard there is the following epitaph: — "Here lies the body of James Robertson and Ruth his wife;" and underneath this text, "Their warfare is accomplished."

"My dear," said a rural wife to her husband, on his return from Edinburgh, "what was the sweetest thing you saw in bonnets in town?" He innocently replied, "The ladies, my love."

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

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A. N. Raub and G. O. Brown, *Associate Editors.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE MONTH OF APRIL

is the best in the year in which to commence operations in fowl rearing. It is early enough to assure successful hatchings, and from this period forward to cold weather again there is sufficient time to mature the chickens, and bring pullets to the age that gives us good average "winter layers."

For "fancy" specimens, such as our ambitious breeders aim to possess for the late fall and winter exhibitions, the early April chicks are usually the most promising, if they have the right care constantly, and a fair chance.

It is important that all young gallinaceous stock shall enjoy as free a range as is convenient, and that they should be fed from the start with good wholesome food, in variety.

The better the care in their early lives, the better fowls they make, on maturing. In all cases, we should see that they are kept free from the annoyance of vermin, as they advance, and as the warmer weather comes on.

This precaution taken, and a supply of sound food, pure fresh water, cleanly quarters, and the liberty of dry grass run afforded, will give you *good* chickens.

A NEW CONTROVERSY

has recently been set afoot upon a subject of considerable interest to poultry dealers, to wit, regarding the purity of the "Plymouth Rock" fowls, and the preference that should be given to this or that "strain," among the three or four different ones now claiming to be "the best"

Dr. Dickie has written quite exhaustively upon this topic in the early numbers of the present volume of the Fancier's Journal, and from his stand point a very good case was made out for one of the contestants.

The Plymouth Rocks are a cross-breed, however, and though recognized in our Standard as a distinct variety, they are made up of two (or more) original varieties. This, we believe, is not denied at all, by any of the breeders. But there are certainly three, and we think four different parties who breed this cross very finely, who claim that *their* original stock comes from sources not related to the others.

As nearly as we can learn from the published accounts there are the Essex County, and the Norfolk County, Mass., strains, as well as the Connecticut birds. And in the latter State, the Upham and the Ramsdell strains (both probably in the first instance from Spaulding's birds,) claim the palm, each by their own admirers.

In an early number of the first volume of our paper, Mr. G. P. Burnham gave an account of the "Plymouth Rocks" as at present bred in Massachusetts. Mr. B., we think, exhibited (in 1849) at Boston, the first Plymouth Rocks ever shown in public But these were the old-time variety, originated by Dr. Bennett. They were not like the *modern* Plymouth Rocks, and were made up from an entirely different source. These were of all colors—but large and fine. Those of to-day are not unlike the "Dominique" fowl in color, as a rule, some being darker, however, in plumage.

The best we have seen in the past three years at our fairs, are those said to have come from the Spaulding (Connecticut) stock. And those who have bred these and the others mentioned deem the former the best. *This* variety comes from a cross of the Black Java and the Dominique.

They breed imperfectly (any of them) as to color—a large portion, however, in the second and third, remove from the progeny of the original cross, giving the Dominique feather clearly. But many are darker plumed than the rest in the same flocks, out of the same parentage. Some come black like the Javas, but most are nicely plumed with the Dominique markings.

They have proved a very good bird, where they have been carefully bred. They are of good size, square bodied, handsome build, comely in appearance, and the hens are excellent layers. The Plymouth Rocks have been in demand the past season, and we hear very good accounts of them, from all directions.

They are not high-priced fowls, and for the farmer, they are a vast improvement upon the old barn-yard poultry—being hardy, prolific, yellow-legged, smooth shanked, and moderate feeders for their size.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Game cockerels should be dubbed before they are six months old.

—The English are more successful than we with smooth-headed Fans, but with Calcuttas we are ahead of them.

—Wm Perry, of North Strabane, Pa., on March 1st, shot an owl measuring four feet and eight inches from tip to tip.

—Cage Birds.—When attempting to breed cage-birds, old mortar should be broken up and thrown in the bottom of the cage to assist the hen in shelling her eggs.

—Will some one be kind enough to inform "R. S." through the columns of the Journal, what sort of grain is the *tares*, so often referred to in English books on pigeons.

—The habit of breaking eggs, to which cage birds are sometimes addicted, can be effectually cured by putting some putrid eggs—"stinkers," they are called by the fancy—in the cage for them to pick at.

—Last week Josh. Brady caught a hawk in a trap. The hawk measured five feet from tip to tip. It flew away with the trap and came very near carrying Josh. along; but finally the trap proved too much for the hawk and he came down ignominiously.

—The number of feathers in a good Fan's tail is a matter of choice merely; many good birds have only twenty-six and twenty-eight. Thirty-six, however, is the perfection of a good tail, if well carried, but if you get a well carried tail containing thirty feathers, consider yourself fortunate.

—The tail of the Fantail should form about seven-eighths of a circle, and should be flat, the under tail-coverts smooth. The carriage is a thing most important; the fan should be carried so that the ends of the middle feathers would come in a straight position over the centre of the feet, and touching the head, and must lean neither to the right or to the left.

—The *Societé libre d'Abeond*, of Brussels, the oldest Columbarian society in Belgium, considers in-and-in breeding as the shortest way to degenerate a species or race; that the separation of pigeons for six months is contrary to nature; that its an infallible means of disgusting the carrier with the pigeon-house, and has a bad influence upon laying and re production, and that repeated doses of soft meat rarely give satisfactory results.

—Hedgehog's Coat.—In the bristles of the common hedgehog we find a very curious bit of mechanism. The hedgehog has no horny studs, either fastened into the skin, as in the armadilo, nor yet has he a bone-formed dome, covered with horny scales as in the tortoise. Instead of this his horny covering assumes the form of spines, or bristles, each set firmly into the skin at one end. These bristles the owner can erect in groups, with all the points outward, presenting a most formidable array of weapons; but the hedgehog has also power to lay back all these sharp-pointed spines in one direction, viz., from his head backwards. In this position they form a carpet, which, if smoothed the right way with the hand, is as soft as velvet. In order to find out how all this mechanism was carried out, I have dissected a hedgehog, and was surprised to find how very slight are the muscles which command the spine. They are fine strings of fibre, very similar to the *corrugator supercilii*, or frowning muscle in our own forehead; in fact, when a hedgehog curls himself up, he begins to work with a tremendous frown as he tucks his head inwards. The muscles that work the spines are attached to prominences which project from the backbone, and especially do they spring from the ribs, which I find to be of unusual strength and abnormal width for so small an animal. * * * Being anxious to settle the point mentioned by White, as to whether the spines of the hedgehog at birth are soft, I obtained a hedgehog from my brother-in-law, the Rev. H. Gordon, Harting Rectory, Petersfield. To my great delight I one morning found, among the straw in the box, one baby hedgehog just born. There had been probably a large family born, but the mother had eaten them all except this one. Here is a life-sized picture of him. White was correct. The spines were soft and flexible at the birth of the little beast; they were little dumpy spikes, much resembling the incipient feathers of a young bird. Even in the few hours the hedgehog lived these bristles grew considerably.—*Frank Buckland's new edition of White's "Selborne."*

Small Pet Department

(Reported for the Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

PHILADEDPHIA,

(For the week ending March 25, 1876.)

1 Gray squirrel (*Sciurus cinereus.*) Presented by S. R. Shill, Pennsylvania.

3 Lions,*(*Felis Leo.*) Born in the Garden.

1 Indigo-Bird (*Cyanospiza cyanea.*) Presented by G. I. Pearsall, Philadelphia.

1 Red-tailed Hawk, (*Buteo borealis*). Presented by P. Reuter, Philadelphia.

2 Red squirrels, (*Sciurus hudsonius*). Presented by S. & J. Wagner, Germantown, Pennsylvania.

1 Red-headed Duck, (*Nyroca ferina*). Presented by John Siner, Philadelphia.

4 Red-tailed Hawks, (*Buteo borealis*). Presented by Geo. A. Schumacker, Jr., Pennsylvania.

1 Alligator, (*Alligator Mississippiensis*). Presented by Gen. I. J. Wistar, Philadelphia.

1 Opossum, (*Didelphys Virginianus*). Presented by Jos. Carpenter, Philadelphia.

Huon.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 16.

HIBERNATION.

While standing before the bear-pits, in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, watching the antics of Rose Grizzly, on one of the cold days last winter, I was asked the question, "Why do the bears not hibernate in the garden, when they always do so in their natural state?" This was a natural question to ask, and one easily answered, but it led me to thinking of the matter more generally, and of other hibernators than the bears. First, then, why do bears hibernate in their wild state, and omit it in that of domestic? Simply because, in the former condition *food* is always scarce; in the latter it is always plenty; and this answer will apply to all other hibernators, be they beast, bird, fish, or insect.

Look over the fields, and into the forests during the month of December, and for several weary months afterward, and what do we see? Field, wood, and water, all locked up in the icy embrace of King Winter; yet there are millions of living things to be nourished, and caried over to the time when genial Spring with her warm, sweet breath, shall break the frozen chains, and let them free. Until then, access to food as anything like a certainty is impossible. How then is the difficulty to be met and overcome?

There are three ways provided by Mother Nature—1st, Migratoon, 2d, Hibernation, 3d, Entire change of diet.

The first, only birds are capable of doing, and as wonderful as the gift of migration is, it seems quite as wonderful, that it does not always set toward warmer latitudes, for while some of the feathered tribes seek warmer climes, others go to the regions of ice and snow, because they cannot exist save in a cold atmosphere.

Thus with the birds. The beasts cannot migrate, yet they too must bridge over the bad season. This they must do by retiring to their dark homes, where rolled up in the shape of a ball, they enter upon a good long sleep—this is hibernation.

We all know that the object of food is to renew the tissues, used up in the actual energies of life, and we know too, that we cannot lift a foot, raise an arm or finger, without losing some of these tissues. Now if this waste can be checked by a masterly state of complete inactivity, life can be preserved, and well preserved, for Sir Bruin has been found after his long sleep, fatter and plumper than he was before he entered upon it!

Here we have then the philosophy of hibernation; and thus the creatures who are not able to dine, are put to sleep, which sleep to them is a substitute for food, but in his domestic state, Sir Bruin, having plenty of food provided for him, forgets his power to sleep—has indeed no need of it, and seems quite unwilling to loose so much of active life.

But there are many other creatures besides the bears debarred from obtaining food during the winter and which would perish were it not for the power to sleep—or hibernate. There are the frogs, toads, and tortoises, and the like, all of which sink themselves down, far down below the freezing point, and there pass the long winter waiting for the spring. Yet of all creatures, the frog, one would think, was the one least able to bear extreme cold, as he has a highly porous skin, and dresses in neither feathers or furs.

Then the bats, who feed entirely on flies, and all manner of winged insects. What would their bat-ships do for food in the severe winter, when not a fly, or even a gnat, which is the hardiest of all flies, will not venture to put his delicate nose out doors! Why die, die all of them, before the first fortnight of cold weather could they not sleep.

Passing over reptile and insect hibernation, let me say a word or two about the squirrels, who are however, but intermittent hibernators, and rank among those who change their diet. In the summer your squirrel is a fruit eater, but he well knows that in the winter the fruits he loves so well will be all gone. He seems to have sense enough too, to know that they will not keep, as he does not hide them away as he does nuts; so in autumn, his instinct (or reason, which is it?) tells him to put away a good store of his favorite nuts, and whether he is fearful they will not hold out, I know not, but certain it is, he takes very long naps, only waking up when a warm day comes; then will he take a respectable lunch only, and back he goes to his cosy, warm nest, and his deep, happy slumber.

The delicate rodent, called Dormouse (*Muscardinus arellanarius*) behaves much the same as the squirrel, and though it wakes much less frequently, when it does, it flies to its store house for

* Two were born dead, the third, an active young whelp, was killed by the mother a few hours after its birth.

a small repast. The dormouse when kept as a pet, gives much trouble to its owner, to keep it from going to sleep, which nothing but a very warm room will prevent.

Now let us consider those creatures who live an *active* life all through the winter, and who, deprived of their regular food, change the bill of fare entirely. The Rabbit and Hare are sufficient examples.

Unless the snow lies very deep, both of these can subsist very well as grass and other herbage affords them sufficient food. But when the snow is deep, and hard frozen, then poor "lepus" is sore put to it for food, and his dire hunger at length drives him through the snow to the nearest clumps of trees or copse, and with his sharp, chisel teeth he soon makes sad work with the barks. He is not a fool by any means, however, if he is hungry, as he always takes the youngest trees, and saplings first, but should the cold continue, not a single tree larger or smaller, will escape him, or his tribe. As the hares and rabbits are not climbers, they must stand on their hind legs and reach up for the bark, and it is really wonderful how far they can reach when thus compelled by hunger. In this business the hares being larger, fare better than the rabbits, besides having longer hind legs they can reach higher, so when the rabbits have got all the bark they can, the hares can go several inches "better," as Gen. Schenck would say, and have a good feast, which was beyond the reach of their relatives.

These then are the three ways of getting through the winter. Those which like not the climate migrate to others. Those which cannot migrate or find food, sleep, which is hibernation; and lastly, those who will not, or cannot sleep, change their diet.

How wonderfully has God provided for all his creatures!

And now Haichen Mio, is your question answered? If not, in a future paper, I may say a word or two about reptile and insect hibernation. Huon.

Correspondence.

SCOTCH COLLIE.

Ed. Fanciers' Journal:

A correspondent in a recent number of the "Journal" asks for information regarding the Scotch Collie. I have not the query now at hand and may not therefore answer definitely and fully in every particular; but being an admirer of the Collie and having owned several and read from time to time all I could find regarding them, I venture to offer the following description for the benefit of your questioner and others interested in these very inteligent and useful dogs.

Scotch Collies differ in size from 17 to 56 inches in height. Those of medium size are to be preferred. One of good average size and proportion will measure 22½ inches in length at the shoulders; 9½ inches in length of head; 14 inches girth of head below the ears, and 8¾ inches in girth below the eyes.

The coat of the Collie is long and thick, particularly over the shoulders, where, and thence along the back it is inclined to part. The hind quarters are well covered with long hair. The hair on the sides is shorter, that on the chest long, very abundant and soft, and sweeps upwards to beneath the chin with a graceful curve. That on the face is short, fine and silky. The fore-legs are "feathered" behind, while the hind legs from the hocks downwards are smooth, and furnished with dew-laps.

The tail is long and bushy, and when the dog stands quiet and unexcited, it is carried almost straight till near the hocks, whence it takes a gentle outward curve. When "on his nerve," the dog carries his tail very gracefully over his rump—not to one side or the other—and on a level with his head.

The Collie's head is comparatively small, and the teeth quite sharp. The neck is rather long and somewhat arched. The chest is deep, the shoulders broad, the fore-arm short, the fore-leg straight as a dart, with posterns rather long; feet, round, and close, well padded, and with toes firm and not spreading apart. He should stand with hind legs rather wide apart, without any turning inward of the hocks, while the loins should be strong; the hips broad, and the ribs well arched.

In color the Collies vary from a light tan, to dark linnet and black and tan. A dash of white in the face, a little on the chest, and a white ring round the neck gives to the dog a dressy appearance that most persons admire. At the same time purity of color and decision in markings are deemed of no little importance.

Springfield, Ill., P. M. S.

"THE LICE QUESTION."

Jos. M. Wade:

Dear Sir,—My brother having written to F. M. Butts, about the "Lice Question," received the enclosed postal card, and small package of powder, which he does not know the name of, a sample of which I enclose to you. What is your opinion of the man and powder? Also, what you think of Charles B. Jaques, Metuchen, N, J., in regard to his Incubation Circular? Do you think he is a reliable party? No doubt these questions, answered through your paper, would be of some benefit to Fanciers generally. I remain yours respectfully,

Chas. B. Schnider.

Philadelphia, March 23, 1876.

I send you a package of insect powder, and by using a tin pepper-box, and sprinkling the powder in the fluff of the birds, you will destroy all vermin. I do not know the name of the powder or would give it to you. [See Fanciers' Journal.] I *know* it is of great use, so please give it a thorough test, and if you think it worth it, send me 25 cents. I intend to do just as I agree, so far as I can. I have been run over with letters. *Use it freely* on sitting hens, and you will see the effect. If you have lice in your coops this of course will not reach them, but will kill all on fowl. Send 20 cents, I forgot the stamp.

Respectfully,

F. P. Butts.

The sample of powder was duly received. It is a yellow powder very much resembling ground liquorice, in color, but smells of tobacco only, we should judge that it is the stems of tobacco ground fine. We know nothing of Charles B. Jaques other than receiving his advertisement, and pay for the same. If there is anything "crooked" about any one using our advertising pages we would like to know it.—Ed.]

EXCHANGES, ETC.

Mr. Editor:

There is a case illustrating what may have happened heretofore to many readers of the Journal, it is this: A. wants a nice Brown Leghorn Cockerell, he sees B's advertisement and thereupon writes describing just his bird from beak to toe nails. B. in return says: "I have a very nice bird *that I think would suit you!* (italics are mine) Well, perhaps A's gullibility tempts him to pay from ten to twenty five dollars for B's "*think*," and though B at first a little honest, but he gets A's money and then after looking at his best or second-best bird, and then at said money a few times picks up a third or fourth rate bird, pulls out or breaks off a feather or two and "puts him up."

Now there is but one remedy and that is the C. O. D. plan, and then B sees his goods before parting with his money. I have dealt with several fanciers in making exchanges through the ex. column of this Journal, and in all (only two) cases where they have sent first, have I been used "on the square." I once sent two pair of Brown Leghorns to a veteran? pigeon fancier in exchange for two pair of pigeons. The Tumblers never mated together themselves

nor with other birds, and the carriers were both males and I have succeeded in getting out of this branch of the Fancy (the pigeon) by giving away my birds, while he has been offered quite a sum for one cockrel alone that I sent him.

It is not always thus, but now let us "initiate a new era" in the Poultry business, and that is give every disaffected purchaser (if he is posted) say five to ten lines in which to ventilate at about half price, and the offending parties ditto, but no lengthy disquisitions shall be entered into. I recollect of sending to several parties postal cards and letters of enquiry as to their prices for a B. L. cock, nearly all thought they would suit me, but one, a *true* fancier, wrote: "I have not such a bird to breed from myself, nor do I think there is one for sale with solid white ear lobes." This was when the white lobe mania (a nuisance any way) was raging with Brown Leghorn fanciers to such an extent. I have watched that man since and he is *true*.

Yours, &c., T. J. McDaniel.

Hollis Centre, March 23d, 1876.

"WHITE LEGHORN EGGS."

Mr. Wade:

Dear Sir,—In answer to Mr. D. Gilpin's "White Leghorn Eggs," in regard to the number required to make a pound, I will say that it depends upon the manner in which they are fed while young chicks. If fed five times a day the first two months, and three times the next two, it will put one and a half pounds more on the fowl than if they were fed but twice a day during that time. Therefore, it is the size of the Leghorn Fowl that makes the difference in the size of the egg. My neighbor has them that it takes eleven for a pound. To-day I weighed four of my largest and four of my smallest, and the eight weighed 1 pound 2 ounces. Mr. Gilpin says he weighed eggs from his stock that weighed 1 pound ½ ounce. This beats mine by far.

Yours truly, W. I. Pyle.

March 20, 1876.

A QUEER OFFER.

Mr. Editor:

Being very desirous to aid you in obtaining new subscribers in the N. E. States, I make the following "queer offer."

To any New England Fancier who has not heretofore been a subscriber to the Fanciers' Journal, and who now subscribes and wishes any suggestions on plans in aid of building a hennery, I will give them freely, but all applicants must be particular to give the number of fowls to be kept, breeds, and particularly the "lay of the land," where the poultry house is to be situated.

With the subscription price to the Journal may be sent the request in a copy of Journal, receipt, date, &c., direct to me. This holds good only till May, then comes my busy season.

T. J. McDaniel.

Hollis Centre, Me.

THE LICE QUESTION.

Friend Wade:

I have received from F. P. Butts, a package of insect powder. It seems Mr. B. purchases the powder at a drug store, and is ignorant of the ingredients of which the powder is composed. When I wrote to you I supposed the powder was compounded by Mr. B., and thought it strange that he should say that as a true Fancier he was willing to tell all he knew, and at the same time keep the composition of the powder a secret, for the purpose, as I suppose, of making money out of it.

Yours truly,

A. A. Miller.

ROOMS OF THE CONNECTICUT STATE POULTRY SOCIETY.

Hartford, Conn., March 21, 1876.

Whereas, Henry T. Sperry, Esq., who for two years past has served the Connecticut State Poultry Society as its President, positively declines a re-nomination, and an assured re election, for "a third term," owing to the pressing demands upon his time in his professional and official duties, be it

Resolved, That we, his associate officers and members of the Society, tender our thanks and acknowledgements to President Sperry for his untiring devotion to the interests and welfare of our association.

Resolved, That the Connecticut State Poultry Society is indebted in no small degree to our retiring President for much of the good reputation, and the high position our association occupies to-day, in the estimation of the Poultry Fanciers of our State, and of the United States, and that it is with pride we can by this humble tribute so evidence to him our respect, confidence, and personal esteem.

Resolved, That although Mr. Sperry declines to take the executive head of our Society for another year, it is gratifying to us that we may still have the benefit of his counsel, aid and support, in our Board of Direction, and as an associate in the business conduct of the affairs of our Society.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, handsomely engrossed at the expense of the Society, be presented to Mr. Sperry, and that the Fanciers Journal and Poultry World be requested to publish the same in an early issue of these periodicals.

E. S. BREWER, *Pres't.*
HENRY CHAPIN, *Cor. Sec'y.*
W. J. TULLER, *Rec. Sec'y.*
B. S. WOODWARD, *Treas.*

RATS.

Mr. Editor:—

Having had trouble all the spring with *rats*, I wish some one would through the columns of your Journal, give me advice how to get rid of them. The greatest trouble is in destroying my pigeon nests and in two instances they have so injured the female, who was sitting, that they died. What is the remedy?

T.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Tamaqua, March 27th, 1876.

Editor Fancier's Journal:—

The following is a list of the officers elected by the Central Poultry Association, of Pennsylvania, for the year of 1876:

President—Wm. S. Allenbach.
Treasurer—Moses Lutz.
Secretary—Samuel B. Graeff.

The next annual exhibition of the Society, will be held, commencing December 12th, and ending December 15th, 1876. Please insert in the Journal.

Samuel B. Graeff, Sect'y.

PEKIN AND MUSCOVY DUCKS.

Raleigh, N. C. March 23, 1875.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

Dear Sir:—Will you please inform me whether Pekin and Muscovy ducks will mix. I have some of both and want to know whether it is necessary to keep them separate to keep the stock pure. Please also state what number of ducks can well be put under the care of one drake. Yours Respectfully.

J. W. Hinsdale.

[There is no doubt but Pekin and Muscovy ducks will mix, whether the offspring of this cross will be sterile or not we cannot

say. A cross of the Muscovy with Aylesbury or Rouen will not breed. Mr. J. Y. Bicknell will no doubt answer the question of how many ducks to one drake in his continuation of the Articles on Ducks.—Ed.

SNEEZING FOWLS.

NEWCASTLE, March 17, 1876.

MR. JOS. M. WADE:

DEAR SIR:—For a week my fowls have had a kind of sneezing, as if there was something in their head or throat they wanted to get clear of. Can you tell me what it is? and a remedy? I have been feeding on screenings and whole corn, with cracklings twice or three times a week. Yours Respectfully,

G. L.

Will some of our readers whose fowls have been similarly affected, please answer the above.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

H. F. WHITMAN, P. O. Box 154, Baltimore, Md., will exchange a pair of Dun Carriers for Barbs of any color, or offers.

T. D. HAMMOND, Mayville, N. J., to reduce stock, will exchange Light Brahmas, cocks or hens, for double-barrel breech-loading shot gun, Straw Cutter, Erie Lawn Mower, Milch Cow, Pigeons, or offers.

JOHN K. CAMP, Winsted, Ct., will exchange eggs for hatching from first class Light Brahmas, (P. Williams' strain,) for first-class S. S. Hamburg, colored Dorking, or B. B. Red Game Bantam hens or pullets.

M. W. MINER, Wyoming, Ill., will exchange one years subscription to the Poultry Argus, and one years' subscription to Farmers' Journal, also two young dark Brahma cocks, and a Creve Cœur cock, for Common Pigeons, or Book Field, Cover and Trap Shooting, by Bogardus.

H. J. EATON, Concord, N. H., will exchange Dark Brahma chicks, (Hatch of 1875,) or eggs from choice Dark and Light Brahmas, White Leghorns, and Black Spanish fowls, for Canary birds, or Dog or Pigeon books.

PETER LAPP, P. O. Box 833, East Saginaw, Mich., will exchange one Red Irish Setter bitch, five months old, good pedigree. She will stand point, retreive, charge by raising the hand, for gold watch chain, or first-class Pouters, or Carriers. Value of dog, $40.00.

B. E. SMITH, Potts Grove, Pa., will exchange B. B. Red Game eggs, for Coopers Game fowl, or eggs from the following varieties: Light or Dark Brahmas, or Brown Leghorns, or offers. My eggs are warranted.

A. M. CAREY, Selins Grove, Pa., desires to exchange eggs of choice fowls, 13 varieties, (see circular,) for eggs of strictly first-class Pekin Ducks or Bronze Turkeys.

THOMAS W. HOPKINS, Goshen, N. Y., Box 67, has for exchange 1 pair of fine young Rabbits. Any one making me a fair offer in the poultry line, or anything of equal value I will exchange.

WARREN BECK, York, Pa., has to exchange B. B. Games, one Black Game pullet, one Pit Game pullet, eggs from fine poultry, one pair White Pouters, 1 pair Red Wing Turbits, Black Carriers, 1 Magpie cock, 1 Fan hen, 1 Turbit cock, 1 Pied Pouter cock, 1 pair Priests, &c., for Silver Duckwing Bantams, Wright's Illustrated Book of Pigeons, White Carrier hen, Jacobins, or offers.

T. W. COX, West Chester, Pa., will exchange two pair A No. 1 Dutchess, for two sittings of Rose Comb Dominiques, 15 eggs each.

T. HALES, Albion, N. Y., will exchange 1 trio G. P. Hamburgs, for trio Black Hamburgs, or Golden Spangled pullets. None but first class stock wanted, as mine are.

GEO. M. WONSON, East Gloucester, Mass., will exchange 1 pair Black Carriers, 1 pair Red Tumblers, 1 pair Red Mottled Tumblers, 1 pair Black Winged Swallows, and 1 pair White Fans, for other varieties of Pigeons.

A. A. MILLER, Oakdale Station, Pa., will exchange Dark Brahma chicks, (in pairs only), for small fruit plants; fruit and ornamental trees.

HOWARD I. IRELAND, Camden, N. J., will exchange a copy of Burnam's "Hen Fever," for a pair of Fancy Pigeons, of any kind except common Tumblers.

W. I. ROW, Greensburg, Pa., has a lot of moveable comb bee hives he will exchange for double-barreled Remington breech-loader shot gun, No. 12 or 13 bore, all complete, or offers.

HAYDEN H. TSHUDY, Litiz, Pa., will exchange Brown Leghorn, P. Cochin, White Cochin, Houdan, and S. S. Hamburg eggs for American Dominique, Pekin Duck, P. Rock, or Buff Cochin eggs.

R. E. HAWLEY, Cleves, Ohio, will exchange a set of Pacific Railroad Survey, for Light or Dark Brahmas, or offers.

J. A. LAUDENSLAGER, Pillow, Dauphin Co., Pa., has eggs of White, Black, or Partridge Cochins, Light or Dark Brahmas, and Houdans, to exchange for Creve Cœurs, or Plymouth Rocks. Who has them.

WILLIAM CALL, JR., Haverstraw, N. Y., will exchange White and Dominique Leghorn, Light Brahma, Partridge Cochin, and Golden Poland eggs, for Rouen Duck, Plymouth Rock, W. C. B. Polish eggs, or Fancy Pigeons. My stock is first class.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange 1 Blue, 1 Black Swallow, 1 Black Bald-head, 1 Black Magpie, 2 Black Moore Cap cocks, Eggs for Hatching, (see advertisement,) for 2 Black Barb cocks, 2 Carriers, 2 Yellow Jacocin, 2 solid Yellow Turbit hens. Want first-class birds, or will buy.

E. G. FLANDERS & CO., Manchester, N. H., have to exchange 1 pair of Blue Bald-head Tumblers, and the following odd cocks: 1 White Crested Fantail, 2 Highflyers, 1 Red Tumbler, 1 Black Bald-head; also one Springfield Rifle, for Brown Leghorns, or offers. Must be A No. 1.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

MARK SCHOFIELD, 71st St. and Darby Road, Phila., wants Winged Turbits of all kinds. Must be good. Send price and description.

A. K. MARTIN, Binghamton, N. Y., wants a B. B. Red cock or stag, also a white male Fantail Pigeon; will give a good exchange Duckwing, or B. B. Red Bantams, S. S. Hamburgs, or B. B. Red pullets. Good stock wanted, and the same given. Write.

I. P. LORD & BRO., Waupaca, Wis., wants three or four first-class Black Red Game hens or pullets, for eggs from any variety of fowls or ducks named in their new illustrated catalogue. Send a stamp for postage. Speak quick.

MONTVUE POULTRY YARDS, Brooklandville, Md., wants a few No. 1 American Dominiques. Any one having a few pullets or hens and a cock to spare at reasonable prices, will address above.

T. D. HAMMOND, Mayville, N. Y., wants Mocking Bird, must be a good singer; B. B. Red Game Bantam pullets, Ferrets, Scotch Terrier Bitch, Pigeons, Garden Seed, in exchange for Light Brahmas, old or young, male or female.

ADVERTISEMENTS

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—First and Special Premium, at Buffalo, 1875; First Premium at Utica, 1876. Eggs, $2.00 per 13.
S. S. MORLEY, Clyde, N. Y.

FOR SALE OR TRADE for Buffs or Duckwing Bantams, one pair of fine large Dark Brahmas, '75 hatch. Mine are No. 1 stock—shall expect same. J. W. BROWNING, Indianapolis, Ind.

PURE and Fresh Eggs from Choice L. Brahmas, P. Rocks, and Brown Leghorns. Thirteen for $2.00; 39 for $5 00.
5t Address C. A. ANDREW, West Boxford, Mass.

FANCY PIGEONS AND EGGS FOR HATCHING.

I have a lot of young Red and Yellow Barbs, at $4.00 per pair; White Fantails, $3.50 per pair; Bald Tumblers, $3.00 per pair; and other varieties at low prices. Can furnish Eggs from Light Brahmas, $4.00; Brown Leghorns, $3.00; P. Cochins, $4.00; American Dominiques and White Leghorns, $3.00 each per setting of 13. My stock is all guaranteed to be pure bred. Eggs carefully packed. J. C. LONG, JR.,
2t 39 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

POULTRY AND PIGEONS.

A breeder of high-class Fowls and Pigeons, retiring from the Fancy, has placed in my hands for immediate sale, his entire stock, including some pairs and trios of valuable Fowls, and 200 pairs of Fancy Pigeons, besides many odd birds. If you want Fowls, send for price lists; if Pigeons, write for what you want. Everything at bottom prices.
HOWARD I. IRELAND, Camden, N. J.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF ADVERTISING.

In consequence of the hard times and scarcity of money, we have determined to put the price of advertising within the reach of all; also to make the width of column uniform with other poultry journals. After this date, only TEN CENTS per line of about eight words will be charged for each and every insertion.

EGGS FROM PREMIUM STOCK.
G. P. Hamburg, $2.00 per 13 Eggs.
S. P. Hamburg, $3.00 " "
B. Leghorn, $3.00 " "
delivered at express office carefully packed.
THOS. HALES, Albion, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A fine lot of Dark Brahmas and American Dominiques. Reference to pedigree if required. Eggs in season at $3.00 per setting. No circulars. Address A. R. GALLOWAY, Monroe, Orange Co., N. Y.

ALMOND-BRED TUMBLERS.—Premium birds at the late Baltimore Show. Choice birds at reasonable prices. G. O. BROWN, No. 1 N. Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

G. O. BROWN, Brooklandville, Md., has one pair each of S. S., G. P., and Black Hamburgs (each won first premium at last Baltimore show), and one pair Golden Polands (first at same show)—to exchange or for sale. What offers? Immediate.

HAMBURGS.—Golden-spangled and Silver-pencilled, having made three importations during the last four years I can now spare a few trios of good birds; also, B. B. Red Game Bantam cockerels. Eggs $4 per dozen.
F. TAYLOR, Oakdale, Delaware Co., Pa.

FOREIGN COINS IN 1876.
During the Centennial, large quantities of foreign coins will be circulated by visitors to the International Exhibition. To prevent annoyance, delay, and loss, everybody should at once secure a copy of the New Edition of PETERSON'S COIN BOOK, containing perfect fac-simile impressions of the various Gold, Silver, and other metallic coins throughout the World; with the United States Mint value of each. The whole being placed in proper order as regards the various governments to which they belong, arranged according to their different denominations and value. Together with a complete index, alphabetically arranged, of the coins of each nation, and fac-similes of the State Arms of each of the United States. Published in one folio volume, bound in paper, price $1, and will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price by the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Bro., 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Do not wait until the foreigners arrive to purchase the needed Coin Book, but secure it at once.

A. N. RAUB, Lock Haven, Pa., has left with him for sale a first-class double-barreled Rifle—stub and twist barrels, silver-mounted, cost $60, made to order. Write also if you have a first-rate Setter to exchange.

THREE SILVER CUPS AT BALTIMORE SHOW! Eggs from my cup B. B. Red Games, and W. C. B. Polands; also from my choice Houdans, L. and D. Brahmas, W. Leghorns, Game and G. Sebright Bantams. Address MONTVUE POULTRY YARDS, Brooklandville, Md.

DOMINIQUES, FANCY PIGEONS, AND WARREN GAMES.
Also, Black-breasted Red Games. Eggs for hatching in season, $3 per sitting of thirteen. Address W. H. HELLENGER, Edgewood, Bucks Co., Pa.

W. H. BRACKETT Boston, Mass., Offers for sale at prices varying with quality of specimens, Partridge Cochins of his well-known prize-winning strain; Lop-eared, Angora, Himalayan, and Dutch Rabbits; Guinea Pigs, some of which are white; and Pigeons of many varieties Write for what is wanted, and address Care of Washington National Bank, Boston, Mass.

EAGLE POULTRY YARDS,

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, PROPRIETOR, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa.

Eggs from premium birds of the following varieties, at $3.00 per setting of 13, 2 for $5 50, warranted fresh and genuine:—Dark and Light Brahmas; Buff and Partridge Cochins, and White-Faced Black Spanish. My fowls took leading premiums this season in this section. Truly, OLIVER D. SCHOCK.

CHOICE EGGS FOR HATCHING.
From high class White Cochin, Light Brahma, and Plymouth Rock fowls, winners at the exhibition of the "Maine Poultry Association," of forty-one premiums, including silver pitcher, salver, and six cups. My eggs are hatching finely this season. I warrant every egg to reach its destination in safety. Address JOHN A. LORD, Kennebunk, Maine.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.
A journal published under the auspices of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Henry Bergh, President. $1 per annum.
GEO. WILL JOHNSTON, Editor and Publisher, No. 34 Elizabeth Street, New York.

A TRIO CHICKS
given away for the largest order of Eggs up to July Send for price list. ABRAHAM PERRY, Monroe, N. Y.

W. H. CUNNINGHAM,
CHENANGO BRIDGE, Broome County, N. Y.
BREEDER OF FIRST-CLASS
WHITE LEGHORNS.
Eggs, $2.00 per dozen.

STYLISH
BROWN LEGHORNS.
Eggs, $3.00 per dozen.
DR. A. M. DICKIE, Doylestown, Pa.

LIGHT BRAHMAS,
EXCLUSIVELY.
(Felch Strain.)
Pedigree Birds. My stock that I sell eggs from is first-class. Correspondence cheerfully and promptly answered without stamp. Write J. T. SHEARER, Oil City, Pa.

PEKIN DUCKS, $10.00 per pair; Eggs, $3.00 per dozen. White and Black Leghorns, G. S. Hamburgs and Houdans eggs $1.00 per dozen from imported stock. SOLOMON SHEARER, Tuckerton, Berks Co., Pa.

HAMBURG EGGS.
Black S. S. and G. S., $2.00 for 13, $5 00 for 40.
4t CHAS. SELSER, Doylestown, Pa.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.—From first-class Dark Brahmas, White Leghorns, and S. S. Hamburgs. A few fine fowls for sale.
E. S. ANDREWS, Box 474, Orange, N. J.

HAVANA, N. Y.—Send 10, 15, 20, or 25 cents, and I will send you a package with full directions, and you will never regret the trouble. I do not make anything out of the matter, only to impart good. Will have it for sale at 12c. per lb., and ½ lb. will be enough for a season, if used judiciously.
Respectfully, F. P. BUTTS.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS AND BLACK-BREASTED RED GAMES.
We are breeding from well selected birds of the above varieties, and are prepared to furnish Eggs for hatching for the Centennial Year. Our Plymouth Rocks took first and special at the Northwestern Pennsylvania Poultry Show, held at Meadville, December 22, 23, 24, and 25, 1875, and cannot be excelled anywhere. Games.—We are breeding an imported cock with choice imported and mated hens. Orders booked now. Plymouth Rock Eggs, $5 per sitting of thirteen. Black-breasted Red Game Eggs, $4 per sitting of thirteen. Address WASSON & CO., Corry, Pa.

WOOD-CUTS OF FOWLS, PIGEONS,
AND LIVE STOCK GENERALLY.
Having permanently engaged an artist and engraver, I am prepared to furnish, on short notice and true to life, wood-cuts of Fowls, Pigeons and other Pets, at reasonable prices.
FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

STOCK IMPORTED FROM EUROPE.
Birds, Pigeons, Poultry, Rabbits, Cats, Ferrets, Dogs, Swine, Sheep, Cattle, &c., imported to order. Have the best facilities for obtaining any variety of the above from the best breeders in Europe. In giving orders, specify as carefully and minutely as possible the points required, to avoid disappointment. Satisfaction guaranteed. The following gentlemen have bought and seen some of my imported stock:—
John I. Berry, Esq., Hackensack, N. J.; Richard Kirby, Esq., 12 Courtlandt St., N. Y.; L. Burlingame, Esq.; H. T. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.; W. H. Hammond, Tarrytown, N. Y.; H. L. Underhill, Croton Landing, N. Y.; Henry Hales, Ridgewood, N. J.; Rev. C. W. Bolton, Armonk, Westchester Co., N. Y.; I. Steele Mackey, Stamford, Conn.
For particulars, address I. VARONA, 226, East 32d St., New York.

JOHN VAN OPSTAL, imports direct from Antwerp, Belgium, every month, the best strains of Antwerp, Carriers, from $6 to $20 per pair. Orders taken for young birds. 4 Lewis St., New York.

MY GAME BANTAMS won 1st and 2d at Chicago, as they always have wherever shown. Also a few choice Black Red Games for sale. Address with stamp, E. R. SPAULDING, 4t Jaffrey, N. H.

MY BREEDING STOCK FOR THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.
Light Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, White Leghorns, White Polish, Plymouth Rocks, Golden Sebrights, Bantams; all first prize winners. Eggs $3.00 per 13; 26 for $5 00. G. W. CHIDSEY, 2mos Elmira, N. Y.

WHITE LEGHORN EGGS for sale at $2.50 per 13, from my stock that took first premium at Pennsylvania State Poultry Show in 1870–74 and '75; also 1st and special for best cock, and special for best hen at Maryland State Show at Baltimore '76. Birds I raised have taken more first premiums at the Pennsylvania State Show at Philadelphia than all other Leghorns combined! Deny it who can; it can't be did.
eow Address WM. MCANALLY, Newark, Del.

AT CHICAGO SHOW.
The undersigned did not compete, but eleven birds purchased of him for the aggregate sum of $445 were exhibited (five for competition), winning—one Light Brahma cock, first; Buff hen, first, Buff cock, third; Plymouth Rock pullet first; cockerel, second. In other classes his strains were also successful. To spare, good to very "high-toned" specimens of Light and Dark Brahmas, Cochins, Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks, Bantams, Ducks, Geese, Bronze Turkeys, etc., and eggs for hatching. Price list free.
eow W. H. TODD, Vermilion, Ohio.

WHITE LEGHORNS,
$5.00 each, and eggs $3.00 per dozen, from the following Pedigree and Premium Birds:
Lord Palmer, Jr., No. 7; Minerva, No. 8; Victoria, No. 10; Princess of Leghorn, No. 14; White Daisey, No. 184; Tube Rose, No. 185; Lilly of Valley, No. 186; White Zephyr, No. 187; Queen of Pearl, No. 188; White Frost, No. 189.
Which constitute the Birds, or are from the strain which took
First Premium, New England Poultry Society, March 1870; Connecticut Poultry Society, Nov. 1870; New York State Poultry Fair, Fall, 1870; North Western Poultry Society, Fall, 1870; New England Poultry Society, Spring, 1871; Connecticut Poultry Society, Nov. 1871; St. Louis Poultry Association, Feb 1872.
Silver Cup, New England Poultry Society, Mar 1872.
First Premium, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
Second Premium, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
Silver Medal, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
Two Silver Cups, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.

IMPORTED WHITE LEGHORNS.
One Silver Cup, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873.
One Box Cigars, Conn. Poultry Society, Dec. 1873
C. A. PITKIN,
eow Box 85, Hartford, Conn.

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Established for the convenience of those of our subscribers and friends, who desire to avail themselves of the advantages of dealing with *first hands*, either as *buyer* or *seller*. We will supply anything at the market price, and many things below that price; our profits being the commission allowed us by the dealer. Satisfaction guaranteed. Correspondence accompanied with stamp, cheerfully answered. Address HOWARD I. IRELAND, Camden, N. J.

BROWN LEGHORNS.—Fine stock. Eggs $2.00. Fowls according to sex and age. Send for record.
ODELL STEEL, Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

HO! THIS WAY.

Fresh eggs for hatching, of choice Dark Brahmas, P. Rocks, and Brown Leghorns, only $2 for 13, $5 for 39; well packed to arrive safely, to any parts of the United States. Address J. K. SCHULTZ, Colebrookdale, Pa.

FOR ONE DOLLAR I will send, postage paid, eighteen Bedding plants, in variety. For two dollars I will send a sitting of either Light or Dark Brahma or Brown Leghorn eggs.
3t A. A. MILLER, Oakdale Station, Pa.

THE HUMANE JOURNAL.

A monthly paper devoted to the proper treatment of dumb creatures. $1 per annum. Address
HUMANE JOURNAL,
156 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

MY ENTIRE STOCK OF FANCY PIGEONS FOR SALE.

Write quick, if you want good birds.
CHAS. D. PARKER,
3t 308 Gay St., Baltimore, Md.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

DARK BRAHMAS, LIGHT BRAHMAS, PLYMOUTH ROCKS.
tf REV. F. M. GRAY, Seaside, Staten Island, N. Y.

CHEAP AND RELIABLE.

EGGS from three yards of Steel Grey (Williams' and Sharpless') Dark Brahmas. Also, a few clutches from White-crested Black Polands. $2.00 per 15.
REV. U. MYERS, Turbitville, Northumberland Co., Pa.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Winners of first or second prizes, at Chicago, Utica, and Elmira. Eggs from same stock I breed from myself, $3.00 per 13.
NEWTON ADAMS, Utica, N. Y.

PRAIRIE LANDS!

Send your address on POSTAL CARD to LAND COMMISSIONER B. & M. R. R., BURLINGTON, IOWA, and receive FREE, copy of IOWA and NEBRASKA FARMER, with CHART of LANDS.

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WILLIAM P. SEAL,

No. 622 Arch Street, Philadelphia,

Wholsale and Retail Dealer in

TANK AND BELL GLASS AQUARIA,
FISH GLOBES, AQUATIC PLANTS,
GOLD AND OTHER FANCY FISH.
ETC., ETC., ETC.

☞Aquaria constructed and stocked on scientific principles.

WHY NOT EXCHANGE?

There is hardly a person but what has some article of value, useless to them, that might, if exchanged with some one similarly situated be made available. This can be done for 25 cents, through the FANCIERS' JOURNAL, published by JOS. M. WADE, Hartford, Conn. Every Poultry and Pigeon Fancier, Sportsman, and Stock Breeder should send TEN cents for a specimen copy.

ENGLISH BEAGLE HOUND for sale.
E. S. FOULKS, Town Point, Md.

GEO. S. WHEELER, New Ipswich, N. H, breeder of Premium Bronze Turkeys, descendants of a 66 lb. pair, Pekin Ducks, P. Rocks, L. Brahmas, White & Brown Leghorns. Eggs from Turkeys, $5.00; Ducks, $3.00; others, $1.50 per sitting. no.14 6t

SILVER GRAY DORKINGS.—First premium cockerel at Meadville and Titusville, Penn., Dec. 1875; mated with hens of the finest markings; weighing from 7½ to 8½ lbs. Eggs, $2.00 per dozen, or 3 dozen, $5.00. Address, P. A. BLAKESLEE,
no.14 2t Winsted, Conn.

A. B. HOLCOMB, JR., Lambertville, N. J., can spare a few sittings of Eggs from his superior Gold Penciled and G. S. Hamburgs, Brown Leghorns, Silver D. Game, and Silver L. S. Bantams, at $2.00 per sitting. Pekin Ducks, $3.00 per sitting; winners of 1st and 2d prizes everywhere exhibited. no.14 4t

W. J. EVENDEN, Box 403, Williamsport, Pa., has for sale, 2 pair B. B. R. Game Bantams, 1 pair White Cochins, 1 S. S. Hamburg cockerel, 1 pair Blue and 1 pair Silver Pied Pouters, 1 pair Red Carriers, 1 pair Blue Antwerps. 1 pair Black Priests, 1 pair White Runts, 1 Starling Priests cock, 1 Red Jacobin cock, 1 Silver Pied Pouter cock, 1 Black Priest hen, and other odd birds. Prices moderate.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

If you want eggs from first-class Brown Leghorns, $1.50 per dozen, Address
J. G. BRUSH, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR

PLYMOUTH ROCKS

in Pennsylvania, are at

PINE RUN POULTRY YARDS.

Eggs to hatch, $3 per dozen. Orders received now. (No circulars.) A. M. DICKIE, M. D.,
Doylestown, Pa.

EGGS FOR SALE.

If you want Eggs from the best stock of Plymouth Rocks there is in Bucks county, $3.00 per 13, send to Edwin Johnsen, Dolington, Bucks Co., Pa. Eggs warranted fresh and true to name, or money returned.
no.14 4t

WHITE LEGHORN

Eggs at $3.00 per 13; $5.00 per 26. I am breeding from 3 yards of choice pedigree fowls, including prize birds at Buffalo, Utica, Chicago, and Elmira. My Leghorns have been awarded 18 prizes in the last two years, including special, for the best display at Utica, 1875. Mention this paper when you write.
no.14 2t L. D. ELY, JR., Rochester, N. Y.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS,

EXCLUSIVELY.

Winners of 1st premiums at Chicago, Ithaca, and Elmira. Eggs for sale from premium birds. Send for circular. A. P. CADDINGTON,
Trumansburg, N. Y.

PLYMOUTH ROCK

Eggs at $3.00 per 13; $5.00 per 26, from choice hens, mated with the cock Grand Duke, (2324) scaled 91 points, and won 2d at Buffalo, 1875; Sire, 1st at Boston, 1874.
no.14 2t L. D. ELY, JR., Rochester, N. Y.

HAMBURGS.

Ninety prizes awarded my Hamburgs in 3 years, at large Exhibitions. Eggs from Silver and Golden Spangled and Golden Penciled, at $3.00 per 13; $5.00 per 26. Mention this paper when you write.
no.14 2t L. D. ELY, JR., Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE LOW.

Four cockerels, 11 hens and pullets, D. Brahmas; 1 cock and 3 pullets, S. S. Hamburgs; 1 fine large cock, 1 hen, and 1 pullet, P. Cochins; one cockerel, 8 hens and pullets, W. Leghorns. Eggs for hatching from these varieties, $3 per 13.
E. S. ANDREWS, Box 474, Orange, N. J.

FREE.—Send your address to Geo. Resseguie, Jr., North Ridgeway, N. Y., and receive his circular and price list of Eggs for hatching. Low price and choice stock. 3t eow

SILVER PHEASANTS.

Eggs of the above birds at $15 per sitting of 13, at
LOUIS WAEFELAER, Hoboken, N. J.

HOMING PIGEON.

ITS HISTORY, GENERAL MANAGEMENT,
AND METHOD OF TRAINING.
BY W. B. TEGETMEIER.

Price 75 cents, free by mail.

Address FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

PEKIN DUCKS, $10 PER PAIR.

EGGS, $5 per dozen. Black Breasted Red Game Eggs, $3 per dozen. S. P. BULLAS,
170 Dyer St., Providence, R. I.

MOORE'S WORK ON PIGEONS.—One of the most complete works ever published, and yet the cheapest. Price, in paper covers, 30 cents; in cloth, 50 cents. The recipe for "salt cat" alone is worth the money. Address
FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

HOUDANS,

EXCLUSIVELY.

Eggs from my premium stock at three dollars per sitting.
A few more choice fowls and chicks for sale at fair prices.
Reference.—Reports of exhibitions throughout New England for the last four years.
E. C. ALDRICH, Hyde Park, Mass.

C. WERCKSHAGEN,

49 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia,

(Successor to WM. A. HENRY,)

MANUFACTURER OF EXHIBITION CAGES, FOR FOWLS, PIGEONS AND PETS.

Dealer in Song and Ornamental Birds in great variety; also, Aquariums and Rockwork, Gold and Silver Fish, etc., etc.

"BRAHMA FOWL."—This excellent work ought to be in the hands of every Fancier of Asiatic Fowl. Colored plates. Sent postage paid, on receipt of $2.50. FANCIERS' JOURNAL,
Hartford, Conn.

FANCIERS' PRINTING.

We beg to state to our Patrons that we shall soon be comfortably settled in our new quarters, and prepared, as usual, to do all kinds of

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Send in your orders to

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Hartford, Conn.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

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(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

I spring from the rugged mountain side,
Where *Moss* and *Lichen* grow;
And bound along like a courser strong,
To the woody dell below.

And there I fall with a murmuring sound,
And then I make a sally,
And leave the Fern clad rocky glen,
And sparkle down the valley.

Through woods I brawl, and slowly glide,
Amid the Grass and Sedges,
And make my way through sand and clay,
And tumble over ledges.

From underneath the eddying foam,
I ripple over shallows;
And then I break into the lake
O'er-hung with weeping willows.

And there, I like a lover, pause
A while, to pay caresses,
To pickerel weeds, and cardinal flowers,
Forget-me-nots and cresses.

Cat-tail and arrowhead I court,
And many another treasure,
But 'mid the water lilies sweet
I purl and take my leisure.

Now here, now there, I twirl around,
In one spot never staying,
And where the sunbeams on me glance,
Gyrators are a playing.

And sunfish near my margin sport,
Small roach and little perches,
And as I move around the lake,
I kiss the pendant birches.

Pent up and ruffled by the wind,
In time my strength I double,
And overshoot the old mill wheel
Below, to boil and bubble.

And then I onward rush again,
'Midst broken stones and ridges,
Through crumbling banks and marshy fields,
And under rustic bridges.

But here and there I make a turn,
To greet the reeds and rushes,
And then I whirl aside and twirl
Beneath the alder bushes.

Now fast, now slow, I onward flow,
Round curves and over gravel,
And freely glide from side to side,
But straight, I never travel.

And where I purl, the speckled trout
Are sporting in the eddy;
And as I go, I broader grow,
More turbid, deep and steady.

Thus from my rugged mountain home,
I travel onward ever,
In a zig zag course, until
I mingle with the river.

PETER PEPPERCORN.

NAKED FOR FORTY YEARS.

Incredible as the following may appear, says the Charleton Place (Canada) *Herald*, it is an authentic fact, to which hundreds can bear testimony.

"About forty years ago a man named Wilson, residing near the town of Perth, conceived the lunatic idea of leading a hermit's life. The youth had from his early age shown symptoms of derangement, and this proceeding on his part was not considered strange by his friends.

The chosen place of his hermitage was off about three-quarters of a mile from his parental homestead, in a recess of dense bush, where he erected a small hovel, and furnished it with an old log canoe which he used as a couch to sleep in. Divesting himself of all clothing he has ever since remained perfectly nude, with the exception of a tattered remnant of a shirt which his fancy leads him to retain. In this nude state for forty years he has lived, walking in the depths of winter through the snow, and yet he has never been known to receive a frost bite. When he requires a drink he walks deliberately into the river, it mattering not to him what season of the year it may be, and wades out until the water reaches his waist, and then he stoops and quenches his thirst.

His food is brought to him by his friends, and when given to him is eaten with the voraciousness of an animal, which he now resembles more than man, his body being as heavily coated with hair as that of a cow. He never showes a dangerous disposition, and chatters in monosyllables. When people cross his path he invariably begs for tobacco, for which he has an evident partiality and in chattering tone will utter "bacca" until his request is granted. His hair is long, gray and unkempt, falling over his shoulders, and his beard, which is similar, reaches down below his waist. He is now between 60 and 70 years of age, and is possibly the only living being ever known to have lived, year after year, perfectly naked and exposed to all the inclemencies of weather which mark our Canadian winters.

FAST TIME.—On Wednesday evening, while the Louisville Short Line train was poking along towards Lexington, a passenger stopped the brakesman as he was going through and asked: "How fast does this train go; a mile an hour?" "It goes fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed get out and walk," was the rejoiner. "I would," replied the disgusted passenger, settling back in the corner of his seat, "but my friends won't come to meet me until the train gets in, and I don't want to be waiting around the depot for two or three hours." The brakesman passed on.—*Lexington Dispatch.*

A CAT caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it. But the sparrow said: "No gentleman eats till he has first washed his face." The cat, struck with the remark, set the sparrow down and began to wash his face with his paw; but the sparrow flew away. This vexed puss extremely, and he said: "As long as I live, I will eat first and wash my face afterward."
Which all cats do to this very day.

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

CROTCHETS OF THE POULTRY FANCY.

BY PETER SIMPLE.

No. 11.

It is so long ago that I furnished the Fanciers' Journal with ten articles under this head, that they were some time since forgotten, probably.

When the original series was concluded, the writer thought he had used up the principal subjects, for the time being, which had presented sufficient point for criticism in that channel.

But having in good faith gone into the late National Poultry and Dog Show, in the west, and come out among the worsted, I discovered subsequently what I deemed a remarkable "crotchet," or two among the Hoosier fanciers, which struck me would bear ventilating. I may be wrong. But "that is my opinion."

Somebody has written that "Figures don't lie." This *depends!* ——— Figures may be made to lie, as we all know. They lie often strangely, sometimes foolishly, oftener wilfully, and oftenest unreasonably.

Judging from certain printed reports I have read of the "greatest fowl exhibition ever seen in the world," (this was the way the western show was originally announced) I am satisfied that *some* figures lie very easily, as well as unreasonably. But that is the business of the ——— figures, I presume. Peter Simple is not a good arithmetician, so he cannot cipher out the algebraical, financial conundrums that appear in the reports above referred to.

Peter did not chance to be on any of the "committees" who engineered the muddled details of that great western affair, and he *never* affiliates with any "ring." What he had to do with the show was strictly of a business character.

He paid his money—and would, but could not take his choice. He entered his stock (*good* stock it was, too) and went for some of the stunning premiums promised. He didn't get any very large award—and after the award was made, he didn't get what was promised (and what his entry-fees, coop-hire, etc., helped to make up) by 35 per cent. in amount.

But Peter learned something, shortly afterwards. And this was, that he and others similarly situated, would be permitted to help carry the load of debt which the mammoth show had apparently contracted, until this great-national-western-fowl-dog-and-pet-stock-association should be able to take the burden off the shoulders of himself, and his deluded friends.

Now Peter thought this a rare "crotchet," naturally; but he found another, that was (in his experience) rarer still.

He discovered that the figures mentioned (which in *this* respect did not lie, he believes) set forth that all the boys in the ring, at home, were paid *at the least*, one hundred cents on the dollar for their services; and the little bills sent in from parties in and around the great western city where the show come off, were similarly cleared up, very promptly.

This was an honorable crotchet—so far as it went. But Peter (who is rather obtuse in such matters) is thus far unable to discover why sauce for the goose should not be sauce for the gander! And if it was found that the money received and "donated" so generously, was likely not to hold out, Peter thinks that according to the golden rule (not the rule of three which was substituted) *all* the creditors should have been treated *alike*, as to a percentage of payment upon their equally rightful claims.

Here, again, Peter admits that he may be in error. But that is the way *he* looks at this crotchet.

Peter does not forget that *before* the show came off, he learned from the advertisements and circulars sent out, that the premiums named were "not put at an inflated figure, for the purpose of swelling the list," and he thought this very creditable.

Then he learned that thousands of dollars were *contributed* for premiums (in addition to what the big association was to give) and he thought he would go in for the chances; for it looked, on paper, "like a big thing," that's a fact!

But a third crotchet shortly turned up, and the figures either lied in the first instance, or in the last. Even Peter Simple, who is by no means an able calculator in arithmetical problems, is sufficiently level-headed to discover *this*:—if John Smith, William Jones, James Brown, and Henry Robinson "donate cups," for example, valued at $25 each, and they swell in the Society's hands to $35 value each, Peter thinks this looks like a sudden unwarrantable inflation of silver (plate) or bald-faced humbug—as far as it goes. And this "figuring" appears to P. S. very silly—though it is only a crotchet, perhaps.

There are other points in this lively, stalwart, national show management really worthy referring to; but not just now. Peter will close this paper with a suggestion or two, therefore—and in a future number (some time, say, before he gets the 35 per cent. balance of premiums due him!) he will add a word or two more upon the crotchets he discovered in connection with his rather costly but unsatisfactory experience with this "great-western" exhibition.

This crotchet in passing suggests itself to P. S. and he enquires how many of the victims at a distance who were cut short of their dues—under the peculiar circumstances—will *probably* be contributors to the next show of this big association?

The declaration of Lord Bacon may well be commended to parties having this sort of affair in charge—even though it be but a chicken show: "Clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and the slightest mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold or silver, that may make the metal work the better—but it embaseth it. For all windings and crooked courses in these affairs are like the goings of the serpent—which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet."

New York, April, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"TRIPS AMONG THE FANCIERS."

BY W. E. FLOWER.

Having several days of leisure time before us we concluded to take a trip to Baltimore and vicinity, and as the journey thither would scarcely be worth reciting to your readers, we will merely say that by means of the "iron horse" and steamboat, we arrived in the "monumental city." Proceeding to the Northern Central Depot we took our seat in the cars and were soon "en route" for Brooklandville, Md. Leaving the cars upon our arrival there, we started for "Montvue Poultry Yard," one mile distant from the railroad at this point. The morning air being rather keen, we walked rather briskly, and soon reached our destination, and received a hearty welcome from Mr. G. O. Brown, the courteous and gentlemanly proprietor, and as a matter of course we were invited to inspect his stock. We first turned our attention to his

yard of Light Brahmas. Of this variety Mr. B. has some really fine specimens, the hens particularly, being of good size and well marked. Next we were shown his Dark Brahmas, of which he has quite a good collection. The next yard contained his B. B. R. Games, including his first premium cock and hen at the late Baltimore show. This pair not only won first in their class, but also won the "silver cup" for the "best pair of games" of any variety, and the competition was very strong. The cock is a remarkably fine, large bird, and we doubt not his progeny will prove "worthy of their sire." Passing on we came to a fine yard of Houdans. Take them altogether we think Mr. B. has one of the best yards of this variety that we ever remember to have seen, many of them being almost perfect in crest and beard. His two imported hens were really excellent. Next we were shown his White Crested Black Polish, here again were prize birds, Mr. B. having been awarded first and special of "silver cup," on this variety, at Baltimore. He has a fine yard of this beautiful variety, having sought to obtain the best, regardless of expense, and we should say that he had succeeded. Turning reluctantly away from them we were next shown a first premium pair of Golden Spangled Polish. These did not please our fancy as well as the beautiful White Crested black ones, and we passed on to his yard of White Leghorns. Those, said Mr. B., I got from "J. Boardman Smith," and as every body knows that Mr. S. never sends out poor stock, of course they were all right, and we passed on to view the Bantams. First came the B. B. R. Games. Of this variety of Bantams Mr. B. has undoubtedly some choice specimens, having in his yards descendants of prize winners, at "Buffalo" and elswhere. Next we were shown some very pretty Golden Sebrights, and further on we came to the Black African Bantams, and last but not least, we came to the Dominique Bantams. Having told the readers of the contents of "Montvue Poultry Yards," it might not be amiss to state that they are so called because of their elevated site on "Montvue Place," the home of Mr. Brown. From the front porch are fine views of Lutherville, and Townsontown, each being some four miles distant. Mr. B. is afforded excellent facilities for raising Poultry, the sixty acres at his command being high and rolling, and so situated that no neighbor's fowls are near enough to ever stray upon the premises. Mr. B, also breeds "Fancy Pigeons," and showed us some very nice White and Blue Pouters, Black Carriers, White Fantails, Blue Magpies, Priest and Yellow Barbs, and last but not least, our attention was directed to several pairs of well-bred Lop-eared Rabbits, and a fine pair of White Angora Rabbits, also several pairs of Guinea Pigs. We saw no white mice, but Mr. B. assured us that he had a large number of the brown variety roaming at will through the corn crib, and other out buildings. Having seen all, we entered the house and received a cordial greeting from Mrs. B. and were also presented to the father and mother in-law of our host, to whom we shall ever feel grateful for their manifold efforts to make our visit a pleasant one. Dinner being announced we were soon seated around the table, and were agreeably surprised when Mrs. B. placed at our hand a magnificent "silver cup" (filled to the brim with rich milk,) which was awarded to Mr. Brown at the late Baltimore show, "for largest collection of pure bred fowls." We won't say how often we emptied the cup of its contents during our stay, but "*certes*," we never remember to have drank milk that tasted better. After dinner Mr. B. showed us some two hundred photographs of members of the A. P. A., and stated his desire to complete the "group" before the first of May; having notified all the members he will proceed to finish it. All in or not, he intends exhibiting it at the leading shows next season. The afternoon and evening passed pleasantly and quickly as we conversed on chickens, dogs, pigeons, etc., and ere we were aware of it the clock on the mantel pointed to the "wee sma hours ayant the twall," and our host conducted us to our room and left us to enjoy our much needed sleep.

To be continued.

SHOULD HOUDANS HAVE RED EAR-LOBES.

Editor Fancier's Journal:—

Dear Sir:—When the revised edition of the *Standard* appeared, I turned with much interest to the pages devoted to Houdans. I was greatly astonished to find, first, that as many as five points had been assigned to ear-lobes and wattles, and second, that a standard ear-lobe should be "bright red." "Ear-lobes," it says, "should be bright red, and partially, if not entirely concealed by the crest feathers, and beard." Now is not the Standard asking for an impossibility, when it demands, underneath a full beard, which almost, if not entirely conceals the lobes, (bright red lobes?) In a long experience with this breed, I have always found that bright red lobes, and full beards are not seen on the same bird. Whenever you find a beardless bird with coarse, large wattles, you find also, the red ear-lobe in perfection; but full, well rounded beards, quite concealing from observation the ear-lobes, rarely cover those of a bright red color. If we cannot then get both, full beards, and red lobes, which shall we take? Which of the two adds most to the appearance of the bird? One of the most competent judges of this variety, and a gentleman who in his capacity as judge, has seen more specimens of this class than any other man in the country, said to me at the recent Springfield show, that breeders of the present day were losing the full heavy beards we used to see years ago, and that while improving in other points they were degenerating in this respect. And he was right, it is so. With this tendency, is it wise to fix in the Standard a feature like red ear-lobes, which invariably accompanies scanty beards? I think that it is entirely immaterial what their color is, as the beard should make them quite invisible, and for that reason it should not be at all considered in the scale of points. Take the heaviest bearded bird, so much so that the ear-lobes do not show at all, and on parting the feathers, you will almost invariably find the lobes a pinkish white, the pink deepening a little towards the center, and in many cases almost pure white. While preferring the pinkish white lobes, simply because usually under the heaviest beard, I would in judging give it no preference over the nearly white, if the latter was covered by an equally heavy beard; or to speak more correctly, would disregard one as well as the other, and only mark on the beard. The inevitable result of establishing the red lobe, will be the gradual disappearance of the feature of the Houdan, which with the crest is so important a characteristic as to be thought worthy of eighteen points.

In behalf of a number of the most careful and scientific breeders of this variety, I protest against any notice whatever of the ear-lobes in the scale of points, and especially against bright red as their color.

I have taken pains to ascertain the opinions of some of tho most eminent breeders, have asked them to look carefully over their best Houdans, and especially their premium birds, and write to me, if they found a single well bearded bird with a bright red lobe. I have received a number of letters, and not one such bird has been found. From Mr. E. C. Aldrich, of Hyde Park, Mass., of whose success as a breeder of this variety the various premium lists of New England exhibitors testify, I received in answer to my letter the following: "In looking for the ear-lobe I found it in every case as you say; where well muffed, pinkish white, the less muff, the more red."

From Mr. L. B. Root, of New Hartford, Oneida Co., N. Y., of the firm of Warner & Root, so many times victorious at Utica and Buffalo, I received a long and interesting letter, from which I quote only a few sentences: "I think that the ear-lobe on a standard Houdan should not be visible at all, and that the only way to

detect the color would be by pulling out the beard. Some of the finest specimens of the variety I ever saw, have pinkish white lobes. My convictions on the point are as follows:

"1st. Ear-lobes on Houdans are not a fancy point.

"2d. They should only be visible, by taking the bird in hand and opening the feathers.

"3d. That their color is a matter of absolute insignificance, and they are entitled to no place whatever in the scale of points."

Mr. Root still further fortifies his already strong position, by the announcement of the entire concurrence of Mr. Edward Warr, of Utica, in the above statement.

One of the most careful and systematic breeders of Houdans, in the country, is Mr. Daniel Pinckney, of South Onondaga, N. Y., who, though not often an exhibitor himself, has raised many birds which have achieved the highest honors. In reply to my letter he says:—"After receiving your letter, I commenced giving my fowls a careful examination in regard to the ear-lobes. I have examined every bird possessing strong characteristics of the race, and of fine points, and have failed to find one with solid red ear-lobes. All were more or less pink and white, pink being the groundwork. I have had my attention called often to birds without muff and beard, and with large wattles, and have invariably noticed solid red lobes. With an experience in breeding of six or seven years, I have never yet noticed a well bred bird with solid red lobes, and if I were to breed them I should not know where to commence, as I consider red ear-lobes an accident in a well bred bird."

There are many more breeders with whom I have conversed on this subject, and all are of the same opinion concerning it, but whose words I do not now sufficiently remember to put in form here. I feel quite confident there are also very many to whom I have not written, who I am sure will agree with the position we have taken, and will unite with us in demanding a revision of the Standard at the next meeting in Boston, of A. P. A., a revision which ought to exclude ear-lobes entirely from the scale of points, and cut down the number assigned to wattles. I would suggest that the five points given to ear-lobes and wattles, in the case of hens and pullets, be added to breast and body, as in a hen or pullet I claim the wattles should be no more visible than the ear-lobes. In the case of cocks or cockerels, I think three points should be assigned to wattles, and the remaining two to breast and body. Should the committee think breast and body have already points enough, which I very much doubt, there is still size and weight to add to.

Yours truly,

H. A. Grant, Jr.

For Fanciers' Journal.)

AYLESBURY DUCKS.

BY J. K. FOWLER.

The most popular domestic hobby of the present day is the rage for rearing and exhibiting poultry displayed by all classes of the community; and great thanks are due to fashion, which has led to the formation of so many varieties of the feathered tribes. Not many years ago the country was busy talking of the extraordinary Cochin Chinas that had just been sent over as a present to Her Majesty the Queen, and when some of the earliest fanciers began to breed them, folks laughed at the idea of such ungainly brutes, as they were then thought, ever becoming common denizens of our poultry yards; and the late John Leech, in a series of humorous sketches in *Punch*, held these feather-legged beauties and their patrons up to ridicule in such a way that must for ever mark the period of their introduction into this kingdom. The popularity of poultry keeping, however, was not to be shaken, and if we look to the number of distinct varieties that are yearly taking up a position in the exhibition world, we cannot fail to admire the perseverance with which we are endeavoring to improve the breed of fowls, and, by that means, to help on the great question of our food supply in this country.

As there has been during the last ten years an increase in the number of breeds of our domestic fowls, that are acknowledged by show committees as distinct varieties, and treated with separate classes, so, also, has there been a proportional increase in the variety of ducks that now have individual classes allotted to them at our great exhibitions. Referring to an edition of Mrs. Ferguson Blair's "Henwife"—an excellent little work on poultry, published in 1861—we see she commences her remarks on ducks, by saying—"There is not a great variety in our domestic ducks; only three distinct exhibition breeds exist, viz, the Aylesbury, Rouen, and Buenos Ayres, or East Indian." But if we look to the schedules of the large shows held during the past year, we shall see that not only are those varieties allowed classes to themselves, but prizes are offered for the best pairs of Mandarins, Carolinas, White Calls, and Brown Calls, separately, still leaving many other valuable specimens to struggle for the posts of honor in the "Any other Variety" class. Some amongst these are peculiar in shape or color; others make strange noises, and others combine both beauty and utility. There are the Cayugas (about which more anon), the various descriptions of Whistling ducks, the Kasarkas, Shieldrakes, Spotted-billed ducks, Muscovys, and many others. It would require far too much space to enter into the merits of all these, and I shall therefore remark only upon those breeds which are thoroughly adapted for ordinary farmyard purposes, and which are calculated to assist in solving the great problem of "how to feed the people," and I regret that I cannot add more than one breed to those three which Mrs. Blair has noticed, so that I must confine myself to speaking of the Aylesburys, Rouens, East Indians, and Cayugas. I shall give a brief description of the points necessary for exhibition birds of these varieties, with the results of my own practical experience, and add what hints I can as to the rearing and management of them.

Before all these the white Aylesbury ducks stand pre-eminent; their reputation is universal; they are well adapted to almost every climate and soil—indeed, they are like the shorthorns amongst cattle, thriving anywhere and everywhere, from our warm southern coasts to the bleak mountain districts of the Highlands; in the burning tropical sun of Australia and the icy coldness of the Canadian "fall." As their name denotes, their chief centre is Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire, in which town and its neighborhood, they appear to have been an established breed for more than a century past. For the farmyard let us strongly recommend them, as for that purpose they excel in every requisite. In the first place they reach maturity sooner than any other ducks; they are as hardy as sparrows, attain to a very great size, and are remarkably prolific. The London markets are supplied with enormous quantities of them—in fact, though it may perhaps appear to strangers almost incredible, oftentimes in the spring in one night, a ton weight of ducklings, from six to eight weeks old, are taken from Aylesbury and the villages round about, by rail, to the metropolis. During the first week in January, this year, the trade commenced again—(it is, by the way, unusually early)—and I know of one "ducker" who then sent up his first batch of them, which, at eight weeks old, returned 12s. a couple. They are generally not killed till between seven and eight weeks old, when good birds will be about 4lb. weight each. Prices vary considerably during the season—from 9s. to a guinea a couple being obtainable; the latter price they sometimes reach towards the middle of March and the beginning of May, then they decline gradually in value till July, after which there is but little demand. It has been computed that upwards of £30,000 per annum is paid into the town and neighborhood, for this

early delicacy. The "duckers," as the breeders of them are called, are for the most part a superior class of laborers—men who by their industry have saved up money enough to secure an independence from downright hard work, and who do not grudge giving their whole time and attention to the young broods, so long as the supply is in demand. But before I go further, it will be well to describe as clearly as possible the system by which this curious trade is carried on. In and about the town of Aylesbury very many of the cottagers maintain, each of them, their set of ducks, about four ducks to a drake. These they keep in any outbuilding attached to their dwelling; and, failing such a place, in the cottage itself. From them the "duckers" collect the eggs, and generally bargain with the owners for their whole supply at a given rate for the season. They begin their collection in October, and the contract is often made for the whole produce up till June; a fair price being 3s. 6d. a sitting of twelve eggs throughout that time. During the last and present month I know that as much as 12s. per dozen have been constantly offered. The purchaser has to stand the chance of their proving fertile. The breeding stock of a "ducker" who does an average trade, consists of six drakes and twenty ducks; these all run together, and the brooks and ponds are looked upon almost as common property. It is a strange aud pretty sight to see some hundreds of these snow-white beauties on the river Thames (which winds round, and through a part of the old town, all with a large patch of red, green, black, or blue paint, on head, neck, or wings, the distinctive marks of ownership. They are separated at night, driven up to their respective homes, well fed and warmly housed. The eggs which were laid during the night time are set as soon as possible under large and attentive hens, for which purpose good Dorkins and Cochins are considered best. The ducks themselves are never allowed to sit, though they may desire to do so, the result of this practice is almost certain to prove a failure. Thirteen eggs comprise a sitting, and these are easily covered by a large hen. Whilst speaking of the eggs, it will be well to dispel a stupid fallacy to which many give credence, viz., that drakes hatched under hens are objectionable, through having a partiality to fowls when grown up, and thereby causing a disturbance in the poultry yard. The eggs are either a clear or creamy white, or a very pale *eau-de-Nil* green. This diversity seems to be a mere freak of nature, and there is no truth in the old woman's story that the color varies with the sex of the duckling in embryo. Such is *not* the case, nor does this variation of color point to any impurity of the breed, for I have known my best ducks lay both green and white eggs, and this change has taken place within a week.

To return to the process of rearing: the hens are set either in fish pads, small hampers, or, in what I have found most serviceable, the round boxes in which cheeses are packed. In the bottom of these is placed some lime or wood ashes, and then a nest of hay or soft straw; there the hens must be kept as quiet as possible. Special care should be taken to guard against the intrusion of rats or other vermin, by which the hen mother may be disturbed, and, as is often the case, the whole sitting destroyed thereby. The period of incubation is twenty-eight days, and during the last week of that time, care must be taken to sprinkle the eggs daily with lukewarm water, which softens the shells, so that when the time comes for the duckling to make its appearance, it has not much difficulty in breaking through its covering; this is only an imitation of nature, for in the wild state the parent bird leaves her nest in the early morning when the grass is covered with dew, and as she seeks her food of worms, grubs and such like, her feathers become well moistened, and returning to her eggs she imparts to them that moisture which we by artificial means are obliged to give. When the young are hatched they should be left with the hen till well nestled, well dried and strong enough to stand; many scores of ducklings are lost by inexperienced persons, through their impatience to remove them from the nest. The little duckling is at first clad with soft yellow down which gradually disappears as the feathers grow. After a few days, three or four broods are put together with one hen, which is quite able to take care of them all. For market purposes the treatment of the ducklings is as follows: they are not allowed to go into any water, but are kept in hovels, or the rooms of cottages, each lot of thirty or forty separated by low boards; it is no uncommon thing to see 2000 to 3000 all in one establishment. They are kept very clean and dry on barley straw; their food consists of hard-boiled eggs chopped fine and mixed with boiled rice and bullock's liver cut up small. This is given to them several times in the day for about a fortnight or more. When they are capable of consuming more, they are fed on barley-meal and tallow greaves mixed together with the water in which the greaves have previously been boiled. My poultryman also uses horseflesh to mix with their other food.

The above constitutes all that is necessary to produce early ducklings for the table. Now, as to the treatment of such as are intended for breeding and exhibition: to produce birds of great frame and weight, the same food is given during the earliest stage, but after about three weeks they are allowed to go to the water, and their food is varied as soon as possible, by giving them maize and barley alternately, when they can eat the same. They should be fed three times a day, and always have a trough of water by them, and it is an advantage to have some gravel or sand at the bottom, so that when drinking they also get hold of some grit, which helps digestion, and tends to keep the bill the proper color.

Little description is needed as to the plumage, for it must simply be the purest white throughout—a single discolored feather points to impurity, and would necessarily be a disqualification. There is no difference between the drake and duck, except that the male bird has one or two beautifully curled feathers in his tail, and is larger than his mate. When the birds are very young it is not easy to distinguish the sex, for the drake's feathers are not developed till they have once moulted. The question, however, can be solved by noting the difference in the cry, which in the duck is a loud "quack, quack," whilst the drake makes a much fainter and not so distinct a noise. The bill should be long and broad, and coming straight from the skull, like that of a woodcock. It must be a delicate pale flesh-color, and is so naturally; but a ferruginous soil will often affect them in such a prejudicial manner that it becomes quite yellow. Any spots of black, or any discoloration on the bill, should disqualify. Birds for exhibition must be kept out of the hot summer sun, and not allowed to run too much on the grass, both of which are likely to spoil the delicate pink and turn it yellow. The legs are deep orange. The whole body should be as symmetrical as possible, the neck fine and long. First-rate prize birds, when well fatted, will reach 10lb. but that weight is seldom obtained even by the best specimens exhibited at Birmingham. I consider 7lb. at twelve months old almost beyond the average. Very hot weather is sure to cause mortality to a great extent amongst young broods, and the expression "Like a dying duck in a thunderstorm," often applied to a person who looks dull and stupid, is derived from the fact that when there is thunder in the air young ducks are sometimes affected thereby in a peculiar manner, turning, as it were, giddy, becoming unable to walk, and frequently dying from the effects of the close atmosphere, which produces a sort of apoplexy. I think I have exhausted my subject, and will conclude with the following facetious lines from the pen of a local bard, who writes:—

"But of the ducks—the Aylesbury ducks,
There is no need to tell;
Through England broad their fame has spread,
And they themselves as well.
And there's no man throughout the land,
Nor yet beyond the seas,
Who loveth not the Aylesbury duck,
When served with early peas."

JUST SO.

—"Dear, dear! who broke my favorite egg?"
Cried Biddy Bantam to her daughter;
"Some lazy cur, too proud to beg,
Has mashed it—and hadn't ought ter."
The child gave one pathetic craw,
Her rueful tears began to thicken,
She sobbed aloud, "I broke it, ma!—
This little person is my chicken,
Some albumen and lime I'll buy
And make another one to match it;
O ma! I cannot tell a lie—
I did it with my little hatch it!"

THE EMBDEN GEESE.

The Canada Farmer has the following on this variety:

The Embden goose has prominent blue eyes, is remarkably strong in the neck, and the feathers from near the shoulder to the head are far more curled than is seen in other birds. The plumage is uniformly pure white, the bill, flesh colored and free from dark blotches, and the legs and feet, orange. In carriage, they should be tall and erect, with fine, square bodies which in fat specimens touch the ground. They come to enormous size; a three-year old gander has weighed as much as thirty-two pounds, and a goose of the same age, twenty-six, but a good bird of any breed weighing twenty pounds is considered very fine, and for breeding purposes such weight is quite sufficient to insure good stock.

The Embden goose seldom lays till after a year old. Their eggs are white in color, very large and rough in the shell, which is extremely thick. Regular goose breeders rarely, if ever, allow the geese themselves to sit, but put from three to four eggs under a Cochin or Dorking hen, which can well cover and take care of them. A turkey hen makes a capital mother. The eggs should be regularly sprinkled with lukewarm water to prevent the shell becoming so hard as to check the egress of the young.

Sometimes, but not often, they lay two sittings in a season The period of incubation is thirty days.

The goslings are easily reared on the same food as ducklings, but they require green food as well, and for this purpose, young green onions are strongly recommended. When once fledged they will thrive well with no other food than can be procured by them in the field or by the wayside, until later in the fall, when they should be shut up for a few weeks and fed on meal, oats, etc.; they will lay on flesh quickly and come to great weight. Embden geese do not necessarily require much water, but of course, to look well, the pure Embden geese will require a large pond or brook to wash themselves in.

One of the great advantages of the Embden geese, is, that all of their feathers being perfectly white, their value, where many are kept, is far greater in the market than is even the case with "mixed" feathers. The quiet domestic character of this variety causes them to lay on flesh rapidly. They never stray away from home, the nearest pond and field satisfying their wants, and much of their time is spent in quiet repose. Their flesh is equal to that of the famous Toulouse of France, Mr. Hewit says, "these birds have an advantage even over the Toulouse. In instituting comparisons between the white and colored geese, I have noticed that the pendant abdominal pouch of the Toulouse tells sadly against it when dressed, and would undoubtedly be prejudicial against the sale, in accordance with current opinion of such an appendage being indicative of advanced age."

All white aquatic poultry are considered to dress of a clearer and better appearance than the parti-colored or dark feathered birds, more especially when young. This arises from the patches where the dark feathers grow, showing even after being carefully plucked, more particularly if the plumage at the time they are killed, happens to be immature.

DIVERSIONS OF A PET CROW.

CURIOUS FREAKS OF A DOMESTICATED BIRD—THE MISCHIEF HE PLAYED.

A lady resident in this city was the delighted owner of a pet crow, whose oddities of disposition and love of mischief transformed him into a household pet. He was the "social lion" of his day, and company were always entertained by an interview with "Jim Crow," as he was called. Though "Jim" has doubtless passed over into the happy hunting grounds of his ancestry, and may now possibly be diverting himself in the same old way, the recollections of this inveterate mischief-maker and his remarkable freaks are deemed worthy of a rehearsal. His discovery and the subsequent incidents of his eventful history are thus related by the lady herself:

Sitting in the trunk of a tree beside the cabin of a wood-chopper in the Alleghanies, I first saw "Jim Crow." He was too young to fly, and, only partially covered with feathers, looked so queer, so helpless, and withal so mischievous, that I bought him, tied him in my handkerchief, and hanging it on the pommel of my saddle, rode twenty miles to my home. The long ride in no way disagreed with him, but seemed to have only increased his appetite, for from his perch on the apple tree his continuous "caw-caw" could be heard all day from morn till eve. It was the amusement of all the family to fill up "Jim Crow," which meant to take pieces of bread and clover-heads, and indeed anything, almost, to "Jim," drop it in his wide open-mouth, till his craw, his throat, and his mouth were filled. There he would sit with his bill wide open, unable to shut it till the food slowly digested, then re-commence his "caw, caw, caw." With the wings came—what the quiet twinkle in these black eyes foretold—mischief, sly and deep. Mischief premeditated and unpremeditated, and mischief purely because he couldn't help it, and this propensity was exercised chiefly against the cook, because she most felt his presence and resented it.

He delighted in going into the cook's room, whose careless habits made that place a paradise to him. He would gently put his bill under the lid of her sewing-box and turn off the cover on the floor—and then the fun began. The needles were all carefully stuck over the bed one by one. The cotton was hid in the wood-house, and the scissors nicely tucked under the pillows in the room quite removed from the scene of his labors. The wax and thimble were dropped into the aquarium. And after all this delicious fun, he one day took a little pot of pomade in his bill, and, hopping to the edge of the veranda roof, ate the pomade with evident relish, and then dropped the glass pot on the stove-pipe below with a satisfied air at its demolition. He then flew down and carefully picked up each piece and put it in the grass.

This room was his favorite resort. To it we always went to find a missing comb, a tooth, or a hair brush, and were sure to find it behind the glass or under the carpet or bed. During the short illness of one of the family, regularly at 9 A. M., "Jim Crow" hopped along the veranda roof, gave a quiet tap on the closed window, and, on being admitted, gravely brought with him to the bed-side and laid on the table a chicken bone or leg, or something equally tempting. Seing that he was duly observed, he would ruffle up his feathers, make himself appear like a large round ball of black feathers, "caw" and then open his mouth wide for a part of the invalid's breakfast. After stirring up things for half an hour or more, opening the clock, picking at the hands, stopping the pendulum, dropping the soap in the water pitcher, and taking all the pins out of the pin-cushions, he would take his leave.

The fish in the course of time disappeared from the aquarium, and although all the haps and mishaps of the house were attributed to demure little "Jim Crow," no one suspected that he was the cause of the fish mystery, when one morning he was discovered taking a bath in it, and a fish breakfast afterwards.

The mystery was solved, and when the aquarium was emptied

there came to light two thimbles, a pair of scissors, a penknife, and a spoon.

To carry away small chickens and drop them into holes and cover them with dirt, was his intense delight, and when we saw a distracted hen rushing madly about the barn-yard, some one looked up "Jim Crow" and went to the rescue. One day, after a day's fishing, we were cleaning the fish on the race bank, and busy watching the operation was "Jim Crow" and some ducks. One little fish was considered too small and thrown into the water. A duck quickly seized it by the head and "Jim" took the tail, and then they pulled and pulled for a few seconds. The scene was exceedingly amusing, for "Jim" planted his little black feet firmly on the edge of the bank and was slowly drawn into the water, holding on to the fish. As soon as he found that he was getting in too deep, he let go his hold and flew to a tree to take his usual revenge in scolding, and with his head on one side he scolded till all the fish were cleaned. Jim's scolding consisted of a succession of guttural sounds said over and over with a very solemn face and mournful mien, and has moved many people to hearty laughter because it was so intensely droll. He loved to tease the peacock who came every day after dinner to the veranda to be fed with pieces of bread. He would eat quickly all that he possibly could, to take it away from the peacock. He would eat till his craw, throat, and bill were full, and then he would hop about unable to shut his mouth and still try to eat. But as the pieces were too small and his bill too wide apart he could not rob the poor peacock any more, and he would fly away, dispose of it, and soon return to repeat the operation, and, strange to say, he was the terror of the barn-yard. The peacocks were afraid of him, and the geese ran away at his approach. While he was quite young he was tyrannized over, and all the fowls, large and small, had a pick at Jim. But one day a happy thought siezed Jim. He took a long straw in his bill and chased the geese, who fled before him, and Jim reigned supreme from that day, and often repeated the scare, we thought, for his own amusement. Carefully arranged among the loops and bows of our best bonnets we found apple-cores, according, no doubt, to Jim's taste, a great improvement. In the pockets of our coats there were stones and sticks, and never a pen or pencil could lie loose on the table. Jim's strong point was butter, and on churning days Jim stayed at home and behaved himself. He could eat a half a pound. But one day he ran his bill through a pound and tried to fly away with it. He was caught rolling over and over the floor with it, and from that time he was banished.

As the Summer faded into Autumn Jim stayed away more and more from home, and occasionally would return with friends, evidently showing them around. One Sunday afternoon the attention of the family was drawn to a vigorous cawing on the veranda roof. There was Jim, with three friends all cawing in elegant crow language. They solemnly walked in at the cook's window and remained in the room some time, keeping up their conversation. When they left, all movable things were found overturned, and the room left in the state Jim always left it. The pleasures of that place had no doubt been described by Jim to his friends, and he had brought them along for a frolic. His visits from home became more and more extended, but whenever he came he scolded as much as ever and seemingly tried to talk. He would sit before the house and deliver long harangues on subjects and in language too abstruse for us to comprehend.

One rainy September day he sat for hours on the apple-tree, delivering, it must have been a farewell address, for when night came he flew away and never came home again.

Jim was a great nuisance on wash days; between dropping sticks and stones unobserved into the tubs, and flying away with the soap, and pulling out the clothes-pins from the clothes on the line, he was kept very busy. He regularly dropped small stones every evening on a pet toad, who lived under the kitchen and who came out to be fed by the cook and be tormented by Jim. He would come quietly, meekly, hopping into the kitchen, looking so innocent and hungry, and as he passed by the cat asleep, he would give her one fearful hard peck and fly out at the door or window. This was repeated so often that the cat feared him and assumed the defensive at his approach. He stole a quantity of butter one day and hid it near the chimney of an out-kitchen. We were as much surprised to see grease trickling down the wall as was Jim when he went for his treasure and found it gone. The outburst of caws that followed revealed the culprit. Jim loved to steal, and for the pure fun of being chased he would come into the kitchen, try to pick up something and fly away, and if he failed in his object he would hastily alight and pick up a leaf or stone to make believe he had been successful.—*Reading (Penn.) Times.*

Where it Came From.—A Detroit girl picked up a new beau the other evening at church, and when they reached her father's gate he accepted her invitation to go in. He was perfumed to kill, and it wasn't long before his musk reached the back room where the old folks sat. The old man was heard stumbling around, muttering and growling, and presently he opened the door and passed out, and walked round the house. He came back after snuffing around for a few minutes, and, pounding on the parlor-door, he inquired:

"E-vangeline! where's that piece of candle?"

"I don't know, father; why?" she inquired, in return.

"There's a skunk, or something or other, under the addition, and I've got to hunt him out or we can't live here over night."

The young man didn't stay long after that.

Just after the trial of a petty case, says the Virginia (Nevada) *Enterprise*, in which one Hank Fisher was a witness, three or four of the lawyers were discussing among themselves the variety of testimony deduced, when General B——, with his usual vehemence, said, "There was never such a liar on the witness-stand as that Hank Fisher! He is undoubtedly the biggest liar I ever knew!" When the whole party were somewhat abashed at seeing Hank, who heard the General's remark, step up to him.

"Did you say I was the biggest liar you ever saw?"

"That is about what I said," stammeringly came from the General, who expected a fight.

Hank eyed him for a moment, and then said:

"I guess you don't know my brother John!

A scholar in a country school was asked "How do you parse "Mary milks the cow?'" The last word was disposed of as follows: "Cow, a noun, feminine gender, third person, and stands for Mary." "Stands for Mary! How do you make that out?" "Because," added the intelligent pupil, "if the cow didn't stand for Mary, how could she milk her?"

The proverb says: "Laugh and grow fat." What a saving of corn it would be if pigs would laugh.

"SICH IS LIFE."

Old time first covers our heads with hair;
Afterwards quietly mows them bare.
First cuts our teeth with a mighty fuss;
Anon takes care that our teeth "cuts" us.
First manufactures us nimble legs,
And then converts them to "stiff old pegs."
Coming to earth with squalls and tears,
Pleasure beguiled a few brief years,
Harassed thereafter by Care and Doubt,
Fighting for much we might do without,
Hoping and trusting for bliss to come—
So, in amazement, we reach the tomb.

THE

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A. N. Raub and G. O. Brown, *Associate Editors.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE ADVANTAGES ACCRUING

To the active poulterer or pet-stock breeder, in having before him regularly every week a paper to which he may turn for information and practical suggestions relating to his avocation, are plainly apparent.

The contents of a *weekly*, as compared with a monthly paper that treats upon these specialties, are always fresher, and necessarily relate continually to the duties and requirements of *the present time.*

The patron of the weekly does not aave to wait from the beginning of one month to the commencement or middle of another, to learn what is going on in the poultry and live stock world,—since every seventh day in the year his Fancier's Journal, for example, comes to hand—in which he finds notes taken of all that is transpiring in this line, and upon all interesting current points of suggestion or information, in this particular channel he is thus able, either through the editorials or communication columns, to keep constantly "up with the times."

For this reason of frequency in its visits, and the fact that its columns are devoted to the interests of breeders of fowls, pigeons, dogs, birds, and pet stock generally, we deem the Fancier's Journal (which is the only *weekly* of its class in America) the paper that should be generally supported by the fraternity.

AS THE TIME APPROACHES

When the spring fumigation of the hen-houses is necessary, it may be well to remind our readers that after six months of confinement, (during the cold weather) in a close building, the fowls need to have their premises thoroughly smoked and purified.

This is best done on a clear warm day, when the birds can be driven out of doors, and kept out during the process, which not only serves to disinfect the interior, but will, if properly done, kill off the vermin that may have collected in various parts of the houses since last fall.

The best way to do this, is, to place in an iron vessel (an old pot or small furnace) three or four pounds of common "roll brimstone," and a pound of lump rosin, upon a bed of live charcoal.

First, however, all the windows and openings should be fastened tightly, and all the fowls should be got out. Then set this mass at work, and get out of the place yourself, directly—closing the door snugly behind you. Three hours will be long enough to leave the smudge in operation.

Then open all the doors and windows, for a thorough ventilation again, and all insect life within will have been destroyed, for the present.

FROM ALL QUARTERS, THIS SPRING,

We hear encouraging accounts of the success of poultry breeders, in getting out chickens. Last season was comparatively a disastrous one, in this respect.

The winter of 1875 was an exceptionally cold one, while the past season has been much more mild; and the last few weeks have been good for hatching purposes. There are many handsome young flocks already started, and there is bright promise that the results in poultry-raising will be much more satisfactory in 1876, than in the prior year.

The improvement in the general quality of the fowls raised in 1875, was, nevertheless, quite noticeable, and the fine exhibitions we have latterly had, afforded good evidence that American poulterers—as well as amateurs—were not idle during the last twelvemonth.

There is at this time a large quantity of superior breeding stock on hand in this country, and from the frequent out-look, our people are determined to make the work of this year an advancement even upon former successful efforts.

STILL MORE ECHOES.

A LOST INCUBATOR.

New York, March 27, 1876.

Friend Wade:—As an instance of the management at Chicago, I send this statement.

I exhibited my incubator there, and before leaving I boxed and marked it "Central N. Y. Poultry Exhibition, Utica, N. Y." After being exhibited there it was to go to Mr. Ernest Wider, of East St. Louis. The machine was shipped (or taken) from the Exposition Building at Chicago, but by whom or when, no one seems to know. I cannot get a receipt from the Society, although I have written twice for it, and I can get no satisfaction except that "the machine is not in the Exposition Building," and that they "will try and hunt it up."

Of course Mr. Wider is indignant at not receiving his machine, and I shall have to send him another. I am *out* the value of it, and the sales and benefit which would have resulted from its exhibition at Utica. As the N. P. A. treasury is empty, I suppose I can whistle over my loss.

Yours truly, A. M. Halsted.

MORE NEGLIGENCE.

St. Paul, Minn., April 1, 1876.

Mr. Wade—Dear Sir:—I thought I would write to you respecting the Chicago show. First I fully determined to attend it, and heartily endorsed the preliminary arrangements, hoping thereby to assist in consummating a first-class exhibition. Well, I contributed a mite of $5.00 towards premiums, and entered eight birds and one log, costing me $13.50. I forwarded the fowls at a cost of $8.40, and in the mean time met with an accident of a broken shoulder, preventing my going. I sent Mr. Willard word to take good care of birds, also forwarded a letter to Mr. Ward, requesting him to ask Mr. Felch to specially "*scale*" three or four of my L. B's, for me, so as to compare his with my own opinion—which duty Mr. Ward did, but Mr. Felch would not, as Mr. Ward was the regular judge. Mr. Ward then endeavored to find the birds, and says in his letter to me that they were not entered in his book for judging at all, and he was utterly unable to find them. Now there were two Cockerels and two Pullets coming under his jurisdiction. Well, three days after the show was over we had six out of the eight returned—one L. B. Cockerel and and Silver Poland Hen, muffed, kept. I had the express agent here take note of the fact, and I at once notified Mr. Willard. In his return answer he says that they must have been sent elsewhere, and he would endeavor to hunt them up and see that they were returned. I have waited until to-day, keeping silent, and as yet have seen no inquiry in any journal soliciting information as to their whereabouts. Now, sir, what is my best course in the premises? Mr. Ward has done his part as a gentleman, but am I to suffer through the culpable carelessness of the officials in this way?

Surely the Association could not have done less than to have seen that the birds were properly entered for competition, even were I absent, and returned them when through.

Hoping for your success, I remain,

Yours, etc., J. H. Bryant.

A man addicted to snoring remarked to his bed-fellow in the morning that he slept "like a top." "I know it," said the other—"like a humming top."

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—When speaking of the nest of the hare, I alluded *only* to *Sepus Sylvaticus*, not to hares in *general*. J. M. McCann.

—Increase Extraordinary.—We are informed that a Setter Bitch (Dove) owned by Frank Palmer, whelped 21 pups at one litter. The pups are by Colburn's "Sancho," all doing well. Her last litter was 18, making 39 at two litters.

—Walking Plants.—Some time ago, the Bombay Geographical Society, in a report of its proceedings, announced the reception of the *walking leaf*, with eggs and larvæ from Java, and what seems more curious still, a walking flower described as a *creature* with a white body, crimson, spotted and pink border!

—The most magnificent oak ever known to have grown in England was that dug out of Hatfield bog; it was 120 ft. in length, 12 ft. in diameter at the base, 10 in the middle, and 6 at the smaller end, where broken off; so that the butt for 60 feet squared 7 ft. of timber, and 4 for its entire length. £20 were offered for this tree.

—Saffron Plant.—By the laws of Greece, at one time, whoever should be detected in smuggling the saffron plant out its native country, were punished with death. It was by means of a hollow cane or staff that the seeds, a single head, was brought into Europe. There could not have been very vigilant custom-house officers in those days. Adsum.

—The largest animal known, is the Rorqual, which is about 100 feet in length. The smallest is the twilight monad, whose dimensions are 12,000th of an inch. It is evident that the middle term is ½ of an inch, about the length of the common house-fly, which may therefore be considered as an animal of medium size in the creation.

—As Huon has not answered the question asked by "Sioux," "Does the Bovine race perspire?" I reply in the affirmative. I have seen working oxen during hot summer days wet with perspiration; I have seen them frosted over with it in winter, when undergoing great fatigue. There is no terrestrial quadruped that does not perspire.

—Hairs.—The varieties of hair are very great, their limits not being confined to the quills of the porcupine on the one hand, or the delicate hairs of the butterfly on the other. The horn of the rhinoceros is but a mass of hairs firmly united together, while the revelations of the microscope render it difficult to say how small those hairs may be which the insect world possesses.

—German Paste.—Stale wheaten bread, ½lb; pea meal, (not pea flour) ¼; blanched sweet almonds, 1 oz.; lard, a piece as big as a walnut; and a teaspoonful of honey or treacle. The bread can hardly be too stale, half of which, crush into powder, and soak the remaining half in *cold* water, which squeeze out as much as possible; pound the almonds and mix all together; dry before a hot fire, but do not bake it, and add a pinch of maw-seed.

—Destructive as it may be, the ship-worm will ever be an object of interest, inasmuch as its shell-lined burrow gave to Sir I. Brunel the idea which was afterward so efficiently carried out in the Thames Tunnel. And though, from the alteration of surrounding circumstances, that wonderful monument of engineering skill has not been so practically useful as was anticipated, it has proved of incalculable value as pioneer to the numerous railway tunnels of this and other countries.

—A standard for Fantail breeding:

1. Color, White.
2. Style, Nervous, continual shaking of head.
3. Size, Small.
4. Back, Short.
5. Tail, Well carried, with even and broad spread.
6. Feet, Coral-red, unfeathered.
7. Eye, Hazel in white, pearl in color.
8. Neck, Long.
9. Head Plain. [*English paper.*]

—Is the beech-tree ever struck by lightning? I read somewhere, years ago that beech trees are never injured by lightning. I have traveled very extensively since then, through the great beech woods of Virginia, and have never yet seen one of these trees so injured. As they are all elegant lawn trees, and the blood-leaved weeping one of the finest in cultivation, contrasting beautifully with the green, gold, and silver leaves of other trees. This fact should give them an additional value for planting on pleasure grounds, in cities, or near dwellings in the country.

J. M. McCann.

—Instinct or Reason, which?—About a year ago a friend of ours imported a Saint Bernard Pup. During the past year a small Black and Tan belonging to a neighbor has been in the habit of making daily visits, and the big dog was pleased to see him, and they always had a romp together, but it appears that during the past winter some hogs had been killed and hung in a shed, and the big dog had taken a position where he could keep watch over the hogs. The little dog came over as usual, but being attracted by the fresh meat, went over to smell of it. But he had no sooner done so than the big dog got up and took him by the back and killed him instantly.

—Bees.—The bee which makes our honey had its origin in Asia, spreading first over Europe, it was introduced from there to America. Three sorts go to the making up of a hive; females, males, and "workers." The females are queens, but as but one can Queen it at a time, the others are quietly put out of the way. The "workers" are by far the most numerous. They collect the honey, secrete the wax, build the cells, and raise the young. The males do not sting. The poison of the bee sting is very powerful, and kills a fellow bee almost instantly. Animals have been killed by an enraged colony, whose hive has been upset. The Queen lives in the centre of the hive; is quite a home body, never going away from it more than once in her life, and that is for the purpose of finding a husband.

—Leaf-Teachings.—Sir Joseph Paxton has acknowledged that to the ribbing so peculiarly adapted for bearing up the broad floating leaf of the vast Victoria Regia and its massive inflorescence, he was mainly indebted for the idea of his palace of glass, which has so wonderfully resisted, in its fairy-like frailty of appearance, the storms of time. Smeaton was indebted for the design of the Eddystone Light-house to the bole of a tree. The leaf is to a great extent, the model of the tree.

For instance, the beech leaf has little or no leaf-stalk; now, the beech tree in its growth is naturally feathered from its base, with branches. Accordingly, the leaves of the beech, the oak, the elm, the box, the holly, the laurel, the prive and the snowberry, whose natural tendency is to cover the ground from the base, have either a very short petiole or none at all.

—Comparative Intelligence of Domestic Animals.—He would be a bold naturalist who would now deny to the inferior animals the gift of reasoning faculties. No great naturalist since the efforts of Waterton, so far as I know, has come forward on the other side, and a thousand well authenticated anecdotes have been recorded that *cannot* be accounted for by any other hypothesis. Domestic animals, like men, differ greatly in natural ability and acquirements; some have great talents, others are intellectually feeble—some are idiotic. From my own observation I would place

The Dog, 1st,	The Ass, 5th,
The Mule, 2d,	The Goat, 6th,
The Horse, 3d,	The Cow, 7th,
The Pig, 4th,	The Sheep, 8th,

J. M. McCann.

—A Trap to Catch a Rattlesnake.—While hunting in the mountains last fall, an old woodsman told me the following snake story. He had long known of a den of rattlesnakes under a cliff of rocks on the river bank near his dwelling. Had often seen great numbers of them basking in the sunbeams on sultry summer days. When the first frosts of autumn appeared he threw a quantity of straw down from the cliff upon the rocks, where they congregated. After the nights grew more chilly, and when he supposed that the snakes had crept into the straw in search of warmth, he set the pile on fire; and says that when the flames reached and scorched them, the scene was terrible. Wild with rage, and mad with pain they struck each other, and rattled and fought among the flames until they died. He says that great numbers of the reptiles were destroyed, and that their oil ran down the rocks, and floated off upon the water.

I can but think that Audubon, notwithstanding the many years he spent in mountains and forest, knew but little about the habits of the rattlesnake. As has been pointed out by Waterton, he pictures the fangs as curving *outward*, instead of backward into the mouth, and says that they chase squirrels up trees, and seize them among the branches. It is a popular error to suppose that they always rattle before striking; they rarely bite when they "sing," but usually glide off; and in truth they seldom strike at all, except the animals they use for food; unless they are provoked. When they do strike, they do so without warning; at least in the majority of cases. They are eaten by hogs, and trampled to death under the feet of deer. All animals have an instinctive dread of them, and it is impossible to force a horse near them.

J. M. McCann.

Small Pet Department

(Reported for the Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

PHILADELPHIA,

(For the week ending April 2, 1876.)

1 Red-tailed Hawk, (*Buteo borealis*). Presented by J. C. Doyle, Philadelphia.
4 Flying Squirrels, (*Sciuropterous Volucella*). Presented by Miss Mary H. Morris, Overlook Station, P. R. R.
1 Red-tailed Hawk, (*Buteo borealis*). Presented by J. B. Eshelman, Lancaster, Pa.
1 Do. Presented by Wm. Gibson, Concordville, Pennsylvania.

Huon.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 17.

WOLVES.

North of the foxes' home on the western side of the Zoological Garden, are situated the wolf pens. At present they are occupied by the prairie wolf, the gray wolf, the common wolf, and one specimen of the old world animal, called the Italian wolf, a small, but very fair representation of the family *Canis lupus*.

The Prairie Wolf (*Canis latrans*), the Coyote of the Mexicans, and the so called "barking wolf,"—on account of its snapping bark,—is found all over the vast plains of Missouri and their neighborhoods. It is the representative in America of the old world jackal, and in size is intermediate between the fox and true wolf. The Gray wolf (*Canis occidentalis*) with its varieties, is found in most of the states and territories where such animals are allowed to live. The common wolf (*Canis lupis*) is one of these varieties, to which may be added the giant wolf of Oregon, the white wolf of the upper Missouri, the dusky wolf of the north western states, the black of the southern, and the red or "rufous" of Texas. A few gray wolves still linger in the middle and eastern states, where there are woods dense and wild enough to hide, and deer enough to feed them, for your wolf has a delicate tooth, and will not invade the sheep-fold for even a lamb, until his supply of venison fails him.

We may safely suppose that the wolf figured among the primary animals, as he is represented on Egyptian tombs which existed 4000 years ago. In the Bible the first mention of him is made by Isaiah, but he seems then so well known that he may have been named by Adam in the garden, certainly by Noah when he made that grand collection for his ark.

For several reasons a peculiar interest attaches to the wolf, not the least of which is the close analogy, which in all its essential features it presents to the dog, man's faithful companion. Indeed more than one naturalist, the great John Hunter among the number, believes that dogs in all their varieties, and wolves have descended from a common stock.

Another point of interest arises from the stories told of the wolf now and then having acted as a nurse to the human race, and though we know not how much truth there may be in the story of Romulus and Remus, yet there is some reality underlying the wildest fictions ever created about the matter. Some years ago an officer in British India made a long course of observation on the "wolf nurse," which he gave to the world in pamphlet form, in which he proves he had actual demonstration of the fact that children have been nursed by the wolf. He gives an instance of a female wolf being discovered in her den with three whelps and a little boy, the latter appearing to be about nine or ten years old. He went on all fours, seemed on the best possible terms with his companions, and was protected with as much care by the mother wolf as if he had been one of her own flesh and blood. This boy was captured by the officer who writes the account, and in whose family he lived three years, leading a very inoffensive life, except when teased—but never speaking a word until a few moments before he died, when he said his head ached—asked for water, drank it and died. He was never reclaimed from his wolf state. Human beings he always shunned, though of dogs and jackals he seemed very fond. He would never walk upright without force, preferring always to go on all fours, especially to his food.

Numerous other well authenticated cases occur, all in India, however, in some parts of which country the wolf is yet looked upon as it was formerly, in Northern Europe, as a sacred animal, and where almost all the Hindoos have a superstitious dread of doing it any harm. A common belief there, is that the village within whose boundary a drop of wolf's blood has been spilled is certainly doomed to destruction.

There is no end to the superstitious fictions which prevailed among the ancients regarding the wolf. One was if a wolf looked upon a man before the man saw him, the latter would lose his voice; while the power of human beings to turn themselves into wolves was most firmly believed in, and even to this very hour it is a matter of the firmest faith in some remote places of Europe, and where some of the rude, superstitious peasantry would sooner doubt a future state of existence, than the doctrine of "Lycanthropy," or the existence of "were-wolves."

Was there any filthy thing under heaven or earth, or in the waters that cover the earth which the ancients did not in some way use for medicine? It would seem not. Among other delectable concoctions of the "saw-bones" of those days, we find that the "dry pounded liver of the wolf steeped in sweet wine," is a most excellent and certain cure for diseases of the liver. Other portions of the animal formed a part of the pharmacopœia of those good old times, which, however, has no place here.

The dried snout of the wolf was for ages held as a preventive of the witches' power, if nailed upon a door, as a horse shoe, and new married ladies in the ancient time were wont to anoint the door post of the new home with wolves' grease, to defeat the devil and all his works. A necklace of wolves' teeth placed on the neck of a horse, would prevent him from ever getting tired, no matter how heavy the load, or the number of times he might be urged round the race course.

The whole race of wolves are more cunning than courageous. An old trapper has said that he had frequently taken a wolf out of the trap and compelled it by blows to lie down by his side while he re-set his trap. It appears that when the wolf is trapped he is universally subdued, silent and unresisting. A gentleman once stated he was present when a fine young wolf about fifteen months old was taken by surprise, and suddenly attacked with a club. The poor beast offered no resistance, but crouching down in the supplicating manner of a whipped dog suffered himself to be knocked on the head.

"Havn't you a single good word for the wolf?"

Well, not much more than one. Like dogs they are capable of strong attachment, but the cases are so rare, that they seem but exceptions. Cuvier tells a good story of the attachment of one, and Lloyd in his "Sports of the North," another, both of which however are much too long for Fanciers. Of the affection of the wolf for its young (or was it the mother's vanity?) I will give this instance, which will conclude my notes on wolves. The author of this statement is Mr. Thos. Bell, the very able English naturalist; he says:

"There was a wolf in the Zoological Garden (London) which would always come to the front bars of her den as soon as I or any other person whom she knew, approached. She had whelps, and so eager was she that her little ones should share with her the notice of her friends, that she killed all of them one after another,

by rubbing them against the bars of her den as she brought them forward to be fondled."

Huon.

CURIOUS BIRDS.

THE HORNBILLS.

These singular birds are seldom seen alive anywhere except in their native lands; and even there they are extremely rare. They are large and clumsy birds, possessing little beauty of plumage, the ground color of all the larger species being black, sometimes tinged with bronze, the tail and lower parts varied with white. They are natives of Africa, tropical Asia, and the islands of the Malayan archipelago. Forty-two species are now known. The most remarkable feature about the bird is the bill, which attains enormous proportions, and varies in every species, and even in the sexes of the same species, and often in the same bird at different ages. In the most remarkable species a large recurved horn rises up above the crown of the head, almost as large as the bill itself. "In the great Rhinoceros Hornbill (*Buceros rhinoceros*) says Mr. Alfred R. Wallis, the bill attains perhaps its greatest size and beauty, the rich hues of orange, crimson and ivory white, with which it is adorned in the living bird, being scarcely capable of imitation. It is this bird which excited the wonder of the early voyagers to Ceylon, who believed it to have two heads, a statement which was long credited in Europe. The Rhinoceros Hornbill sometimes exceeds four feet in length."

The bill is wonderfully light for its size, though containing a compact core of porous bone to its very extremity. The horn adds but little to the weight of the bill, being completely hollow, except at the base, where it has a bony core. The upper and lower mandibles seldom meet except at the base and tip, all the middle portion gaping from an eighth to a quarter of an inch apart. The only use of this anomalous structure is, that it enables the birds to carry a considerable quantity of food in the closed bill. Rev. J Mason says, "That when the female *Buceros bicornis*, is setting on its nest, the male brings her a continual supply of fruit, but all must be unbroken, for if a single fig or any other fruit is injured, she will not touch it." Mr. Wallis says, "That as soon as the female has deposited her eggs, the male imprisons her in the tree by closing up the entrance with clay and gummy substances, leaving only a small hole, out of which she puts the tip of her bill to receive the fruits, with which he keeps her well supplied." She is kept shut up in this manner, some say till the young are hatched, others till they are fledged. A most extraordinary habit is attributed to a species found in Java, the *Buceros plicatus*, called by the natives "The Jealous bird." They assert that if any traces appear of the nest having been visited during the absence of the male bird, he will on his return completely close up the opening with mud, and leave his wife and babes to die. The hornbill makes a horrible noise when captured, which may be heard at the distance of more than a mile. It is said to be not unlike the shrick of a locomotive.

J. M. McCann.

HINTS ABOUT LIVE-STOCK PETS.

The natural love of most children for a live pet of some kind, is so common, and the little ones in the family, of both sexes, are so fond of their cage birds, their pretty squirrel or guinea-pig, their rabbits, dogs, or chickens,—that it is surprising how few there are, comparatively, among the tens of thousands of households in this country, who indulge their boys and girls with this pleasant gratification, in some shape.

The wholesome amusement thus afforded to the young is valuable by itself. These animate beings entrusted to the care of the children afford them highly satisfactory occupation at times, and they watch their growth, their development, their playful habits, and their pretty ways with great gusto, as they become constantly more interested in the daily lives of such pets.

The prime cost of these little animals is but trifling. Their keep amounts to mere nothing. Not one boy or girl in a hundred, in all this land, can be found, who does not entertain a natural like for one or another of the tiny creatures mentioned, or who would not enjoy sincere pleasure, continually, in caring for their petty needs, and in looking to their comforts, if any of them once come into their possession.

The time requisite to be occupied each day in attending to the welfare of such pets, and the further hours certain to be devoted to observing their winsome habits, or antics, are well spent by the children. They are thus frequently "kept out of mischief," while they acquire wholesome and satisfying knowledge of a certain kind, by this means. They are amused, instructed, delighted, and employed innocently, at the same time—if they have something novel of this kind to love and feed and care for.

Where the variety of birds and small domestic animals is so large as it is with us, and when the advantages derivable from their possession is in many ways so healthful to mind and body, among our little ones, we cannot but deem it highly desirable that children should have their pets, universally; and we feel very confident that parents who have never thought to offer this small indulgence to the young members of their families, will find their account in it—in many respects—if they try the experiment, hinted at in these brief suggestions about pets.

Correspondence.

NEW SOCIETY.

Wooster, O., March 20, 1876.

Joseph M. Wade:

Dear Sir:—Would you please insert the enclosed notice, and very much oblige many fanciers, and several subscribers to your valuable paper.

Yours Truly,

A. C. McGren.

At a preliminary meeting held at the office of Dr. B. J. Jones, Wooster, O., March 8th, 1876, for the purpose of organizing a Poultry Association, P. J. Spreng was called to the chair and Jos. Baumgardner was appointed Secretary, when the following was adopted:

Resolved, That the Secretary be hereby instructed to publish a call in our city papers, and request other papers in this section of the State to copy, for a general meeting to be held at Wooster, Ohio, at 1 o'clock P. M., April 9, 1876, for the purpose of forming a permanent organization.

A general invitation is hereby extended to all Fanciers throughout the State of Ohio.

P. J. Spreng, Pres.

Jos. Baumgardner, Sec'y.

Albany, N. Y., March, 1876.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq., Ed. Fanciers' Journal:

Dear Sir.—Herewith I hand you an article for publication, relative to the formation of a new club in this vicinity for the scientific breeding of Poultry.

In addition to the enclosed, I give you a brief memoranda of some of the original features of our organization, which I trust will entitle the enterprise to editorial comment in your next issue.

In the first place, the club have established a "Pedigree Book," in which they require all breeding stock to be entered. No birds to be admitted that are deficient in essential points, the aim being to restrict members to thoroughly first-class stock.

This stock, their eggs, and progeny, will be offered for sale *by the club*, in a *club advertisement*, through the medium of your own valuable Journal, and other similar publications that meet the

eyes of fanciers; that is to say the *club will advertise* all the varieties owned and offered for sale by *its individual members.*

Their stock will include most of the leading varieties, and it is their purpose to make a lasting reputation for thoroughly first-class stock, fair dealing, and reasonable prices.

I append a list of the officers:

President, A. W. Slingerland.
Vice-President and Librarian, J. W. Hutt.
Recording Secretary, George W. Slingerland.
Corresponding Secretary, J. White Sprong.
Treasurer, John E. Heath.

The style of the organization is "The Avis Club of Albany."

Very truly yours, J. White Sprong,
Corresponding Sec'y.

Address the Journal to

J. W. Hutt, *Vice-President,*
Slingerland, N. Y.

THE AVIS CLUB OF ALBANY.

Ed. Fanciers' Journal:

Dear Sir,—Enclosed find $2.50, the price of one year's subscription to your excellent Journal, by The Avis Club. This club is an organization of gentlemen who are engaged in various professional avocations in the city of Albany, but reside with their families at this place, (a growing village on the Albany & Susquehanna R. R.) and who have been engaged in breeding pure varieties of poultry for some time past, more for pleasure and recreation than for profit. They have quite a number of fowls, and will soon find it necessary to reduce the number of fowls in their yards, by disposing of their surplus stock. For the purpose of the mutual interchange of ideas, sentiments, and benefits in relation to poultry culture, and to realize the truth of the old adage that "In union there is strength," "The Avis Club" has been organized.

The ten members with which the club begins its existence, are gentlemen of experience, some are "one variety" men, some are breeding three or four varieties, but all are breeding on the principle that quality is more to be sought after than quantity, and the twelve varieties of pure bred fowls, now owned by the club, contain, probably, as large a percentage of first class birds, as can be found in the same number of yards in this country.

Our Constitution and By-Laws, although similar in some respects to those of like organizations elsewhere, contain some original features, specially adapted to meet the wants of this organization. No member of the club will be allowed to dispose of birds for breeding purposes, unless they are pure, and no eggs are to be sold for hatching, except those of pure bred fowls, and our motto is, "Honesty is the best policy," *and it pays.* The nucleus of a library of works on poultry culture is already in our possession, to which we propose to add new publications as they are issued, and not the least valued of which, you may be assured are the files of the Fanciers' Journal.

As there is no such word as "fail" in our "nomenclature," we shall advise you from time to time of the success of

Yours respectfully, "The Avis Club."

Slingerland, N. Y., March 28, 1876.

ENQUIRY ANSWERED.

Mr. Wade:

Dear Sir,—I see in your paper a correspondent who calls himself "Black Red," who wishes to know what to do for his Game Stag. We would advise him to get some alum and burn it, then pulverize it with equal parts of white sugar, then procure a small quill and blow it in the eye, and after a few applications of the above, the film will disappear. We have tried it in similar cases, and have never kuown it to fail.

Yours truly, "Hamburg."

April 3, 1876.

HEMP SEED.

Mr. Wade:

Dear Sir:—What effect will a handfull of hempseed, given every day, have on pigeons; that is, whether it is injurious or beneficial.

Your friend,
W. F. Whitman.

[Hemp seed is a stimulant for pigeons, given moderately, especially at the commencement of the breeding season, it is very good, and will make them pair more readily. It will also tame them, as they are so fond of it they will soon fly on the hand to obtain it. A little flax-seed is also good, and will assist them in casting the old feathers, and will add new lustre to the new ones. —Ed.]

Northampton, March 24, 1876.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.,

Dear Sir: Why don't I receive the "Journal" regularly? The Last copy I have received is No.9, March 2.

Other subscribers in this town received theirs five days ago. I value the Journal too highly to lose any numbers or have them delayed. Its visits are very welcome and having paid in full, not deducting agent's commission either for myself or others. I hope it will come regularly in future. I appreciate your extra labor caused by change of location, but think my paper ought to arrive within five days of other subscribers' in this town. Do not think that I am vexed, for I am not. I know that there is some reason for it.

Trusting it will all come out right, I am

Yours very respectfully, M. L. K.

We often receive letters like the above. In answer we can only say that all the papers are mailed at one time and if any are delayed or lost we cannot help it but will cheerfully replace them when notified. When we reached Hartford we occupied a temporary office kindly placed at our service by the officers of the Connecticut State Poultry Society. While occupying this office our boxes were not unpacked, and this will explain why the delay in mailing back numbers, books, and electrotypes, &c. We are now occupying the office vacated by the Poultry World. It has been enlarged and refitted, and we are now prepared to fill all orders more promptly than for some weeks back. Fanciers are cordially invited to visit our new office.—Ed.]

NEST BOXES FOR PIGEONS.

LeRoy, Mower Co., April 3, 1876.

Friend Wade:

I made my nest boxes as per "Wright's Practical Poultry Keeper," page 38, and found, upon setting my first hen, that a "tight box" was inconvenient, so, instead of nailing the top fast I made it a moveable cover by nailing two inch strips on three edges of it, and on the fourth edge, nailed laths, perpendicularly, to meet the strips in front of the box. When not in use for setting, I make a laying box of it, by reversing the cover so that the laths come to the back of the box.

If I am the "first discoverer," you may tell the readers of the "Journal" that I won't charge them a cent for the use of it.

Yours truly,
"Jonathan Squab."

Alleghany City, March 24th, 1876.

Friend Wade:—

I have come to the conclusion that tobacco stems are the best thing to keep varmints, or any kind of insects out of your pigeon loft. Last season I was troubled a great deal with them, so I tried them, and have not been troubled with them since. I give them to the pigeons to build their nests with, after rubbing them in my hands till they soften. Most of the pigeons will build the greater part of their nest with them, and line them with straw, making a

very good nest. The lice never trouble the squabs, it is very healthy for the birds. Once a month I burn a lot in the loft, which smokes it thoroughly, keeping the lice off the perches and walls. You can get them of any tobacconist for the taking, and think if your young readers adopt this plan they will not be troubled with insects or lice of any kind.

Respectfully yours,

J. M. Skiles, Jr.

"Sassafras" wants to know a cure for worms in dogs. Will some one please send information.

Exchanges.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"To exchanges for cash" or "greenbacks," "wanted a purchaser," or "wanted an offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

A. M. CAREY, Selins Grove, Pa., desires to exchange eggs of choice fowls, 13 varieties, (see circular,) for eggs of strictly first-class Pekin Ducks or Bronze Turkeys.

J. F. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., would like to exchange a few sittings of White Leghorn Eggs from a very fine select yard of his popular laying strain, for Maple Sugar! Eggs will be "pure," and want the sugar the same.

A. L. BANKS, Mount Kisco, N. Y., will exchange four India Silkies, 3 hens and cock, imported; trio Spangled Leghorns, and trio Dominique Leghorns, 1st premium birds, for a gold watch or books.

D. P. VAN HORNE, Bainbridge, N. Y., will exchange a fine pair of Buff Cochin chicks for a pair of P. Rock pullets.

F. C. SHEPHERD, Ithaca, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair S. S. Hamburgs, 1 pair Black Cochins, 1 White Leghorn pullet, for Fantails or Pouter Pigeons. Good stock offered; same expected.

DR. A. B. MASON, Springfield, Ohio, will exchange a few sittings of eggs from premium White Leghorns, for Dominique Leghorn eggs of like purity, and for Italian Queens.

S. P. RULLAS, Providence, R. I., will exchange a Scotch Terrier Slut, 3 months old, full blooded, for a pair of Ferrets, or other offers.

J. WILLARD LORD, Gildersleeve's Landing, Conn., will exchange a female Ferret two years old, good hunter, tame as a kitten, for Dog Breaking, by Hutchinson.

JOSEPH E. LORD, Gildersleeve's Landing, Conn., will exchange Plymouth Rock eggs from No. one birds, for Dog Breaking, by Hutchinson.

GEO. REDPATH, Hyde Park, Penn., has a Bull and Terrier Dog, 19 months old, brindle, good watch dog, to exchange for trio of Black Spanish or White Leghorns; also a Black and Tan Slut with 3 Slut pups, for same, carriage paid, or the two trios for the whole, carriage paid.

M. L. & M. W. GRAVES, Northampton, Mass., offer eggs for hatching from high-class Brown Leghorns, Light Brahmas, and American Dominiques, in exchange for trio White Crested Fan cocks; also Doyles, Tegetmeier, or any other standard work on Poultry or Pigeons in good condition.

HENRY C. WICKES, 71 West Clifford St., Providence R. I., will exchange Allen's nickel-plated seven barrel revolver, for Brown Leghorn pullets, Dark Brahma cock, or Light Brahma pullets; or a full blooded English Pointer dog pup, four months old, for a good express harness, not been in use over six months. What offers.

R. C. KEAR, Minersville, Schuylkill Co., Pa., will exchange a good full bred Maltese Tom Cat, one year old, clean about the house, good ratter, for Fancy Pigeons, Fowls, Eggs, or offers.

F. M. LOWE, Fitchburg, Mass., will exchange eggs for sitting, from 1st premium P. Cochins, for Black or Dominique Leghorn's eggs. Eggs from fine stock only, wanted. Speak quick.

WM. H. NONNEMACHER, P. O. Box 413, Allentown, Pa., has seven Dark Brahmas to exchange for Houdans. Must be good stock, same as mine are; cock has solid black breast. Will exchange for two trios.

"FELIX," P. O. Box 2,835, Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange a pair of Dark Brahmas, or trio of White Leghorns, for a male Maltese kitten, not younger than one month, nor older than three months.

ROBERT LEAVER, Saxony Woolen Mills, Trenton, N. J., will exchange eggs for hatching, from first-class Dark Brahmas, (P. Williams and Wade strain,) for first-class W. Leghorns, or P. Rock, or Colored Dorking Eggs; also a good trio of Dark Brahmas, 1874 hatch, for Fancy Pigeons, Newfoundland Dog, or offers.

JACOB SELAK, York, Penn., will exchange Yellow Carrier hen for Yellow Carrier cock; two pairs Black Tumblers, for White Carrier cock; pair of Trumpeters, Silver and Dun, for a Yellow Trumpeter cock and a red Trumpeter cock. Must be as good birds as mine are.

I. O. THURSTON, 786 Broadway, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair White Barbs, (young) for White or Brown Leghorns, or offers.

C. KING, JR., Plainville, Norfolk Co., Mass., has Fans, Barbs, Magpies, Tumblers, and odd birds, to exchange for guns, pistols, violin, Houdans, &c.

R. B. PLUMBY, Elk Dale, Chester Co., Pa., will exchange one Skye Terrier dog, thirteen months old, or pups of the same stock, ten weeks old, for B. B. R. Game cock, or cockerel and hens, or pullets. No inferior stock wanted.

G. L. FOSKETT, Winsted, Ct., will exchange 1 new Incubator, (Corbett's), cost $20, for Wright's "Illustrated Book of Poultry," or Canaries with their cages, Poultry Books, American Dominiques, or offers.

S. O. CHASE, Killingly, Conn., will exchange eggs for hatching, from a superior stock of Partridge Cochins and Plymouth Rocks, for White Crested Calcutta, Yellow or Black Fantails, or merchandise. Stock must be first-class.

HARRY E. OVERHOLT, Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland Co., Pa., will exchange 1 White Leghorn cockerel and 4 pullets, for a good trio of Dark Brahmas. Must be first-class, as mine are nothing else.

SAMUEL H. BRADBURY, Waukegan, Ill., has for exchange fine large Maltese cats and kittens; any age can be given, for Partridge Cochins, Dark Brahmas, W. C. B. Poland, G. S. Hamburgs, Heathwood, Duckwing, or B. B. R. Games; or eggs of above varieties. None but good stock taken.

J. H. FASSITT, 1630 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange a Yellow Mottled Trumpeter hen for either a blue, black, or white hen, same variety. Must be a good bird.

L. A. THOMPSON, Basking Ridge, N. J., wants books of recent publication, or Silver Gray Dorkings, in exchange for an Orange and White Setter Dog, 10 months old, fine size, and partly broken. Write for particulars

W. ATLEE BUGBEE, Philadelphia, Pa., wants Toulouse Geese, and Bronze and White Turkey eggs, or stock, Dominiques, Houdans, Dominique and Black Leghorns, and Dorkings, in exchange for Leghorns, Asiatics, P. Rocks, Eggs, Mammoth seed corn, Fancy Pigeons, &c.

OLIVER KENDALL, Providence, R. I., will exchange cocks, Black Moorcap, Black Jacobin, Red Jacobin, and Antwerp, for hens to match,

M. W. MINER, Wyoming, Ill., will exchange one pair very fine Dark Brahmas, just imported, for Berkshire, Essex, or Poland China pigs; Ayreshire, or Alderney calf, or ($40 forty dollars cash

GEO. W. DIXON, Box 188, Worcester, Mass., will exchange imported Lop-Eared Rabbits, grand earage size; and Yorkings, also young, from imported stock; Himalayan, old and young, fine black points; and White Guinea Pigs. See Wants.

G. M. TWITCHELL, Fairfield, Maine, offers 1 pair Black B. R. Game fowl; L. B. cockerels, Felch strain; 1 pair Plymouth Rock chicks, Drake stock; 1 W. F. B. Spanish pullet, Chamberlain stock; all good birds, in exchange for P. Rocks, S. S. Bantam hens, or offers. Speak quick.

T. D. ADAMS, Franklin, Pa., will exchange his thorough-bred Irish Red Setter Dog, (1 year old) Roy, worth $50, for a first-class female Croker Spaniel; pedigree wanted, and same given. What offers?

Wanted.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

OLIVER KENDALL, Providence, R. I., wants two Black Priest cocks, and Swabian cock; No. 1 birds.

GEO. W. DIXON, Box 188, Worcester, Mass., wants Irish Gray Game Bantams, Black Game Bantams. See exchange column.

GEO. SHIRAS & BRO., Allegheny, Pa., wants the address of all Pigeon Fanciers, (breeders and dealers) of Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville, Cairo, Memphis, Vicksburg, Natchez, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, and Galveston, (Tex.) Send address on postal card; I intend to start soon.

J. F. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., wants pure Maple Sugar in exchange for choice Eggs of any popular variety. Would prefer to send eggs from his well-known strain of White Leghorns! All communications answered.

E. KRAUSE, Zanesville, Ohio, wants one imported Switzerland Goat, (Female). Must be a good milker, with teats extending nearly to the ground. Also, a pair of young Deer wanted. Any party knowing any of above for sale, will please address.

Advertisements

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—First and Special Premium, at Buffalo, 1875; First Premium at Utica, 1876. Eggs, $2.00 per 13.
S. S. MORLEY, Clyde, N. Y.

PURE and Fresh Eggs from Choice L. Brahmas, P. Rocks, and Brown Leghorns. Thirteen for $2.00; 39 for $5.00.
5t Address C. A. ANDREW, West Boxford, Mass.

POULTRY AND PIGEONS.

A breeder of high-class Fowls and Pigeons, retiring from the Fancy, has placed in my hands for immediate sale, his entire stock, including some pairs and trios of valuable Fowls, and 200 pairs of Fancy Pigeons, besides many odd birds. If you want Fowls, send for price lists; if Pigeons, write for what you want. Everything at bottom prices.
HOWARD I. IRELAND, Camden, N. J.

THE LARGEST POULTRY ESTABLISHMENT IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

LIGHT BRAHMAS, DARK BRAHMAS, PARTRIDGE COCHINS, WHITE LEGHORNS, BROWN LEGHORNS, HOUDANS, GOLDEN SEBRIGHT BANTAMS,

From stock imported by me and from selected specimens of the best strains in this country.

Fowls for sale at all seasons. Eggs for hatching from same pens I use for this purpose, $3.00 per sitting of 13, or 52 for $10.00, any or all varieties. No circulars. When you write, please state explicitly what you want.

GEO. S. JOSSELYN, Fredonia, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL.

THIS POPULAR MONTHLY HAS BEEN ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

IT IS DEVOTED TO EVERYTHING OF INTEREST

TO THE STOCK-BREEDER AND FARMER.

PRICE ONLY $1.00 FOR FIFTEEN MONTHS.

POTTS BROS., Parkesburg, Pa.

HAMBURGS.—Wheaton Bros., Zoar, Mass., are making a specialty of Golden and Silver Spangled Hamburgs, from imported stock. Eggs $2 per 13.

F. F. PRESTON, Candor, N. Y., breeder of Light Brahmas, Buff and Partridge Cochins, Golden Sebright Bantams. Can spare a few eggs from the above varieties, at $5.00 per dozen.

C. G. TREXLER, Allentown, Pa., can furnish earthen nest pans for Pigeons at half the usual price; they prevent vermin and promote cleanliness. Price, $1.25 per dozen, or $5.00 for five dozen, including packing. Can be shipped either by freight or express.

X. L. C. R.

Duncan Kay, Galt, Ont. Canada, importer and breeder of Black Spanish, Black Hamburgs, Golden Penciled Hamburgs, Silver Penciled Hamburgs, Golden and Silver Duck Wing, and Black Breasted Red Game Bantams. Eggs $4.00 per sitting of 13, three sittings for $10.00. A few birds of each variety for sale.

Pekin Duck Eggs.

Fifteen eggs for $3 00. Rouen Duck eggs, $4.00 per 13, from my first premium stock that weighed 16½ lbs. per pair at Doylestown show.

Will have the above breeds of Ducks for sale in the fall at a low figure, and satisfaction guaranteed.

P. Q. HOLCOMBE, Reaville, N. J.

The Cheapest and Best

way to get good birds, is to purchase Eggs. I am shipping Eggs from my best Game birds, fresh and carefully packed in baskets, at $5.00 per dozen for Black Reds and Duckwings, and $6.00 per dozen for Brown Reds. All of the above stock are equal to any in the country, and are, many of them, imported birds of the best strains. JOHN STONE,

Coatesville, Chester Co., Penn.

FOR SALE.

Ten good Light Brahma cockerels, 15 to 20 good pullets.

I have given careful attention to breeding these fowls for several years.

My birds are pure and my prices reasonable. Write for particulars.

3t T. D. HAMMOND, Mayville, N. Y.

FLYING ANTWERPS.

To arrive in March, fifteen pairs of Flying Antwerps, from Antwerp, Belgium, at from $6 to $10 per pair. Also, extra trained birds, from $15 to $20 per pair Orders taken for young birds.

JOHN VAN OPSTAL,

4 Lewis Street, New York.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

I will sell a limited number of Eggs for Hatching from my best mating of Light Brahmas this season, at $3.00 per dozen.

I make a specialty of these fowls, and have 8 breeding pens of choice birds.

6t T. D. HAMMOND, Mayville, N. Y.

BRONZE TURKEYS AND PEKIN DUCKS.

Eggs, $5.00 per Dozen.

LIGHT BRAHMAS, $3.00 per dozen. Premiums awarded in 1876: At Maine Poultry Exhibition, 1st, 2d, and all specials on Bronze Turkeys; also premiums for best collection of Bronze Turkeys and Pekin Ducks. At New England (Springfield) Exhibition, 1st and 2d on Bronze Turkeys, and 2d and 3d on Pekin Ducks. I am breeding Light Brahmas to the fock which took 1st premium at Maine Exhibition of 1875, and to another which took 1st at Maine Exhibition of 1876. Eggs, $3 per dozen. White Crested Black and Silver Spangled Polish, White and Brown Leghorn eggs from premium stock, $2 per dozen. Birds of all the above kinds for sale. Send for catalogue.

C. P. MATTOCKS, Portland, Me.

P. O. East Baldwin, Me.

SPANGLED LEGHORN EGGS FOR HATCHING.

My fowls have won 33 premiums and 9 special premiums this season. I shall have a few eggs to sell from my choice fowls. I shall sell my 1st premium Spangled Leghorn eggs, 13 for $5.00; 1st premium American Dominique, 13 for $5.00; Rose Comb White Leghorns, 13 for $3.00; also American Dominique, P. Rocks, W. F. B. Spanish, White, Brown, Dominique Leghorns, S. S. Hamburgs, G. S. Hamburgs, G. S. Polish, and Light Brahmas.

4t E. H. SMITH, Wolcottville, Conn.

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"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, APRIL 24, 1876. No. 15.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY CAROLINE NORTH.

How lonely seemed her life now she had lost
The love that gave to life its grace and worth!
How cold the clouded skies, how low and dull
What erst she deemed most beautiful on earth!

Hers was a feeble mind that could not rise
Out of herself to things of higher power;
Busy with trifles, while an aching want
Deepened and widened every listless hour.

And friends were kind, but, careless, passed her by;
One of themselves, and happy as things go;
Talked with her, helped her not, nor soothed
The leaden sorrow that they did not know.

None gave her work to pass the weary days,
Nor sought she any, lived in dull content,
Yet thankful if a passing sunbeam strayed,
For any joy that God in pity sent.

Then came the Lord to that deserted door
That all men passed with hurrying, heedless feet,
And she rose up, and opening; found at last
All she had lost, within His presence sweet.

—[*Good Words.*]

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

A SNAKE STORY.

'Tis said "a fish story never loses anything by telling," neither does the snake story, and I have one to tell which has the merit of never having been told before, and is also all a true story.

Time was, when I had a good old uncle who ran a saw mill among the New Jersey pines. The pond, which supplied the water, was old and large, and therefore well stocked with pike, and small fry, and on it and about it I spent many days in Izaak Walton fashion, though I believe the gentle Izaak never took a gun with him, which I did, at those times, for many a wild duck, aye and a wild goose, now and then, flying westward from the Atlantic bays, were wont to settle down on the old pond, some of which left it not again alive. Indeed there was at times other game around "Whitas'" as it was called. I was standing in the saw mill one bright morning, in converse with my uncle, when suddenly a fine young buck deer bounced over a fence just in front of us, which, after fixing his beautiful eyes upon us for full a minute, bounded away again as suddenly as he came.

"Did you not 'put up' at him?"

No sir, I did not—he was much too fine a specimen of animal life for me to shoot and I would not have harmed him on any account, but my good uncle was much vexed that, his old "Blue-trigger" was not in the mill. He had in his day been a mighty hunter, and "Blue-trigger" had brought down many a fine buck and doe, to say nothing of bear, which were all plenty, but a few years ago, in the pines of New Jersey.

"Are you never coming to your snake?"

Yes. Well, one day I was standing on the margin of the pond in a favorite spot, and with rod and line, having a good catch of "sunnies," as broad as your delicate hand, young lady, with gun lying handy for a stray duck, blue heron, (*Ardea herodias*) or belted king-fisher—(*Ceryle alcyon*) the two latter being continually on the move around the pond.—(Do you know there is a certain time when both the above are good for food?)

"Yes, yes,—come to the snake."

Well, while I was engaged with the "sunnies" I more than once beheld a very large water snake, (*Natrix torquato*) appear and disappear in quite a mysterious manner.

Now I had heard my uncle say that *one* of these snakes would destroy more fish in a week than I would catch in a month, and that a pair of them if left alone, would, in a few seasons fill the pond, to the entire destruction of the fish. So I concluded, under the law of self-preservation the serpent was fair *game*, and therefore determined to bag it, should it put in another appearance. It did. It came, and became the spoil of my gun; and it then being near the hour of noon, taking my prize with me I wended my way to the saw-mill, that I might take lunch with uncle, and show him what care I was taking of "fish culture" in the pond. Upon my arrival, my uncle did not seem surprised at the great size of the varmint, but merely said "Now Huon, I think I will demonstrate to you a fact in natural history, which has often been disputed, but which I know to be true." So saying, he laid the reptile on a log, and with an ax "made twain of one flesh," by cutting it in two at that point where the neck widens to near the size of the body. I now had the "fact." It was in the escape of *young snakes* from the body of the old one. Forth they came to the number of twenty-five, which with the old one, my uncle remarked "made twenty-six snakes at one shot!" They were all of a size from 6 to 7 inches in length, and about as thick as the pen-holder with which I am to-day enabled to write their history.

Some naturalists have for long, stoutly denied that in a moment of danger, the parent snake opens its mouth and takes in its young brood entirely. Others as stoutly declare it to be true, among which, are "Selborne" White, who was present when a viper was killed, "which contained fifteen live young ones." And the Rev. J. G. Wood who has no doubts on the matter whatever, and remarks that it is a fact too well known to be disputed." The great trouble of the deniers, seems to be with the gastric juice in the serpent's stomach, but F. T. Buckland has discovered by dissection, two facts. First, that the young may be concealed within the expansile body of the parent without entering the true stomach at all, and second, should they happen to do so, the gastric juice would do them no harm. It is somewhat strange, to say the least of it, that Prof. Thomas Bell, president of the Linnæan Society, London, Fellow of all Zoological Societies of Europe, in his great work on reptiles, does not make the least mention of the matter.

I shall not pretend to say who are right, or who are wrong. I only know what I saw, and that was quite enough to convince me that that snake had *taken* in *its* young, however much or little others have been taken in by—snake stories. HUON.

Poultry Department.

BREEDING IN-AND-IN

Is a subject to which we have given some attention in our columns, and the opinions of experienced breeders of poultry and live stock have been occasionally given through our correspondents' favors, from time to time. Yet a great deal may be said, pro and con, upon this important and always interesting topic.

In *animal* breeding, numerous decisive experiments are authenticated, the results of which go to confirm the generally accepted or popular opinion, that in and-in or close breeding of family relations, successively, is retrogressive in effect. In poultry, but few comparatively among modern fanciers have given this subject very close attention—of a thoroughly experimental character. But with these few, certain results have been attained that are worthy of note.

We have in mind, for example, a strain of poultry stock that has been bred in-and-in say for a score of years past in this country, necessarily; because no fresh blood of a similar character and color has within that twenty or more years been imported, or otherwise made its appearance among us, with which to change or reinforce this blood.

This stock has been thus consecutively bred into and from the original family, from 1850 down to 1875–76. But, strange to record, it has *not* deteriorated! There was but a single family of these birds, originally, that were ever known in America or England; and these (and their progeny) have furnished the poultry world with *all* the "*Light Brahma*" fowls that have ever been bred in this country or in England. We are not now speaking of the actual *origin* of this stock—but of the known fact that, wherever it came from in the first place, there has been but the one lot of genuine Brahmas; from which all the subsequent fowls of this notable variety have been produced.

Thus we have been breeding thousands and tens of thousands of this class, annually, for near a quarter of a century. And by selection, and judicious mating—taking the best, and the most promising individuals from season to season, without regard to relationship, near or remote, we have gone on, actually *improving* the variety; until in 1875 and '76, we have hundreds of yards in this country, and there are other hundreds of yards in England, which are stocked with broods of this remarkable parti-colored fowl, *all* of which are to-day in size, quality, color, form, beauty, and fine points quite equal to the "first family" from which they sprung.

We deem this fact a very weighty argument in favor of the theory that breeding in-and-in from sound, strong-established, vigorous "blood," and making the proper selections from year to year, is *not* a deteriorating process. And one such clearly demonstrated *fact* is worth a million theories or arguments to the contrary.

Until it can be shown that, in the case we have cited, there has been more than one original family, from which all this vast quantity of prime poultry has descended, the fact remains; and whether this family was the Chamberlin stock, the Burnham stock, or some other, it matters nothing as to the point assumed touching the results realized. From *a single family* (or pair)of these famous fowls, come all that we have produced and bred, since their appearance in American poultry circles.

Thus then, we have the immensely diversified, and oft repeated experiment of breeding the father and mother upon the daughters and sons of this breed, the sisters and brothers together, the cousins of both sexes, the second and third cousins, the uncles and aunts, the grandfathers and grandchildren, etc., down to the hundredth generation of progeny, and back again—intermingling all these "relatives," near or distant, over and over again, for years and years, (without the accession of any fresh blood, from any source, save the original,) and still they are the same thing, in the average, that they were five and twenty years ago. They breed from the progeny of this year as true to the parentage as the first product came from the earliest birds of this variety that we, any of us, have any knowledge of.

In horses, we may point to the well-known "Morgan" race, which, originating with the famous Dustin or Sherman Morgan, has come down to our time, after forty years of in-and-in breeding, the *same* animal, essentially, in size and characteristics that marked the peculiarly fine original. While the "Duchess" race of Shorthorn cattle, known the world over, as a superior, and peculiar strain, after many years of breeding from mother through daughter, grand daughter, great-grand daughter, and so on, to the more than hundredth direct descendant, shows the same rare old "Duchess," every time.

But we shall resume the subject, hereafter. This point is very clear to our mind, to-day, namely:—in the instance of the *Brahma* fowl, the "in-and-in" principle of breeding is a prime success.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"PERHAPS."

Well, Mr. Young Breeder, you have crawled out of your hole and shot your pop gun, and who did it hit? Cockrobin, a "snipe," or a rooster gracefully "scaling the fence?" After reading your article, I fail to see that you raise many objections *against* breeding Game fowls, for general purposes; you go all over a "ten acre lot" to express your disgust, but if you don't aim better you cannot expect to kill snipe: and right here Mr. Young Breeder, I will ask:—how *you* "can retire to your "little bed" and thank God for the pleasures of the day," after a day's "sport" shooting *at* snipe? I don't think you would bring many home, your luck being like the fisherman's—"wet ——— and hungry ———," but in the eyes of Him the *intent* equals the act.

You compare the Games of to-day to the "Home Guards" during the war, "supplanted by a uniform." Weren't there any "Home Guards" *before* the war? And *those* were the "Home Guards" who met in the conflict, and the many scarred veterans of to-day, both North and South, bear evidence of their gameness, many being left on the Battle Fields. And where was it but West Point that the leading generals of *both* sides in "uniforms" learned the tactics of warfare? Now I wish to ask if the "uniforms" did, or does the fighting? *No sir!* Some of the most handsome plumaged Games the writer has seen, have nobly won their battles with the steel.

I most heartily agree with you: "because if a small dirty faced boy should make his appearance at my yard, with a "pit" Game under his arm, spoiling for a fight," &c., &c., &c., I *shou'dn't* fight him (the Game) for the simple reason that none but a "bully" would take advantage of a small boy, but if a *man*, partial to cocking, should "make his appearance" "spoiling for a fight," &c., why, as the boy said, "you can't most always sometimes tell," *perhaps* ——— I should get my "dander up."

Now let us take a little different view, and enter the large exhibition room to hear the "unearthly" noise of the happy chorus, all vieing with each other to out do the other; hear that crow forty octaves below the gander "hang on;" will it ever cease? Walk around and hear the various comments! Here at the right we encounter the Asiatics; see the Brahmas, nearly all squatting like a Turk; get a club and *boost* him up and stick a pin into him, to make him "show off" to advantage, tell your friends how much he weighs, (exaggerate it a *little*, its fashionable) but please forget to shake hands with visiting acquaintances if it was necessary to *raise* your bird (?) with the hand, because *so large* fowls have an immense space to breed vermin, and they are too eager to "kick" them off by rolling in the sand. After we have admired the various classes, let us "fetch up" with the Games; how *small* they look, lift them, "gracious! I didn't know they were so heavy, come here Jennie and lift this fowl." "*Why!*" she exclaimed, "what is it made of?" *not* the "delicious tit-bits flavored with the extracts of the barnyard;" but there is a provision for the fowls of the air and birds of the fields, by Him who created them. Can you improve upon it Mr. Young Breeder? Note their graceful carriage, bold defiant eye, ever alert to defend their charge.

Now let us make a brief comparison of Brahmas with Games, for general useful purposes.

A good size Brahma cock will weigh at maturity 15 pounds, a Game 8 pounds; (we know of Games between 9 pounds and 10 pounds,) now I claim there is as much *meat* on an 8 pound Game as a 15 pound Brahma, if you doubt it, kill and pick out the *bones* and see for yourself.

It costs more to bring your Brahma to 15 pounds than it does (large size of course,) a Game to 8 pounds, and when you have killed, the flesh of the Game is *far* more palatable than the Brahma.

On the table the Brahma looks larger, but the anticipated meat, like the flea, when you put your finger on him he isn't there. For early *market* purposes, "perhaps" you could sell more Brahma bones, and that might be one point in favor of Brahmas. As to eggs, I claim that you will get *more* eggs in a year from Games, and they are *by far* the richest, and for sitters they are extraordinary, and make the best of mothers, ever ready to defend their young, against any intruder, be it dog, cat, or hawk, and the quarrelsome disposition of the maturing chicks is *easily* overcome by Game Fanciers—while your Brahma, unless extremely careful will break nearly all the eggs at the first "squat," or should she manage to hatch a fair percentage, I greatly fear the chicks would be killed by that clumsy, awkward foot: and so far as the "uniform" is concerned, the Games have the undisputed advantage.

Having made a brief economic comparison of Games with Brahmas, I leave it with your readers to judge from their *experience*, how far I have deviated from the facts, in the above assertion.

Now Mr. Young Breeder permit me to say, that for *all practicable* purposes I don't believe that *either* the Games or the Brahmas "fill the bill." "Perhaps" I shall tell you more about it sometime.

I will now doff my hat, bid you "Au Revoir," and request that you *bear in mind*, that Burleigh is a "*capable, energetic writer*," and there is a *host* of friends, patiently awaiting the reappearance of Youthful Follies.

Unicorn.

THE MODERN PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Have no relation, save simply in *name*, to the old-fashioned (Burnett's) stock, so called, originally. We once more give Dr. Burnett's description of *his* fowls, which appeared over his signature in 1850, who says: "I have given this name to a very extra breed of fowls I produced by crossing a cockerel of Cochin China with a hen which was a cross between a fawn colored Dorking, the great Malay, and a wild India fowl."

Now the lately denominated "Plymouth Rocks" have none of this blood in them, that we know of. They are formed by a cross of the Black Java with the Dominique (or some Gray hens so designated, being in the first instance in the possession of Mr. Spaulding and Mr. Clark) and whatever any of the disputants may argue, it is very clear that the present Standard-recognized Plymouth Rocks have the plainly marked feathering of the *Dominiques*.

This peculiarly barred feather cannot be mistaken. And whether the Upham, the Ramsdell, the Norfolk Co., or the Essex Co. strains takes precedence in point of time as to its production, it may safely be set down that the Dominique blood is a prevailing element in the admirable crossing that has given us the "Plymouth Rocks" of the present day.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

GOSSIP WITH AN OLD FARMER.

We chanced upon a sterling old-fashioned farmer, not long ago, who interested us in a pleasant chat of an hour or two upon the subject of poultry keeping, as he viewed it.

Many of this worthy man's ideas were good, and though not altogether novel, will be appreciated by the large class of his brother farmers, who, we are happy to say, are subscribers and readers of the Fanciers' Journal.

"I've bred chickens to a considerable extent for over forty year," he said, pointing away across his garden-patch to a large flock of very good looking barn-yard fowls;" and yender's the kind I've kept on the place, year in an' year out, for a'most half a century."

"What breeds do you fancy, as best for your purposes?" we enquired, walking over towards his collection, in the open field.

"Ah, yes," he returned. "I know this is your hobby. I read the poultry papers. Been a subscriber to the Fanciers' Journal two years. I like your paper. It contains a deal of good sound instruction and information on fowl matters, always. But I'm on'y a plain farmer, not a "fancier," as you term it."

"You have got a nice lot of birds here, nevertheless," we suggested, upon reaching a point where they could be seen.

"Bred on the place, sir," he continued. "It comes out o' good old-fashioned stock, raised in Massachusetts long afore *I* begun with it."

"The Dominiques prevail here," we said, looking the flock over.

"Well, that is what some call 'em, I know. But we never minded much about *names* for our fowls. We think them very good for every-day uses, and we only know they are of the race long ago designated as—

"The old gray hens with yellow legs,
That lay its owner many eggs."

"You've heerd o' that breed, of course? It's a good 'un. Eggs are what we farmers go for. An' the chickens are very good eatin,' as well. We raise a great many, eat all we want, and dispose of a hundred or two in the fall, to a fair profit in market, without looking for "fancy" prices, o' course."

"They are in very thrifty condition, and are quite uniform in color for the most part," we suggested. "You take good care of them, evidently."

"Yes, we do. What's the use o' keepin' live creeturs about a farm, except with an eye to profit, more or less?"

"You are correct, sir."

"And you *can't* keep 'em so, 'nless you *do* take good keer of 'em."

"That is so," we agreed.

"Now we don't bother about the fancy or new-fangled breeds much. We are satisfied with our own. I go to the chicken

shows, sometimes. They are very interesting exhibitions. An' I see and hear a great deal there about this an' that foreign breed. But I come home, look our flocks over, an' say to myself—'let well enough alone, old boy. You're on'y a farmer.' The Cochins, an' Shangees, an Bramies, an' Spanglers, an' Derbies, an' so on are all well enough for them that likes noveltics. We are content with ours, for the purposes we breed 'em."

"What are *these*?" was our next inquiry, noticing a dozen or two smallish, dark brown, duck-legged fowl amongst the rest.

"Ah, *them's* the birds for eggs, sir. We call 'em Creepers. That's all the name we've ever had for 'em, to distinguish them from the longer-legged *gray* chickens."

"And they are prolific, you say?"

"Excellent layers, an' the best mothers, for hatchin, on the place, sir."

"And you have never tried the introduction of Asiatic or other foreign blood among them?"

"No! What do we want o' that, here?"

"It increases the size and weight, for age———"

"Yes, very likely. We havn't tried it. That may be desirable. But we've got in the *Creepers* the best o' sitters and mothers. In the *Grays*, we've got layers that can't be beat easy, take 'em the year through—and they don't plague us with broodiness."

"But the fresh blood will tend to increase the size of your fowls, and this gives you more marketable meat, in a given time, at about the same cost."

"It may be," said our agricultural friend. "I don't dispute that. But I'm old-fashioned in my notions, I s'p'ose. I *know* what I've got, now. An' though I notice the experiments, as you print 'em, an' often hear how well some poultrymen do with the new-fangled breeds, I don't care to run no risks. Mine are good enough, an' they breed regular enough, for my use. We set from fifteen to twenty o' the "Creepers" every year. We get out a hunderd an' fifty chickens, may be. Some years more. From an average of fifty layin' hens we obtain six hunderd dozen eggs—which we send to market, at about a quarter of a dollar a dozen. Then we eat a good many eggs, and have plenty of poultry on our table, besides the increase of stock killed off annually in the fall."

"And this pays you well?"

"Satisfactory. But, though it isn't a large operation, it *helps*, you see. An' it's more profitable than pork or sheep in proportion to cost, care and feed. How do you like my birds, sir?" he concluded, pleasantly.

"They show good care, they are in excellent thrift, and there is strong evidence of Dominique blood amongst them," we suggested. "This is one of our best American varieties, and is a very popular race. The new "Plymouth Rocks" are made up in part from this blood and they are becoming very notable among fanciers of good stock."

"Yes, I've seen 'em. The Plymouth Rocks are a'most exactly like our Grays, or Dominicks, as you call 'em. On'y they have dark legs, often. An' in market the *yellow* leg is what is preferred. The Plymouth Rocks are good, I reck'n.

But still the old gentleman favored his own.

They were cross bred but a splendid lot of common fowl. And he takes pride in caring for them as poultry *should* be attended to.

After an examination of his stock and premises, and his mode of raising fowls for eggs and marketing purposes, we left him, satisfied that he understood his business, and that his "Grays" and "Creepers" though emphatically old-styled, were very good birds for this farmers' uses.

When is a schoolboy like a postage stamp? When he gets licked and put in a corner to stick to his letters.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEW ENGLAND POULTRY CONGRESS.

The annual meeting of the New England Poultry Congress was held at the Lincoln House, Worcester, April 12th, the president, A. D. Warren of that city, in the chair. The principal business transacted was the election of officers and the recommendation of judges for the ensuing year. The officers elected were: President, A. D. Warren of Worcester; Vice Presidents, Philander Williams of Taunton, V. C. Gilman of Nashua, N. H., I. K. Felch of Natick, H. T. Sperry of Hartford, Conn., and P. W. Hudson of North Manchester, Conn.; Secretary, Laurin Martin of Lowell; Treasurer, E. S. Brewer of Hartford, Conn.; Auditor, A. F. Stevens of Natick.

The judges recommended were as follows:

For Light and Dark Brahmas—P. Williams of Taunton, I. K. and H. F. Felch of Natick, C. C. Plaisted of Hartford, Conn., H. S. Ball of Shrewsbury, John P. Bussell of Clinton, E. C. Comee of Quincy, C. A. Johnson of Newburyport, W. M. Ward of Peabody.

Dark Brahmas—H. A. Mansfield of Waltham.

Cochins—Mark Pitman of North Beverly, Albert Noyes of Bangor, Me., P. Williams of Taunton, W.H. Brackett of Boston, G. W. Bradley of Hamden, Conn., John Swinerton of Danvers, C. H. Crosby, of Danbury, Conn.

Spangled Polish—J. Henry Simonds of Boston.

White Crested White Polish—H. T. Sperry of Hartford, Conn.

Polish Class—H. S. Ball of Shrewsbury.

French Class—John P. Bussell of Clinton, C. A. Johnson of Newburyport, P. Williams of Taunton, E. C. Aldrich of Hyde Park, H. S. Ball of Shrewsbury.

Game and Game Bantams—S. J. Bestor of Hartford, Conn; P. W. Hudson of North Manchester, Conn.; Geo. S. Merritt of Hartford, Conn.; A. D. Warren of Worcester; E. A. Moseley of Newburyport; H. S. Ball of Shrewsbury; E. R. Spaulding of Jaffrey, N. H.

Hamburgs—P. W. Hudson of North Manchester, Conn.; H. S. Ball of Shrewsbury; Andrew J. Tuck of Nashua, N. H.; N. C. Berlin of Berlin, Conn.; James Shepard of Bristol, Conn.; E. A. Peckham of Danielsonville, Conn.

Bantams other than Game—P. W. Hudson of North Manchester, Conn.; H. S. Ball of Shrewsbury; Wm. Jennings of Weston; A. F. Stevens of Natick, P Williams of Taunton.

Water Fowls—Anthony Sheffield of Florence; Winslow S. Lincoln of Worcester; C. A. Johnson of Newburyport; H. S. Ball of Shrewsbury; M. I. Ellis of Norwood, Mass.; Dr. J. N. Bates of Worcester.

Pigeons—Henry Ramsdell of Natick, H. S. Ball of Shrewsbury; A. Sheffield of Florence, A. Rubenstein of Portland, Me.; D. F. Ellis of North Cambridge.

Spanish Class—I. K. Felch and A. F. Stevens of Natick, W. F. Bacon of Lexington, Laurin Martin, of Lowell, Gardner Blanchard of Wilton, N. H.; M. L. Kidder of Northampton, J. Boardman Smith, C. R. Hart and C. A. Pitkin of Hartford, Conn.; Albert Beard of Nashua, N. H.

American Class—V. C. Gilman of Manchester, N. H.; A. H. Drake of Stoughton, E. H. Heywood of Easton, E. S. Brewer and W. H. Lockwood of Hartford, Conn.; M. I. Ellis of Norwood, John Swinerton of Danvers, Mark Pitman of North Beverly.

Dorkings—A. F. Stevens of Natick, E. S. Brewer of Hartford, Conn.; W. S. Lincoln of Worcester, W. H. Brackett of Boston, W. G. Garmon of Manchester, N. H.; W. F. Daniels of Franklin, N. H.

Turkeys—W. S. Lincoln of Worcester, A. F. Stevens of Natick, A. Sheffield of Florence, William Clift of Mystic Bridge, Conn., C. A. Johnson of Newburyport.

Ornamental—P. W. Hudson of North Manchester, Conn., C. A. Johnson of Newburyport.

Fur-bearing and Minor pets—Arthur Colburn of Boston, Geo. W. Dixon of Worcester, W. H. Brackett of Boston, A. F. Stevens of Natick.

The secretary requested any person selected as a judge, who does not wish to serve, to notify him immediately, so that his name may be dropped when the list is revised.

It was voted that hereafter no person will be recommended as a judge unless written application stating his qualifications shall be made for such recommendation, endorsed by a poultry club

represented in the congress, or by two members of the same. Also that the various poultry societies of New England be, and hereby are, requested to promptly notify the secretary of the New England poultry congress of any reasons which in their opinion, after actual experience with any judge recommended by the New England congress, disqualifies him to act in such capacity.

The meeting adjourned to meet at the Evans House in Boston at the time of the exhibition of the Massachusetts Poultry Association in 1877, and the secretary was directed to notify the several associations represented in the congress to send delegates to the meeting; also to have the constitution and by-laws printed and sent to the several associations.

The N. E. C. will hold "open house," at the Evans House, during the Mass. exhibition. Committees will be in attendance to receive officers, fanciers, and breeders from the Central, Western, and Southern States. A cordial invitation is extended to visitors to call at the head-quarters of the N. E. C., at the Evans House.

Correspondence.

MASSACHUSETTS POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

The Nominating Committee would respectfully present the following List of Officers of the *Massachusetts Poultry Association*, for the year 1876-77:

President. Philander Williams, Taunton.

Vice-Presidents. William J. Underwood, Belmont; Elbridge C. Comey, Quincy; Henry F. Felch, Natick; Charles L. Copeland, Milton; John P. Buzzell, Clinton; Thos. L. Sturtevant, So. Framingham; Gen. Chas. A. Johnson, Newburyport; William B. Atkinson, Newburyport; Mark Pitman, No. Beverly; Col. Geo. A. Meacham, No. Cambridge.

Corresponding Secretary. Edward H. Hartshorn, Boston.

Recording Secretary. Chauncy W. Chamberlain, Arlington.

Auditor. Horace K. Osborn, Cambridgeport.

Treasurer. Nath'l Foster, Jr., Belmont.

Executive Committee. Henry S. Ball, Shrewsbury; Samuel H. Warren, Weston; Edwin C. Aldrich, Hyde Park; Nath'l B. Perkins, Jr., Salem; J. Henry Symonds, Woburn; D. Frank Ellis, Cambridge; Charles H. Edmonds, Melrose; Rev. Henry A. Shorey, Spencer; Charles E. Perry, Wollaston Heights; George V. Fletcher, Belmont.

C. W. Chamberlain,
Recording Secretary.

Boston, April 10, 1876.

THE CHICAGO SHOW—AN EX. VICE-PRESIDENT SPEAKS.

Worcester, April 11, 1876.

To the Ed. of the Fancier's Journal:

My dear sir.—I desire through your columns to express my views regarding the settlement of premiums, by the National Poultry Association at their late exhibition in Chicago. When the matter of a great national exhibition was first broached, it was I think, at the exhibition of the Western New York Association at Buffalo, in January, 1875, and during the sessions of the American Poultry Association. This idea from our western friends met with a very hearty support, and I also saw, for the purpose of aiding it, the Buffalo gentlemen gave up for 1876, the holding of any exhibition. Contributions from the north and from the east were asked for, and liberally tendered, and, as I am informed, were all paid with but two or three exceptions. Sickness and the press of business kept me from being present during the exhibition, and what I learned either in or out of favor regarding the success, was from those whom I knew had been firm friends to this enterprise, and had contributed largely both by entries, personal attendance, and money. I had been placed by the association one of its vice-presidents, and I was not consulted by any one regarding their choice, or in fact any thing even pertaining to it in any way. I took the honor as a compliment, and probably never would have objected to my name being used, but for the sad management regarding the paying of premiums. I noticed the numerous complaints in the Poultry Journals, and received quite a number of communications from friends expressing an opinion that I could not with any self-respect allow my name to be used as an officer. I wrote to the president, Mr. Teal, for an explanation, and in reply received a printed private opinion of the secretary, Mr. Willard, which was sufficient for me to determine upon my course of action, and I at once tendered my resignation. The opinion of Mr. Willard will probably be published. When an organization for the first time attempts its inaugural, mistakes are liable, yes, expected; such we could easily overlook, but for this national association both by *name*, and with the aid of the strongest men in America, it was nearly so by *nature*, to attempt the keeping back of a single cent even for a month, never should have been here countenanced, better would it have been for the officers, then and there to have made good the loss, paid the premiums in full and *hoed*, without any feeling of adding insult to injury. I sincerely hope that Boston and Buffalo, in the winter of '77 will show our western friends how to manage throughout a Poultry Exhibition.

Yours very truly,
A. D. Warren.

"ZOO NOTES"—SNAKES.

Editor of Journal:

Dear Sir,—In "Zoo Notes," No. 15, Huon states that "there is no snake of whatever family that stings." I think he is mistaken. We have two kinds of adders here, one is very light-colored, and is harmless, I think; the other is very dark-colored, and is more lively than the light variety, when irritated they defend themselves with their tails, and their sting is quite poisonous. Many times in the hay-field I have held them down with a stick to see them snap their tails, which they will do very spitefully. The sting is black, it is larger and much longer than a black wasp's. This variety grows to three or three and a half feet in length; they are found in wet swampy ground.

Yours truly, W.

Massachusetts.

LARGE YIELD OF EGGS.

Mr. Wade:

Dear Sir,—I have 18 laying hens of the Golden Hamburg stock, from which, for the month of March, I gathered three hundred and fifty-five eggs, (355) and I think that is hard to beat, from the same amount of other stock. Eight to the pound, average weight.

James Taylor, Jr.

Oakdale, Del. Co., Pa., April 3, 1876.

CORRECTION.

Dear Sir:—On page 156 of "Fanciers' Journal," current vol., in the description of Scotch Collies, several mistakes occur. The paragraph on size should read, "Scotch Collies differ in size from 17 to 26 inches in height," instead of "17 to 56 inches."

Again, "One of good average size and proportion, will measure 22½ inches in height at the shoulders," instead of "*length* at the shoulders." For "postimo rather long," read "pastimo rather long."

Springfield, Ill., April 10th, 1876. P. M. S.

HOUDANS AHEAD YET.

Frankfort, April 1st, 1876.

Mr. Jos. M. Wade:

Dear Sir,—I see my article on the Houdan has had its desired effect in bringing out another breeder on "which is the best breed for profit." I only wish it would bring out a dozen or more

on the same subject, an article or two each week would prove profitable both to the Journal, and its readers. Now I contend the Houdan is the best, yet F. F. J. places the White Leghorn at the head of the list, but he will have to bring better arguments forward to keep them there. In the first place he only gives us a trial of them during the best six months in the year, when almost any chicken will lay if there is any lay in it. He says he received 106 eggs from each hen in 184 days (or six months, which is the same) with 78 days to receive none from each hen; he does not tell us what they did the other six months, may be he had flannel hoods made for each of them, to get them to lay from the first of March until the first of September; thanks to nature the Houdans do not require any hoods to keep their combs or wattles from freezing and making them an eye-sore forever after. Now the Houdans will lay, I think, more than 106 eggs in 184 days, after laying all the winter, and then in the fall will make a good roast. As I said in my first article, they will average 12 pounds to the pair, while I suppose it will take two pairs of the White Leghorns to weigh the same. Who comes next?

Houdan.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—At the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Poultry and Columbarian Society, April 12th, 1876, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

President. Henry J. Reynolds, Providence, R. I.

Vice-Presidents. Caleb Westcott, Apponaug, R. I.; James H. Hammett, Newport, R. I.; Otis Monroe, Bristol, R. I.; W. E. O. Roberts, South Scituate, R. I.; Daniel H. Brown, Peace Dale, R. I.

Recording Secretary. James Dennis, Jr., Providence, R. I.

Assistant Recording Secretary. Horton H. Adams, Pawtucket, R. I.

Corresponding Secretary. C. G. Sanford, Providence, R. I.

Auditor. Joel M. Spencer, Washington, R. I.

Treasurer. Henry T. Post, Providence, R. I.

Executive Committee. Samuel P. Bullas, Providence, R. I.; B. F. Gilmore, Providence, R. I.; Henry A. Rhodes, East Greenwich, R. I.; E. M. Bidwell, Natick, R. I.; E. B. Pendleton, Westerly, R. I.; Nathan F. Dixson, Jr., Westerly, R. I.; John H. Chase, Newport, R. I.; A. H. Carson, Newport, R. I.

It was voted to hold our next Annual Exhibition from Jan. 30th, 1876 to Feb. 3d, 1877. Yours truly,

C. G. Sanford,
Corresponding Secretary.

Providence, R. I., 1876.

TARES.

Baltimore, Apr. 12, 1876.

Gents:—In reply to an inquiry made by R. S., through your Journal, as to what is meant by English Tares, I will state what *I know* about Tares. They are known also as Vetches, the seeds are of a dun or brownish color, and pleasant flavor. The plant is principally cultivated for its seeds, the flour of which is mixed with that of wheat or rye, and made into bread. It is also fed to stock; and, in some localities, the plants are given as green food to horses and cattle. Pigeons are very fond of the seed, and I think it is very good for them. Yours truly,

H. F. Whitman.

Friend Wade:—

I have been looking for a letter in answer to my last "personal." Send it along. I am always glad to hear from you, as you generally say something cheerful, and that's more than I can say of many of my correspondents. Hope you are doing well, and that Fancier is growing fat. I send you some stuff, though you must have much of *Huon* on hand. Did you see "Snapper" in "Forest and Stream?" Well I send you the companion picture in a *snake*, herewith. Both "ower true" tales I assure you. If "Snapper" will bear telling over again, let Fancier tell it, if you mind, and have room. Yours,

Huon.

"Way Down in Maine," Mar. 22d.

Mr. Wade:

Honored and Respected Sir:—Please don't take anything for flattery that I write now, for I am glad you are in N. E. We are going to use you well if you can put up with our snow and Yankee idiosyncracies, which we can not spare at any rate, but "*Ad ogni uccello suo nido e bello,*" and with all the deference due to whom respect is due, and in the name of all the fanciers in Maine, I will say "Greeting."

And now, you promised a change, have we it all? I don't see much of a chance for improvement as to the typographic arrangement, and you advertise for us at about one cent per word, now what next? T. J. M. D.

Dear Editor:—

The description which I sent you of the Collie dog came out in this week's Journal. It is not as I sent it, not by any means. The punctuation is fearful. If you will take the trouble to re-insert it in your paper, you would do me a favor as well as "Inquirer."

He stands about 21 inches high at the shoulder; is very gracefully shaped; muzzle pointed; ears half erect; coat long, but fine and silky; tail and hams fringed with hair; color usually black and tan, or sandy yellow. Yours, &c.,

Lancaster, Pa., April 5, 1876. Collie.

Freind Wade:

A friend of mine, who takes a California paper, (*Marysville Weekly Appeal*) drew my attention to the enclosed, which, striking me as being the largest egg story I ever heard of, I thought I would "clip" (the enclosed, not the egg,) and send to the Journal. Yours truly, Tempany & Reinwald.

Le Roy, Mower Co., Minn., March 30, 1876.

"A hen owned by Seaver of San Jose, of the Brown Leghorn variety, has achieved immortality of fame by having an egg measuring 10⅜ inches in circumference and weighing 11 ounces."

Norfolk, Va., April 11, 1876.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Can this be beaten? On 10th March set 16 Game eggs. Hatched out on 31st March, 17 chicks—all fine and doing well at this writing. Truly Yours,

Jno. W. Stevens.

ITEMS.

Mr. J. A. Poppe, of Sonoma, California, calls attention of the farmers of the United States to the subject of carp raising, in which he refers to his own experiences, in the introduction of this fish into the country. In August, 1872, he arrived at Sonoma from Germany with five small carp, six inches long, all in very poor condition, one dying as it was placed in the water. In the following May he states that the fish had grown to be sixteen inches long, and had produced over three thousand young fish. He now has a very large stock, and all that he can send to market sells readily at $1 per pound as an article of food, and has no difficulty in disposing of all the living fish he is willing to spare at $5 each. He remarks that when well fed the fish will grow one inch per week for the first two or three months, after which the growth in length is slower, but that they increase in weight very rapidly.

WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange a little grass-plot
For a boundless stretch of land—
Yet there's something brighter, dearer,
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase
Costly pictures, rich and rare;
Though we have no silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare:
We can hang o'er them the garlands,
For the flowers bloom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful,
If the right course we begin;
We can make its inmates happy,
And their truest blessings win.
It will make the small room brighter—
It will let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside
When the evening hours are long;
We can blend our hearts and voices
In a happy social song;
We can guide some erring brother—
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our homes with music,
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly close the door.
Yet, should evil shadows enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find;
There is a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred mind;
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

"Not much! not much!"—Chowder is a dish fit to set before a king, provided it is well made, and—the king likes it. It is relished by dwellers on New England's "rock-bound coast," but, you know the saying, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison." The Boston *Transcript* illustrates this by an incident that occurred at a dinner party given many years ago by Mr. Prescott, the historian, at his Nahant residence. The guest of honor was an English baronet:

Just as the first course was removed, the historian, and host, turning to his guest, said,—

"I'm afraid you'll miss your soup. We have given you instead our usual side dish."

"Indeed," answered the baronet; "and what do you call it?"

"Chowder."

"How?"

"Chowder."

"Would you kindly spell it for me?"

"C-h-o w-d-e-r. How do you like it, Sir John?"

"Well," said the noble Briton, "I've traveled a good deal in my time, and I confess I've eaten things that were worse, but not much, not much."

The guests kept their faces straight as long as they could, but the roar came at last, and it was a hearty one.

Mistaken humanity.—The Boston *Transcript* relates that "there is an old gentleman that comes down town on foot every morning, who appears to be a great friend to dumb animals. Whenever he sees a dog scratching at a store door to be let in, he promptly opens it for the animal. The other morning he made a mistake in the dog business. He let one in, and soon the same canine came rushing between his legs, nearly throwing him down, and covering the lower part of his pantaloons with paint. A man with overalls on was chasing the dog trying to get a line shot at him with a paint brush he had in his hand. The old gentleman seemed to care nothing for the paint on his trousers, but expostulated with the irate painter, for such he proved to be, saying:

"My good man, why do you wish to hurt that dog?"

"Because he has tipped over my paint and made an infernal mess of everything.

"Some blasted old idiot let him into the store when we were all trying to keep him out while I was doing some painting; he jumped through the door, stuck his fore-legs into the paint pot and tipped it over.

"Brown paint on a marble floor looks well; *don't it?*

"I wish people *would* mind their own business!"

And the benevolent old gentleman wended his way to Brattle street to get his clothes cleaned, thinking to himself there is discretion to be shown even in works of humanity.

CHINESE MAXIMS.

1. Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.
2. Great wealth comes by destiny; moderate wealth by industry.
3. The ripest fruit will not drop into your mouth.
4. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.
5. Dig a well before you are thirsty.
6. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in a great mind.

Mr. Seth Green, by his recent letter asserting that the most effective fish-hook is made from a needle without a barb, has drawn out a sarcastic reply in Forest and Stream from Mr. Shields, a rival angler of Boston, who ridicules Mr. Green's assertion, and says that without a barb it is next to impossible to take large fish, as the line is certain at times to become slack and allow the hook to slip from the fish's mouth. Mr. Shields thinks that Mr. Green, "instead of giving us an advanced idea of fish-hooks, takes us back to our juvenile days, when we drew our supplies from our grandmother's pincushion."

Sold.—He had made a hearty meal at a restaurant, and getting up, he said to the waiter, "I declare, if I haven't forgotten my purse!" The waiter fired up, and hurled big words at him for full three minutes before pausing for breath. When a chance came, the stranger continued, "But I have a five-dollar bill here in my waistcoat pocket." The waiter couldn't smile, to save his life.

A bashful young clergyman, recently rising to preach for the first time, made a terrible mix of it, announcing his text in this wise: "And immediately the cock wept, and Peter went out and crew bitterly."—*Oberlin (College) Review.*

Perhaps not.—"Bless you," said John Henry, with tears in his eyes, "she takes her own hair off so easy that perhaps she doesn't know how it hurts to have mine pulled out."

A poetical New Hampshire editor, speaking of trees, says: "Every tree is a feather in the earth's cap, a plume in her bonnet, a tress upon her forehead; wherefore plant trees!"

FRIENDSHIP.

Yes, hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed:
For, if of our affections none find grace
In sight of heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world that we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee,
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

Michael Angelo.

THE

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***NOTICE.**—Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.*

A. N. Raub and G. O. Brown, *Associate Editors.*

ASSISTED BY A CORPS OF THE ABLEST WRITERS, ON OUR SPECIALTIES, IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

EXPLANATION.

Concordville, Pa., April 17, 1876.

Friend Wade:—

Fanciers' Journal April 6th just received, taking eleven days to receive it. Can you advise why this is? This is the way it has been coming since you left Philadelphia. I think there must be a great deal of negligence on part of Post Office department, either in starting or transferring from one office to another. It seems to me to require a very long time to ship mail matters from so short a distance, according to above account, which is correct. Can you advise through columns of Fanciers' Journal?

Respectfully, D. Gilpin.

We have received a large lot of letters like the above, which seem to call for an explanation. Had our readers been very observant they would have noticed that we lost one week, in moving the Journal, consequently the date is one week behind, but to prevent any further misunderstanding, we this week change the date, but the numbering will still remain one week behind until we issue two numbers in one week.

A WORD TO BEGINNERS.

To those who are about embarking for the first time in the poultry business, whether for profit or for a source of pleasure and recreation, and who may feel the need of advice and counsel from older and more experienced "Fanciers" and breeders, yet hesitate from fear of ridicule or irrelevant remarks, which some uncharitable persons often indulge in, we would say: Don't be afraid, let your wants be known, and we will gladly answer all questions through the "Journal," to the best of our ability. We have a large corps of contributors who are able and willing to let their light shine through our columns, for the benefit of all who stand in need thereof. Hence we trust our young friends will avail themselves of this privilege.

ONE OF THE FIRST REQUISITES

Towards success in the breeding of poultry, pigeons, etc., is a fondness for the work, and a love of the stock kept. No one can do this thing *well*, who is not interested in the occupation from sympathy with whatever he may attempt in this direction.

If he does not himself have the personal care of such stock, the next important consideration is to employ some one to see to his stock, who is similarly well disposed towards the creatures he is deputized to feed and care for.

This is a necessity, and unless this provision be faithfully observed, no man—however fine his originals may be, or however good his provided quarters may be for the accommodation of the birds or animals—must expect to reproduce their like, or have them around his place in good health and high condition.

To realize the best results, system should be adopted in feeding poultry, for instance, and the fowls should have their food regularly. If we look for eggs, the hens must have plenty of good food. Their nests and houses should be kept clean, pure water should be at hand daily and constantly. A portion of their allowance should be green food, and otherwise it should be *varied*—whether cooked or given raw. Not too much meat, or scraps, but a little at a time. If they can have a pasture run, in warm weather, all the better. Don't hive too many in one building. Never try to keep more than forty to fifty (old and young) together, and half this number is best.

From twenty-five laying hens, under one roof, you will get more eggs, than from twice as many if huddled in the same apartment. This is a sure thing. Don't *dose* them. Keep the vermin from annoying them, and you will have few sick birds to "doctor." These suggestions will be found reliable, and the reader cannot too often be reminded of their importance.

THE DOMINIQUE FOWL,

Which has been brought into prominence latterly in connection with the evident mixture of this strong original blood with the "Plymouth Rocks," is a very well known and highly esteemed variety, and has been so largely bred in Massachussetts and New England for years, as to be called in many sections "the farmers' fowl," par excellence.

The plumage is very distinctly defined in its character—a slaty blue, all over, and each feather is barred across from the center of the shaft to the outer end, with black. Twenty-five years ago they were designated in the poultry books as "perfect bloods," and were then pronounced "good layers, very hardy, careful nurses, and as affording most excellent eggs and flesh."

Mr. Pierce of Danvers, Essex Co., Mass.. at that time a very successful and well-known poultry breeder, believed the Dominiques "taken all in all, one of the very best we have;" and adds, "I know of *no* fowls that alter so little by in-and-in breeding as these."

They have not changed or deteriorated since then, where they have been carefully bred; and any one who knew this variety twenty or thirty years ago can make no mistake in them when he sees the well-bred Dominiques of 1875 and '76.

AN EGG FARM.

In 1871-2, there appeared in the American Agriculturist a series of papers by H. H. Stoddard, upon the subject of poultry raising and the production of eggs, on an extensive scale—which articles Messrs. Judd & Co. have published in book form since, revised and corrected.

This work is very nicely and properly illustrated, and goes into the merits of producing eggs and chickens for market, in a skillful manner; recommending all the better modes of breeding, and the economies for the multiplication of egg-layers and obtaining eggs for consumption, that are known to modern experience.

The work is quite exhaustive, in this direction. The project of getting together and successfully keeping in health and to profit a very large number of domestic fowls, upon one estate, has long been a dubious question. And many experiments in this undertaking have proved failures.

The recommendations of the author of "An Egg Farm," however, are very clear towards attempting this work, but only upon the *colonization* principle. Not more than 50 birds should be kept

in one house together; and there should be between the houses a sufficient space on the farm to keep *each* colony at home, and always at a distance from the others.

This is the true principle, and to carry it out to success, for a thousand laying fowls, several acres of land are necessary, to give them due range and at the same time keep them from intruding upon each others' premises. This is the *village* system, of course—under one general superintendence. So long as each family keeps but forty or fifty fowls on the place, a hundred or five hundred fifties may be kept by as many different individuals. When a thousand or two thousand birds are intended to be kept by *one* poulterer, they must be divided up into these smaller lots, or colonies of fifty or sixty together, or they will not do well.

The object of having them in spots widely apart upon "an egg farm," is to imitate Nature, in the original field and forest condition of the wild birds, to avoid the expense of *fencing* (which would cost more than all would come to,) and to keep the flocks in health, precisely as if they were in different or separate domiciles, in the village for example, yet so that any given number may be brought under the supervision of one person and his assistants—to profit.

This neatly printed and well written work, suggests how this may be done. And any one who desires concise information as to raising eggs for market upon a large scale, will do well to consult the pages of this book,—which may be had of Judd & Co., New York, or at this office, by mail, for one dollar.

IN BREEDING ANIMALS,

No matter of what race or species, where the least improvement is aimed at, as every one is aware, the mode of selecting those of both sexes from one's stock which show the finest points of value, and which possess the greatest amount of stamina, and other high qualities, are always those the most desirable from which to reproduce their kind.

It is with poultry—as it is with cattle, horses, dogs, sheep, swine, or any other pet stock. If we would have the best, the inferior birds we hatch should be discarded, and none save those that are well formed, good sized for their kind, in sound health, and of the most vigorous character, should ever be made use of to breed from.

And poultry is susceptible of great improvement through this means. No one can breed a hundred or a thousand fowls, from among which many fit only for the butcher will not be found. In hatching fifty chicks, of almost any variety, a score or more will be either lacking in symmetry, good color, or other nice points. There, as their defects show themselves, should be culled from the flock, and either eaten (when in condition) in the family, or sent to the nearest market. An imperfect, deformed, undersized, or otherwise objectionable fowl, either cock or hen, should never be bred from, or sold to be bred from.

By judicious selection then, and proper mating of the sexes for points and color, the fancier will not only constantly improve his own, but he will aid those to whom he sells his stock for breeding purposes, to keep up their best character, usefulness, and beauty, and he will thus help the establishment of a good reputation for such stock, as well as for himself.

THE "PLYMOUTH ROCK" QUESTION

Promises to be well ventilated, judging from the numerous articles, statements as to origin, and spirited communications we have lately received regarding these fowls, which are duly incorporated in the American Standard of excellence, as a distinct *variety*.

There are clearly three or four prominent, different strains, bred in Connecticut and Massachusetts, of the "modern" Plymouth Rocks. They all resemble each other strongly. The Standard fullly sets down their qualifications, and the accepted description of this valuable cross is therein clearly defined.

The details set forth in this official *Standard* description, are not to be mistaken. Emphasis is repeatedly given to the statement that the plumage should be "bluish-gray, each feather distinctly penciled across with dark bars." And the legs must be "bright yellow in color, and smooth"—for "feathered legs, or legs any other color than yellow" are pronounced a disqualification, decidedly.

Now, if the simon pure, modern Plymouth Rocks come from Mr. Spaulding's original crossing of the Dominique with the Black Java (as Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Spaulding, Mr. Upham, and Mr. Ramsdell, all agree is the fact,) how will the breeder of this progeny of such a cross escape the invariable black feathering and *dark* colored legs of the Black Java, sooner or later, in his flocks? The requirement in the Standard is *only* "yellow legs"—or "bright yellow legs," for Plymouth Rocks. And this rather favors Dr. Dickie's theory, or assertion, that the *true* modern Plymouth Rocks, are not formed from the two varieties, the other gentlemen declare they come from, originally!

Upon reference to the language used in the new Standard regarding the plumage of the *Dominiques*, it will be seen that it is described as being slaty blue, each feather "penciled across with dark bars."

The next variety described in the Standard is the *Plymouth Rocks*; and the plumage of this breed is called bluish gray, each feather distinctly "penciled across with dark bars," etc. The color of the legs in Dominiques must be "bright yellow, and smooth." The legs of the Plymouth Rocks must be "yellow only, and smooth."

This rather looks as though there is Dominique blood in the Connecticut and Massachusetts Plymouth Rocks, notwithstanding the fact that Dr. A. M. Dickie asserts very earnestly that this is not the original cross with the Javas, if we remember his early description of the Plymouth Rocks aright.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Mr. Fred Mather formerly of Honeoye Falls, N. Y., has now located permanently at Philadelphia, and is hard at work preparing the Aquarian Department for the opening day, which he is sanguine will be accomplished. Mr. M. will send us a copy of the letter for publication, describing just what fish, reptile, &c., are wanted, and will be pleased to hear from any one so favorably located as to render any assistance. Address, Fred Mather, Supt. Aquarian, Ag. Dept., Centennial, Phila., Pa.

A REMARKABLE PULLET.

Our Stillwater correspondent sends us the particulars of a remarkable case in that vicinity. Frederick Williams is the owner of a Buff Cochin hen, whose remarkable history is exciting a great deal of interest in this vicinity at the present time. On the morning of Feb. 2d, 1876, during the prevalence of the extraordinary gale which took place on that date, the Buff Cochin was missing, and her owner supposed that she had been either carried away or destroyed by the force of the wind. On Saturday the 11th of March, just *thirty-nine* days from the date on which she was missed, Mr. Williams heard a slight sound issuing from an old dog-kennel in his garden, the door of which was fastened tightly by the ice which had frozen on the sill. His surprise and astonishment may be imagined when, upon forcing the door he beheld his missing hen, alive. She was unable to walk, but could swallow food quite naturally. When first missed, her weight was about *eight* pounds and at present it is *three-fourths* of a *pound*. She will

undoubtedly recover entirely, and her experience certainly demonstrates a very *important* fact, viz.: that one of her species can sustain life for thirty-nine days without one particle of nourishment *solid* or *liquid*. We should consider this remarkable instance well worthy the attention of physiologists.—*Troy Press.*

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Scalding cages is the best remedy for bird-mites that we know of.

—Broom-splints cut into short lengths make excellent material for pigeon nests.

—Pigeon eggs will hatch after being kept a week, or in cold weather they can be kept a month.

—Occasionally there is an intermission of four days between laying the eggs of the pigeon, instead of one, the usual period.

—In pigeons a dose of castor-oil, and gentle kneading with the fingers is almost always a sufficient remedy for the disease called "crop-bound."

—Dogs quite white, no spot of color, are generally deaf, and if put to others the deafness generally goes with the color, the white pups being so, and the others not.

—Will not "Pacific" tell Fancier something about spiders? I feel sure that pleasant writer knows from personal observation much about them, especially those of a kind never seen in the Middle States.

Huon.

—The Arabs it seems who are as fond of pigeons as the ancient Egyptians, have a superstitious notion that, if they place in their pigeon houses small scraps of paper, written over with learned characters, the birds are always sure to thrive the better; and the Monks, who are never slow in profiting by superstition, have at all times, a supply of such amulets for purchasers.—*From Moore's Epicurean.*

—It is a good plan to keep with your Homing birds, a pair or two of high-flying Tumblers, lively and strong, as they take out the young birds and get them in the habit of flying high. When they are without Tumblers, some of the young birds will fly very low, whereas when Tumblers are with them they will fly very high, and when thrown will mount to a great height, and a bird that does not go well up when it is thrown will never do long distances. How can it see its way if it will not rise to such a height as will allow it to see over the physical obstacles that lie between its home and the spot where the throw took place?

—Indignant.—Speaking of the Massachusetts law making it neccessary that a "dozen eggs weigh one and one-half pounds," Max Adeler says: "We approve of this. The hens have too long had their own way in this business of laying eggs, and they have constantly defrauded the public. It is high time this outrage was crushed, and we are glad that the Legislature of Massachusetts is going to do it. If free American citizens are to be imposed upon with impunity by debauched and corrupt chickens, the government, for which William Penn fought and John Hancock died, is a disgraceful failure. Hereafter, Massachusetts hens will either have to lay two-ounce eggs or emigrate. The people will submit to their tyranny no longer. They have borne the yolk until it has become unendurable. They denounce present prices for present eggs as eggstortion, and hens, they demand a reform with the determination to draw up this chicken bill, and pullet through the Legislature."

—All the spider family, find them where you may, and they are found in all habitable parts of the globe, are Cannibals. Father spider will make a breakfast, without the least hesitation, of his children, while the mother seems at times to be so tenderly attached to her young, that she would prefer to perish with them! She does not seem to have the same love for her mate however, for she has been known, after a vain endeavor to prevent "hubby" from eating the children, to come to the conclusion that he would make a good meal, and falling upon him would gobble him up in short order. Even in the reproducing season will madam spider attack her lord, and conquering him in fair fight, will at once devour him. Certain of the small spiders are supplied with a small bladder, somewhat similar to a drum, and the sound made by it, called by the superstitious the "death watch," is nothing more than the spider drumming for his mistress to come forth from her hiding place. Allusion is made to this by Lacon, where he says "an old man like the spider, can never make love without beating his own death watch."

—The Sagacity of Elephants.—The services rendered by elephants to the English army during the Abyssinian expedition have suggested an article in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes,*" by M. Guidoz, on the use of these animals in warfare. Such an elephant as that described by Major Skinner, whose narrative is quoted by M. Guidoz, would be a valuable auxiliary at any time. According to this account, the major was riding in a forest near Kandy, when he heard a muffled sound of ourmph, ourmph, the peculiar cry of the elephant, and soon came upon a tame animal of this species, who, being left to himself, had undertaken to carry away a large beam, which he carried across his tusks, progressing, however, but slowly, owing to the narrow limits of the path, which forced him to turn his head first on one side and then on the other, uttering ourmphs of vexation. Seeing the major approach, he threw down his load, and stood aside to let the man and horse pass. The major's steed trembled in every limb, when the sagacious beast, noticing his terror, backed still farther into the jungle, uttering his ourmph in a gentle and encouraging tone; and, as soon as the horse had summoned up courage to proceed, he re-appeared, took up the beam once more, and resumed his arduous undertaking. It seems almost sacrilege to contemplate employing animals so considerate and reasonable in the questionable operations of man against man.

—Bears at Home.—A writer on the Zoological Gardens in London writes: "A pretty, winding path through the shrubbery at the left of the terrace brings us down a slope to the place where the pair of white bears live. They have a beautiful stone house, covered with flowering vines, and in front a pond with flagged path around it, on which, as we approach, the huge creatures are pacing up and down, waiting for dinner, growling savagely every now and then at the visitors who stand in tantalizing nearness, just out of their reach. Their whole domain—house, garden, and pond—is not only fenced in but roofed over with the strongest iron bars. Once, they say, it was only fenced; but, though the top of the fence was made of pointed spikes, turned inward, one of the bears got out early one morning and nearly killed a blacksmith who happened to cross his path; and after that they were roofed in. The white bear and his wife once had two little ones, soft, pinky creatures, but the unnatural mother killed her own children, much to everybody's disappointment. The mother bear's fur is purer, softer, whiter than the father's, whose hair looks rather yellowish when he stands close to his great snow-ball of a wife, and she seems to be generally in a fit of sulks, while he tramps about in a chronic state of active fury. They suffer terribly from the heat of an English summer, and great blocks of ice are constantly kept in the pond to make the water cool enough for their bath."

Small Pet Department

(Reported for the Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA,

(For the week ending April 8, 1876.)

1 Woodcock, (*Scolopax rusticola*). Presented by Fred. Lentz, Philadelphia.
1 Great Horned Owl, (*Bubo Virginianus*). Presented by E. S. Mason, Philadelphia.
1 Woodchuck (*Arctonys monax*). Presented by Rev. A. J. Hires, Baltimore.
1 Red Fox, (*Vulpes fulres*). Presented by J. M. Wilson, Esq., Washington, D. C.
1 Opossum, (*Dydelphys Virginianus*). Presented by J. M. Wilson, Esq., Washington, D. C.
1 Black Squirrel, (*Sciurus niger*). Presented by Thos. M. Robinson, Pa.
1 Opossum, (*Dydelphys Virginianus*). Presented by J. B. Eshelman, Pa.
1 Raccoon, (*Procyon lotor*). Presented by Ed. MacHarg, Philadelphia.
1 Opossum, (*Dydelphys Virginianus*). Presented by Emmet Enright, Lancaster Co., Pa.
4 Adult Angora Goats, (*Senus capora*). Purchased.
3 Young " " " " "

Huon.

(For the week ending April 15, 1876.)

1 Fisher, (*Mustela pennantii*). Purchased.
1 Black Iguana, (*Metopoceros cornutus*). do.
2 Irish Hares, (*Lepus timidus*) Presented by P. I. Lauber, Philadelphia.
2 Black-tailed Deer, (*Cervus macrotus*). Purchased.
4 French Rabbits, (*Lepus cuniculus*). "
3 Prairie Wolves, (*Canis latrans*). Born in garden.
1 Java Porcupine, (*Hystrix jaranica*) " "
1 Pintail Duck, (*Dafilæ cutæs*). Presented by ———

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 18.

TWO OF THE ZOO PIGEONS.

The Zoological Society possesses quite a number of the *Columbidæ*, and a most interesting family it is, though but two of its members come prominently under the notice of the visitors to that now famous and celebrated institution. These two are, 1, the Crowned pigeon (*Gaura corona*), 2, the Nicobar pigeon (*Calœnus Nicobarica*), each of which, both for size and beauty are well worthy of the notice of all pigeon lovers. I do not presume to think that I can tell the "Fanciers" anything about pigeons, but I wish to say a few words about the above beautiful specimens, and ask respectfully why there is no endeavor to introduce, and domesticate them in our country.

THE CROWNED PIGEON.

This, the largest of all pigeons, belongs to the subfamily Gowrinæ or Ground pigeons, and a native of Java, New Guinea, and the Moluccas. So large and unpigeon like is it that few seeing it for the first time would allow it to be one. It is about 28 inches long, with a bill 2 inches long and black. The crest is composed of long silky barbules plumed at the end. This is always expanded as though the bird was very proud of it. The head, neck, and lower parts, are grayish blue; back, with the feathers black at the base, with tips of purplish brown; a central broad white bar seems to be laid across the closed wings. It is readily tamed, soon comes to know its keeper, and will readily "drum" for him, which drumming is a remarkable performance that must be seen to be understood. The walk of the Crown pigeon is quite majestic and stately, and well accords with the beautiful crown which gives it its name. It is quite fond of the hot sun, and in it will lie upon the floor of its cage, on one side, with head flat down, for a long time. It is said that while lying in this manner in its native forests, the bird at a little distance might pass for a heap of leaves, a stump of a tree, or a moss-covered stone. The nest of the Crowned pigeon is said to be made in trees, and that the eggs are but two in number, though I think there has been but one laid at a time by those in the London Zoo. The young are fed by the parents as other pigeons are—that is, from the crops and mouths of both parents. This reminds me of a trick the smart boy plays on the greenhorn in every generation, and which was played on the writer when in a state of verdancy—namely, send him to some store on April 1, for "pigeons' milk," and get him heartily laughed at. I have long since found out that the joke was not so groundless, and that the young squabs are nourished by a curd-like material, secreted by special glands, like milk in the mammalia, which is distributed to them by both parents, though it is said that the male has the most plentiful supply. Specimens of this curd or "pigeons' milk," can be seen in some of the museums of the Old World.

While on the subject of pigeon-food let me mention as something out of the common order, that the Crown pigeon in the Zoo is a dear lover of meat! In fact, he has turned himself into one of the carniverous birds. Whenever keeper Pavonarius goes his rounds among his meat-eaters, with both hands full of chopped meat, Gaura Corona asks for a full share, and will not be put off without it! Did you ever know of a pigeon that was a meat-eater before?

The Nicobar pigeon, is one of the most beautiful of the genus Calœnus. It is but 15 inches long,—but half the size of the Crown, with a plumage of rich metallic green, which changes with the light into a goldish, coppery, purplish, red color. The tail is white and the quills are blackish blue with shadings of green. As its name imparts it is a native of Nicobar, but it is found in Java, Sumatra, and several other places. In the breeding season a rounded fleshy knob makes its appearance on the upper mandible of this pigeon, which would be more remarkable, but that the same thing appears in the whole family or genus of pigeons known as the *carpòphaga*, the most noticeable of which is the Oceanic Fruit pigeon. All the above birds are excellent for the table.

Can any of your readers tell me where the pigeon was first used as a "letter carrier?" It is found upon the temples of Egypt among the hieroglyphics. By it, Brutus was informed of the movements of Marc Antony in Egypt, and far back in Asia was the bird used for the same purpose as the Romans put it to.

The flight of some of the species seems almost incredible! Audubon says that a wild pigeon (*Columba migratoria*) has traveled a distance of 300 miles in about six hours, which it will be seen is at the rate of *one mile in one minute*! At that flight, could the bird's strength hold out, it could cross the Atlantic in less than three days!

Doctors will disagree. Audubon says this pigeon lays but one egg when the sitting commences—now Wilson, quite as correct an ornithologist, says it lays *two*. But even if two are laid, the number of the species exceeds all belief. Wilson says he saw in Kentucky a flock which stretched north and south upwards of forty miles, with a breadth of several miles! This was in the dense woods where every tree bore nests, wherever there was nest room in the branches. Some of the trees were felled by hunters, when two hundred squabs, not much inferior in size to the old ones, and as fat as butter, were taken from one tree!

Audubon made a calculation of a mass of wild pigeons Wilson came in contact with, and he says that the whole length of the mass was 240 miles, and that the numbers composing it must have amounted to 2,230,272,000 pigeons at least, and remarks that as large as this number seems, it is most probably below the actual amount! Can you think how much food such a crowd would require? Wilson thought of it, and allowing each bird but a half pint of food per day, he found the whole quantity would be 17,424,000 bushels daily.

Huon.

ARRIVAL OF ANGORA GOATS FROM ASIA.

Mr. John S. Harris, of California, reached Baltimore recently by the steamship Sardinian, from Liverpool, with twelve Angora goats, which he brought all the way from Asia Minor, after a most romantic and difficult journey, occupying a year. Angora and Cashmere goats had been considered identical, but a sample of real Cashmere wool sent to Mr. Harris from Madras, disclosed the fact that it was essentially different from the wool grown on goats called Angoras, which he and others owned in this country. This discovery led the adventurous breeder to go to Asia and see and learn for himself, as well as to study the habits and mode of raising goats, with a view to making them profitable in the Sierras of California. He started April 16, 1875, from California, via Japan and China, intending to go overland into Thibet, but found that impracticable. He then went to Calcutta, and going through India reached the Cashmere district and saw the animals for which he had made so great a journey.

He found the Cashmere goats covered with a rather sparse coat of coarse, long, black hair, underneath which is a fleece of extremely white silk like wool, used in the manufacture of Indian shawls

and other goods that are highly prized for their fineness of texture and capability for receiving and retaining colors. The home of the Cashmere goat is in the Himalaya mountains, 22,000 feet above the level of the sea, in a region of eternal snows, and there are none in America. The traveler found these goats could not be profitably acclimatized in California, but he gained the information that mohair wool goats can be successfully raised in a high altitude and low latitude, such as the Sierras of Southern California.

Mr. Harris concluded then to go to Angora, but found he could not proceed overland on account of war, nor via the Persian Gulf on account of the unsettled state of the country. He therefore returned to Calcutta and went via Ceylon, Indian ocean, Red sea, and Suez canal, to Port Said, over the Taurus mountains, in crossing which he was occupied twenty one days, and suffered intensely from cold, snows, &c., with no other food but native black bread and a kind of molasses. When finally he reached Angora, and bought his goats, two rams and ten ewes, he ran short of money, and had to telegraph to California for credit at Constantinople. He borrowed from a friendly Scotchman, and started for the coast. He had nine mules and three donkeys, on which the precious goats were slung in boxes, while other of the animals were loaded with provender and baggage.

He tried to reach Smyrna, but after floundering in the mountains some days was obliged to return to Angora. He then turned north to Ismid, where he struck rail to Constantinople. There he found money from his partner, paid his debts and the export duty and "bucksheesh" demanded by the Turks. He went from Constantinople to Liverpool, and thence to Baltimore safely.

Mr. Harris says, that including all his expenses since leaving home, the goats have thus far cost him $525 apiece in gold, or a total of $6,300, and he has yet to take them across the continent to California by rail. Mr. Harris is a middle-aged Scotchman, decidedly modest, and does not think he has performed a remarkable journey in the wilds of Central and Western Asia. When he left California he and his partner had 1,700 goats on their ranges at Hollister, Benito county, where he has been 17 years. He thinks he has found that by proper breeding California is especially adapted to producing mohair wools.

The goats on the Sardinian are smaller than the ordinary animals, and have long silken fleeces of white wool. Both sexes have flat, corrugated horns about eighteen inches long that diverge from the front of the head. All are yearlings, and show no ill effects from their travels. Several kids have been born since leaving Angora, one of which, several days old, is alive and well. The goats were visited by thousands of people at Liverpool, where Mr. Harris was a sort of lion. He has with him specimens of cashmere and other wools, together with their manufactured products, obtained in Asia. The goats will remain at Locust Point until Monday.—*Sun.*

Exchanges.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"To exchanges for cash" or "greenbacks," "wanted a purchaser," or "wanted an offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

F. C. SHEPHERD, Ithaca, N. Y., will exchange 1 trio S. S. Hamburgs, for Carrier pigeons.

MRS. FRANK E. CLARK, Washington, N. J., will exchange one pair White Crested Fantail, 30 and 28 feathers in tail, for a good wire squirrel cage, wheel inside, all in good condition.

J. B. PERRY, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, will exchange Patridge Cochin cockerel, or S. S. Hamburgh cockerel, for Light Brahma pullet, or Brown Leghorn pullet, or Black African Bantam, or Dark Brahma Eggs. Speak quick.

AMATEUR PRINTER, Box 92, Myerstown, Penn., will exchange pair common Tumblers, White Fantail hen, and Fanciers' Journal for '74 and '75, for either of the following pair Fancy Pigeons, (no Tumblers or Fans): parts of Illustrated Pigeon Book; pair Canaries, type, or good revolver. What offers?

A. L. BANKS, Mount Kisco, N. Y., will exchange four India Silkies, 3 hens and cock, imported; trio Spangled Leghorns, and trio Dominique Leghorns, 1st premium birds, for a gold watch or books.

M. L. & M. W. GRAVES, Northampton, Mass., offer eggs for hatching from high-class Brown Leghorns, Light Brahmas, and American Dominiques, in exchange for trio White Crested Fan cocks; also Doyles, Tegetmeier, or any other standard work on Poultry or Pigeons in good condition.

WM. H. NONNERMACHER, P. O. Box 413, Allentown, Pa., has seven Dark Brahmas to exchange for Houdans. Must be good stock, same as mine are; cock has solid black breast. Will exchange for two trios.

W. ATLEE BURPEE, Philadelphia, Pa., wants Toulouse Geese, and Bronze and White Turkey eggs, or stock, Dominiques, Houdans, Dominique and Black Leghorns, and Dorkings, in exchange for Leghorns, Asiatics, P. Rocks, Eggs, Mammoth seed corn, Fancy Pigeons, &c.

T. D. ADAMS, Franklin, Pa., will exchange his thorough-bred Irish Red Setter Dog, (1 year old) Roy, worth $50, for a first-class female Croker Spaniel; pedigree wanted, and same given. What offers?

H. F. CHURCH, Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., will exchange Brown Leghorns, B. B. R. Game Hen, $12 violin, Black and Tan dog pup for Game Bantams. Good stock, and expect the same.

G. C. LEONARD, 115 Baldwin St., Elmira, N. Y., has to exchange for offers, a very fine pair of Angora Rabbits, from imported stock, warranted premium stock. What offers? Anything that does not eat.

IRA C. BROOKS, Petersburg, Menard Co., Illinois, will exchange a No. 1 violin, cost $35, for Pekin ducks. Must be good.

W. E. FLOWER, Shoemakertown, Pa., will exchange Light Brahma Eggs, for an equal number of Houdan Eggs, from good stock only; no other offers wanted.

FRED LUCAS, 1127 South 8th St., Philadelphia, Pa., has a fine new first-class German Concertina, (Zimmerman's), 20 keys, in fine tone and order; also a first-class pair of Black Mooncaps, which he will exchange only for first-class Fancy Pigeons.

C. M. GRAY, Trenton Falls, N. Y., wants to exchange Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, for Partridge and Black Cochins, Bronze Turkeys, or Light Brahmas; also eggs from Brown Leghorns, for Polands, &c.

C. V. HOLDER, Bloomington, Ill., will exchange 2 female Ferrets, Fowls, &c., for Pigeons, B. B. R. G. Bantam cock, Italian Greyhound, must be fine, not over two years old, or other stock.

R. G. FAIRSERVICE, East Newark, N. J., will exchange the P. C. cock, winner of 1st and special, (94 points,) at Mount Kisco, for Partridge Cochin hens, or L. B. hens.

R. G. FAIRSERVICE, East Newark, N. J., will exchange L. B. cockerel, winner 1st and special, (90 points,) at Mount Kisco, for P. C. hens, or L. B. hens.

BOX 27, PRESCOTT, ONT., CANADA, will exchange one Black Trumpeter hen, one White Fantail tom, and a sitting of Blue Andalusian eggs, for one Blue Pied Pouter hen. A first-class one wanted, or no exchange.

D. A. CARTER, 37 Kimble St., Utica, N. Y., will exchange 1 small steam boiler, suitable for running a small engine, or make steam for heating purposes—will bear 30 pounds of steam—for Himalayas and Lop eared Rabbits, or Poultry.

D. A. CARTER, 37 Kimble St, Utica, N. Y., will exchange fine White Turtle Mail Kid Goats, and White Angora Rabbits, for common or fancy poultry. Price, $10 in cash. No one need apply after April. Who offers for Goats.

J. A. WALFORD, 257 Fountain St., Providence, R. I., will exchange Fancy Pigeons, consisting of Owls, Barbs, Swallows, Fantails, and Tumblers, about 30 pairs. What offers?

G. W. LITTLE, Sherburne, N. Y., will exchange the following Games, hatch 1875: one pair Spangles, one pair Blue Reds, one pair Brown Reds, and a number of Silver Duckwing Bantam stags, for Brown Leghorn hens, or pullets. Second class breeders need not apply.

P. H. HORNE, Stoneham, Mass., will exchange Brown Leghorn eggs from premium and selected stock, for offers in books, jewelry, or anything useful; also trained male Ferret, perfectly tame, fitch color. Make offers.

DR. MARTIN, Mercersburg, Pa., will exchange any of the following for Fancy Pigeons: Nice aquarium tank, with pebbles and shells, all complete, large enough for 8 fish, worth $12.00; trio S. S. Hamburgs, or B. Cochin, L. Brahma, Houdan, or Black Spanish eggs; apple and peach trees, grape vines, strawberry, or boxwood plants.

G. O. BROWN, Brooklandville, Md., has one pair each S. S. Hamburgs, Golden Polands and Houdans, will exchange for Rose-comb American Dominique, or offers; also choice stereoscopic views, for eggs from same fowls, or other offers.

T. J. McDANIEL, Hollis Centre, Me., has to exchange, one G. S. Bantam cock, a fine bird; one pair Mottled Tumblers, one revolver, and a few Brown Leghorn eggs, from stock scaling 87 to 97 points, for watch, subscriptions to this Journal, poultry books, old or new, or good setting hens of any breed or crosses

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, MAY 1, 1876. No. 16.

ADVICE.

Fly away pretty moth, to the shade
Of the leaf where you slumbered all day;
Be content with the moon and the stars, pretty moth,
And make use of your wings while you may;
Though yon glittering light may have dazzled you quite,
Tho' the gold of yon lamp may be gay,
Many things in this world that look bright, pretty moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray.

I have seen, pretty moth, in the world
Some as wild as yourself and as gay,
Who bewitched by the sweet fascination of eyes,
Flitted 'round them by night and by day;
But though dreams of delight may have dazzled them quite,
They at last found it dangerous play!
Many things in this world that look bright, pretty moth,
Only dazzle to lead us astray. [*Ledger.*]

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

TRADITIONS RELATING TO BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

Certain traditions relating to birds and beasts are only explicable on the supposition that they were once objects of divination or worship. The old Germans, we know from Tacitus, used white horses, as the Romans used chickens, for purposes of augury, and divined future events from different intonations of neighings. Hence it probably is that the discovery of a horseshoe is so universally thought lucky, some of the feelings that once attached to the animal itself still surviving around the iron of its hoof. For horses, like dogs or birds, were invariably accredited with a greater insight into futurity than man himself; and the many superstitions connected with the flight or voice of birds resolve themselves into the fancy, not inconceivable among men surrounded on all sides by unintelligible tongues, that birds were the bearers of messages and warnings to men, which skill and observation might hope to interpret.

Why is the robin's life and nest sacred, and why does an injury to either bring about bloody milk, lightning, or rain? The Christian legend says that it extracted a thorn from the crown of Christ, or that it daily bears to hell a drop of water to put out the flames, and accounts in either way for the red dye on its breast. But this is evidently a mediæval gloss to some heathen belief, like the unluckiness of the magpie, that it would not enter the ark, but sat jabbering outside over the drowned world; or like the idea of the aspen still trembling at the part it played in the crucifixion. It has been suggested that the robin, on account of its color, was once sacred to Thor, the God of lightning; yet, is it not possible that its red breast singled it out for worship from among birds, just as its red berries the rowan from among trees long before its worshipers had arrived at any ideas of abstract divinities?

All over the world there is a regard for things red. In the highlands women tie some red thread around the cows' tails before turning them out to grass in spring, and tie red silk around their own fingers to keep off the witches; and just as in Esthonia mothers put some red thread in their babies' cradles, so in China they tie some around their childrens' wrists, and teach them to regard red as the best known safeguard against evil spirits. Indeed, one of the chief lessons of comparative folk-lore is a caution against the theory which deduces popular traditions from Aryan or other mythology. We have already alluded to the fact that in parts of China, the same feelings prevail about the swallow as in England or Germany. But there are yet other analogies between the east and the west. A crowing hen is an object of universal dislike in England and Brittany, and few families in China will keep a crowing hen. The owl's voice is ominous of death or other calamity in England and Germany, as it was in Greece (except at Athens); but in the Celestial Empire also it presages death, and is regarded as the bird which calls for the soul.

And the crow, also, is in China a bird of ill omen. Is it not, therefore, likely that all popular fancies about birds and animals have begun in the same way, among the same different races of the globe, and were subsequently adopted, but never originated by mythology? May it not be that certain birds or animals became prominent in mythology because they had already been prominent in tradition, rather than that they became prominent in tradition because they previously had been prominent in mythology? For instance, instead of tracing a dog's howling as a death omen to an Aryan belief that the dog guided the soul from its earthly tenement to its abode in heaven, may we not suppose that the myth arose from an already existing omen, and that the latter arose, as omens still do, from a coincidence which suggested a connection subsequently sustained by superficial observation? The St. Swithin fallacy which arose within historical memory and still holds its ground in an age of scientific observation, well illustrates how one striking coincidence may grow into a belief which no amount of later evidence can weaken or destroy.

Just so, if it happened that a dog howled shortly before some calamity occurred to our Aryan forefathers, thousands and thousands of years ago, long before they had attained to any thoughts of soul or heaven, we can well imagine that the dog, which already betokened death, should, when they came to frame the myth, be conceived as the guide which was waiting for the soul to take it to heaven, and that the belief thus perpetuated by the myth might survive to the latest ages. It, at all events, militates against the exclusively Aryan nature of the belief, and exemplifies the extraordinary coincidence of ideas among different people, that the Esquimaux lay a dog's head by the grave of a child, for "the soul of a dog can find its way everywhere, and will show the ignorant babe the way to the land of souls!"

A well known dentist in Paris has been arrested accused of having for four year past, while drawing and cleaning teeth, introduced slow poison into rich patients' mouths at the instigation of their heirs, and thus committed many murders. Two hundred witnesses are said to have been subpœnaed.

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"TRIPS AMONG THE FANCIERS."

BY W. E. FLOWER.

The shrill crowing of the cocks in "Montvue Poultry Yards," awakened us in the morning from our slumbers, and after a hearty breakfast Mr. Brown accompanied us to Baltimore. Here we met Mr. S. H. Slifer, President of the Maryland State Poultry Association, who kindly volunteered to drive us around the city; which offer was gratefully accepted. A few minutes' drive brought us to the residence of Mr. S. where we were shown his excellent collection of Almond-bred Tumblers. Mr. S. makes a specialty of Tumbler Pigeons, and has in his breeding pens some of the prize winners in this class (birds of his own breeding,) at the late Baltimore show; he also has several pairs of very fine Blue Owls. Our attention was next directed to a very pretty trio of Brown Red Game Bantams. We regretted our inability to visit Mr. S's farm, some ten miles out from the city, which contains some eight hundred acres, upon which Mr. S. contemplates (at some future time) starting in the "Poultry business" on quite an extensive scale.

From Mr. Slifer's, we drove to the Pigeon Loft of Mr. David Mordecai, through which we were conducted by a son of Mr. Mordecai. We used to think that "friend Wade" fixed up a great deal for his pigeons, but we had never seen a loft fitted up with all the "modern conveniences," such as "gas," "fire, and water," but as this loft has been fully described once before in your columns, we will simply state that its occupants are equally as "high class" as their handsome and well appointed home. Mr. Mordecai, probably, has one of the finest collections of Black and White Barbs that can be found in this country, and as we gazed admiringly at them, and the diminutive Owls and Turbits, the splendid Carriers, and Antwerps, the snow-white Fantails, Trumpeters, and Clean Cut Magpies, we are afraid we broke at least, one of "the ten commandments," and we doubt if any of your readers could visit this loft and not covet some of its beautiful feathered occupants.

From Mr. M's we drove to the residence of Mr. T. S. Gaddes; Mr. S. having previously called upon Mr. G. at his place of business, and obtained an order for our admission. We were told that we might congratulate ourselves upon obtaining the "entree" to this loft, as there are probably not one-half dozen men in Baltimore who could obtain permission to enter it. The interior is fitted up in the same manner as that of Mr. Mordecai's; in fact, we believe Mr. M. built after the plan of Mr. Gaddes. Here we saw a beautiful collection of Carriers, Archangels, Almond Tumblers, Swallows, and Antwerps: we had expected to see something fine; and were not disappointed. The Carriers were grand birds, both in eye and beak; the Swallows were beautiful in color and markings, as were the Priests, and the pretty little Almond Tumblers; having feasted our eyes to our satisfaction, we signified our readiness to depart.

From thence we were driven to the loft of Mr. Charles Becker, and found that gentleman in readiness to show his stock. Mr. Becker makes a specialty of Pouters of the various colors, and will have the best specimens that money can buy, and prices were named for specimens we saw in his loft, which would purchase a good "Morgan hoss;" and added to this, Mr. B's skill as a breeder, has enabled him to obtain one of the best collections of Pouters in this country. Possibly some "Fanciers" may have single birds, or even a pair or two which will equal Mr. Becker's best birds; but, take them as a whole collection, we doubt if their equal can be found. As we watched them in their graceful movements, we mentally wished that "Tennet," or our mutual friend Shannon, were with us to enjoy the pleasure the sight afforded.

Leaving Mr. Becker's we returned to Mr. Slifer's for dinner, where we were joined by friend Brown, who assisted in doing ample justice to the bountiful meal presided over by the amiable wife of our host. After an hour passed pleasantly with Mr. Slifer, we bade him adieu, and with friend Brown for our "chaperon," we once more started forth. A few minutes walk brought us to the residence of Mr. Charles D. Parker, dealer in nearly all the various varieties of "fancy" Pigeons. Mr. Parker has in his loft some choice young Barbs, and Carriers, and many other kinds which it would be impossible to enumerate, and as the day was far spent we wended our way to the depot, and were soon bound once more for Brooklandville, with friend Brown.

As a matter of course after tea, the conversation reverted to the different incidents of the day, and the evening passed quickly and pleasantly away, and "you know how it was yourself," so we retired for the night well pleased with the manner in which we had spent the day.

To be continued.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A CHICKEN.

A NARATIVE BY A DARK BRAMHA HEN AS RELATED TO THE WRITER.

"The first recollection that I have of my existence was of finding myself one morning in a soft, warm nest, in company with a whole brood of bright-eyed, downy little chicks, just like myself. Our master (who was a pleasant looking man) gently lifted our mother off the nest, and then counted us out into a little basket, "two, four, six, eight, ten, *eleven* out of thirteen, and two dead in the shell," I heard him say, and he seemed quite well pleased at the number, but our mother said it would take "hard scratching to find food for so many little mouths." Our master placed us in a nice, clean, dry coop, along with our mother, and fed us some nice hard boiled eggs, and gave us some pure, clean water to drink. We were very happy, enjoyed ourselves very much; but that night, after we had all gone to bed, and were fast asleep under our mother's wings, a great big rat came and carried off five of my little brothers and sisters, so that when our kind master came to give us our breakfast in the morning, there were but six of us left. You may be sure he was very angry, and said it was "too bad, after all the trouble and expense he had been at, to get us" (for I learned that we were a choice kind, Dark Brahmas.)

Well, our master went and got a little dog, they called him "Scotch," he had long, coarse hair, and sharp pointed ears, and a little short, stumpy tail, and he looked so fierce, I was afraid of him, and ran into the coop to our mother; but she said, "he would not hurt me, but would kill the rats that had killed my brothers and sisters." Our master and another man tore up the floor of the pig-pen, and I heard them say that "Scotch" killed nine big rats; and I guess that was all of them, for they never troubled us again.

But one day after we had grown a great deal larger, and were able to run and catch grasshoppers, bugs, beetles, and scratch for

worms, one of my little brothers who was chasing a big, fat cricket a long way from the coop, was caught and killed by a big hawk. Out mother saw the hawk, and screamed loudly for us to hide, or run into the coop, but little "black breast," as he was called, was too far off to hear, and the hawk swooped down and caught him in his cruel claws and we never saw him again. Our master was very sorry, as he said that "little black breast" was one of the best of the lot, and that between the rats and hawks he would not have a chick left for exhibition," He said he would give any one five dollars if they would "kill the hawk," so the next day a man came with a gun and sat under a tree to watch for the hawk, but he waited a long while, and at last fell asleep. It was a very nice warm day, and the grasshoppers and crickets were so plenty and tasted so good, that we forgot all about the hawk until we heard our mother "scream that the hawk was coming." We all ran back as quick as we could but the hawk caught one of my little sisters this time, and started for its home in the woods, but our mother's "screaming and crying" had wakened the man, and he took aim at the hawk, and shot it quite dead, who had thrust his sharp claws deep into the body of our little sister, and she was dead too; they took the hawk and nailed him up against the side of the barn. A few days after the man shot another one which they said was its mate.

When we had grown quite large, and were all covered with nice feathers, our mother told us that we "were large enough to take care of ourselves," besides our kind master fed us every morning and evening, so that we could get along very well without her, and she commenced to peck and beat us out of the coop. Our master then took her away, and I heard that she was sold to a man who kept "summer boarders," and killed and eaten for a "spring chicken." A great many people called "Fanciers," used to visit our master, and they used to look at our combs, feet, wings, breast and tail, and they talked a great deal about the A. P. A, and the "New Standard," and the "Fanciers Journal," "Bulletin," "World," and about Wade, Williams, Sweet, Todd, and a great many things that we did not understand.

Time passed, winter came with frost and snow, and one day we (that is, one of my brothers and I) were put in a nice, wire cage, and we went a long way in the cars, and at last came to a place called "Boston" where we were taken to a large hall where we found a great many other chickens of all kinds, and such a noise and bustle as they made, crowing, cackling, and singing. A great many people came and stood in front of our cage and talked about penciling, symmetry, fluff, condition, and a great many other things that I do not remember now. Then there were a great many ladies and children came to the hall to see us, and the other chickens. Then two men (they called them Judges) came with a book and a pair of scales, they took us out of the cage and weighed us. At first I was very much frightened as I thought they wanted to see if we were "fat enough to kill," but I learned afterwards that it was to find out which were the best birds. Well, after a great deal of talking, they agreed that my brother and I were the best pair, and then they tacked a card upon the front of our cage which said "First Premium." Our master was very much pleased, and was offered a large sum of money for us, but he refused to sell us, and said he would keep us as long as we lived. We were very tired before the show was over, as they made us stand up whenever we wanted to sit down and kept us up every night until past ten o'clock, which was quite contrary to our usual custom at home, and returning home from the show the expressman left us out in the cold, biting wind, which after our week's confinement in a warm room gave us the "roup," a frightful disease, from which I did not recover for some weeks, and which caused my brother's death a few days after his return home. I am an old hen now, my dear little chicks, and have been to a great many shows since then. My brothers and sisters are all dead, and I am the only one left of the family of eleven little Dark Brahma chicks which first saw the light of day under the manger, in the horse stable, over yonder. And the old hen clucked softly to her brood as they nestled beneath her wings as the night settled slowly over hill and dale.

W. E. F.

PACKING EGGS.

We again have the egg season upon us in full swing, and once more we have a few words to say upon the subject, but it is more to the packing of the eggs that we would refer to on this occasion. Everyone nearly has their pet way of sending their eggs, and doubtless there is something to be said for each system whether boxes or baskets, chaff or hay, be in use. We would not pretend to dictate or to say that one way is especially superior to another, for we should be inundated with letters from indignant egg-packers, each exemplifying their assertion in praise of their own method by some wonderful successes, and we should believe them, for we have known eggs to hatch, and hatch well, which have been packed in divers ways. Perhaps the most remarkable of all cases which have come under our own knowledge is when twelve eggs were brought from Malta in a *pie dish*, and eleven of them hatched. We actually saw the chickens and know it to be true.

In just touching on the various ways of packing in use we would only put our young hands on guard against faults they may be led to make. When boxes are used the labels must be nailed on before the eggs are placed in them, and the lid be screwed down, not nailed. Although we have known eggs hatched in boxes where nails have been used, still it is a great chance if the eggs do not get jarred by the hammering. Then the points of the nails used for fastening down the label should be clenched on the under side, or the points might run into the eggs; for only last week we had a package of eggs from a gentleman where the utmost care had been taken to screw down the box, but the label had been afterwards fastened down with inch nails and had penetrated the shells of several eggs. We cannot consequently recommend amateur packers to be too careful over this. Then every egg should, in our opinion, be securely wrapped in a piece of paper; it helps so much towards guarding the eggs from being jarred in transit. But even here we know of one of our greatest Dorking breeders who has marvellous success with the eggs he sells, and who simply places the eggs in chaff and ties down the box, using neither nails or screws; and we saw a letter the other day from a gentleman in Jersey, stating he had hatched nine chickens from twelve eggs so packed; but the secret here is the string—we are convinced of it. It makes something for the many hands a parcel of this kind has to go through to hold by, and this is the greatest point of all. We would urge on every-one, never mind whether you pack in hay, or chaff, or sawdust, or moss, let the box or basket, whichever is used, have a handle, either made of string on the box or of wicker on the basket, but let there be a handle. No one but an eye-witness has any conception how a handleless package gets knocked about. One porter passes it to another, and perhaps he to the guard; or it has, may be, to go by a carrier, or a servant is sent to the station for it, and so the harm is done. It is not the distance does the injury, but the knocks and tumbles the packages get. Now if they all had handles they would in most cases certainly be taken up by them, and the chance of the eggs hatching would be greatly increased.

As we said, we wished to disparage no pet ways of packing, but we would venture to warn our friends against the use of bran, oats, or sawdust—*i.e.*, when they are used alone; for however full the packages may be filled with such mixtures, a long journey will shake the contents down much closer, and the eggs will very probably come in contact, when they will necessarily be

cracked, and the contents running out from one or two so cracked eggs might ruin a whole sitting. We have, moreover, ourselves seen eggs in a package pierced by the sharp ends of oats; but this would not often be the case except in very thinly-shelled eggs, and such should not be sent out at all as a rule. One or two of our friends use moss, and we believe with immense success, but even then we should always recommend the box being lined with good and soft hay first.

In the use of baskets we have noticed so many which are made with a small round bottom, sloping up to a larger top; but these baskets are so liable to tilt over. We should always have them made sugarloaf-shaped, when they are able to withstand a good shaking without fear of falling over. We have used, ourselves, with great success, baskets of the shape of the wicker cases in which spirit jars are often encased. But of all egg baskets a long way ahead are, in our opinion, those used at Early Wood. They are oval, and are just as country women go for the Saturday shopping with, having huge, upright handles, which it is impossible not to take hold by, for they, being tied together at the top, form a most perfect handle.

All must allow it is but correct for a sitting of eggs to be properly and securely packed when sold, that have to go any distance by rail or carriage, and that the purchaser naturally looks for it. We would, however, ask purchasers not to be too quick in writing sharply about the non-success of a sitting, for often the blame may be traced to their own doors; and, if not, one severe fall at a station or one heavy jarring would often ruin the whole success of a sitting. And we hear, too, repeatedly of failures among the eggs of our most honest and upright vendors, whose other eggs sent out have done well, when the cause could only be traced to some such accident as mentioned above. But that a handle easy to lay hold of is of great value to every egg-package we are quite sure, and would always recommend purchasers to insist upon it.—W. *in Journal of Horticulture.*

"THE BULLETIN AND OUR STANDARD."

Such was the heading of an article in a late number of Fanciers' Journal, signed by "Young Breeder."

Y. B. starts out well, in quoting the advice of his legal friend, but unfortunately he forgets the application of the advice in *this* case, and does not exercise his common sense. He quotes, "the Law *is* common sense and nothing else." Next he says, "Now the *Standard is Our Law,*" and then goes into a learned dissertation to prove that every one who will not swear by his law, and who possesses more than *his* modicum of common sense must, perforce, be a "sore-head."

Now, taking his assertion as fact, that the Standard is our (his) law, and that that law is common sense, I must call the attention of your readers to a few illustrations of that commodity in this model law.

But first this young fledgeling is greatly distressed about the toe-feathering of the Brahmas. He states, "The Editor of the Bulletin says, * * * the outer toes being well feathered to the ends thereof." No! young one, we didn't say any such thing and the *Standard* don't say so either; it says, as one of the disqualifications, "Shanks not feathered * * to the extremities of the outer toes." (What shanks your chicks must have, Y. B. if you practice what you preach). But we'll drop that subject, for Mr. Felch has already acknowledged what the committee "*meant to have said.*"

To proceed:

In the Brahma and most of the Cochin classes, twisted wings are *not* mentioned as a disqualification.

In the Partridge Cochin the under-plumage of the cock is given as "a rich black."

In the description of Blue Games, the plumage of the hen is stated as "throughout, a rich, dark blue."

The standard for Colored Dorkings, we have already shown up, (see March issue, Poultry Bulletin, page 184.)

In Silver Polish, the beard of cock is given as "silvery white, each feather distinctly laced with black." Belden—do you know who *he* is, Y. B.?—says "very dark." "Our Law" says of the tail of same variety, "silvery-white in color, each feather ending with a rich black spot." Belden says "gray," and that the dark tailed birds always breed the best chickens,"—but *he* must be a "sore-head."

Then in Crevecœurs, "colored" feathers, (red, yellow or brown?) are *not* a disqualification in the crest; and as black *is* a color, and white is *not*, white feathers must (by Y. B's law) be allowed in any part of the plumage, and we shall have a "Standard" Creve with a white body and black crest. And then the hen has a "large and globular head."

But why extend this any further? If the Standard is Y. B's law, as he claims, we expect to see him exhibit fowls agreeing with its description. If he takes no prizes, he can fall back on *his dictum* that "The *Standard* was not made principally for the use of Judges and newspaper men."

Ah! It was not made principally for the use of Judges. Oh! Then "we trust we may be allowed to surmise" that it *was* made principally for the Y. B's. Well on the whole, we do think they have most need of it, and sincerely hope that they may follow up that "thumbing" process, and learn what a Blue Game hen, or a Silver Polish cock, or a Colored Dorking "shall be." Y. B. says, "the Standard tells *how* they are breeding them," so we shall not need to "go to their homes."

Editor P. B.

OUR HENS.

Mr. Editor:—I think it must be quite provoking to those who are trying to find out the best methods for taking care of hens so as to secure the best pecuniary results, when they see such lengthy and often, in some respects, conflicting advice given as to how it is to be obtained. Very few writers whose views I have seen, agree in all respects on this matter. Some no doubt reiterate the views of others, combining them with some experiences of their own.

Long catalogues of needed food are given as being requisite to obtain the greatest number of eggs. Others tell us how and when to give it, and still others, with much sincerity, tell us to what breed we should give it. With many, no doubt, *fancy* plays an important part and influences, in some measure, the selection of the breed commended. I suppose it will be as impossible to harmonize the views people entertain respecting the profitablenes of different breeds of hens as it is the views they have as to the qualities of different breeds of farm stock, and best modes of management to attain the same end.

This fact, however, shall not deter me from naming my own choice of fowl, why I prefer them, how I feed them, why I feed as I do, and the results of my practice, which is, after all, the great desideratum. In 1863, I commenced with a flock of Light Brahmas, twenty-five in number. Their return in eggs and chickens netted me over four dollars each. This result decided me in preferring them to all others. It was of little consequence to me what were the merits of other breeds so long as I could secure so satisfying results from these. As may be naturally inferred, I enlarged my flock and their quarters, keeping fifty fowls the next season, furnishing them with a house of two stories, so as to give them all the sun that shone.

The lower story had a room for storing food, another for roosting; the upper story for nursery and laying; the whole plastered; chimney and stove in the nursery. The roosting room was dug

down two feet into the earth and cemented, both floor and walls. The coldest weather rarely carried the thermometer below freezing point. The result of all this care and comfortable provision for the fowl was that they did not make so good returns *pro rata* as I received the previous year by more than thirty-three per cent. I may as well say that I had no reason to expect as good returns as the first year's as that experience was exceptional. We cannot expect to have fowls do as well in large flocks as they do in small ones. There are many reasons for this that are quite obvious. Another reason is one I have never seen in print I think, and one too that is of much practical importance. Fowls do not like a plastered wood, brick, or stone wall. For some cause, they will go any way, and almost anywhere to roost in preference to going into such rooms.

My experience of this fact was when I first began farming. A stone house, 10x14, covered with stone flagging and earth, over that was my hen-house. I kept it clean. Had loam to use under the perches, nice clean rests, &c. The hens would lay anywhere rather than in that house, and I had, excepting in the roughest weather, to drive them into it to roost. Several houses of the kind were in the town, and so far as I learned, the same result was experienced.

I know of several like experiences with my own. I have said enough to turn thought in this direction. I would prefer, on some accounts to have plastered walls, but am sure the fowls do not like it.

As to Feed.—On the farm where corn and oats were always grown, equal quantities of them were given; ground scraps, boiled turnips and potatoes, in the winter—turnips preferred; mix with the roots, while hot, two quarts of scraps and five of Indian meal to the bushel; cabbage in the winter as a substitute for grass; wheat and wheat screenings occasionally for a change. I am not sure but that wheat all the time and a feed of corn once or twice a week (the vegetables and cabbage in winter) will give better returns than any other feed. I incline to this opinion. Keep gravel, shells, and old mortar accessible at all times, and good clean water. The foregoing articles are what I have used. I give all the grain I feed in troughs, so that it cannot be wasted or soiled in any way, keeping a supply all the time accessible.

It is much less trouble to feed in this way—better for the fowls, and they consume less food. The first idea, as to being less trouble to keep food by the fowls all the time will be admitted, without question. The other two propositions, some will question, therefore I will explain how it can be so. w ho have fed fowls know how voraciously they will eat when the food is thrown to them from the hand, and how they will gorge themselves until they cannot swallow any more. They appear to act as if they did not expect to be fed again until night came, and when it did they were prepared by hunger to eat as greedily as in the morning. By reason of this unnatural stuffing of themselves at night, they are, without doubt, liable to weaken their digestive organs and impair their health.

I am aware that some think that having food at all times accessible accomplishes the same result. With me, it is not so The Brahmas come from their perch in the morning, eat but little, drink freely; if a cold day or snow on the ground, go to some comfortable place about the buildings, bask in the sun, if it shines, use the dust box, eating but little until the after part of the day, when they eat a hearty meal. This has been the habit of my hens for many years. They appease their hunger whenever it occurs, never gorge themselves, never get too fat, of which there is no danger, unless they are kept to be over two years of age, which I never do, now I have found the truth respecting the matter. The result of this method is a good, generous contribution of eggs at all times, healthy fowls, which at the age of 18 to 20 months will weigh from six to eight pounds each, ready for the table or market, as they have to give place to the pullets that were hatched in February or March and are ready to lay about this time. I will here say that early-hatched chickens will make larger fowls and lay better than late-hatched ones. By this method I think our tables can be supplied with flesh food at less cost than by any other. Another item of no small account as to income from poultry ought not to be omitted, viz.: the manure. When properly attended to, each fowl ought to be credited with one dollar annually. At this price, it is the cheapest fertilizer I use. Some who read of the success of others in keeping hens and their method of attaining it, undertake to accomplish the same results. They fail, and scold because of being duped, as they suppose, when in reality there was a radical neglect or omission on their part that caused their failure.—*New England Farmer.*

February 16, 1876.

THE POULTRY FARM.

At this season of the year there is naturally an increased interest in the poultry yard, though we think the plan ought to be to treat fowls in such a manner as to have them lay in winter, at a time when eggs are at the highest price. With eggs at forty or fifty cents a dozen there is some *sense* in having a few dozen a day, and that the thing is practicable we know from one or two instances that have come under our observation the past winter. It has been done and it can be done again.

There is now a wide spread interest in the subject and we hope instead of being a temporary fever, it will go on hopefully till the poultry interest takes its natural and relative position in the rank of farm labors. As compared with other countries, this department has been neglected, but of late years it has fast grown in popularity. The French have always produced a greater number of fowls and far finer ones than we have, poultry forming an important part of the live stock of the farmer, and it is said the poultry yard supplies more food to the masses than the butcher' shops; while in Egypt, and other countries of the east, from time immemorial, vast numbers of chickens have been hatched in ovens by artificial heat, to supply the demand for poultry. In this country, however, poultry-breeding has been neglected, eggs are dear and all kinds of poultry so great a luxury that the lower class seldom, if ever, taste it, except in the shape of a Christmas turkey or goose, while hundreds of thousands cannot afford even this.

It is a great mistake feeding our cattle upon corn and grudging it to our poultry; although the return from the former, it is generally admitted, is not over five per cent. beyond the value of the corn consumed, whereas an immense percentage can be realized by feeding poultry. While it takes five years to fatten an ox to the weight of fifteen hundred pounds, which will bring $120, the same sum can be realized in five months by feeding an equal amount of poultry for the table. A man who expects a good return of flesh and eggs from fowls insufficiently fed and cared for, is like a miller expecting to get meal from a neglected mill, to which he does not supply grain.

It becomes an interesting wonder every year why rural cottagers of this country do not rear fowls almost universally, seeing how little the cost, and how great the demand. Wherever there is a family living on potatoes or better fare, and grass growing any where near them, it would be worth while to nail up a little house, and make nests of clean straw, and go in for a speculation in eggs and chickens. Seeds, worms, and insects go a great way in feeding poultry in such places; and then there are small and refuse potatoes from the heap, and outside cabbage leaves, and the scraps of all sorts, and these, with very small purchases of inferior grain and a little meal, would be all that would be necessary.

To those who are breeding poultry we would say, keep only good, healthy, vigorous, well bred fowls, whether you keep them

to produce eggs or chickens or both. The ill bred, mongrel fowls which are commonly kept, are the most voracious, and consume larger quantities of food, without turning it to any account; while well bred fowls eat less, and quickly convert their food into fat, flesh, and eggs.—*Ploughman.*

I VAS AD SHECOWGO MISELEF.

How dot vos aboud dot Shecowgo shows? Id vos becular, dond id? I read me purdy much aboud him, bud more as I read, de more I got confoosed mit myselef. Dings vos managed yusd like id vos conducded mit *cabined* ossifers from Vashington—Katrina she vos a purdy goot shudge mit human nadure, (I expose acause her fader he vos a shudge) ond she dold me long dime ago she say "Hans, dot "Nadional" bromise do much, id vos do much sbread eagles sdile mit id; I dink dey vos *bie crusd* bromises made do pe proken." Aboud she vos ridt, dont it.

Vell: go ahet, "sdeal my gooses and sdick medown a feader." Id vos acases mit, "sudden glory soon gone ride avay oud" (dat lasd skendense I found in a Batent ossif Report for 1865). *Vell*; ve all as fanciers dit feel a bride mit dat Shecowgo shows, and dried do make id a successes. Id looked brilliand from dot oudside view of dings, bud "the credid cot mit a lie, lasds only dill dot drudh bops oud," and den ve know how id vos myselef. "*Cabined fevor*" vos condagious and do check ids sbreading doctor *Reforms* musd adminisder a few doses of invesdigadions. *Vell*, of Greeace Horly he didnt gone and dold beoble do gone vesd, dere dond would hase been so many beobles out dot vay, and den ve wuld nod have hab dot Shecowgo elefand to casd ids shadow over mit all of our assosiadions. *Vell*, I vos glat do see dot de Shournal had game ploat enough to speak ride avay oud aboud id. No doubt ids good indendions vill be misconsdruet (by dose who will nod be anxious do have the ride side oud) und exblanadions as clear as mud be given to show every ding vas O. K. *Vell*, I go me ond do Shecowgo miselef, and as I vos had such a good dime ad Paffalo mit a disguise dot I disguise miself ven I gone do Shecowgo. —I pud on mit my shird a *new* baber kollers, *chalket* my noses, pud on green sbecdacles, ond ven I go me do dot Bost ossif and call for my ledders, I say "of you blease." I go me do Shecowgo mit dot next drain expresses, ond I dook my ledders ride avay oud, dat pome smader he say—"*Vell*, vot your name vos," I dold him "vy vots mit you de madder you yost so vill as me no dot I vos Hans Schneider." "I dond see id," he sait. "*Vell*," I say as I bulled off dem green glasses, now vos you no me, aind id." He dold me of I yust keep my noses *chalket* like dot vay, no von vould ever no me. Dot forsd berson I meed vos misder Sweed, and I say "Misder Sweed you vos so glat to see me how vos I, vos beaudeful vether domorrow, fine show, dond id." He give me a *beculiar* look and said

"My friend you vos cot mit me de adwandage."

I set if so dot vos de firsd berson vot I ever did cot any adwantage mit, I dold him my name vos Shon Smidt—den he say does de A. P. A. belong do you id oud do be von of your members; Vos I a live member. I dold him Katrina she say aboud meal dime I vos a live member. Yust then Mr. Bicknell he come smiling, and Mr. Sweed he say:

"Bicknel dis vos Misder *Shon Smidt*, maybe you vos hear mit him afore, he vos I dink from dot *strain* of Smidts dot saved dot life of King Powhatan, ven he vas aboud do be thomas hawket mit a big vor Klubs by Pockahontas." Mr. B, said he vas *acsdonished—Vell*, so vos myself, I dont know afore dot Mr. Sweed know anyding aboud pedigree. *Vell* Mr. B, he exblain me aboud differend Breets mit ducks—I got the duck fevor, and send do a man for a drio of peaudeful *decoy ducks* and ven dey gome do me dey vos *Wooden ducks*. *Vell* I vas sold—I buy me a fine looking pull dog—and de man vot own him, dold me he vos a good vatch dog and vould greatly gid attoched mit his masder ride avay. I dook dot dog home, bud him in de barn, and by shimminy he dont led no von come in; I dried for three days do coax him, but he did'nt vas on the coax—the fourth day he made no fuss, so I vent in, and I see a beculiar exbression of his eyes so I dry do get out, bud he come for me, and he dook me by the sead of my breeches, but I did'nt sdob—but let him keep a big moudful of my bands. A liddle vile afder I give him seven buckshot, two denbenny nails, and an ounces of bowder, ven he laid ride avay down and vas kwied. Of you ever puy a pull dog, dond puy dot kind vot ged so *addached* mit der masders.

Druly Vours, efry diem,

Hans Schneider.

April 12th, 1876.

UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

Bureau of Agriculture,
Philadelphia, April 1st, 1876.

Sir:

The Exhibition of Poultry will open on Oct. 27th, and close on Nov. 6th.

The display will be made in coops, provided by the Commission, and located under the shelter of the Cattle stalls, which will be prepared for their reception.

To meet the expense of coops and feeding, an entry fee of one dollar upon each bird of the Gallinaceous division, and two dollars upon each pair of the Aquatic division, must be paid to the Commission before the Chief of Bureau finally signs the permit of entry.

Transportation and terminal charges must all be paid in advance, or the Commission will not receive consignments

Full information relative to transportation will be furnished upon application.

Each coop used in the transportation of birds must be of sufficient strength to serve for their return, and must be marked with the proper shipping directions.

Numbers alone will distinguish birds in the show yards preceding the award of prizes.

All specimens except Games, and Game Bantams, must be exhibited in natural condition; pulling, splicing, or inserting feathers, coloring, or otherwise altering the appearance of birds, will bar them against entry.

Misstatements as to age, or breed, will cause the exclusion of birds from the stock yard.

Birds of evident inferiority will be denied admittance even though the owners may have received a permit.

Birds may be sold at private sale at any time during their exhibition; but no bird, in the event of being sold, will be allowed to be removed prior to Nov. 7th.

Special premiums from societies and individuals, must be awarded through the hands of the Centennial Commission.

Application for entry must be accompanied by a certificate from a recognized Poultry Society, to the effect that birds offered are considered to be worthy of competition.

Application forms for space can be had from this office. Entries are now being made, and will be in order till July 1st.

Yours respectfully,

BURNET LANDRETH, *Chief of Bureau.*

per C. Henry Roney.

REPLY TO YOUNG BREEDER.

I pity Young Breeder, to think that he has exposed himself to the attacks of so many breeders of Game fowls. Permit me to say that Young Breeder is certainly on the wrong scent. If he will just notice more closely he will find that the Game is not one half as likely to fly over that high fence he speaks of, as

those Brahmas and Cochins, and if he waits for practice of that kind before he goes snipe shooting, he will never go snipe shooting, and for a fact, I do not believe he could hit one, if he can not make a better shot at them than he did at the real facts in this case. He seems to think the Game is not himself till he has crowed, and I admit the Game is some like *him*—he likes to hear himself—but the Game means business, and he does not. And again, if he thinks that fowls will not do well in a barnyard, he had better make mine a visit, and I will give him a nice Black Red pullet, fattened on that very filthy article, manure, and I will bet my whole ranch that he cannot taste it in the fowl. As for laying, my Games outlay my Brahmas, two to one, the year round, especially in the winter. Perhaps he doubts that the Games are alert, graceful, and juicy-fleshed, I do not.

I can pick my Game cocks and most of the hens up at any time in broad daylight, and do not have to chase them two steps —even if he does not take any stock in a ten acre lot, for catching Games. Now for a little instance that happened yesterday. A next door neighbor has a Buff Cochin cock which had been in the habit of promenading along on his side of the fence all day long, and occasionally putting his head through between the pickets and crowing. And all this time my Duckwing cock, Johnny, was minding his own business; and, as usual, engaged in scratching that awful manure, never offering to return the Buff's insults. But yesterday, a gate between the yards being left open, Mr. Buff marched through, and right up to Duckwing and crowed, and in about two minutes rapid fighting the Buff ran home minus one eye, and Duckwing returned to his hens and manure—and I will say that he did not offer to chase the miserable Buff.

I keep Brahmas, and also Games, but like the Games best, and am convinced that one good plump Game is worth six pairs of standard legs and necks. Yet the Brahmas are not without their good qualities. Let us, by all means, hear from Burleigh again, and if Young Breeder will send me his address, and promise to give them a fair chance to show their good and bad qualities, I shall be most happy to give him a setting of eggs from those awful Game fowls. MACK W. MINER.

P. S. If that small boy puts in an appearance at my yards, I will take my best exhibition bird, and in the course of an hour one of us two human beings will own a dead Game cock.

CONVENTION OF FANCIERS.

Pursuant to notice, a number of poultry fanciers met in convention in Wooster on Monday of last week, for the purpose of organizing a state association. A. C. Megrew was called to the Chair, and Joseph Baumgardner elected Secretary.

After discussion of various points, it was resolved that a Poultry Association be organized under the name of "The Ohio Mutual Poultry Association." Election of officers for this organization was next proceeded with, resulting in the selection of the following gentlemen:

President—D. R. Firestone.

Vice-Presidents—P. J. Spreng, of Plimpton, W. H. Todd, of Vermillion, E. J. Worst, of Ashland, R. H. Peck, of Earlville, J. M. Kelley, of Ravenna, W. B. Ely, of New Richmond, R. M. Close, of Sullivan, L. A. Dosch, of Brookville, and W. H Nichols, of Ravenna.

Recording Secretary—Wm. Landis, of Wooster.

Corresponding Secretary—A. C. Megrew, of Wooster.

Treasurer—J. C. Cumberland, of Wooster.

Executive Committee—G. W. Fox, of Wooster; A. Bignos, Canton; R. H. Peck, Earlville; Benj. Mitchelson, Polk; A. J. Hice, Burbank; E. D. Williams, Huntington; W. H. Nichols, Ravenna.

On motion, Messrs. Megrew and Baumgardner were instructed to draw up and present at next meeting a Constitution and By-laws for the Association.

Adjourned to meet in Wooster the first Monday in August next.

A. C. MEGREW, Pres't.

JOS. BAUMGARDNER, Sec'y.

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

1776. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. 1876.

UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE,
PHILADELPHIA, April 1st, 1876.

SIR:

The Centennial Commission has provided for a Bench show of sporting and non-sporting dogs, to be held in conjunction with the International Exhibition of Horses, commencing September 1st and continuing for eight days. Benches will be furnished free of charge. Exhibitors may themselves assume the costs of attendance upon their animals; but to provide for those who cannot conveniently attend the exhibition, the Commission will assume the expenses of feeding and daily care, upon the payment of an attendance charge of three dollars upon each animal.

Numbers alone will distinguish dogs in the show-yard preceding the award of prizes.

Transportation and terminal charges must all be paid in advance, or the Commission will not receive consignments.

Full information relative to transportation will be furnished upon application.

All specimens must be actually the property of the exhibitor, and only those will be admitted which possess unmistakable signs of merit. Each dog must be provided with a substantial collar, and four feet of chain of a strength sufficient to hold him.

Dogs may be sold at private sale at any time during their exhibition, but no dog in the event of being sold will be allowed to be removed prior to the 9th of September.

The Veterinary surgeon of the Commission will inspect every dog before admission, and will examine the stock daily to guard against infection.

When animals are taken sick the exhibitors may direct the treatment themselves, or allow the Veterinary surgeon to treat the case.

Dogs will be exhibited in the Prize Ring before the Judges, and at such other times as may be considered expedient by the Chief of the Bureau, either for display or exercise. Special premiums from societies and individuals must be awarded through the hands of the Centennial Commission. Entries are now being made and will be in order till July 1st.

Forms of application for space may be had by applying to the Bureau of Agriculture.

Yours very respectfully,

BURNET LANDRETH,
Chief of Bureau of Agriculture.
per C. HENRY RONEY.

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

OUR THANKS

are due to a number of friends who so kindly sent us copies of No. 1, of this volume, in response to our request for the same.

We would like a few more copies of that number, and if our friends will let us know when they mail them, we will gladly supply extra numbers of later editions instead.

A LITTLE BRIEF ADVICE.

In looking over the secular exchanges which come weekly to our editorial quarters, we find among the published notices and advertisements of poultry and live stock breeders, numerous announcements which must be costly, while many are ambiguous, long-drawn, or over-done, in their way, of late.

The man who is desirous to *purchase* does not, through this style, obtain the information he seeks; and the party who is thus seeking to *sell*, is not doing what he aims at, by this means. His intentions may be good, but his plan is not the wisest.

In the first place, as we have hinted before, the right channels through which such information is conveyed are not appropriately chosen, as a rule. The great bulk of ready purchasers of pet stock of pigeons, rabbits, poultry, etc., are not the mass who subscribe to, and receive only the secular, or agricultural papers, even.

We do not claim that the advertising of heavy live stock, horses, cattle, or sheep, for example, in the journals devoted exclusively to poultry and minor pet stock, would be the *best* medium to announce such information. But we *do* insist that the publishing of expensive ad's in the secular or agricultural papers, only, of chickens for sale, or of any of the lesser classes of small stock, is a mistake—for the reason that the notice of desired purchasers of such pets is not reached in this way; no matter how extensive may be the circulation of these papers.

The grand secret of advertising *any* given description of goods, wares, or stock, to the best possible advantage, is *to place the facts before the right kind of people*—namely, those who want to know these facts, and who may be inclined to buy what is offered for sale.

Persons who are in search of the best and cheapest dry goods, silks, or laces, jewelry, household furniture, carriages, or machines, don't naturally go to poultry or live-stock papers to find out who has these articles for sale. And by the same rule those who are after any of the specialties to which *our* labors are devoted, never think to look into the advertising columns of the daily or weekly secular papers, to learn where they can be procured. This, in our opinion, the money paid for notices we frequently meet with, as first alluded to in these paragraphs, is simply thrown away.

Poultrymen and pet-stock breeders should bear these hints in mind, and patronize the papers with their advertising, which cater for *their* benefit, especially. This is where such money may be placed to "do them the most good," every time. Fanciers should announce just what they have to dispose of, fairly and honestly, and they should do this where such notices will be read by the interested in the specialties they give their attention to. And we believe that the wide circulation which the Fanciers' Journal has attained among these buying and selling classes, in every quarter of this country, renders our weekly one of the best media, in its line, now published in America, for all who are engaged in the business, for the interests of whom we cater.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Huon shall have a feather from the wing of that owl—also one of its feet. Then will he name it please? for a naturalist, it is said, can build a bird from his track in the sand. E. S. S.

—J. M. McCann, in vol. 3, No. 14 of Fanciers' Journal, inquires if the beech tree is ever struck by lightning; If he means Fagus ferugenea I can answer in the affirmative; although I never knew of but one occurrence of the kind.

J. F. Hickey, M. D.

—Dear Journal.—I have a Black Fantail Cock that has mated with two hens, both now having eggs and all the eggs fertile. He helps both in the task of incubation, and fights any other cock that attempts to make love to either of them. I shall take the eggs from the hens and substitute Commons, having two pairs of Commons with eggs of the same age, and will see if he deserts either hen when the young ones "cry for bread."

Lon Hardman.

—I clip the following from a report of the proceedings of the California Academy of Science, April 3, 1876.

Dr. Hale, a visitor, related an instance of "mimicry," which he observed on the Santa Cruz mountains; a milk-white spider, in shape, size, and color, the exact counterpart of the flower *Medrono*. It had no web, and appeared to be on an ambush of false pretences against insects. The Doctor had never seen the like in the States, and thought it was remarkable. The Academy did not throw any light on the phenomenon. Adjourned.

—Best Animal Food.—In a recent work on different foods physiologically considered, the author argues that the best animal food is the flesh of the sheep, and the best vegetable food that of or from wheat. The variety and proportion of the ingredients in a pound of wheaten flour furnish fair evidence of the value of this grain as a general aliment; Water, 2 ounces, 106 grains; gluten, 2 ounces, 21 grains; albumen, 126 grains; starch, 8 ounces, 242 grains; sugar, 385 grains; gum, 119 grains; ashes (salts), 112 grains. Ingredients such as these, in the proportions peculiar to wheat, are admirably adapted to maintain the human body in health and vigor.

—The Mahomet is a variety of fancy pigeon very seldom seen in America, and is, I believe bred but little in Europe. The original Mahomets were in color, (see Eaton,) light cream, with black bars across the wings, the back and eye-wattles are black. The most curious thing connected with this bird, is that while the outer face of the feathers are cream color, the part next to the body, and even the skin is sooty and black, very much like the Mohamedan religion, "fair to look at but foul underneath."

There are now several distinct varieties of Mahomets, differing both in form and shape, from the original Mahomet, most of them originating from crosses. Terræ filius.

—Sacred Ibis.—The existence of the sacred Ibis in Egypt in modern times has been doubted by ornithologists. In Shelley's work on the birds of that country, the author says no authenticated instance of its occurrence within recent periods has come to his knowledge. Mr. Greville I. Chester, however, a correspondent of the Academy, writes from upper Egypt that a few years ago he

certainly saw two of these birds on a small island left by the Nile as it fell, about three miles from Mansoorah. Among the ruins of Abydus, west of the river, excavations are now going on, and in the center of a vast walled enclosure a large number of long, red pots have been found, containing the dried bodies of ibises. Although they have probably been there thousands of years, the feathers are described as being wonderfully perfect.

—In the Northern part of Russia there is a large district called Archangel, also a port of the same name situated on an inlet of the White Sea, in the district of Archangel. From this place it is supposed the Archangel pigeon originated it; is still common here, but in America it is like an honest politician rather scarce at present. It is about the size of a common pigeon, but very unlike any other variety of fancy pigeon in color. The head, neck, and the fore part of the back and body are a beautiful copper color, in some specimens almost yellow. The tail, wings, and the hinder part of the body are a bluish black; the change between the two co'ors does not terminate abruptly, but is gradual. The Archangel has a crest at the back part of the head, it is in reality but a point, as it turns up but slightly. The eye is orange-red, feet unfeathered, and bright red. TERRÆ FILIUS.

—WOLVES IN FRANCE.—The *Journal d' Agriculture* says that the annual damage to cattle alone in France from the depredations of wolves reaches a sum of 2,000,000 frances, to say nothing of the loss of sheep from the same cause. It is estimated that there are about 1,000 breeding wolves, and that about 2,500 whelps are born in May and June of each year. So that, notwithstanding the fact that about 1,800 wolves are killed annually, there must be at least 2,000 depredating by April of each year. The *Journal* suggests that the representatives from the ravaged districts pay a little more attention to the interests of those who have elected them, and commends the action of the United States in offering a bounty of $10 for the scalp of every wildcat killed. Doubtless such a bounty would soon exterminate the wolves, and would also be a national economy, since, according to the foregoing estimates, each wolf in France cost the nation 1,000 francs at least.

SMALL PET DEPARTMENT

(Reported for the Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA,

(For the week ending April 22, 1876.)

1 English Rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*). Presented by G. H. Eddy, Philadelphia.
1 Male and one female Tiger (*Felis tigris*). Purchased.
1 Jaguar (*Felis onca*). Purchased.
1 Bittern (*Ardea Virescens*). Presented by I. M. Wilson, Washington, D. C. HUON.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 19.

THE FOXES IN THE ZOO.

In a very comfortable home on the west side of the garden, the Fox family will be found. It is made up of five varieties; the Red, (*Vulpes fulves*,) the Gray, (*V. Virginianus*,) the Silver, (*V. argentus*,) the Cross, (*V. decussatus*,) and the graceful, little Arctic Fox, (*V. lagopus*,) all of which may be found somewhere in North America; the latter, however, though found near the extreme northern boundaries, is never seen in its wild condition within the limits of the United States. The red fox is distributed about from northern New York and Pennsylvania, to Canada. The gray fox is very rare north of Pennsylvania, but is common from that State south, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The silver fox is pretty much confined to Washington Territory, the cross fox is found from northern Michigan to Wisconsin, and as far north as Canada. Of the fourteen well ascertained species, six of them are found in the United States; they are distributed over both hemispheres, most abundantly in the north, but none are ever seen south of the equator.

From the earliest ages the fox has formed a conspicuous part among the animals. He is mentioned many times in the Bible, the first being where Samson worked so much mischief to the cornfields of his father-in-law, by tying fire-brands to the tails of three hundred of them, and then letting them loose among the ripened grain, a trick which cost the lives of wife and father-in-law as well as causing the performer to come to perpetual grief.

In the fables of all authors, and languages, has Reynard held prominent place. What a perfect courtier he is, and how well he knows the value of flattery, when profusely bestowed! witness his interview with the crow. How he praises her *beautiful* feathers! according to him they were more gorgeous than those of the gayest Macaw or even the Bird of Paradise! "And what a beautiful form you possess," pretty true Mr. Fox, for the crow has quite a graceful form. What could poor Miss Corrus do under such a pressure of flattery brought to bear upon her, but open her mouth to thank her admirer, and thus be made to drop the coveted morsel of "Sueitzenkase,"—or was it the *aromatic* "Limbergur?" Again, behold Sir Reynard as one of the courtiers of King Lion. How low he bends before the monarch of beasts! How reverentially does he address him, calling him the "father of beauty and awe!" Well does the cunning fellow know that vanity, even in a King, is the most salient point to attack! "The Fox and the Grapes" is too much of an every-day simile to need further mention here. Is there any one who has not read the curious story of "Reynard the Fox," so wonderfully well illustrated by the artist Kelbach? If there is one who has not, I envy that person the great pleasure yet in store, be it who it may.

Of all the beasts of prey, the fox is certainly the most cunning, crafty, and sagacious; either in hunting its food, or in the evasion of its enemies, the two only important matters in beast life. As the sun goes down, and the shadows lengthen, out comes Foxy, starting at once in search of provender. In this pursuit nothing comes amiss to him which he is able to capture, have and hold, from the hare on her farm, to the fowl on the roost, or the *unhappy* clam at low water—for Reynard, when hard pressed for food has been known to seek the water side, and when the tide was out to then and there have a right royal feed on clams, mussel, or whatever mollusks his worship could find!

Like the squirrel, the fox has a keen eye to his future subsistence, for after a feast, gorging himself to the fullest extent first, he is as careful as King Arthur was with his pudding, to put away what is left for to-morrow, selecting for that reason some secluded place adapted to the purpose.

So numerous are the stories told of the fox that I shall not inflict my readers with a repetition of any of them, but here is a very brief one, which I think is quite fresh:—

A certain naturalist watched the proceedings of one of the cunning fellows, one moonlight night. A hare was crouched down in the furrow of a fresh plowed field, when Reynard, out on the poach, spied her out, and creeping along the adjoining furrow, slowly and noiselessly drew nearer and nearer to the intended victim. Reynard only now and then peeped over the ridges of the furrow, lest the hare should notice him. When sufficiently near, the poacher made a sudden rush, and seized poor puss, before she was even aware of her enemy's presence!

Many instances are recorded, where foxes have, under the influence of extreme terror, feigned death, and like the opossum, have suffered themselves to be dragged about without showing any signs of life, until the danger had ceased, when they would spring up and scamper away unscratched.

That the preyer should be more cunning than the preyed on, is an essential law of nature, but the predatory gift of cunning has been very largely dealt out to the fox family.

The fox as a pet does not give much satisfaction, for in the most domesticated condition, it never manifests the obedience and gratitude characteristic of the dog. Foxes have been tamed thoroughly,

treated with every possible kindness, and every artifice tried to win their regard and confidence, but in vain, for there would still be a certain amount of timid, sly suspiciousness, which could never be overcome, charmed the charmer ever so wisely. HUON.

THE WHIPPOORWILL

Which is familiar to many of your readers, like the deer, loves the solitude of the forest. Where you find the rattlesnake, the trout, the pheasant and the deer, there you will hear the mournful note of the whippoorwill. As the forests become cleared before the advance of population, this shy bird retires, hence I was much surprised to hear his well-known note a few evenings ago, on the margin of the Delaware, three miles below Gloucester. But then this is one of the most retired spots on the river in the vicinity of the city. A heavy growth of forest trees line the shore on the Jersey side, and an extensive "flat," two miles in length and extending into the river a half-mile, is only partly covered with water at low tide. This attractive place is known as "Howell's Cove," and located there is one of the most productive shad-fisheries on the river. After sunset, the whippoorwill, the great night-heron and the green heron frequent the place, the two latter birds no doubt in search of small fishes which are numerous near the shore. Cranes, fishing-eagles and turkey-buzzards are often seen there during the day.

The whippoorwill makes its appearance in this State between the twenty-fifth of April and the first of May. The peculiar note of the bird is heard in the dusk of evening and when the dawn of the morning appears. In June, when the young are in the nest, the notes of the male are but rarely heard. In September it migrates to the south. The bird likes high ground and is consequently most numerous in the vicinity of mountains, and is but seldom encountered on the seacoast. The Barrens of Kentucky are said to be its peculiar home, and the bird abounds in larger numbers there than in any other portion of the United States. It measures nine and a half inches in length, and has a blackish bill an inch long, and an unattractive garb. Its mouth is remarkably large, at the side of which project long elastic bristles, which assist the bird in capturing insects, on which it exists. It is said that there are twenty species known to naturalists, of which one belongs to Europe, one to Africa, one to New Holland, two to India, and fifteen to America.

A GOAT STORY.

For some time past the clerks at the station on Fourteenth and Main streets, Louisville, have been annoyed by goats that infest that immediate locality. Not satisfied with the other devilments these sly rascals are guilty of, they chew all the tags off the cotton bales sent there for shipment, thereby causing a great deal of trouble in shipping the cotton. The other day the clerks surrounded about a dozen goats and succeeded in driving them into a box car alongside the platform and fastening the door. That night there was a car load of goats going north, hitched to a freight train. The car was left at Indianapolis, and the next day the door was thrown open and the goats rushed out and made a raid through the town, upsetting and butting clerks, hands, boxes, bales, etc., as they escaped. Not being apprised of the shipment by way bill the Indianapolis clerks chased them all over town, endeavoring to catch them, of course believing the company would have to pay for them as "lost freight" if they were not caught. By night all were caught and put back in the car. A dispatch was sent to the station man at Louisville: "Send on your way bill. Got all the goats." A dispatch went back in reply: "Don't want any. Let 'em go." The race in Indianapolis was said to be very exciting.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PIGEON RACES.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19th, 1876.

FRIEND WADE:—

I send you an account of two pigeon races which came off on the following dates. The first being for a handsome silver cup, given by that esteemed young gentleman, Mr. J. H. Fassett, for a race from Trenton to Philadelphia, on April 1st, distance 28 miles, and was won by T. Grist, time 47 minutes. Second being a money prize, won by Mr. J. H. Fasset, time 53 minutes. Third prize, a revolver, won by Mr. Jos. Buckley, time 1 hour 3 minutes. The second race took place on April 17, from Chester to Philadelphia, distance 14 miles, for a gold medal, given by that well known fancier, Mr. Jos. Buckley, 2211 Callowhill, St., who has given so many prizes for the encouragement of pigeon racing, and won this medal himself, time 18 minutes 11 seconds. Second prize being a money prize, won by John Grist, time 19 minutes 32 seconds. Third, money prize won by that well known fancier, Wm. Gladwin, time 18 minutes 16 seconds, having to allow time to Mr. Grist and Mr. Buckley, whose birds had to fly some distance farther. Another race will also take place on April 22d, from Wilmington to Philadelphia, of which I will send you an account.

T GRIST, Timekeeper.

ANSWER TO MR. CHAPMAN.

FRIEND WADE:

As you are aware, I did not receive any numbers of the JOURNAL after Feb. 1, (through some mistake of your mailing clerk,) until nearly the first of this month. Looking them over I found Mr. Chapman's letter regarding one exchange I sent him, as he states, a pair of Angora Rabbits, receipt of which he acknowledged.

Nov. 27th Mr. Chapman writes "Sir; I found the largest Rabbit that you sent me dead in the pound this morning. It had shown no signs of sickness. When I received them I was very much disappointed in their appearance but hoped they would improve with age. The death of the Rabbit was not therefore chargable to me." I wrote him Dec. 5th offering him another and older one for $3 half price. To this letter I have received no reply: as it had my return imprint on the envelope and did not come back to me, I infer the letter was received.

If Mr. Chapman feels aggrieved, I am willing to do by him as I have done by others, and as I wish to be done by. I have one pair of Angoras left (and only one pair) these he may have at $6 just half price; they are seven months old, out of my "snowball" stock and I consider them fine.

I may add that out of a number of exchanges made through the Agency of the JOURNAL. Mr. Chapman is the only person who has ever complained, and who has not expressed himself perfectly satisfied.

Your Respectfully,

A. M. HALSTED.

"PETER PEPPERCORN."

SALEM, Mass., April 17th, 1876.

Editor of Fanciers' Journal:—

DEAR SIR:—The piece of rhyme entitled "The Mountain Stream," in the April 6th No. of the JOURNAL, shows that Peter Peppercorn—as the author of it chooses to call himself—may possess some susceptibility to poetic impressions from running water, and may have had some acquaintance with mountain streams; but it is quite possible—almost probable—that he has been acquainted with, and received impressions from a not universally unknown brook-rhyme, written not many years ago, by a fellow-poet of Peppercorn, indeed by one who has the honor, at the present day, of wearing the laurel-wreath among British poets. Se-

riously, I felt heartily ashamed of my poet-Peppercorn's audacity in patching together from Tennyson's *Brook* his otherwise not contemptible production. I should be interested to learn if such were not the fact. If "The Mountain Stream" is an original flux from the brain of P. P., if he has never read the other, what a coincidence! how interesting to the phrenologist would be the comparison of the bumps upon the head of the Laureate with the protuberances upon P. P's cranium! Let him try his pen, forsooth, at the Idyls of the King.

"And there I fall with a murmuring sound,
"And then I make a sally,
"And leave the Fern-clad rocky glen,
"And sparkle down the valley."

Peter Peppercorn.

"I came from haunts of coot and hern,
"I make a sudden sally
"And sparkle out among the fern,
"To briker down a valley."

Alfred Tennyson.

I believe the above is the stanza in which the plagiarism is most evident, but there is the same general idea in the two pieces, and many of the rhyming words in both are identical. In short, Tennyson's beautiful little rhyme has been mutilated, and, with the admixture of other, and rather ordinary matter, re set to a similar though halting meter, and palmed off as an entirely original poem by our worthy Peppercorn. I don't know who this person may be, and perhaps you will not wish to insert this in your paper even over my own name, I assuming all responsibility, but I beg of you to do so. I shall be ashamed for your paper (and the reputation of the JOURNAL will not be improved) if such Peppercorn-poems are inserted in its pages. Mr. Peppercorn has not, in my judgment, begun to climb the ladder which leads to *fame*, but, the rather to *infamy*.

Yours, very respectfully,
WM. GARDNER BARTON, 88 Bridge St.

JAQUES' INCUBATOR.

I saw in your last issue a few lines asking information in regard to Charles B. Jaques, of Metuchen, N. J. I saw his advertisement in your JOURNAL, and thinking it was all right, sent him 50 cents for his illustrated circular, "How to make and manage an incubator that will hold over 100 eggs," and cost less than $4. I will say that Mr. Jaques used me in a gentlemanly manner, he sent his circular by return mail, and I went to work and made an incubator after his directions. The eggs have been in it at work two weeks, the 12th of this month. It is very easily managed. I have only used four quarts of kerosene oil so far. I call it very simple. I have kept good heat; also done everything according to directions. This afternoon I tested some of the eggs. I should say every one contained a chick. However, I shall try to hatch all I can, and some future day I will let you know how I succeeded.

Yours, respectfully,
NORTH ATTLEBORO, Mass. JOHN BISHOP.

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

SAVANNAH, GA., April 19, 1876.

In the Journal No. 14, received this Morning, I notice that "Sassafras" wishes a cure for worms in dogs. The *Forest and Stream* of New York, recommends powdered Areca nut, but I have never used it. I have, however, used a small quantity of Santonine powder, which any druggist can put up, with very beneficial results on a small Skye pup of about two months old. The quantity to be given depends on the age of the dog. Let your correspondent give his druggist the age of the dog and he will put him up about the right dose.

Yours Truly,
NELSON V. KETCHUM.

THE JOURNAL'S ADVERTISING.

TURBOTVILLE, North Co., Pa., April 19th, 1875.

Mr. J. M. WADE:—

MY DEAR SIR:—Please change my advertisement. I have sold all the Poland eggs I can spare. Since advertising in the FANCIERS' JOURNAL, I have had no lack of orders. My advertisement last spring, for eggs for sale, sold me many eggs, and even all the surplus fowls I had to spare last fall. It worked the whole year, even when discontinued.

Very truly yours,
U. MYERS.

ITEMS.

Strength is seen not in spasms, but in stout bearing of burdens.

"I would not for any money," says Jean Paul Richter, "have had money in my youth."

Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now you make them happy twenty years hence, by the memory of it.

Formerly it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters.

Five hundred dollars reward has been offered by a lady in London for the conviction of persons who are going about that city systematically poisoning dogs, by throwing down poisoned food in the streets.

The Menasha, Wis., *Press* says: A washerwoman in Appleton died last week, leaving a husband and two children without visible means of support. Women seem to be getting more thoroughly heartless every year.

A modest editor says that he mentions the fact that the most distinguished men of America are to be invited to the Centennial celebration, that his readers may understand why he is away if he should leave town for a day or two next month.

A new ballot box has been invented by a citizen of Great Barrington, Mass. A thumb spring opens a slit in the top of the box for the depositing of the ballot, and on the front are two dials, one registering every ballot and the other every hundredth ballot. The ends are of plate glass, so that the inquisitive citizen can watch the accumulation of votes.

More work for R. G. White. The expression, "Everything is lovely and the goose hangs high," is a corruption of the saying, "Everything is lovely and the goose *honks* high." The honk is the note sounded by the wild goose in its flights, and is about the only music in which that graceful bird indulges. The meaningless word "hangs" should be immediately eliminated from this beautiful and popular description of the situation.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BLACK LIST.

B. J. King, Providence, R. I., is complained of by several who claim to have been unjustly dealt with by him.

T. A. WINFIELD, Hubbard, Ohio, will exchange 1 pair Black and Tan Terriers, dog weighs 4½ lbs., bitch 3 lbs.; 1 fine Irish Red Setter dog, 13 months old, and fine Black Red Games, John Douglas stock, for Cocker Spaniels, Brown Red Games, or Common Pigeons.

EDWARD W. FOX, New Ipswich, N. H., will exchange eggs from his pure bred White Leghorns, for eggs from Game or Sebright Bantams, or offers. Write.

F. HARDING, 5 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio, will exchange new Buggy Harness, small Black and Tan Terrier pups, and Pointers and Setters, for Lop-eared Rabbits, or Ferrets. Send stamp for reply.

F. N. COCAGNE, Cape Vincent, N. Y., will exchange a good bred, small and handsome Italian Greyhound bitch, from Italy, for 7 Light Brahma pullets, and 8 P. Rock pullets.

WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass., will exchange a copy of J. M. Eaton's Treatise on Fancy Pigeons and Tumblers, for Yellow Tumbler cock, White Pouter hen, fine Magpies, Fantails, Jacobins, Pouters, and other sorts. Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeons and Pigeon Books.

R. C. T., Post-Office Box 248, Racine, Wis., has a fine black Water Spaniel, well trained to retrieve on land or water, which he will trade for a good breech-loading rifle, or offers. Dog valued at $50.

E. J. FRY, Tamaqua, Pa., has for exchange full bred Jersey Bull, one year old March 10th, 1876, is very large and of dark solid color, bred from stock imported direct from the Island of Jersey, (as per certificate) via Liverpool to Philadelphia in ship Tonawanda, September 1871. Chester White or Berkshire Pigs of best stock preferred.

GEO. F. LAWRENCE, Worcester, Mass., will exchange Angora Rabbits for Doyle's Illustrated Poultry Book revolvers, dress patterns, Carriot's Pottattery, or any kind of history, or one English Gray Buck. See advertisement.

GEO. SHIRAS & BRO., 3 Stockton Ave., Allegheny, Pa., will exchange the following odd birds, all first-class, 2 Yellow Cap Magpie cocks, 2 Blue Magpie hens, 1 Black and 1 Blue Swallow cock, Red Bald hen White Fan hen, Blue-wing Turbit hen, for mates, offers, or B. B. R. pullets.

GEO. SHIRAS & BRO., 3 Stockton Ave., Allegheny, Pa., will exchange the following mated pairs: 1 pair of Archangels, 1 pair of White Calcutta Fans, 1 pair of Blue Pouters, 2 pair of Mott. Trumpeters, Swallows, six colors, for offers of first-class varieties.

WM. COURTNEY, Mantua Station, Portage Co., O., will exchange the Victor California peach blows, or Late Rose potatoes for seed, for Fancy pigeons, or fowls. What offers.

A. W. McKINSTRY, Chicopee, Mass., offers two sittings of eggs from his choice W. F. Black Spanish fowls, for Vols. 1 and 2 of the Fanciers' Journal; also two sittings for Vols. 1, 2, and 3 of the Poultry World. Eggs will be fresh and true to name.

J. S. GOODNOW, Millington, Mass., has Dark Brahma eggs to exchange for eggs from Japanese, Cochin, and Silver Duckwing. Red Pile and Blue Pile Game Bantams, or one pair Red Priest pigeons. Nothing but first-class stock dealt in.

J. O. THURSTON, 786 Broadway, N. Y., has imported Flying Antwerps to exchange for fowls of any breed. Hens preferred.

PETER LEPP, P. O. Box 833, East Saginaw, Mich., has one first-class double-barreled muzzle-loader shot gun, barrels, 34 inches, No. 10 gauge, cost $35.00; will exchange for first-class Pouters, Carriers, White Jacobins, and Fantails, the latter must have 30 counts; Red and Blue Swallows, heavy booted.

J. B. TUCKERMAN, Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y., will exchange Golden Polands, Bicknell strain, 1875 hatch, for Scotch Terrier or Newfoundland dog pup; also eggs from all the leading varieties for rare copper coin, "bogus" pennies, &c. Write. All letters answered.

H. W. BARNES, 1 Stockton Ave., Alegheny, Pa., will exchange 1 first-class Almond Tumbler cock for a first-class B. B. R. Game Bantam hen or pullet, weighing not over 18 ounces, or offers.

F. N. COCAGNE, Cape Vincent, Jefferson Co., N. Y., will exchange a good time (hunting) silver watch, value $25.00, for 10 S. S. & G. S. Hamburgs, and 5 Pekin ducks and one drake, (1 year old or more.)

JOHN BOERGERT, East Saginaw, Mich., will exchange one Hinckley Knitting Machine, (new) worth $35.00; one American Shuttle Sewing Machine, (new) worth $50.00, and two Davis Sewing Machines, one cost, new, $85.00, and the other $65.00—all the above in good running order—for Fancy Stock or Game. What offers.

PHIL. M. SPRINGER, Springfield, Ill., will exchange a fine Light Brahma hen, an exhibition bird, and one or two Light Brahma cocks of 1874, or Light Brahmas of 1875; or Scotch Collie pups, for Canaries, Terrier pups, or Maltese kittens.

T. A. WINFIELD, Hubbard, Ohio, will exchange Partridge Cochins, D. Brahma hens, G. P. Hamburghs, 2 Yellow Duckwing stags, for White Games, or Fancy Pigeons.

T. D. ADAMS, Franklin, Pa., will exchange Eggs from Ongley's stock of Golden Spangled Hamburgs, 1st and 2d premium birds, for 2 White Pouter hen pigeons, and 1 (hen) Blue Fantail. What offers?

R. R. WILKINS, Albion, N. Y., wants to exchange Burnham's History of Hen Fever, letter press, lot of new trolling lines, large fish hooks, and G. P. Hamburg eggs, for Houdans, Pyle, or Black Game Bantams, or eggs of same from good stock.

ALFARD, 17 Clinton Place, N. Y., will exchange beautiful White Spitz dog, fine Golden Penciled Hamburg cockerels, pair Black Polands, splendid Black Carrier cock, heavily wattled, and fine Pied Pouters, for Yellow Fantails, good Owls and Barbs, imperfect but heavy Light Brahmas, and Buff Cochins, and extra small Bantams.

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will exchange 1 imported Shepherd slut, in pup; 1 Shepherd slut, 14 months old, out of imported slut; Fancy Pigeons, in variety, for B. or W. Leghorns, or any kind of Poland eggs, Yellow owls, or Black Jacobins, or other offers.

H. H. SMITH, Davenport, Iowa, will exchange eggs from pure bred "Sharpless strain" Dark Brahmas, for a few sittings of D. B's from the Lady Gwydyr strain. Must be pure.

FANCIER, Box 233, Tamaqua, Pa., wants to exchange 1 bird organ, playing six tunes, valued $10; 1 violin, valued $15; 1 single barrel shot gun, value $7.50; 1 electric battery, value $20; 1 Parrot cage, valued $5; 1 Fancy Squirrel house, with large wheel attached, valued $10; 1 fancy white mice house, cottage style, glass front, containing 5 pair mice, valued $7.50; three triple exhibition coops, standard size, valued $5 each; 2 rabbit hutches, to accommodate 8 pair rabbits, valued $15 each; 1 good rabbit dog, first-class hunter; also Fancy Pigeons and Light Brahmas, for offers. Want no live stock.

I. J. McKINSTRY, P. O. Box 123, Globe Village, Mass., will exchange printing, for eggs of the following varieties, sent to me, express charges prepaid: Brown Leghorn, Dark Brahma, Partridge Cochin, Golden Poland, Iowa Game, and Pekin Duck eggs.

H. F. CHURCH, Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., will exchange Brown Leghorns, B. B. R. Game Hen, $12 violin, Black and Tan dog pup for Game Bantams. Good stock, and expect the same.

FANCIER, P. O. Box 1041, Williamsport, Pa., has 4 Black and Tan male pups, eight months old, pure bred, and well marked; also a full blooded Irish Cocker Spaniel bitch, eight months old, liver color, to exchange for first-class Brown Leghorn fowls, or eggs from same

C. Y. C. ALDEN, Sunman, Ripley Co., Ind., will exchange the following choice varieties of seed potatoes: Victor, Carpenter's Seedling, Extra Early Vermont, Compton's Surprise, Brownell's Beauty, New York Late Rose, for Strawberry Plants, or Chester White Pigs—pure stock as mine. I warrant true to name.

D. SHIELDS, Florence, Mass., will exchange eggs from high class Black Hamburgs, Black Cochins, and Light Brahmas, for first class White Fantail, Owls, Trumpeters, Barbs, or Carrier pigeons. None but white and good stock wanted.

F. H. RUMMEL, Florence, Mass., will exchange five Blue Red Game pullets and cockerels, for Black Reds. Nothing but good stock wanted, as mine are first-class.

N. V. KETCHUM & BRO., 7 Fifth St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., will exchange a Yellow Bald Tumbler hen from premium stock, for either a Yellow or Red Bald Tumbler cock. Bird must be A No. 1, as mine is.

D. S. McCALLUM, Hornellsville, N. Y., will exchange six Ferrets, two females and four males, of the white variety, for B. B. R. Game Bantams or Fancy Pigeons, White Fans preferred.

DR. J. R. HOUSEL, McEwensville, Northumberland Co., Pa., will exchange a very fine Black Carrier hen, for an extra Black Carrier cock. Ship at once, and on return I will send hen.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

JAMES W. AVERY, No. 94, Oneida St., Milwaukee, Wis., wants one Golden Sebright Bantam cockerel, well marked. Write quick, and give full description of bird.

CHARLES D. PARKER, 308 Gay St., Baltimore, Md., wants consignments of Pigeons, Guinea Pigs, Rabbits, Maltese Cats, Dogs, and all kind of pet stock. Write before you ship, and give me a complete description of stock, and the price wanted. Commission, 20 per cent.

WM. H. FRY, Indianapolis, Ind., wants White Jacobins with pearl eyes. Only first-class stock wanted; either in pairs or odd birds. Give lowest cash prices.

J. O. THURSTON, 786 Broadway, N. Y., wants White Leghorn hens.

ADVERTISEMENTS

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—First and special premiums at Buffalo, 1875; first premium at Utica, 1876. Eggs, $2.00 per 13.
no.16 4t S. S. MORLEY, Clyde, N. Y.

200 BROWN LEGHORN FOWLS AND PULLETS for sale, suitable for breeding, finely marked. Eggs for hatching from selected birds; also eggs from two pens of Partridge Cochins, well penciled and pure bred stock. eow M. A. FRY, Vineland, N. J.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, MAY 8, 1876. No. 17.

THE SUICIDAL CAT.

There was a man named Ferguson,
  He lived on Market street;
He had a speckled Thomas cat,
  That couldn't well be beat;
He'd catch more rats and mice and sich
  Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room
  And climb upon a cheer;
And there he'd sit and lick hisself,
  And purr so awful queer
That Ferguson would yell at him—
  But still he'd purr-severe.

And then he'd climb the moon-lit fence,
  And loaf around and yowl,
And split and claw another cat
  Alongside of the jowl;
And then they both would shake their tails,
  And jump around and howl.

Oh, this here cat of Ferguson's
  Was fearful then to see;
He'd yell precisely like he was
  In awful agony;
You'd think a first-class stomach-ache
  Had struck a small baby.

And all the mothers in the street,
  Waked by the horrid din,
Would rise right up and search their babes,
  To find some worryin' pin;
And still this vigorous cat would keep
  A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr. Ferguson,
  'Twas more than he could bear,
And so he hurled the boot-jack out,
  Right through the midnight air;
But this vociferous Thomas cat,
  Not one cent did he care.

For still he yowled and kept his fur
  A standin' up on end,
And his old spine a doublin' up
  As far as it would bend,
As if his hopes of happiness
  Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin' of his spine,
  And waiting to attack
A cat upon the other fence,
  There came an awful crack;
And this here speckled Thomas cat
  Got busted in the back.

When Ferguson came down next day,
  There lay his old feline,
And not a life was left of him,
  Although he had nine;
"All this has come," said Ferguson,
  "Of curvin' of his spine."

Now all ye men whose tender hearts
  This painful tale does rack,
Just take this moral to yourselves,
  All of you, white and black;
Don't ever go, like this here cat,
  To gettin' up your back.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

Mr. Morgan was a rich, and also a good man. The people of the town respected him, sent him to Parliament, and seldom undertook anything without asking his advice. If a school house was to be built, the plan had to be talked over with him. Widow P——asked him what she should plant in her field, farmer S——always got his advice in buying cattle, and Mrs. R——consulted him about bringing up her boys.

When asked how he was so successful, Mr. Morgan said: "I will tell you how it was. One day, when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortleberries. I wanted to go with them, but was fearful that my father would not let me. When I told him what was going on, and he at once gave me permission to go with them, I could hardly contain myself for joy, and rushed into the kitchen and got a big basket, and asked mother for a luncheon. I had the basket on my arm, and was just going out of the gate, when my father called me back. He took hold of my hand, and said, in a very gentle voice: 'Joseph, what are you going for, to pick berries or to play?' 'To pick berries,' I replied. 'Then, Joseph, I want to tell you one thing. It is this: When you find a pretty good bush, do not leave it to find a better one. The other boys and girls will run about, picking a little here and a little there, wasting a great deal of time, and not getting many berries. If you do as they do, you will come home with an empty basket. If you want berries, stick to your bush.'

"I went with the party, and we had a capital time. But it was just as my father said. No sooner had one found a good bush than he called to the rest, and they left their several places and ran off to the new-found treasure. Not content more than a minute or two in one place, they rambled over the whole pasture, got very tired, and at night had but very few berries. My father's words kept running in my ears, and I 'stuck to my bush.' When I had done with one, I found another, and finished that; then I took another. When night came, I had a large basket full of nice berries, more than all the others put together, and was not half so tired as they were. I went home happy. But when I entered I found my father had been taken ill. He looked at my basket full of ripe blackberries, and said, 'Well done, Joseph. Was it not just as I told you? Always stick to your bush.'

"He died a few days after, and I had to make my way in the world as best I could. But my father's words sunk deep into my mind, and I never forgot the experience of the whortleberry party—I 'stuck to my bush.' When I had a fair place, and was doing tolerably well, I did not leave it and spend weeks and months in finding one a little better. When other young men said: "Come with us, and we will make a fortune in a few weeks," I shook my head and 'stuck to my bush.' Presently my employers offered to take me into business with them. I stayed with the old house until the principals died, and then I had everything I wanted. The habit of sticking to my business led people to trust me, and gave me a character. I owe all I have and am to this motto—'stick to your bush.'"—*Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

Poultry Department.

THE SEASON HAS COME ROUND AGAIN,

When the poultry keeper is, or should be, busy. The fine warm days in late April and the beginning of May have been highly favorable to the young chicks already out, and those coming, about this time.

We are a month or six weeks ahead of last season, therefore—April and March especially, in 1875, having been unusually cold and unfortunate for early spring work in the hatching-houses for that year. In the north, and throughout New England generally, much better success has attended the sitting of hens this season, over last year's efforts.

Great care should now be exercised, that the young broods realize no drawbacks for the next few weeks. The nights are still chilly, and many days will be too cold yet for exposing them unduly. Feed them often, keep them well housed during May, supply them with nourishing food and pure water, and the attention especially bestowed at this time will be amply repaid in their increased and increasing thrift.

EXTRAORDINARY BIRDS.

It is amusing to an experienced poultry breeder and handler of this kind of live stock, to peruse occasionally the wondrous accounts that find their way into print, from time to time, in certain agricultural papers. Here is a yarn, for instance, that fell under our notice recently in one of these papers that pretends to give advice to its readers about "the management of hens, to make them lay constantly."

The writer tells how he fed his birds, and says "I once had a trio of Black Spanish chickens which, with one golden Pheasant hen, were confined in a yard four feet by twelve, and feeding them thus, at five months old they began laying, and for *eight months afterwards* they never failed to lay one each day, with the exception of a few of the very coldest days of winter, the number of their eggs in that time reaching almost seven hundred. But the food and care necessary for egg producing were continued during the whole time."

Now we call this "trio of chickens and one hen," a quartette of very extraordinary birds! There were but three females, and for eight months they never failed to lay one egg each, daily, except a few days in the very coldest of winter. They were hatched in March—and consequently "at 5 months old" they began to lay in August—and kept right on for 8 months afterwards. This would have made them over a year old, when they stopped laying.

Now we would like to know when these fowls *moulted*? We all know that once in a year these birds must naturally have shed their feathers. Did they lay "every day" during this process? In eight months there are (including Sundays) 245 days. If they laid seven hundred eggs in that period, the three hens must have averaged 233 eggs apiece—or, they must all have laid on 233 of the 243 days after commencing—including the usual 2 or 3 months *all* fowls occupy in moulting, annually—when, within our experience, they lay *no* eggs!

Verily these chickens must have been a very valuable and exceptional trio—if this tale could be verified. But as it is evidently a gross error, or a clear humbug and impossibility, we leave it as we find it; with the single remark that such nonsense should not obtain currency in a public journal that ought to be better informed about egg-laying, or else that the edition should cease recommending their false ideas about such matters to intelligent readers.

It is not impossible that a hen may lay *from the time she begins*—under the most favorable circumstances—230 eggs in a full twelvemonth. But to do this in the first year of her existence, and shed her feathers meanwhile, would be a performance that we never knew of, and which we do not believe ever occurred in the world.—"Next!"

THE CHICAGO EXHIBITION.

To The Public:

I have received issues of Fanciers' Journal of March 2d and 9th, containing the articles "A Singular Proceeding," "The Chicago Exhibition—More Light," and having given them a careful examination, I pronounce them *a series of misrepresentations from beginning to end.*

At the conclusion of the second article it is stated that I have sent in my resignation, the inference being that I have severed my connection with the association. This I beg to state is *not* the case. I am still Secretary and Treasurer of the association, and do not propose to desert the ship, at least not until the present "squall" is over.

It was well understood by every gentleman present at the election of officers, that I only accepted a re-election for the purpose of closing up the business of the exhibition, and a vacancy was left on the Executive Committee for me when my place as Secretary was taken by another. I have stated to some of my correspondents that I had expressed to the Executive Committee a wish to be relieved from the duties of the office when my accounts had been audited by the Finance Committee; but I have authorized no one to announce my resignation, and such use of the contents of a private letter I consider a gross breach of faith.

The first charge laid at our door—that we paid our bills before paying our premiums seems too silly for refutation. Is the Fanciers' Journal aware that when the National Association commenced business it had no money in its treasury; that up to the time of the exhibition it never received enough to pay current expenses; that it never had a corporate existence, and that the only way it could obtain coops to put the fowls into, and stoves to keep them warm, was by pledging the credit of individual members, and would the F. J. have these gentlemen who so kindly guaranteed the payment of the bills *pay* them out of their own pockets?

I don't think the fanciers of America demand any such sacrifice of individuals, and I have the best of reasons for believing that the Fanciers' Journal in its present utterances is not the organ of the fanciers of this country, but the mouthpiece of a small faction of sore heads, who endeavor to make up in noise what they lack in number and influence.

If any testimony as to the course usually pursued in such cases were needed, I would say that an Ex-President of the Illinois State Agricultural Society stated to me that his association always paid their bills first although they were several times unable to pay their premiums in full, and he had never known an association to pursue any other course, and I can procure such testimony from scores of men if necessary.

The second charge of disorderly conduct brought against us is

as follows: "*But why the exhibitors are to carry this debt we are unable to tell.* * * * *It would have been an easy thing to have made an arrangement with the gentleman who furnished the stoves and pipes,* $486.00 (*he certainly ought to have confidence in the society*), *with the owners of the Exposition Building,* $1,011.00, *and other debtors in that city by which their claims could have been deferred at a fair rate of interest until the future receipts come in.*"

In the first place, exhibitors were asked to bear the burden, because they reaped the greatest benefit from the show, and received sixty-five per cent. of the premiums offered, which in itself constituted a large premium, and because they were many of them officers and members of the society. With very few exceptions they were satisfied with the arrangement, and do not, as the F. J. would have us believe, ask the man who put up the stoves, and the man that made the coops, who knew nothing of, and cared nothing for, the association, to wait a year for pay for work which was done cheaply and well; and *lastly* the exhibitors were asked to do this because it was believed they would be willing to share with those who did the work, the burdens of the exhibition, and because we do not believe them what the Fanciers' Journal represents them to be,—a band of Shylocks clamoring for their pounds of flesh. If the exhibitors were unwilling to take the promises of the Association for thirty-five per cent. of their claims how could they expect others to take them for the full amount due them?

The charge that money donated by poultry fanciers was used to pay premiums on dogs, *I deny.*

The charge that money donated for premiums was appropriated for expenses of the exhibition, *I deny.*

The charge that exhibitors have not received the full sixty-five per cent. of the premiums awarded them, *I deny,* and I challenge the Fanciers' Journal, or any one else, to show proof of any of these assertions so recklessly made.

The fact that the amount of cash received in donations falls short of the amount in the published list is explained by the fact that all of the newspapers and journals paid part of their donations in *advertising,* and some of them paid all in that way. Had the Fanciers' Journal been one of the papers that assisted the Association by a donation it would have understood this.

The assertion that a pair of pigeons were sold without orders, and the owner can not get a satisfactory explanation, undoubtedly refers to a Pittsburgh party, as it is the only case of the kind, and shows how slight a foundation the F. J. required for its charges. The pigeons were sold by a gentleman in Milwaukee (who supposed he was authorized to sell them) to a gentleman in this city, and the money delivered to me to be sent to the owner. As the birds did not go back with the other fowls, the Pittsburgh party inquired for them and I informed him that they had been sold as above, supposing he had forgotten that he commissioned any one to sell them, and he would get the money ($5.00) when his premiums were sent him. He replied that he had authorized no one to sell them, and demanded their return. I *immediately* wrote him that both buyer and seller were gentlemen of character and he would undoubtedly get his pigeons at once, and wrote to the buyer to send them back, pre pay charges, and send bill to me. He replied that he bought them in good faith and would not return them until he had conferred with the Milwaukee gentleman, etc., etc. After writing five or six letters, I refunded the money to the buyer and referred the parties to each other for settlement, and suppose that all is now satisfactorily arranged. Neither the association nor myself were in any way to blame for the muddle.

Some of the accusations by the editor of the F. J. are so stupid as to be actually funny. He complains because the "*miscellaneous disbursements in small sums* * * * *which had nothing to do with the exhibition, were promptly paid.*" In other words, he thinks we ought not to have paid for the book in which we enrolled the names of the members as they came in at the organization of the society until *after we had paid our premiums.*

And then again he says, (referring to the statement), "*It shows over* $3,000 *on hand, and yet does not state what was done with this amount.*" If our editorial friend had examined the statement more closely he would have seen it showed the condition of things *before any of the premiums were paid,* and as sixty-five per cent. of $4,618.00 (the amount awarded) is $3,003.00, it might have suggested that there was where the $3,003 03 would "do the most good."

In reply to the general charge of fraud made by the Fanciers' Journal, I desire to say that the Finance Committee of this Association is composed of three gentlemen who are believed to be both honest and capable, and until they discover some crookedness in the management of affairs (to say nothing of the injustice of the thing), it ill becomes the Fanciers' Journal to impugn the integrity of any individual or association of individuals.

What incentive the Fanciers' Journal can have for weaving such a tissue of falsehoods I know not, except it be the hope of gaining a cheap popularity, or the hostility which it, circulating chiefly on the Atlantic seaboard, naturally feels to a movement which tends to centralize the interest which supports it at some distant point. But even these do not account for that malignity which denies to a cause to which it is ostensibly friendly the fair treatment which honorable journalism grants to an acknowledged foe.

The gist of the matter is simply this: The officers of the National Association inaugurated a movement, not for their own aggrandizement, but for the good of this interest, and, cheered on by the fanciers of the entire country, they became over sanguine, and offered a list of premiums, amounting to *over nine thousand dollars,* an unprecedented amount. The number of entries fell far short of what they had been led to expect, and the expenses amounted to double what they supposed they would be, in consequence of which they fell short 35 per cent. on their awards.

This balance they promise to pay from the proceeds of the next exhibition, and as they have all necessary coops and fixtures on hand, the outlay for the next show will be much less. If the exhibitors do not believe in the permanence of the poultry interest, and are not willing to take the promises of the Association for this amount, then I think those gentlemen who have spent their energies in promoting the poultry interest in the West, particularly those officers of the National Association who are not pecuniarily interested in the breeding or sale of fowls, and who have enlisted solely for love of the thing, had better "hang up the fiddle and the bow," and devote their attention to things which yield more solid satisfaction.

Respectfully yours,

Chas. P. Willard.

P. S.—I have written this article without consultation with other officers of the Association, and they should not be held responsible for the views which I have expressed.

BREEDING TO STANDARD.

A subscriber in New Hampshire is informed that it has long been held as a settled thing among breeders of either animals or fowls, that the influence of the *sire* is pre-eminent. In horses, cattle, swine, sheep,—with dogs, rabbits, fowls, or pigeons, the principle is the same. The blood of the male predominates, in all cases.

In breeding domestic poultry, a prime, vigorous cock of any given variety, bred to well selected hens, gives us the best average

progeny. It does not matter that the mate be over-sized, of his kind; but in stamina, good constitution, condition, accurate plumage, etc., it *is* requisite that your favorite male breeding bird should be in no respect deficient.

With such a sire, and hens of their sort the largest and best developed specimens to be had, from your own flocks or otherwise, you may best succeed in producing subsequent stock to your liking.

But in all cases the impress of the sire (if he be full bred) will be unmistakably seen in the chicks, at maturity, and amongst the cockerels especially. To continue your strain to best advantage, breed only your pullets back to the old cock, and dispose of the young male birds. Select the finest for successive breeding, and never use brothers and sisters, if you would have uniformity, in a general way, among the progeny of your original stock.

By following this rule alone, can you hope for the *best* results, but the strong blood of the first sire will crop out for many years in succession, and with careful selection and mating a "standard strain" may be thus established that will commend itself, in a very few seasons. Spangle.

LISTEN TO THE DUNGHILL.

Cock-a-d-o-o-dle-do-oo,
I'm a ye-e-ar older than you-u-u.

Thusly comes Zero to the front, like unto a big charge of powder and a small portion of shot from an old flint lock musket, hurting as usual no one except the man in the rear. What we "surmised"—that the attack on the Standard was merely the result of a personal quarrel between different parties, was *perfectly correct*. Please do, Mr. Zero, allow us to surmise just once more that if any man on this continent knew all about the whole thing, "Thou art the man." What are our individual efforts at breeding, whether they are good, bad, or indifferent, to do with the Standard? Who cares a penny whether you are a fair or unfair man? Stick to the text, cold blooded friend, your self admiration don't come in now. Who said the Standard was perfect? We did not. Perfection is a scarce article just now in this world, but the Standard is, as said Miss Watts of the Brahmas, 'about the best we ever had." Where do you find in the Standard, instructions for mating up breeding stock? We suppose that even the youngest know that in Light Brahmas, we use more color in breeding stock, than we wish to produce in the offspring. The Standard does not need to mention these things. As to birds "mating in the pen," don't you know that this rule will apply only in exhibition trios, when the plumage of the male differs from that of the female, and that birds are often exhibited in pairs, or singly, principally to avoid this disqualification? You seem to be old enough to use even a little common sense in connection with the subject, even if you are disposed to leave it all at home, when judging by the Standard. As to the "certain instrument," (you have a fashion of saying nothing for sure) we suppose you mean the constitution of U. S. Well! We sincerely hope you enjoy the labor of the "wisest," and frequently read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, the whole batch, amendments and all, and swallow your nigger on toast with an humble air. But as you seem to enjoy any change in the Standard, if you will take the trouble to read, you will find that at Chicago, some alteration was made which was thought advisable by some of the representative breeders of the nation, also steps taken for other changes, thought to be desirable. Is this not the true course? If not, please enlighten our feeble mind. Tell us and our friends how you breed ———s. If not bred to Standard, perhaps it would be a godsend to your customers if not to you, to advertise the fact. Tell us of the 1st class (or any other class, for that matter) show, of the past season, which did not use our Standard. Tell us of the Brooklyn show which could not run without the Standard, after advertising to ignore it. Oh! In certain cases you "accept it faithfully, and abide by it loyally." We are too little and too young to give advice, but do accept our little "peep," which is when you win prizes, or dispose of stock, you will "accept it faithfully, abide by it loyally," and *breed to it joyfully*. Put this one little chew "in your pipe and smoke it." We did not deny its use to Judges or Editors. What we did say was, it was not made "principally for judges or newspaper men," meaning that hundreds, yes, thousands of breeders study it and use it, where one judge or editor does. and if you would take the trouble to think, or ask some one, you would know this without being informed through the Journal. Your disgusting attempts at fawning and caressing the A. P. A., while attempting to shoot their offspring (the Standard) in the back, need no comments. Do tell us, in your winning way, why are you kicking like an enraged mule? It cannot be at the A. P. A., for in your own words, "there is no accusation against them." Not at the Standard, for in cases of importance, you "accept it faithfully, and abide by it loyally." Not only is the Standard our law, not law forced upon us, but law willingly obeyed by a law-abiding band. It is in the well chosen words of one of the brethren, "one of the links that binds together in unity the Fanciers of America." Lastly, Mr. Zero, in your next effusion on infants, your personal behavior at shows, &c. &c., tell us, *do* tell us, what on earth you are kicking at. Are you only trying to get warm? Is it the personal quarrel referred to, or is it the feeble, gentle, soothing "chirps" of

Young Breeder.

POULTRY SHOW AT DUNKIRK, N. Y.

Fredonia, N. Y., April 26th 1876.

Friend Wade:

Herewith I send you report of Chatauqua Co. Poultry Show, at Dunkirk, N. Y. Yours,

Geo. S. Josselyn.

THE PREMIUM LIST.

Asiatic Class —Light Brahmas, cock, 1st, G. S. Josselyn; 2d and 3d, T. D. Hammond; hen, 1st and 2d, Geo. S. Josselyn; 3d, T. D. Hammond; cockerel, 1st and 3d, T. D. Hammond; 2d, G. S. Josselyn; pullet, 1st and 3d, T. D. Hammond; 2d, G. S. Josselyn. Chas. Street, Buffalo, Judge.

Dark Brahmas, cock, 1st, Geo. Resseguie; 2d, O. T. Briggs; 3d, W. S. French; hen. 1st, Geo. Resseguie; 2d and 3d, G. S. Josselyn; cockerel, 1st and 3d, G. S. Josselyn; 2d, Geo. Resseguie; pullet, 1st and 3d, Geo. S. Josselyn; 2d, Geo. Resseguie. G. L. Williams and W. P. Atkinson, Judges.

Buff Cochins, cock, 1st, A. McLaren; 2d, Wm. A. Fox; hen, 1st, A. McLaren; 2d, Wm. A. Fox G. L. Williams, Judge.

Partridge Cochins, cock, 1st, W. A. Koch; hen, 1st, W. A. Koch; 2d and 3d, G. S. Josselyn; cockerel, 1st, 2d and 3d, G. S. Josselyn; pullet, 1st and 2d, G. S. Josselyn; 3d, A. G. Barlow. G. L. Williams, Judge.

Black Cochins, cockerel, 1st, S.O. Meiniger; 2d, C. A. Fletcher; pullet, 1st, S. O. Meiniger; 2d, C. A. Fletcher. G. L. Williams, Judge.

White Cochins, cockerel, 1st, C. A. Fletcher; 2d, Wm. Cranston; hen, 1st, Wm. Cranston; 2d and 3d, C. A. Fletcher. G. M. Williams, Judge.

Dorking Class. No entry.

Game Class.—B. B. Red, cock, 1st, H. A. Record; 2d, A. McLaren; 3d, Geo B. Starr; hen, 1st and 2d, H. A. Record; 3d, A. McLaren; cockerel, 1st, W. P. Atkinson; 2d A. McLaren; pullet, 1st, W. H, Atkinson; 2d, A. McLaren. S. Curtis, Judge.

Earl Derby, cock, 1st, H. McLaren; hen, 2d, A. McLaren.

Brown Red, cock, 1st A. McLaren; 2d and 3d, Jennings & Richardson; pullet, 1st, A. McLaren.

Silver Duckwing, cock, E. Hayler; 2d, A. McLaren; hen, 1st, E. Hayler; 2d, A, McLaren; cockerel, 1st, A. McLaren; pullet, 1st, A. McLaren.

Golden Duckwing, cockerel, 1st, A. McLaren; pullet, 1st, A. McLaren.

Red Pile, cock, 1st, A. McLaren; 2d, T. E. Pierce.

White Game, cockerel, 1st, A. McLaren; pullet, 1st, A. McLaren.

Ginger Red, cockerel, 1st, Jennings & Richardson; pullet, 1st, 2d and 3d, Jennings & Richardson.

Irish Grey, cock, 2d A. McLaren; hen, 2d, A. McLaren.

Spangled, cock, 1st A. McLaren; hen, 1st and 2d, A. McLaren; pullet, 3d, F. E. Pierce.

Black Game, cock, 1st, A, McLaren; pullet, 1st, A, McLaren; 2d, Jennings & Richardson,

Blue Red, cockerel, 1st, W. J. Oaks, 2d, Jennings & Richardson; pullet, 1st, W. J, Oaks.

Leghorn Class.—White, hen, 1st and 2d, J. M. Beebe; 3d, A. G. Barlow; cockerel, 1st and 3d, W. P. Atkinson; 2d, E. J. Thompson; pullet, 1st and 2d, W. P. Atkinson; 3d, A. G. Koch. Fred. Maston, Judge.

Brown, cock, 1st, W. P. Atkinson; hen, 1st, W. P. Atkinson; cockerel, 1st, J. M. Beebe; 3d, Dr. Pond & Son; pullet, 1st and 2d, J. M. Beebe; 3d, E. J. Thompson.

Black, cock, 1st, Dr. Pond & Son; hen, 1st, Dr. Pond & Son; pullet, 1st, Dr. Pond & Son.

Hamburg Class.—Silver Spangled, hen, 1st, E. J. Thompson; 2d, W. P. Atkinson; 3d, C. A. Fletcher. Fred. Maston, Judge.

Golden Spangled, cock, 1st, Dr. Pond & Son; hen, 1st and 2d, Dr. Pond & Son; cockerel, 1st, Hiram R lph; 2d, Dr. Pond & Son; 3d, C. A. Fletcher; pullet, 1st, Dr. Pond & Son.

Golden Penciled, hen, 1st, Dr. Pond & Son; pullet, 1st, A. McLaren 2d, Dr. Pond & Son.

Polish Class.—Golden, plain, cock, 1st A. McLaren; hen, 1st, A. McLaren; pullet, 1st, A. McLaren.

Golden Bearded, cock, 1st, W. P. Atkinson; pullet, 1st, W. P. Atkinson.

White Crested Black, cockerel, 1st, J. M, Beebe; pullet, 1st, J. M. Beebe.

French Class.—Creve Cœurs, hen, 1st, F. S. French.

Houdans, cock, 1st, F. H, Koch; hen, 1st and 2d, F. H. Koch; 2d, W. H. Scott; cockerel, 1st, J. M, Beebe; pullet, 1st, J. M. Beebe.

LaFleche, cock, 1st and 2d, S. W. Bond; hen, 1st and 2d, S. W. Bond; cockerel, 1st, S. W. Bond; pullet, 1st, S. W. Bond.

Class Game Bantams.—B. B. Red, cock, 1st, Edw. B. Smith; 2d, A. McLaren; 3d, A. S, Rigdon; hen, 1st, Edw. B, Smith; 2d, A. McLaren; 3d, A. S. Rigdon; cockerel, 1st, Edw. B. Smith; 2d, A. McLaren; 3d, W. P. Atkinson; pullet, 1st, Edw. B. Smith; 2d, A. McLaren; 3d, A. S. Rigdon. S. Curtis, Judge.

Yellow Duckwing, cock, 1st, W. P. Atkinson; hen, 1st, W. P, Atkinson; cockerel, 1st, Edw. B. Smith; 2d, A. McLaren; pullet, Edw. B. Smith; 2d, A. McLaren.

Silver Duckwing, cock, 1st, Edw. B. Smith; hen, 1st, Edw. B. Smith; cockerel, 1st, A. McLaren; 2d, Edw. B. Smith; pullet, 1st, Edw B. Smith; 2d, A. McLaren.

Rumpless, cock, 1st, L. Haggerty.

Turkey Class.—Bronze, 1st, C. L. Woodward; 2d, O. F. Briggs. W. P. Atkinson, Judge.

Geese.—Toulouse, 1st, C. L. Woodward; 2d, E. J, Thompson.

Brown China, 1st, O. F. Briggs.

Duck Class.—Pekin, Old, 1st, C. L. Woodward. Young, 1st and 2d, A. Merrill.

Kanakee, 1st, C. L. Woodward.

Rouen, 1st, E. J. Thompson.

Pigeon Class.—There were 34 various pairs in this class, and being without competition, W. P. Atkinson took all the premiums. Geo. S. Josselyn, Judge.

Birds.—N. A. Parrot, W. P. Atkinson, best.

African Canary, Geo P. Isham, best.

Virginia Cardinal; 2d, A. G. Koch.

South African Parrot, Carl Zentz, best.

Schwastzenwald Canary, Carl Zentz, best.

Gorman Canary, C. Heintz, best.

Rabbits—Lop Ear Madagascar buck, (self color,) 1st, W. P. Atkinson.

Lop Ear Madagascar buck, (broken color,) 1st, Pond and Son.

Lop Ear Madagascar doe, (self color,) 1st, W. P. Atkinson.

Lop Ear Madagascar doe, (broken color,) 1st, Pond & Son.

Angora buck, 1st, Atkinson; 2d, Pond & Son.

Angora doe, 1st, W. P. Atkinson; 2d, Pond & Son.

Himalayan buck, 1st, W. P. Atkinson; doe, 1st, W. P. Atktnson. Geo. S. Josselyn, Judge.

A New Test.—Aunt (in alarm). "Surely you've eaten enough, haven't you, Tommy?" Tommy (in doubt). "F-f-f-feel me!"

TURKEYS—HATCHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Talk about "eternal vigilance" as the price of liberty—and poultry; but from the following bit of experience it would seem that the highest success, in turkey management, at least, is not always dependent on conformity to established rules, and the most tender handling and care.

I had one hen sitting on ten turkey eggs at the side of the door of the sitting-room in the hen house. The door fastens by a wooden latch on the inside, and is opened from the outside by putting one's finger through an inch hole and pushing the latch up.

My "nephey" a two-and a-half-year-old piece of enterprise, got into the way of poking a stick into this hole, by which he could raise the latch and thus enjoy an occasional peep into precincts he knew he was not allowed to enter. The hen at the door seems to have particularly engaged his attention. Her threatening attitude, I had noticed, kept him at bay, and although I had several times seen him with the door open, I felt sure he would never pass the threshold while that hen sat there.

But the time spent at the door was not unemployed, as I discovered a few days afterwards, when the time came for taking the hen with her newly hatched brood from the nest. What all do you suppose I found in that nest? Well, there were two corncobs, one piece of grape-vine, two brick-bats, a small piece of a grind-stone, a harrow tooth, a tin cup, a piece of boot leg, four good sized chips, and a number of smaller chips and scraps of various kinds.

But with all these, there were the ten young turkey chicks from the ten eggs, all strong and lively, and ready to leave what was certainly the most novel looking hens' nest I ever saw.

If the success achieved by these turkey chicks in this their first battle for existence may be taken as an indication of their future vigor and powers of endurance, who can estimate the glory which awaits them in the poultry world a few years hence? Had the case come under the observation of Darwin, he would, no doubt, have predicted them at once the progenitors of a new race.

Illini, Jr. in *Prarie Farmer*.

LAST YEAR'S COCKERELS.

We suppose that nearly all who go in for breeding fowls to any extent find at the end of the autumn that they have a lot of superfluous cockerels, and do not know what to do with them. We think there are many of our fresh hands, who are but as yet young in the craft, that then want to part with these birds at any cost. They fill up the runs and get in the way of the growing chickens, or break through their bounds and appear in forbidden places, worrying the hens, and altogether getting terribly in the way. So, perhaps, these cockerels are offered for sale at ridiculously low prices, or are made into soup and used in the kitchen. Now, many of these birds are really the birds which make the winning two-year-old cocks. We would recommend great care being taken in weeding out these cockerels. So many of our young hands fancy because such birds never won a prize in their youth that they will not in time to come. No idea can be more deceptive, for over and over again we have noticed that the best two-year-old cocks are the birds which, as cockerels, were nothing very grand. We should state that we allude to Dorkings, Cochins, Brahmas, French and Polands more especially.

Very rarely have we noticed that these cockerels (especially in Cochins) which make such a sensation in their first year come much to the front after their moult, and their places are filled in the second year by birds which, though they were perhaps of the same brood as the winning chickens were looked upon as "ugly ducklings," and ran risks of being eaten or sold cheaply. The old hands know better, and can often spot a bird which is to make the winner in his second year; but the amateurs, for whom

we especially write, are not up to the full knowledge of breeding, and so repeatedly make away with valuable birds. We did it ourselves when we began, and we can well remember selling a late cockerel many years ago for 15*s.*, which after his moult came out a winner over and over again at good places. The best of this case, however, was that the purchaser expected for 15*s.* to get a show bird then and there; so when the bird came he wrote back indignantly, saying a "weed" had been sent which was not worth 2*s.* 6*d.*, and we then in our simplicity sent the man a sitting of eggs to induce him to keep the bird, as we had no room at home. It was consequently very mortifying to see the "weed" winning in the next year wherever he went. This, however, is annually happening to very many—we mean the parting with valuable birds because they do not then come up to the ideal standard which the eye tells them they should do.

We know of several breeders who go round at the Birmingham and the Crystal Palace shows, thoroughly examining every specimen, to see if they can see there any bird which promises to make up into a good two-year-old, and if they find such they will buy them at any price in reason, and over and over again those birds are birds which do not in their first year even get a commendation card. Only a few days ago we read in a contemporary how Mr. Hinton had a Polish cockerel which never won a prize as a chicken, and yet after his moult became a notorious bird. And to quote a case which came quite under our own eyes: One of the first-prize Cochin cocks at the last Bristol show was a bird which not only never won as a chicken, or looked even approaching the exhibition form, but was not thought even worthy of being bred from, though we confess we never did agree in this respect. Still this bird with plenty of good living thickened and filled out, and came out from his moult one of the best cocks of the color of the year, and has never been shown without winning a first prize or cup.

We shall, perhaps, be asked to account for this. We can only answer that we conclude that exhibiting a young bird of a large or heavy breed to any extent weakens his constitution; or he is marked as a promising bird and a likely future winner, and is petted and pampered with meat or spiced foods, and so being forced on in his early months, he has not the vigor and constitution to thicken out and develop, and come out from his moult large and bright in plumage. It is not always so, of course, but we repeat that overshown birds and champion cockerels rarely make old cocks of note, and we look forward to next autumn to see how the Buff Cochin cockerel which has so often come to the front in the past season will then appear after his moult; that he will never make the bird that Mr. W. A. Burnell's is we feel pretty sure. But to return to last year's cockerels generally. Let us not discard any birds which, possessing in moderation the proper points, want only weight or size, for such birds when allowed to run together in a good run will amply repay all trouble and food expended upon them. We would recommend such birds not being bred from the first year, and being well fed on good food twice a day, allowing them to have as much as they will eat at a meal. They can live together, in a shady run if possible, all through the summer, and then about the early part of September, or even in the last weeks of August, they would do well if taken up and placed in little pens—four or five feet square would do perfectly; and then when well fed three times a day, and supplied with plenty of green food and dust, they will moult out well, and often make up well into valuable two-year-olds. We mean that discretion must be used, and the birds selected, as we before said, which, possessing the required points, only need size and weight. Nearly every breeder has such birds, and two or three worthy of this treatment can generally be selected in January or February from the superior cockerels which are usually found in establishments of any size.—*W., in Journal of Horticulture.*

CHICKENS.

"I didn't!" says Chip. "You did!" says Peep.
"How do you know?—you were fast asleep!"
"I was under mammy's wing,
Stretching my legs like anything,
When all of a sudden I turned around,
For close beside me I heard a sound—
A little tip and a little tap."
"Fiddle-de dee! You'd had a nap,
And when you were only half-awake
Heard an icicle somewhere break."
"What's an icicle?" "I don't know;
Rooster tells about ice and snow—
Something that isn't as good as meal—
That drops down on you and makes you squeal."
"Well! swallow Rooster's tales, I beg!
And think you didn't come out of an egg!
I tell you I heard the old shell break,
And the first small noise you ever could make;
And mammy croodled, and puffed her breast,
And pushed us further out of the nest,
Just to make room enough for you;
And there's your shell—I say it's true!"
Chip looked over his shoulder then,
And there it lay by the old gray hen—
Half an egg-shell, chipped and brown,
And he was a ball of yellow down—
Clean and chipper, and smart and scry,
With the pertest bill and the blackest eye!
"H'm!" said he, with a little perk,
"That is a wonderful piece of work!
Peep, you silly! don't you see
That shell isn't nearly as big as me?
Whatever you say, miss, I declare
I never, never, never could get in there!
"You did!" says Peep. "I didn't!" says Chip;
With that he gave her a horrid nip,
And Peep began to dance and peck,
And Chip stuck out his wings and neck.
They pranced, and struck, and capered about,
Their toes turned in and their wings spread out,
As angry as two small chicks could be,
Till Mother Dorking turned to see.
She cackled and clucked, and called in vain—
At it they went with might and main—
Till at last the old hen used *her* beak,
And Peep and Chip, with many a squeak,
Staggered off on either side,
With a very funny skip and stride.
"What dreadful nonsense!" said Mother Hen,
When she heard the story told again;
"You're bad as the two-legs that don't have wings;
Nor feathers nor combs—the wretched things!
That's the way they fight and talk
For what isn't worth a mullein-stalk.
What does it matter, I'd like to know,
Where you came from or where you go?
Keep your temper and earn your food;
I can't scratch worms for a fighting brood.
I won't have quarrels—I will have peace;
I hatched out chickens, so don't be geese!"
Chip scratched his ear with his yellow claw,
The meekest chicken that ever you saw;
And Peep in her feathers curled one leg,
And said to herself: "But he *was* an egg!"

REMEDIES FOR LICE ON ANIMALS.

There are several excellent remedies for lice on animals; but amomg them all, perhaps, oil is the most efficacious and harmless. None but sweet oil, or the best kind of lamp oil, or winter strained machine oil, should be used for such a purpose. If linseed oil, or some other kinds of oil, be used, it will dry, and the hair of the animals will all stick together in dry, hard bunches. Let oil be poured on the backs of live stock and on their necks and tails, and rub it in thoroughly. If lice take up their quarters on the dewlap, give it a good oiling, and they will soon bid adieu to such oleaginous climes. Oil should be applied when the weather is warm, rather than when it is very cold; because in cold weather lice keep quiet,

and will not deposit many eggs. Let it be kept in mind that lice never deposit their eggs on oily hair.

We were once raising a lot of turkeys which were about as large as quails, when they began to droop and appeared lifeless. Upon examination they were all found to be as lousy as an Egyptian. Every one of them was caught, and sweet oil was rubbed on their heads and poured on them, under the wings—giving them a good sopping— and in three days not a louse could be found, and the turkeys soon began to flap their wings and move about with agility.

Mercurial ointment or "unguentum," which is made of mercury mingled with lard, is often recommended for lice. But it is a dangerous remedy; and is no more efficacious than oil. I applied mercurial ointment once to my calves, which were lousy; and it made them so sick, that I feared, for some time, I should lose them. Such a remedy never should be used, when there are enough besides, of a milder character. A decoction of tobacco is frequently recommended for destroying lice. But oil is much cheaper and more efficacious, and will not make animals sick; but tobacco, when applied bountifully, will often make them sick.

Fowls roll in the sand in order to mingle the dirt and grit with their feathers, which will scratch the lice to death. Neat cattle frequently throw dirt on their backs, which destroys the lice mechanically, just as scores of people are smashed up among the rubbish of a huge building when it falls. But it is difficult to make sand or ashes remain among the hair on the dewlaps of animals, or on their sides. Therefore, oil seems to be preferable to almost any other remedy. Fat cattle will sometimes be covered with lice. I once owned a yoke of fat oxen, which were the lousiest beings that I ever heard of; but a good sopping of oil soon dispersed the vermin. Keeping animals in a thriving condition is usually a good preventive; but it will fail some times as a remedy for lice.

Why do lice flourish best, and increase much more rapidly on very poor, emaciated animals? Because the surface of the skin and hair of poor animals are quite free from oil. Well, what of that? Why, no lice can ever propagate their species among oily hair. Whether lice have any brains or not, they will never deposit their nits among oily hair. If the nits after they have been deposited or stuck to the hair should be oiled they will never hatch. Lice seem to know that fact, and therefore do not find a congenial locality in the hair of an animal which perspires freely. Consequently if lice are found on a fat animal, they will always be more numerous near the end of his tail than on any other part of his body. Lice are like sheep in one respect, they like a warm and dry place. Let a few nits be placed in a warm place for a few days, and they will hatch; but let them be oiled, and it will be impossible to hatch them. So with the eggs of birds and domestic fowls. Give the shells a thick coat of paint or grease, and the eggs will never hatch.

The bees, which are such a great annoyance to horses in the summer, which fasten their eggs to the hair of horses, seem to understand this principle much better than most people do; and therefore they deposit most of their eggs on the hair, which will be least liable to be moistened with sweat. For this reason we always see many more bot-eggs on the legs, below the knees of horses, than on any other part of them. If such eggs should be greased or moistened with sweat a few times, they will never hatch.—*Agricola in Practical Farmer.*

Pigeon Department.

WILD PIGEONS.

In the article by "Huon," entitled "Zoo Notes, No. 18," that very agreeable writer tells all about the *Crowned* and *Nicobar* varieties, and winds up with Audobon's and Wilson's stories about the enormous numbers (millions or billions) of *wild* pigeons, those noted ornithologists met with, in the course of their travels and researches. In keeping with the almost fabulous accounts thus given, in the former experience of such authentic writers as those above mentioned, the following recent article tells us about a flock of wild pigeons twelve miles long, and five miles in width.

"About a month ago, early one morning, the people living at Barnum's, Sullivan County, N. Y., were surprised to see the air thick with the flight of an apparently endless flock of wild pigeons, which was passing over that section to the northward. For over a quarter of an hour the flight continued in an incessant stream, obstructing all view of the sky, and giving to the surroundings that sombre appearance caused by the gathering and passing of thunder clouds. It was not known at the time how far the flock extended to the eastward, but it was subsequently learned that it reached over twelve miles in a continuous line. Old hunters said that the pigeons were seeking nesting places, that from the altitude of their flight it was not supposed that they would rest short of the North Woods, in John Brown's tract. Two days afterward, however, lumbermen from the head waters of the Beaverkill and the beech woods of the upper wilderness of Sullivan County, brought in the news that these sections had been taken possession of by wild pigeons in enormous numbers, and that they were preparing for the nesting season.

The woods were found to be literally swarming with pigeons. Deputy game constables were stationed in considerable force in the wilderness, cabins being erected for their accommodation. They had orders to deal as summarily with all gunners or trappers seeking to disturb the birds as the law would warrant. Unparalleled sport was anticipated in due time; but unfortunately severe weather intervened, snow falling to the depth of nearly a foot along the Beaverkill a few days after the pigeons rested. After the storm had ceased the constables noticed an unusual stir among the birds through the region, and about noon the fifth day of their stay they began taking flight, and in a few hours there was not a pigeon to be found in the entire territory. They took a direction northwest, and in due time was heard of as having passed over the counties of Delaware and Broome, N. Y., and Susquehanna and Bradford in Pennsylvania, and took up their quarters in the beech woods of Pike and Monroe counties.

The beech woods of these counties comprise thousands of acres of almost primitive wilderness, they being invaded only by lumbermen, bark peelers and sportsmen. In their fastnesses the black bear roams at will, and the wild deer finds security from hunter and hound. On Friday last Clinton Waters and Isaac Bennett, two bark peelers, were in the depth of the beech woods, selecting a place to build a cabin for the ensuing bark peeling season. The sun was shining brightly, not a cloud being in the sky, when suddenly the sun was hidden as if by a dark cloud, and a noise like that produced by a gale of wind or the roll of distant thunder, broke on their ears. Simultaneously the woods commenced filling with wild pigeons. Tree after tree was filled with the rapidity of lightning, and still the air was black with one great moving mass of birds as far as the eye could reach.

After the first excitement attending the appearance of the pigeons had passed off and it was apparent that the great body had found resting place Waters and Bennett, true to the instinct of the human race, began to wage war against the birds. They were possessed of no guns, but taking each a long pole, they swooped about them among the pigeons, right and left. With every blow, dozens of the birds fell killed and maimed to the ground. The men slew hundreds in this way.

For the purpose of seeing how far the woods were occupied by the pigeons, they walked for five miles through the forest. As far as they could see on either side the birds occupied the trees, and when they stopped in their walk they could not discover the end of the flock. When they brought the news of the great pigeon roost, the excitement was great among the lumbermen and others, and dozens of men started out to kill them at night on the roost. On reaching the roost a continuous slaughter was kept up for two hours. It is estimated that 10,000 were killed and wounded.

The birds had chosen the beech woods as their nesting place, but the determined cruelty and barbarity of the inhabitants resulted in their again taking flight. They took a course directly west, and have settled probably in the wilderness of western Pennsylvania. Old and experienced hunters say that this was the largest flight of wild pigeons ever known in this region. The flock was certainly twelve miles long and four or five wide.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

WILLARD'S TIRADE.

We have waited very patiently and hopefully for a *satisfactory* explanation of the curious proceedings of the so-called National exhibition at Chicago, and have waited, we are sorry to say, in vain; Patience exhausted, we are obliged to turn our attention to the only matter relating to the affair accessible which comes to us in the shape of a screed signed by Willard, and a long and good natured report signed by Judge Luce. At present we will pay our respects to Willard's acrimonious and bilious address "to the public," which is given on another page of this issue, and which will undoubtedly furnish those of our readers who have followed this matter very closely, considerable amusement. It will be remembered that the FANCIERS' JOURNAL has been careful to avoid anything like a personal controversy in the matter, has made no direct charges other than those it has fully corroborated, and has only (in a very plain and direct manner of course), given voice to the many complaints and rumors of bad management in order to have them cleared up and laid at rest. In answer to this, Willard stands up before the "public," waves his ears with a sort of an "injured innocence" air, and makes a ridiculous effort to buy up the entire church parish with a bent sixpence. Unless forced into it we shall avoid the personal controversy which Willard is so anxiously soliciting, but we promise our friends if we are obliged to take it up that we shall make it short and as decisive as the English language will permit. His slurs and contemptible insinuations in his address to the public in connection with ourselves will only awaken disgust in the minds of our readers and so need little attention in this column. The article itself will probably produce the same effect upon them that it did upon the mind of one of the officers who was in doubt as to the action he ought to take until he received this so-called reply of Willard's, when he immediately wrote that gentleman that it had very clearly decided the matter for him *and enclosed his resignation.*

Stripped of its verbiage there is very little in the article that need be alluded to. Willard gets into a state of mind over the fact that we have alluded to his resignation, and says, "the use of a private letter I consider a breach of faith." This information was not conveyed to us in a *private* letter. The notification came from three officers of the society to each of whom Willard had given it over his signature as secretary. Speaking of private letters, we have had none from Willard since the exhibition, but we received a few before the show, one of which we should like Willard's permission to publish in answer to his scurlous insinuation which he throws out in his "reply," in these words: "Had the FANCIERS' JOURNAL been one of the papers that assisted the association by a *donation* it would have understood this." The same sort of a letter, written to the publishers of other journals before the premiums were donated, would have saved them the chagrin of having it said that only 65 per cent. of the prizes offered by them and in their names were paid, and right in the face of this fact Willard taunts us with not having donated anything, and that, too, before he has hardly finished ranting about a breach of faith.

Well, let's see. Now here is a man who is noisily solicitous lest his honor should be questioned. Well, now, will you please answer a few simple questions while you are up before the public, Mr. Willard?

Isn't it true, as stated, that the executive committee voted to pay you $500, provided there were funds in the treasury after all the expenses and all *premiums* were paid?"

And isn't it true as reported, Mr. Willard.

That you took $300 before all the premiums were paid and even before all the expenses were paid, if we count the expenses promised by yourself or other officers to Messrs. Felch, Ongly, Marston and others?

Give us your answer to this and if it is not so we will promptly correct the erroneous impression (if it so proves to be,) that prevails all over the country.

As the reader will see at once, Willard bases his article upon a false assumption and begs the whole question.

He labors assiduously to make the reader believe that Chicago was doing great things for the fanciers', and that it had nothing but their interests in view. Will Mr. Willard please tell "the public" when the fanciers of the country asked him and others to organize the society and assume obligations for them? Isn't it true that Chicago went to Buffalo and urged the fanciers' to go to that city and promised splendid things for them if they would? Isn't it true that Chicago prevailed upon Buffalo to give up her exhibition and help out Chicago, under the promise that Chicago would reciprocate this year? And is she going to do anything of the kind? Isn't it true that the gentlemen organized the society of their own free will, and then called upon the fanciers' of the country to help them by donations for premiums and birds for exhibition? And didn't they do all this and more too in a very prompt and generous manner, and now Willard attempts to show that they are the last ones who should be considered. This is where our criticism falls, that those who managed the affairs of the society, and which management was *self imposed*, didn't so much as lift a finger toward fulfilling the promises they had made them, but taking good care that they did not suffer by their own mismanagement, and that some favored ones got pay for their work, let the loss fall upon those who had made the premium list and the exhibition something to be proud of.

Then Willard saddens the public with this pathetic conundrum: "Would the F. J. have these gentlemen who so kindly guaranteed the bills pay them out of their own pockets?" Well, ordinarily speaking, this is the course of those who keep in mind the fact that this life is too short for petty meannessess, but we answer with another conundrum: If the National had been well managed and had *made* instead of lost several thousand dollars, would the profits have been paid over to those who had to carry the loss? In our humble opinion,—mind now we don't make it as an assertion—some of the gentlemen "who are not pecuniarliy interested in the breeding or sale of fowls and who have enlisted solely for the love of the thing," would have received more than $300 for their services. It was simply, "Heads I win, tails you lose." Then Willard indulges in more of that everlasting gush about the unprecedented amount of the

premium list." Considering the fact that the fanciers' of the country outside of Chicago furnished nine-tenths of the amount, and that Buffalo, Boston and Springfield have paid more in premiums than Chicago did, this nonsense may as well be dropped first as last. Why, Willard, you can just as well make your premium list in the future $20,000 as $9,000, provided you fulfill your promises in the same honorable (sic) manner that you have in the past. So we might go on through the whole tirade Willard has furnished us, for there is an embarrassment of riches in it, but we can use our time and space to better advantage. There are only a few other points worth touching upon. He says we represent a lot of sore heads. Well, as many of them were and still are officers of Willard's society, many of them gave handsome sums to his premium list, and large numbers of them were exhibitors at his show, he certainly ought to be willing to allow that it is a very respectable constituency. The only sore head would probably be found on the shoulders of the secretary if he should happen to speak to some of them to their faces as he does of them in his letter. Willard's effort to make it appear that there is a jealousy between eastern and western fanciers' is not very successful. The handsome donations to the National's premium list by eastern breeders, the large number of birds shown at western exhibitions by eastern men, the thousands of western subscribers to the Fanciers' Journal, *Poultry World*, *Poultry Bulletin*, and other eastern papers, all testify in a very tangible manner to the good fellowship which exists between the east and the west. No, Mr. Willard, your hopes and those of any other individual who may entertain them, to see a break between the two sections will never be realized, and any one who attempts to cause an unpleasant feeling between eastern and western breeders will find he has made a very serious mistake for himself.

Willard's "P. S." we are informed by one of the officers is in very good taste.

Correspondence.

VERTIGO IN PIGEONS.

Baltimore, April 27, 1876.

Friend Wade:—I have a very fine Yellow Turbit hen "solid" diseased with what I suppose to be the Vertigo. I put her from the loft, in a cage by herself. Whenever any one approaches she commences to flutter, lays on her back, twists her head skull down, and lays in this position for about a minute. I have tried one of two remedies, viz: bleeding her in the head which did no good; the other is infallible but very apt to prove fatal, viz: twisting her head off. Now if you or any of your subscribers can name a cure, you will greatly oblige.

Most respectfully yours, &c.,

W. B. Cochran.

Villytelfy, Abril 24.

Meister Vade:—

Dot Nadural History is a vine stoody, bud I dond hafe soom vylosify mit efery kint ov animals—ov vat bragdical use is te Schiraff vor insdans? Dot animal schtrikes me as a voolish bece ov vork mit nadure. Und sooch a hi-doned peast do. Vy von mool is more usevul as all te Schiraffs in te vorldt, und a mool dond hafe no kint ov schtanting mit te animal kingtom—Und how is dot Meister Vade? Is dot a unifersal law ov nadure? I vint te same kint ov brincable among te human vamily—Te bachend hait vorking kint is nopody und hafe hait schratching to got along, und id look as iv brovidents gife dot lasy kint soom kint of long vingers, or a kint ov inschun rupper gonshens, or somdings in gombensashun so he can got along esy. Dot kint ov gombensashun pizness aind a vair schake mit te usevul kint howefer, und I tink iv I vas peen brovidents I led dot lasy kint schtarve. Sens I stoody nadure I dond hafe sooch a grade resbect for brovidence as I hafe some dime breviously. I dink if I hafe my vay I make midy grade schanges in te vorld. I dond hafe no trones in id I ped you. I make id lifely dimes vor all dot kint of drash. I dransmogrovy dot schiraff indo a vurst class mool, und pud him in a hugsder gart poody gwick. I like to dake te gonsede oud ov dot kint of animals vot dont do somedings, und vant to stand so high ofer efery pody els. Dods te kint of veller I am. Soom kint of peasts you can ead iv it cand make idself usevul, bud a man dond make a vordune vrasing dot kint of peef. Dot neck and legs dond pring no brice on a butchers schtall, dond it? I dink id petter pe exterminadet. I dond exosd dot soobject yed bud you hear vrom me some dime agane apoud id.

Schonny Sproagle.

Friend Wade.—I would like to ask through your paper, the opinion of all those who have had any experience of hatching double yolk eggs. I find quite a difference among those I have talked with, some claiming that they produce monsters, &c., four-legged, four-winged, double headed, &c., &. Others claim that monsters come from single yolk, and that if double yolk hatch they will produce perfect twins.

Yours truly, M. H. C.

Chagrin Falls, O.

Mr. Wade:

Sir.—In the Weekly Gossip of the specimen number you sent me, J. M. McCann inquires "is the beech tree ever struck by lightning." I can answer in the affirmative. Nine (9) years ago this spring there was a beech tree struck by lightning on the place where we lived: the bark was torn off in a diagonal course from the top to the bottom.

Mrs. M. A. Stephenson.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Have any of the readers of Weekly Gossip remarked the fact that dogs can only with difficulty be made to see objects *very* near them? I have tried many experiments to test their vision at "close range," and have found them deficient in every instance. Another peculiarity is, that dogs with white about the neck or body, invariably have white on the end of the tail. J. M. McCann.

—A Natural Curiosity.—George Van Derveer, the poultry raiser of Florida, has shown us a very interesting curiosity in the form of a double egg eight and a half by nine inches in size and perfect in formation, laid by a full blood Cochin hen. Inside of the shell there was a perfect egg, and within that egg there was another perfect egg of common size. The outer egg and shell were taken off, and the inner egg is now being hatched.

—Writing some time ago of the Skunk, I stated that they were never seen of any other colors than white and black; a gentleman has since informed me that he once saw one of a beautiful cream color. This is the only instance of which I have ever heard when a variation from these colors was found, and during the past winter I examined hundreds of their pelts which had been collected by the fur traders. They are very easily trapped, and the less white that appears on the hide the more valuable it is.

J. M. McCann.

—The Tortoise—(*Testudo*), lives to a great age, in some instances to 100 years, or more. The variety common in the Eastern States is beautifully marked with dark brown and bright yellow; the head, neck and legs being especially brilliant. It passes the winter in a dormant state, selecting for itself a place of hybernation at the beginning of frost, or preparing it by scooping out a hole in the earth. I found one last summer "dated" 1846. The love season, which is the beginning of summer, is one of great activity, and they express their amorous desires by striking their shells against those of their mates. Their eggs are round, white and numerous, and are hatched by the heat of the sun. I have found colonies of them—beautiful, active little things not larger than a nickle. They are quite easily domesticated, and will soon

take food from the hand, though they seem to possess little intelligence, and no affection for their keeper; and really become so tame that they will not escape if opportunity offers. They are particularly fond of mushrooms, but feed on a great variety of vegetables. I will take pleasure in sending specimens to any of your city readers who may be willing to pay the express charges.

J. M. McCann.

—Huon would be well pleased to know the names of the Adders his friend M. *thinks* have a "poisonous sting." Snapping tails "spitefully" is no evidence of either sting or poison; all snakes do that, as well as fish, when occasion requires. How does M. know that his Adders are "quite poisonous?" Has he ever experimented with them, or known any one else to do so? Nothing can be easier than a *demonstration* in the case. Rats, mice, and other small quadrupeds are generally lying around loose. Please try an experiment, M., and should you prove what you have asserted, then you can safely say there are snakes which sting.

Huon.

—The Murre.—The *murre* is a bird but little known. Can "Huon" tell us anything about this queer bird? An article in a juvenile way ariving lately, says it is of about the size of a small duck, and it sits on only one egg at a time. If her nest is robbed, the mother murre lays another egg and sits again. The strangest part of the story is that the eggs are not alike; in fact, it would be almost impossible, among thousands of them, to find a single pair that matched in color. They are brown, green, white, blue or gray, as the case may be, with streaks or spots of blue, black, green, olive or brown. But all these fancy styles are only shell deep. The little murres that come out of the eggs are all after the same pattern, and in time they take after their parents in a way that is beautiful to behold.

—It is said by most naturalists—and I believe it—that most domestic animals inherit from their parents their characteristic traits. This is supposed to be especially true of dogs. I saw a young pointer pup in Tennessee that would point at bugs and flies when he was only a few weeks old. It is said the young pups of the St. Bernard breed will instinctively dig in the snow. I have a well bred black and tan terrier, whose parents were both noted "ratters," who will not even kill a mouse. He is a very beautiful dog, about 14 months old, and remarkably fierce and courageous, attacking dogs of the most formidable appearance, and size. He will play with a mouse like a kitten, and almost invariably allows it to escape. Surely genius was not hereditary in his case.

J. M. McCann.

—The Cat.—The origin of the domestic cat is not certainly known. By some naturalists it is described as a distinct species, under the name of *Felis domestica*. Others suppose it to be only a domesticated variety of the common wild cat, (*Felis catus*) of Europe, and Northern Asia. But to this it is objected that the domestic cat is always smaller in size than the wild variety spoken of, which is contrary to what is usually observed of the effects of domestication in animals; and that cats of the domesticated race which have run wild, show in their known progeny no appearance whatever of a tendency to return to the type of the true wild cat. The cat has been domesticated from the most ancient times, and was a sacred animal among the old Egyptians. Temples were erected to their honor; sacrifices and devotions were offered up to them as though they had been gods. To kill one even by accident, was considered a crime worthy of death, and the family in whose house a cat died went into mourning, and shaved off their eyebrows. During the middle ages they were regarded as the familiars of warlocks and witches, and Satan himself was often thought to assume the form of a black cat. Of its varity in Britain in early times, when all the forests were the homes of the wild cat, an evidence is afforded by a Welsh law, of the reign of Howell the Good, who died in 938—fixing the prices of cats according to their ages and qualities, beginning with the price of a kitten before it could see, and enacting that if any one killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milch ewe, its fleece and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail.

The story of "Whittington thrice Lord Mayor of London," is well known. The fable says that he was a poor boy and went to sea, his only wealth being his cat. In some distant land he visited the court of a King, where the rats were so numerous that they consumed the food on the royal tables before the very eyes of the majesties. Whittington produced his cat, the rats were destroyed, or banished the palace, and the King in gratitude loaded the sailor boy with gold and gems. The story is entirely fabulous, and was current in the Eastern ages, before the birth of Sir Richard Whittington, who was of noble family, and was four times Lord Mayor of London. The varieties of the domestic cat are not numerous, neither do they very greatly differ. The tortoise-shell cat is beautiful in color, and graceful and elegant in form. The Angora is an interesting variety, remarkable for the length and fineness of its hair. The Chinese has long glossy fur, and pendulous ears. The Chartreuse is of a bluish color, and the Manx cat is without a tail. They have but little intelligence compared with the dog, and manifest but slight affection for their master.

J. M. McCann.

Small Pet Department

(Reported for the Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,

FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA,

(For the week ending April 28, 1876.)

1 Common boa, (*Boa Constrictor*). Purchased.
1 Alligator, (*Alligator Mississippiensis*). Presented by Mas. G. English, Philadelphia.
3 Gold Pheasant, (*Thaumalia picta*). Purchased.
5 Silver " (*Gallophasis nycthemerus*). "
1 Robin, (*Turdus migratus*). Presented by J. Pearsall, Philadelphia.
1 *Red crested Cockatoo, (*Catcatna moluccensis*). Deposited by I. Springer, Lancaster, Pa.
1 Pied-bill Grebe, (*Podilymbus podiceps*). Presented by Wm. Phillips, Philadelphia.

Huon.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 20.

SEA LIONS. (*Eumatopias stelleri*).

Yes my dear Human "ess," I have seen that your legislators were about to order *all* of the sea-lions, your "beautiful eyed creatures" to be exterminated, and with yourself and Seth Green I join in denouncing the act, as one very cruel, barbarous, and uncalled for, and for which the perpetrators ought to be sorry for the balance of their lives. If the harmless sea-lion be killed, as proposed, the whole party should be considered as inhuman and unchristian, for he

"Prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the great God who loveth us,
He made and loves them all."

In "Our Zoo," Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, we have a family of these interesting marine mammals consisting of four in number; father and mother, a little daughter which we call Nellie, (she comes at our *call*, too,) and an old gent whom we think must be some sort of an uncle. I assure you that this family attracts quite as much attention, if not more, from all classes of visitors than any family in the Zoo, with the exception of the monkeys, those "poor relations" some of us so much resemble, which is perhaps the cause of their drawing such crowded houses—"a fellow feeling makes us wonderous kind."

But to our Seals, or Sea-Lions, for you know they belong to the Phocina, and therefore constitute part of the genus which Linnaeus called *phoca*.

The name of Sea-Lions has been given to a number of large Seals of both hemispheres, for their savage appearance, powerful voice, great teeth, or maned neck, but the appearence is all of the *savage* there is about them, as they will flee the moment "man pursueth," yea, even at his approach. The Sea Lion is as much a *non* resistant, and non combatant, as the mildest Quaker who ever wore shad or broad brim—unless you drive him too extremely—at which point the quaker too will stand up for his corner.

The whole Seal family is interesting now, and it would seem the

*This bird was importted into New York in 1826, and is consequently more than 50 years old! It has been a beauty in its youth, and in form and color is not to be despised in its old age.

ancient writers, in the earliest ages so thought. Hence the poetic fables of Tritons, Nereids, Mermaids, Sirins, and many other attendants upon old mythological Neptune. They seem even to have had a natural confidence in man, though they have been shamefully abused by him for his sport or profit, to their destruction. They are quite docile, naturally affectionate; and capable of being taught to perform many curious tricks, such as to sit up in a chair, kiss their keepers, pretend to sleep, and actually to snore! Some years ago, there was a seal on exhibition in New York, which shouldered a gun, shook hands with its friends, and turning the crank of a hand organ, ground out most excellent music; and all for a miserable morsel of fish or a loaf of stale bread! And now your Fish Commissioner would murder the innocent mammals merely because they eat a few fish! Does your great Pacific and its boasted bays furnish such a scant supply of *Pisces* that you must murder a whole family per consequence? Besides the Sea-Lions, the particular species to be slaughtered are not such *Ichthyophagi* as you imagine, gentlemen, the Commissioners; they do not live exclusively on fish, and if they did, I question whether they have not the right of "What e'er they sees upon the seas to sieze upon it," and hold it—if they can.

Some years ago a number of farmers, who were far from being Solomons, in one of the Yankee States, got an idea into their wise heads that crows were destructive to the sprouting corn, and had their legislature pass a law against them, giving a premium for the heads of the poor birds. The work of murder to extermination accordingly soon began—but mark! at the end of five years the same farmers who had demanded the death of *corrus*, found they had plentiful crops of grubs and worms, and that their fields were overrun with moles, mice, and other small quadrupeds, while he had but a sparse crop of corn to operate upon when husking time came round; and they now asked for a law making it five dollars fine for any one to kill a crow! Time, you see dear Human-ess; brought about his revenge!

There's room and food for all in the world, my friends the Commissioners, and if your "Great Pacific," and its bays give you not enough of fish, we of the Atlantic seaboard, with Seth Green's advice and consent, will endeavor to send you a supply. At all events, you sea-dogs let the Sea-Lions live.

HUON.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE AQUARIUM, NO. 3

There is a supposed necessity for an exact balance between the animal and vegetable life in the aquarium, which would be as impossible to obtain and regulate as would be the equilibrium of the atmosphere by the weather bureau. I quote the following from the "American Parlor Aquarium:" "If too much animal life be placed in the tank, the want of sufficient oxygen is soon experienced by the finny inhabitants thereof, causing them to sicken and die; if too much vegetation exists therein, the water becomes overcharged with oxygen vitiating their systems with its enervating powers so that the same result necessarily follows. In the aquarium the nearer we can arrive at an equalization of the two powers, the nearer we approach perfection. But another point must be considered; it is not alone necessary that these two life sustaining powers should be equalized, because you may have too much of both, and in this case the health of your animal life is equally jeopardized."

To the first of these propositions I assent; to the second and third I must say that my experience is exactly to the contrary. I have never found fish to suffer from an excess of vegetation, and I very much doubt whether water ever is overcharged with oxygen in a natural condition. If so it is exactly contrary to the conditions governing the atmosphere, where we never find an excess of oxygen except at an uninhabitable altitude. Suppose for instance we had a large pond devoid of animal life but fully stocked with vegetation, and that we placed therein a single pair of fish, would their chances be lessened in the struggle for existence by the excess of vegetable life around them? The aquarium properly stocked is simply a miniature pond with the same elements at work as in the larger pond. Under the action of sunlight, oxygen can be seen issuing from the plants and escaping from the water in streams of minute bubbles. Does not this look as though water would hold but a certain proportion of oxygen, and that all in excess of that amount escapes in that manner? I have found the ideas quoted from the American Parlor Aquarium in English works as well, and lately in an article on the aquarium in a catalogue of a prominent New York bird and fish dealer, and I am daily asked whether it is not possible to overstock the aquarium with vegetation. I am satisfied however from my own experience that no injury ever results from an excess of growing vegetation. I have endeavored but so far without success to obtain from some chemist an opinion as to the relative maximum amounts of oxygen and carbonic acid gas which will be taken up and held by water in a natural condition; perhaps some reader of the Journal can enlighten me. An argument in favor of my opinion may be found in a late paper by Prof. Huxley, on social science, Gossip for March, entitled "The border land between the animal and vegetable kingdoms," in which he says "that vegetation gives off oxygen only under the action of strong sunlight, and only from the green portions, and that in the dark this action is reversed and gives off carbonic acid gas." If this be true, and we may believe the high authority, the difficulty of obtaining in the aquarium even a sufficient amount of oxygen (even supposing that the water could be charged to excess) may be appreciated. This will also serve as an answer to an article in the weekly gossip of No. 9, Vol. 3, of the Journal, in which it is recommended to place the aquarium between two windows to protect it from too strong a light; I tremble for the success of an aquarium so situated. Fortunately however, the writer in providing for a contingency which must necessarily arise under such circumstances gives us proof that his aquarium is not a success. In an aquarium properly stocked and managed the fish are never found at the top of the water "gasping for air." This denotes a lack of oxygen, necessitating removal of the fish, change of water, or aeration by some artificial means; and unless self-sustaining it is not entitled to be called an aquarium but simply a fish-tank.

1776. U. S. CENTENNIAL COMMISSION. 1876.

BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE,
PHILADELPHIA, April 10th, 1876.

SIR:

The Centennial Commission has provided thirty Aquaria for the display of the fish of our rivers, lakes, and seas. The fresh and salt water will be of about equal quantities, the aggregate approximating to fifteen thousand gallons. Full preparations have been made for thorough filtration and aeration, and when necessary, for refrigeration. The expenses attendant upon the Fish Display will be assumed by the Centennial Commission, and it is expected that Fish will be contributed by the various State Fish Commissions, by associations, and by individuals interestep in Fish Culture. Parties so desiring, may exhibit Fish in tanks of their own contribution, the care of which will be gratuitously assumed by the Commission. In addition to the display of living fish, will be exhibited, the processes of hatching fish, and a full series of all the apparatus used in hatching and transporting roe and young fish.

Those who are in a position to contribute rare fish to the display, will receive all necessary information by addressing,

Yours respectfully,

BURNET LANDRETH,
Chief of Bureau of Agriculture.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only,** will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BLACK LIST.

B. J. King, Providence, R. I., is complained of by several who claim to have been unjustly dealt with by him.

GEO. W. SKIFT, Box 163, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange 4 Black hens, 3 Light Brahma hens, for Fancy Pigeons; also 1 cock and 4 hens of the Houdan breed, good stock, for offers.

BOX 12, Winnsboro, So. Carolina, offers pair Crows, for pair Nuns, Turbits, Fans, Jacobins, Bantams, or offers. Cows warranted black, and to make good rogues.

MRS. M. A. STEPHENSON, Chagrin Falls, Ohio, will exchange Brown Leghorn eggs from standard birds, Todd's stock, for a standard Dominique Leghorn cockerel; will also exchange Buff Cochins or Brown Leghorn eggs for Genuine Pekin Duck or Bronze Turkey eggs.

JOHN E. SCHUM, 150 South Water St., Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange a No. 1 Gray Talking Parrott, very fine built, and well feathered, in sound condition. Make me offers. Speak quick.

J. VAN BLARCUM, Darrance, Pa., has six Speckled Guinea to exchange for a watch. The watch must be good, and worth $20. What offers, or anything that will not eat.

L. F. WHITMAN, Detroit, Mich., will exchange eggs from premium Partridge Cochins, Brown Leghorns, and Black Breasted Red Game Bantams, for White Crested White Fans in pairs. Must be good, as mine are first-class.

THOS. P. MONTGOMERY, 7 South 3d St., Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange one Carrier cock for Black Trumpeter cock; one Antwerp cock for hen; one Carrier cock, (Dun and White) for hen; one Trio Houdans, for Fancy Pigeons of any kinds; one Coon Dog, well broken, for offers.

G. C. PEASE, Reading, Pa., will exchange a first class Blue Owl hen, very small, and a No. 1 Black Magpie cock, very good bird, for a No. 1 White Jacobin cock, pearl eyes and good in hood; a chair and a Red Jacobin hen. Must be No. 1, as mine are.

WM. DICKEL, Reading, Pa., will exchange a first-class pair of Blue Pied Pouters, cock measures 19 inches, hen 16½, for a pair of Blue or Silver Dun Carriers. Must be good, as mine are.

CHAS. F. HAWKINS, Goshen, N. Y., will exchange Seed Potatoes at catalogue prices, or eggs from my best Partridge Cochins, for Eggs of Brown Leghorns, P. Rocks, or Houdan, or birds or eggs of Bronze Turkeys, Ducks or Geese. Only first-class stock wanted. What offers? Write.

CHARLES LIPPOLD, Lancaster, Pa., has a fine Gorden Setter pup, 7 months old, color Black and Tan, James Tilley stock, pedigree given, to exchange for Fancy Pigeons, Yellow Trumpeter cock, must be well booted; White Owl hen, Ferrets or offers.

W. W. TIBBITS, Knoxboro, Oneida Co., N. Y., has English Pointer pups to exchange for Pekin Duck eggs, Bronze Turkey eggs, or offers.

N. G. GREEN, Box 115, Westchester, Pa., will exchange 7 Fancy Pigeons, cocks, which are, a Black Wing Swallow, Red Ruff Neck, Black Ruff Neck, Black Magpie, capped, Blue Beard, Red Pouter, for White Trumpeter hen, A No. 1, and a Snell hen, brown or black, and a Black Turbit cock for a Black Turbit hen.

L. A. HAYES, Spring City, Chester Co., Pa., will exchange 12 pairs of White Fans, double shakers, 1 trio of good Rouen Ducks, 1 very fine Peacock, 1 superior Cherry Seeder, for good Light Brahmas, and white booted Bantams, or offers. No mongrels wanted.

E. R. MAYO, Fairfield, Me., has trio Buff Cochins, Williams' strain, and 1 pair Part. Cochins, Dalton strain, to exchange for S. S. Hamburgs, or Bantams of any kind. Must be good birds, as mine are.

FANCIER, P. O. Box 350, Milton Pa., will exchange a hunting or pleasure boat, round bottom, cost $45 00, for Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

W. D. CRAWFORD, Kittanning, Pa., will exchange 1 pair of Creve Cœurs, Todd's strain, for Black Hamburgs, Gold-Penciled or Gold-Spangled Hamburgs, or offers. Want nothing but No. 1 stock, as mine are. Give strain, and speak quick.

HOWARD TWINING, Doylestown, Pa., will exchange Black or Golden Penciled Hamburg eggs, (1st premium stock) for Plymouth Rock eggs. Must be from good stock. Let me hear from you soon.

E. K. MEYERS, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange a trio of Buff Cochins, for Ferrets, Lop-eared Rabbits, White Leghorns, Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

J. S. GOODNOW, Millington, Mass., has Dark Brahma eggs to exchange for eggs from Japanese, Cochin, and Silver Duckwing, Red Pile and Blue Pile Game Bantams, or one pair Red Priest pigons. Nothing but first-class stock dealt in.

T. W. COX, Westchester, Pa., will exchange 1 Parrot cage, and 1 Squirrel cage, almost new, for a No. 1 Almond Tumbler hen, and a No. 1 Red Barb hen, or a No. 1 Blue Pied Pouter hen. Write quick.

L. L. WHITNEY, Millbury, Mass., will exchange 1 trio Black B. R. Game Bantams, for a trio Houdans, or White Leghorns, J. Boardman Smith stock; also one Yellow Duckwing Game Bantam cockerel, for Houdan or Lehorn hen. None but first-class stock wanted, as mine are such.

W. W. ALBRO, Elmira, N. Y., will exchange one pair premium La Fleche, 1875 hatch, for Dark Brahma or Partridge Cochin pullets, or Aylesbury Duck eggs. Fowls must be first-class.

PETER LEPP, P. O. Box 833, East Saginaw, Mich., has one first-class double-barreled muzzle-loader shot gun, barrels, 34 inches, No. 10 gauge, cost $35.00; will exchange for first-class Pouters, Carriers, White Jacobins, and Fantails, the latter must have 30 counts; Red and Blue Swallows, heavy booted.

JOHN BOERGERT, East Saginaw, Mich., will exchange one Hinckley Knitting Machine, (new) worth $35.00; one American Shuttle Sewing Machine, (new) worth $50.00, and two Davis Sewing Machines, one cost, new, $85.00, and the other $65.00—all the above in good running order—for Fancy Stock or Game. What offers.

C. Y. C. ALDEN, Sunman, Ripley Co., Ind., will exchange the following choice varieties of seed potatoes: Victor, Carpenter's Seedling, Extra Early Vermont, Compton's Surprise, Brownell's Beauty, New York Late Rose, for Strawberry Plants, or Chester White Pigs—pure stock as mine. I warrant true to name.

FANCIER, Box 133, Tamaqua, Pa., wants to exchange 1 bird organ, playing six tunes, valued $10; 1 violin, valued $15; 1 single barrel shot gun, value $7.50; 1 electric battery, value $20; 1 Parrot cage, valued $5; 1 Fancy Squirrel house, with large wheel attached, valued $10; 1 fancy white mice house, cottage style, glass front, containing 5 pair mice, valued $7.50; three triple exhibition coops, standard size, valued $5 each; 2 rabbit hutches, to accommodate 8 pair rabbits, valued $15 each; 1 good rabbit dog, first-class hunter; also Fancy Pigeons and Light Brahmas, for offers. Want no live stock.

H. H. SMITH, Davenport, Iowa, will exchange eggs from pure bred "Sharpless strain" Dark Brahmas, for a few sittings of D. B's from the Lady Gwydyr strain. Must be pure.

F. HARDING, 5 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio, will exchange new Buggy Harness, small Black and Tan Terrier pups, and Pointers and Setters, for Lop-eared Rabbits, or Ferrets. Send stamp for reply.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

E. F. ERLAND, Plymouth, Mass., wants a pure bred Black and Tan male pup, weight 1½ to 2½ lbs., full grown; smallest preferred. State age and price.

A. H. KRUM, P. O. Box 4138, New York City, wants eggs from first-class White Crested Black Polish; Aylesbury, Pekin, or Black Cayuga Ducks, in exchange for Brown Leghorn eggs.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., wants 1 White Owl, 1 Solid Yellow Turbit, 1 Blue Owl, 1 Blue Jacobin, all cocks; 2 Black or Dun Carrier hens, in exchange for Fancy Pigeons of many varieties. Birds to be first-class.

CHARLES D. PARKER, 208 Gay St., Baltimore, Md., wants consignments of Pigeons, Guinea Pigs, Rabbits, Maltese Cats, Dogs, and all kind of pet stock. Write before you ship, and give me a complete description of stock, and the price wanted. Commission, 20 per cent.

ADVERTISEMENTS

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—First and special premiums at Buffalo, 1875; first premium at Utica, 1876. Eggs, $2.00 per 13.
no.16 4t S. S. MORLEY, Clyde, N Y.

RABBIT BOOK FOR THE MANY.

Containing the HISTORY OF THE RABBIT from the earliest times. Descriptions with illustrations of all the show and fancy varieties, and full directions for their selection, breeding, and management; the treatment of their diseases, and the construction of their dwellings. Sent post paid on receipt of 30 cents. Address
FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

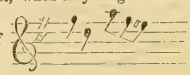
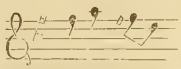
FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, MAY 15, 1876. No. 18.

CALIFORNIA QUAIL.

"And Pacific will occasionally send us notes from California," so said the prospectus, so I suppose I must put in an appearance, to fill the bill; but it seems wrong in me when there are so many pleasant writers, that could fill the space so much better. A most delightful time to write of California—apple snow falling, and the breath of the tea rose in the air. Our rose gardens a wealth of bloom, and our fuchsias "a sight to be seen." Lamb and green peas on our bills of fare, with strawberries and oranges, freshly picked, for dessert. You poor just-beginning to-show-out dwellers in the East, what an aggravation to you. But it'strne, whatever nature attempts in California, she makes a better job of—whether it be climate, flowers, hare, birds or fruit—than elsewhere in the world. I fear it would not be safe to tell of—what I might. If Paul Logic were to know of our squirrels, and the aquaria material this one little creek of ours affords, something more than a *shaking* would be necessary to keep him with you, and of birds; my orchard is like the mosquito bed of the Comic's man. "There's millions in it." Of mosquitoes, we have a belief that our swallows keep us free from them; but of fleas, they are purely Californian, so are of a variety peculiar to every denizen of the Pacific Coast, and how they do love strangers. If any one doubts, let him come and "ye lyttle flea" will prove beyond a doubt my assertion. Of birds, we have many that you also have, but you will hardly find there the number and variety that each neighborhood affords here. The cowbunting and starling, linnets, robins, wild canaries, meadow larks, yellow-hammers, blue-jays, and quail are but my every-day companions. Huon thought it strange that birds of any spirit would submit to being ruled over, and ordered 'round in their own house too, by another as inferior as the cowbird! But I think I know the why, at least I know all I want to. Why, Huon, they're savage as kangaroos. I had one in my hand. Yes, decidedly, it was in my hand, one foot clasped a finger round once, and made the claws, sharp, keen as needles, almost meet as they sank in the flesh, and that long, sharp bill took a piece out clean from my hand. Yes, I think if I were a bird, and didn't know enough to move out, I'd do anything for peace.

Of quail we have two varieties, the Mountain and Valley. These are found the length and breadth of California, and in Nevada. Being Californian, they are of course the largest, handsomest, and most graceful of the quail family. Of the two, the mountain quail is the larger, but it is very shy, whereas the valley quail comes around our doors, feeding with our poultry, and showing but slight signs of fear. Ten years ago it was rare to see a flock of quail in this neighborhood. They were to be found among the hills, and in unfrequented places, but now each ranch has its flock ranging in numbers from a dozen birds to more than a hundred. I should have written flocks, for after a time the old and young separate and go by themselves. They are very familiar; when you approach they scarcely do more than to move from your way, and I wonder at it, for in this country there is no quail law; such pests have they proved in the vineyards, that are the source of Sonoma's wealth, that they may be shot at any time. There is not, as yet, a bounty offered for their extermination, but I think there will be in time. In one of the Northern counties they were so numerous and destructive in the grain-fields the farmers poisoned them, but these birds are so beautiful and graceful, a farmer, if he has but half an eye, will endure much before he will have them molested. Their call is not the "bob-white" of the East, but the boys imitate it well, when they sing ker-ker-ker through their nose to the tune of  then again  Some say they hatch twice in the year, but I have spent years among the hills where quail were very many, and I never saw young birds except in the early spring.

We are close now upon their hatching season. Already the flocks have broken into pairs, and have gone to places favorable for nesting, in the grain fields and brush heaps. Their nest is simple, almost such as a hen would make—a few leaves gathered together. Last evening I came across a pair that had made their home in a hoof track, in the now dry mud. The eggs vary in number. A friend tells me that he has counted twenty in a nest, but I have never seen over fourteen. Those were of the color of a guinea hen's eggs, about the size of a pigeon's egg, and shaped like the turkey's egg. So careful is the mountain-quail if you drive her from her nest, and so much as lay a finger upon the eggs, she will not return to it. The young are active as soon as hatched.

Not far from us there is a pleasant little grove of bay trees on a hillside shading a spring that trickles through the rocks into a moss grown reservoir. The owner enclosed trees, spring, and a level space with lattice work, and drove a flock of valley quail into the enclosure. There he bred them, but so great is their increase, he has repeatedly had to thin them out. They feed upon grains, seeds, and green food. When I have had them caged, I have given them apple, and of chickweed the demand exceeded the supply, though I gave with a liberal hand. I have taught them to feed from my hand by keeeping them in close quarters with pet chickens of about their size, that had rather eat from my hand than the ground.

The quail does not fly high. It can clear a picket fence, and

that is about all. It's wing is small compared with the wing of the lark or robin—birds of equal size and weight. Comparing its wing with the wing of the meadow-lark, the feathers number the same, but the primaries of the quail are only as long as the secondaries of the lark. The feathers of the quail's are narrower, more compact, and of finer texture. The lark's wing opens flat, and cuts the air. The inner surface of the quail's is slightly convex, and scoops it with a quick whirr. In the old times, when the sportsmen went for quail among the hills, they would be on their ground at night to find their game at feeding time in the early morning, and would remain late for the evening's feed, shortly before dusk. Their only other sure chance would be at noon, near some brook or spring, where they came to drink. But now a days, I will hear a bang at my very door, and as likely as not will see some of my beauties dead or fluttering under the orchard trees, and that too, in spite of the notice upon almost every fence board and tree, "No shooting." The sportsman will shoot, and declare that he cannot read.

I've yet to find one that cannot hear, though some have wished they couldn't, for I've been in no wise

California, April 10, 1876. Pacific.

Poultry Department.

THE MARKET VALUE OF POULTRY AND EGGS,

Annually raised and consumed in the United States is immensely greater than most of us have any idea of. To say nothing of the thousands of prime "fancy" fowls and pigeons every year disposed of to amateurs, small breeders, and public exhibitors in America, the quantities of farm-poultry and eggs—including the products of the turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and pigeons produced on this side of the Atlantic—are enormous.

There is no doubt of the truth of the statement recently made by an agricultural lecturer, that "the aggregate weight of dead poultry sold yearly in this country exceeds by many tons the weight of dead beef consumed in our markets!"

The product of poultry is continually on the increase, also. There never has been, and probably never will be any glut in the market of these desirable edibles—good chickens and fresh eggs. The price has kept steadily up to paying figures, too; and whether the times be hard or easy the change in the current value of *this* product is not noticeable.

If we were to set down here some of the figures lately given of the estimated millions of dozens of eggs sold in a single large city market, in 1875, or note the millions of pounds of chickens and other poultry there disposed of in the same year, the facts would be almost startling, and seem incredible. Yet it is true that *no* class of live stock in the country foots up in solid money value, annually, the sum that is realized by farmers, poulterers, and egg-dealers in the United States, at the present time, for these always desirable and readily saleable commodities.

Of course the business of poultry and egg-production is disseminated over a wide field, and great numbers of persons are engaged in producing this aggregate, which is brought about in individual small quantities, monthly. But when we know that in a single county of Ohio, last year, according to official statistics there were over $430,000 worth of eggs and chickens marketed, we can fancy what the grand total value of all the counties in all the States *may* be!

It is by no means a trivial business, indeed. There be those, as we hinted lately in these columns, disposed to ridicule this occupation, and the parties who follow it. But if those who incline to jest at the chicken fanciers and fowl breeders of this country would reflect upon the solid importance and large value of this interest in America, such ridicule would be turned to wonder at the real *facts* in the case.

THE SEASON IS NOW FINE

For the advancing work of the poultry-keeper, and the genial days are propitious for the young chickens got out last month, as well as for those now being hatched in these pleasant sunny May days.

The present and the next month are fruitful usually, in the forthcoming of young stock. Care should be exercised towards keeping the tender chicks well housed at night—for the air is still chilly, and they feel it, if exposed. On stormy and wet days, too, they should be warmly sheltered, until they get well upon their feet, and attain to a month or six weeks' age.

As "planting time" is now in order, the adult stock must be limited for a period to their enclosed runs. Hens with broods of chicks, should be cooped upon the grass lawns, or pastures—if possible—where the little ones may have a free run among the tender new herbage, and enjoy the fresh air during the day.

But old fowls will scratch up the seed in newly spaded or ploughed ground, and can not be allowed their liberty longer, for a few weeks. While in their temporary confinement again, they should have a supply of green food—cut grass or vegetables chopped up—*daily*, in addition to the essential needs also of clear fresh water, gravel, occasionally chopped meat, broken bone, etc., for their comfort and convenience. Within the next thirty days, the hatching will be over mostly, for this year—and as far as we have heard from, this season, much better success has been realized in 1876, than in the last unlucky year, in this respect.

The hen-houses where the older stock must now be confined should be thoroughly cleansed, if this necessity has not already been attended to; for, as the warm weather comes on, vermin will accumulate and injure the stock, inevitably, if precaution is not taken to keep this pest at bay.

READ THIS TWICE.

Pure air at all times must be admitted into the poultry houses where chickens or adult fowls are confined, by day or at night. This is indispensable to their health, their comfort, and their thrift; precisely as this same precaution is essential to the bodily welfare of human beings in their dwellings, and especially in their sleeping apartments.

Closely confined buildings where the poultry roost is a most pernicious practice—at any season, and particularly where such premises are over-crowded. Small holes or slits near the eaves may be so easily made through which the ascending vicious and obnoxious air can escape, that this arrangement ought never to be omitted, in the absence of some more elaborate mode of certain ventilation.

The roosts should be entirely *below* the range of such openings, of course, to avoid the draughts of cold air which may be forced inward, in severe weather. But these apertures may be secured in winter, inside or outside, effectually, and still afford ample outlet for the rising offensive effluvia that emanates from the bodies of even the healthiest birds, in confinement.

This question of thorough ventilation in the fowl-house or pigeon-loft, is a matter of great import; and its constant appropri-

ate observance tends vastly to keep our feathered pets free from many of the ailments caused (when we least comprehend it), by compelling them to inhale over and over again the foul air generated in completely closed, unaired apartments.

Duo.

INFORMATION OF VALUE.

To the breeder of pet stock, pigeons, poultry, etc., can best be obtained through the columns of the journal of the present day which is expressly devoted to these specialties. Books upon the subjects of rearing and treating fowls and small live stock are very well in their way, but in a year's time, the amount of practical and experimental work described in the pages of such a weekly as the Fanciers' Journal, is clothed in such familiar language, and is so directly adapted to the every-day practice and understanding of the fancier, that he more readily and surely acquires a knowledge of all these matters, than he can otherwise obtain through extended reading and at much greater pecuniary cost.

For these reasons, we urge it upon those who have not hitherto patronized the paper which is exclusively devoted to the concerns of the fanciers, to consult their own interests by making a beginning in this direction. In the course of a twelvemonth, the man who keeps and breeds a clutch of rabbits, a loft of pigeons, a run of domestic fowls—or other valued pets—can save, often, five times the subscription price of the Fanciers' Journal, in observing the hints it contains, or through practicing the recommendations to be found in its columns from week to week, from the ready writers who constantly contribute their practical experience to the pages of this paper.

Spangle.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.

The mistake constantly made by poultrymen and farmers who raise fowls for market only, as a rule, and who do not care about "your fancy breeds," is that in their grasping disposition, and the attempts they make to squeeze out of their poultry-stock every penny-worth of value that can be extracted, or turned into money from season to season, they disregard the necessary mode of procedure to continue to keep and make good their lines of breeding-stock, from year to year.

These men inconsiderately sell or kill the largest and most thrifty of their mature fall broods, and content themselves with any of the culls or meaner samples, to carry over the winter for next season's uses as breeders. Anything (in their judgment) is good enough in common breeding purposes, to re-produce chickens for the market; and so they make the most of their flocks year by year, send off the best, and keep the scallawags to produce their future stock —since, in their opinion, too often "a hen is a hen."

Now, although it would appear almost self-evident that this course is fatally erroneous, yet it is so commonly the practice, that it is found necessary certainly to repeat a word of warning against this wrong mode in practical chicken raising—where good profits are desired, continuously—for the benefit of those who keep the commonest breeds, for marketing purposes only.

The *best* of your flocks should be carried over, from season to season, as future breeders. Select the largest, thriftiest, and earliest maturing fowls for your own stock, and kill off all the rest. Thus only can you continue to improve your product, and make the business pay you fairly, in the end. The prime cause of the deterioration in what is known as our barn-yard fowls—as to quality, size, and prolificness—is traceable directly to this careless method we mention. The reversed mode, which is never advised, will be found the true remedy for this erroneous and fallacious kind of management, and the farmer or poulterer will quickly find this change a profitable and judicious plan, if regularly followed up.

Cricket.

THE CAUSE OF DISEASE.

Among poultry, pigeons, and other pet stock that may be confined within close quarters which are badly ventilated, or not ventilated at all, has proved to be one of the first in magnitude, and a most prevalent evil as well, with fancy stock in this country.

Leading scientists have latterly proclaimed the fact as resulting from studied and repeated experiments that in human beings the primal cause of diphtheria, scarlatina, sore throat, typhoids, diarrhea, dysentery, mumps, and other common ailments originate from zymotic or foul air influences, generated in our badly or non-ventilated dwelling houses.

If this be true, and there is little reason to question the premises, how advantageous must be a good system of ventilation for the houses in which are confined our live stock, of any description.

With poultry, pigeons, or rabbits, the places they occupy in which to breed and live by day and by night, most of the year through, should be rendered more healthful than is generally the case, in this respect, for much of the common illness that affects them undoubtedly originates through the lack of a circulation of pure air in their houses.

A provision for good ventilation is so easily accomplished, we are surprised that so little attention is given to this important measure among fanciers who buy and keep fine stock, who erect costly buildings for the comfort of their birds, and who expend money in various ways for the convenience and improvement of such stock, without looking to the advantages derivable from some system whereby their imprisoned fowls, &c., may be saved from the pernicious effects of the "close confinement" imposed upon them, as a rule.

Among the first *needs* in good breeding, towards the continuous health and thrift of our favorite stock, then, let it be remembered that fresh air and plenty of it, is a desideratum in the fowl house, pigeon loft, or rabbitry—at all seasons. The openings for such circulation should be arranged diagonally at the top of the apartments, above the roosting and nesting places. A direct (or crosswise) draught of air is *not* desirable. The current should be so conducted in and out that it may enter and pass away in a circuitous channel. And the nests or perches should be so situated as that the birds shall roost or sit below its passage. This plan affords ready ventilation, without subjecting the inmates to sudden chills, in severe weather.

In the colder nights, these openings may be screened, or temporarily. But, at any season they may be opened during the day, mostly. And this process will be found a most excellent help to the condition of the birds, by a continual and effective removal of the fowl fever-burthened air that is generated from their bodies, always, however nicely their premises may otherwise be kept.

CROSS BREEDING.

We read a few weeks ago in an exchange, an account by an experimenter with poultry, who affirmed that a new breed of fowls cannot be made, by any system of crossing two already established breeds.

In principle, no doubt this assumption is very nearly correct. But there exists ample evidence, nevertheless, that *all* "breeds," or varieties of poultry stock in the known world, to-day, came from the wild originals, and are made up by a crossing of their progeny—which, in various climates and with the new surroundings of domestication, have come to be the Game, the Dorking, the Cochin, the Brahma, the Leghorn, the Spanish, the Hamburg, the Bantam breeds, etc. Else, why this diversity of color, form, size, and different marked characteristics, which define these separate varieties?

Again, how is it, if a new breed cannot be made by crossing, that we have the Seabright Bantams, gold and silver-laced—the

modern Duck-wing Games—the Gray Dorkings—the Light and Dark Brahmas—and lastly the later Plymouth Rocks—all recognized as "new breeds" within half a century; each being a made-up fowl from crossing, without any doubt in recent years, and all of which now breed their like, with close fidelity?

We consider it a mistake to assume that "a new breed" can not be made that will produce its like as truthfully, in a general way, as do *any* domestic birds we now have—provided sufficient time be taken to establish the variety, and the proper method be adopted by successive selection and correct mating of the progeny of the cross to obtain the color and points derived.

This cannot be consummated assuredly in a year, or two—or in five, perhaps. But with patience, perseverance, judicious selection, and care—the purpose eventually may be accomplished, because we know it has already been compassed. And what man *has* done, man *may* do again.

CLEANLINESS.

Clean, pure houses for poultry, like those for all animals, are always the most healthy, as they are the most comfortable. Whenever the premises where chickens are kept—be the numbers great or small—become foul from accumulation of the droppings of the birds, the tainted air that rises from this foulness is swift to engender disease; and it will quickly affect the inmates more or less disastrously.

From this impurity of the atmosphere which poultry is compelled to breathe over and over again, when confined to narrow limits especially, come roup, sore heads, and other filthy diseases which we too commonly meet with or hear of in certain places.

Next to vermin, this condition of interior foulness in the henhouse is the worst trouble we have to contend with, where we are obliged to keep the fowls shut up closely—for example in cold or bad weather. And like this first-named evil, few breeders comprehend how serious an evil this actually is.

Domestic birds must be kept diligently free from the lice-nuisance, to prosper, but they should also be kept cleanly within their quarters; and the air they breathe should be kept untainted, if you would avoid diseases amongst them.

While the floors should be swept, raked, or scraped out every few days, in cold weather, if you have many birds together in one apartment, then it is a good plan to sprinkle charcoal dust and finely broken charcoal about the floors. This is an excellent absorbent and deodorizer. The birds will peck it, too, and eat more or less of it, while it is clean and fresh. It will benefit them, largely.

Ventilate your houses daily, any way. Let the foul air out. Observe due cleanliness within your coops, and you will find this a preventive to disease—which is far better than the attempts to cure illness, that will follow your neglect in this matter.

WILL FANCY POULTRY PAY BEST.

We often read that pure-blooded fowls will "shell out" best, but such has not been my experience.

I find that hens with a standing comb, which fanciers call a lop-comb, or one with legs not colored as the books demand, or one slightly faulty in some other direction, will provokingly lay just as many as the perfect beauties. Of course this should not be so, but such is the case.

In fact I have been the most successful by crossing the different breeds. A flock of fowls looking like "two peas in a pod," are a beautiful sight to behold, but there the great advantage ends. It is perfectly legitimate for persons with strong tastes for looks to gratify that taste by the perfect uniformity of his fowls, or in any other direction, but this may be carried beyond the point of profit.

The old lady who whitewashed her coal was very likely a pattern of neatness and taste, but she evidently carried her hobby to excess.

In poultry-keeping the person who cares only for looks, will frame a different management from one who cares only for profit; or from one who desires to combine these two desirable ends.

One can easily see that persons selling eggs at high prices for hatching, are the greatest gainers by this "keeping up to the standard of excellence," as it is called.

Should people learn to be less particular about appearances then "Othello's occupation would be gone," or at least greatly interfered with, and then we should hear less complaint about "fancy eggs" hatching.

I desire to cast no reflections upon honest "hen fanciers," —for such there are—but at the same time there are some who are evidently dishonest, and many more who are so careless in shipping eggs that it almost amounts to dishonesty, to the buyer at least.

My own experience in paying two to four dollars per dozen for eggs has proved very unsatisfactory. Many others are constantly making the same complaint.

Honest dealers will not object to these remarks, for it is the "galled jade that will wince." Persons who are at great expense in importing and breeding fancy fowls, should of course be well-paid; and it would be very unreasonable to object to this, but they have counterfeit followers who should be avoided as far as possible.

I know of several instances where some of this latter class have picked up some very fine looking fowls—not well-bred—and palmed them off for pure bloods.

I recall one instance, where two fanciers traded cocks and then reported that they had paid $100 for them. That is, C had bought a cock for $100 of H, and had paid him with another at the same price. This practice is not so very uncommon either.

A person purchased one dozen Dorking eggs and succeeded in hatching out two Black Spanish chickens, the balance of the eggs refused to yield anything. Buy only of those you have reason to believe will deal honestly, and remember that the hens you now have will with proper care probably prove as profitable as will any of the (to you) new breeds.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

CROTCHETS OF THE POULTRY FANCY.

BY PETER SIMPLE.

No. 12.

The longer we live the more we learn—as a rule. Sometimes this result does not follow; because with *all* rules there are the exceptions. Peter Simple is but a simple-minded individual, and he feels that he must be "an exception" in the way of learning—frequently, if not oftener. But he has just discovered a formidable crotchet among our so-called "poultry fancy," which he desires to note in the series of everyday crotchets he observes.

It is quite as easy to deceive one's self, oftentimes, without realizing it—as it is difficult to fool others without their finding it out. But "we never deceive anybody for a *good* purpose," says Bruyere; and knowing, adds malice to falsehood—be the deception direct or implied.

Peter is struck with the force of this brief sentiment, upon reading in a recent issue of the Fanciers' Journal a very lengthy story from the secretary of a western "National" fowl association, relating his woes in connection with the late Chicago exhibition muddle.

In view of this "disinterested account" afforded us by the official referred to, Peter recalls the fact that *prior* to the above mentioned show, (in common with many friends to so "promis-

ing" an enterprise) he was the recipient of a neatly printed and very liberally *worded* programme, inviting him and the rest of mankind to come to the exhibition; where "unprecedented" offers of "thousands of dollars in premiums not inflated in value" were to be paid to contributors, who would join in making the affair a success.

In that shrewdly worded programme, (which Peter has referred to again this week) he can *not* find any intimation that those who "inaugurated this movement (not) for their own aggrandizement," (?) according to the secretary's late screed in the Fanciers' Journal, made any mention that "they were over sanguine in offering this unprecedented amount." And so everybody took it for granted that this handsomely prepared circular *meant* what it professed to intimate, in such very polite and winning phraseology.

But alack! Peter was deluded. For how true is it that "there *is* falsehood which represents truth so well that it would really be judging ill not to be deceived by it." Yet P. S. is not different from most other men, who, like musical instruments, seem made to be played upon. But trickery, though at first sufficiently cautious, is pretty certain in the end to betray itself. However, the official now mentioned may characterize other criticisms in the poultry journals which have spoken of the bad management at Chicago, he certainly will *not* "pronounce" the above statement "misrepresentation from beginning to end," because Peter writes with the documents before him—he had contributed to that show in good faith—he was "awarded" one of the promised premiums—(which cost him five times its *whole* value to compete for), and he did not get but 65 per cent. of what the programme *agreed beforehand to pay him.*

And *why* was this thus?

Simply because the society did not inform him (and the rest) "in the first place," when it cheerfully asked us "will you come into our parlor?" that the real gist of the invitation was that if they didn't draw *all* the foolish flies into the net preparing for them, that the bottom of the mesh might drop out; and—while the insiders would meanwhile look out for themselves—the de'il might take the hindmost! This is what turned out to be the "English of it."

Now, the official who attempts so sharply to write down the editor of the Journal and his correspondents (in No. 17 of your paper) in this controversy, does not make a single point, that Peter can discover—and he has "given his article a careful examination." But the editor is quite competent to take care of his own affairs in this matter. Peter speaks only for himself, and speaks at all only because he has been fooled, and dislikes to be caught napping by anybody—even in this smooth, sly manner, and in comparatively so small a way. "It is the *principle* of the thing."

But of all things, *cant* in the hen trade is the meanest. This is worse than fowl itch! Carlyle says that "cant is the *materia prima* of Satan; from which all falsehood, imbecilities, abominations body themselves—and out of which *no* truth can come."

This secretary now writes, "in the first place, exhibitors were asked to bear the burden, because they reaped the greatest benefit from the show," etc. Now *I* cannot find in the circular issued before the event came off "in the first place," any such request. Had there been any intimation of this kind, I should not have touched it. Nor would a score of others I wot of gone near the exhibition from this section. Nobody "in the first place" asked us "if the exhibitors were willing to take the promises of the association for 35 per cent. of their claims"—nor did anybody contemplate, with that wily circular before him, that they would "expect others to take such promises for the full amount due them."

There was no such proposition. The association agreed to do certain things, if we would contribute. We contributed, won prizes, paid our own large expenses to the show, in entry-fees, etc., and did *not* get what we and the society fairly bargained for, while they took care *not* to intimate to us in advance, "in the first place," that we *might* possibly be fugled out of a third of what was rightfully due us, and at the same time that *they* and the ring immediately around them would, any hour, get their *full* pay for services, and for everything furnished the society for this exhibition.

Now Peter Simple is a very innocent young fancier, but he is no "sore head." Not muchly! And he belongs to no faction, or ring, that he is aware of. How others who have taken this Chicago chicken-fizzle in hand may be conditioned, Peter neither knows or cares. What he likes is open, fair play "in the first place," and in the last place—every time. That's all.

The management of the Chicago show was *wrong*—from the start. It was managed wrongly in the end. And the evidence of this is found in the repeated resignations of its leading officers, since the report of the show and the condition it is in was published.

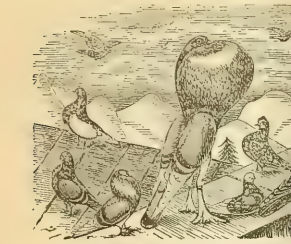
The secretary does well to inform the fraternity that he rises to explain in the Fanciers' Journal "without consultation with other officers of the association." *This* is undoubtedly true! And, as he concludes, "they shall not be held responsible" for the cant and bosh of his recent ridiculous and false tirade—which does not change a single fact or position presented by those who have fairly criticized the doings at the great western show, while the author of this original crotchet simply assumes anew a deceptive and unwarrantable (though semi-official) attitude throughout—in Peter Simple's judgment—by his futile attempt to induce the readers of the Journal to believe that "two and two make five!"

New York, May 10, 1876.

The Laying Hen of the Period.—An exchange says: "We have found that hog's lard is the best thing to mix with the dough, to give hens, to make them lay. One cut of this fat, as large as a walnut, will set a hen to lay immediately after she has been broken up from setting, and by feeding them with the fat occasionally, the hens continue to lay through the winter." A better plan still to make hens lay, is to place under them the Connecticut hen-trap nest. An ingenious false bottom is so contrived as to allow the egg, when once deposited, to drop through into a cushioned sack; the hen rises up and is just on the point of cackling furiously, when, as she casts her eyes around and espies no egg, she holds her peace, out of a modest dislike to make "much ado about nothing," and immediately lays another egg—when, to her astonishment, the same joke is repeated. A Jersey farmer exhibited a patent nest of this description, recently, at the Farmer's Club, in this city, with a hen on, and produced a bushel of eggs in sixty minutes. Besides, the hens are warranted not to set.

The Patent Hen's Nest.—The Kilkenny cats have passed into a proverb. Even that tale is almost matched by one more recent, of a hen which went to lay in a new patent hen's nest, in which the eggs drop through a trap door, and so deceives biddy that she keeps on laying. This particular hen went on the persuader, as the invention is called, and never came off again. The owner visited the persuader at night. In the upper compartment he found a handful of feathers, a few toe nails, and a bill. In the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs. The delicate constitution of the hen had been unequal to the effort; and, fired by young ambition, she had laid herself all away.

Cause and Effect.—Publican. "Your dog's very fat, Sir. Pray what do you feed him on?" Traveler. "Well, he has no regular meal; but whenever I take a glass of ale I give him a buscuit, you know!"—*Punch.*



Pigeon Department.

SCOTCH HOUSE AND AIR TUMBLERS.

To the uninitiated it will no doubt seem somewhat strange that birds bred from the same parents should in some cases prove Air Tumblers, and in others House Tumblers; this, however, is easily understood when it is explained that the most successful method of breeding performing birds is to cross birds of high merit in the one class with equally high merit in the other class, the object aimed at being, by the use of the Air Tumbler, to prevent the tumbling of the House Tumbler from degenerating into rolling, an evil which cannot be too carefully guarded against in birds which tumble so near the ground. On the other hand, if it is wished to add to the amount of tumbling done by the Air Tumbler, with regularity in the performance of it, there is nothing to equal the cross with the House Tumbler for producing it. Of this fact I had lately a striking testimony from an old fancier of probably between sixty and seventy years of age, who told me that he had bred Flying Tumblers during the greater part of his life, but that until he obtained a cross of some House Tumblers some four or five years ago he had done comparatively little good with them. On account of the method in which numbers of these birds are bred the produce must vary considerebly in the character of their performances, and, besides high-class House and Air Tumblers, many birds of fair quality are produced whose characteristics are of an intermediate type, and many possessing little merit at all, even when the parents are highly bred and the matching all that could be desired. Indeed, if one-half the young produced prove of first-rate or medium quality, the owner may be considered to have extraordinary good luck, as this would be much above the average rate.

I shall now endeavor to describe some of the characteristics displayed by these birds from the time of their leaving the nest until they finally develop into the full maturity of high-class performers, leaving out of account altogether birds of an intermediate or inferior type, as it would be impossible to describe in a brief space all the vagaries which one observes.

House Tumblers vary greatly in the age at which they begin to tumble; some commence almost as soon as they can fly; in some rare instances they have been known to do so the first time they were seen to come out of the nest; others, again, do not begin until they have reached some considerable age, one of the best I ever had never having been known to tumble until it was three years old. In fact they may begin at any age between six weeks and three years, or possibly even later, although I never knew of any older, but I suspect very few birds which have not previously shown any tumbling properties, are allowed to reach this age, the one to which I have alluded having been discarded by two different owners who knew how it was bred, and ultimately developed into a "first-class incapable" in the hands of a party who bought it for 6 d., and knew nothing about its parentage.

I incline to think, although ultimately there comes to be little difference between the performances of the two sexes, that as a general rule hens begin at an earlier age than cocks, but in the majority of cases both sexes are tumbling by the time they are fit for pairing; in either sex, if a well-bred bird possesses any special merit in shape or coloring to make it desirable to breed from it, it should not be parted with for want of tumbling until thoroughly well tried, as it is a popular belief, perhaps not without some foundation, that it is the best birds which develope latest. The great bulk of young birds, before beginning to tumble, "back" for some time, but in a few cases they go clean over at the very first attempt. I have among this season's birds two hens which I never saw "back" at all; the one is now tumbling excellently in the house, and the other doing as well for its age outside; the latter I counted doing twenty times a minute when it was little more than two months old.

After the young House Tumblers begin to tumble, as a general rule they do not do any great amount of work at the very first, but perhaps tumble only at intervals few and far between; if kept, however, in regular training they generally all improve more or less, and many of them soon do a pretty fair amount of work, tumbling moderately if not extensively when flying in the air. At this stage it is very difficult to say to what class they will ultimately belong, but if they reach thirty times a minute I set them down as Air Tumblers, as but few House Tumblers ever come to do this amount of work when flying, the change from an Air Tumbler into a House Tumbler generally taking place before this point is reached.

The transition generally takes place very suddenly; in one instance, which I have on the authority of a gentleman on whose word I rely as much as if I had seen the performance myself, it took place in a bird which had never previously tumbled at all, while it was sitting on the top of his house, the bird all at once becoming unable to fly for tumbling, and ever afterwards remaining a first-rate House Tumbler. In birds which are kept in training the change is generally preceded for a few days by a rapid improvement in the amount of work done, but as the performance becomes more regular and steady the style of doing it generally becomes worse, the tumble being accompanied with a greater sweep in going over; and although they may now do less steady flying between the performances than an Air Tumbler, doing forty times a minute, they will rarely count more than twenty times. When the flight rises a bird at this stage will now be speedily seen in the rear unable to rise with it or make the same progress, and if, finding its inability to continue with the others, it turns in time and settles on the top of the house, it will be better to cofinne it afterwards, as it will probably be tumbling inside in the course of a few days, if it is not already doing so. Should it persevere and go too far from home it may become exhausted, and be obliged to settle down on the top of some house from which it may not be able to rise for hours, and perhaps not at all, as some prowling cat may put an end to all further efforts on its part, or perhaps it may come down to the ground by gradually descending tumbles resembling a flight of stairs. But it should not roll down; if it do so, the probability is that if it come from any great height it will be killed, or at least severely injured; if it descends in the way I have described it will reach the ground from any height totally unhurt. Should it happen to alight in the public street it will probably be seized by the first boy who passes, instantly thrust out of sight under his jacket, and without loss of time exchanged for 6*d.* in the first poulterer's shop he comes to, in happy unconsciousness that he might have made a better bargain by returning it to its disconsolate owner.

While it would be impossible to set down any certain time for Air Tumblers to begin performing, I think they make a commencement more uniformly when young than House Tumblers do, and in their case the improvement in the amount of work

they do goes on steadily increasing with age, until it reaches the full maturity of growth, without any of the spasmodic spurts to which House Tumblers are subject; and not only does the amount of work they do increase, but the more numerous the tumbles become the more cleverly is the performance made, the improvement in style being more particularly noticeable after they have reached the stage at which House Tumblers begin to deteriorate.

The only reason which occurs to my mind for the difference between the two birds is that the Air Tumbler is by far the gamer bird of the two; that while the House Tumbler gets frightened and overpowered by the weight of tumbling which is upon it, the Air Tumbler through sheer courage learns to catch himself so quickly that the tumbling proves but little impediment to his flight. This does not, however, account for the whole difference, as a House Tumbler will develope into an "incapable," even if never trained, but only allowed liberty in the open air, and some, even although never flown out of the loft; such birds never having been under the influence of any great amount of tumbling cannot possibly succumb to that. I may here add that I have experience of never allowing them out of the loft, of giving them entire liberty, and of training them, and of the three ways have found least success in the first, and the greatest in the last. It undoubtedly requires a good deal of attention to keep them in proper condition, but without it the qualities of the best Air Tumblers must remain hid.

In structural differences there is but little to note between the two classes. I find amongst my own birds that the Air Tumblers possess eyes of surpassing clearness in the pearl, decidedly superior to the House Tumblers, but I am told by persons of more experience than myself that this is not at all a general rule. I have also two first-class House Tumblers, a cock and a hen, with drop wings, but do not recollect of having seen a good Air Tumbler with such, and do not think that they would give sufficient power to keep the air and tumble much, as I look upon a drop wing as an indication of a weak wing.

In my next communication I shall give some notes on the House Tumbler as a bird of the loft or aviary.

Scotch Thistle, in *Journal of Horticulture.*

Items.

Salem, Mass., is the least bit amused at a recent recognition of Darwinism by Coroner Walton. An officer reported the discovery of the body of an infant, and the coroner solemnly "proceeded to the spot,' where he "viewed the remains," after which he had them conveyed to an undertaker's. A physician, having examined the body, found it to be that of a monkey.

In a crowded horse-car the other evening, a gentleman who was seated, resigned his place in favor of a slender, pale woman, who carried a large child in her arms, and was being jostled this way and that with the motion of the car. To the gentleman's surprise a burly individual took the seat before the lady could reach it. "I meant the lady to have my seat," said the gentleman, angrily. "Vell," replied the other, settling comfortably back in the seat, "Dat ish my wife."

A Sleepy Sovereign.—Some people—potentates as well as privates, lose by travel, while others gain. Among those who gain nothing the Sultan of Turkey is to be classed, if we may credit the testimony of the London *Times'* correspondent. He is said to present the appearance of a man "consummately bored." His harem education is said to have "buried his mental faculties in gloomy ignorance." His memorable tour of Europe in 1867, is said to have left on his mind a confused memory of "that bustling outer world which goes, Whirr! whirr! all by wheels, and whiz! whiz! all by steam." He buries himself in the concentrated selfishness of his harem, apparently unconscious of the influences, war-like and diplomatic, internal and external, which threaten one day to awaken him disagreeably from his dreamy existence, and perhaps to change the crescent into a waning moon, and to dismiss the Moslem from his European holdings.

A Hint to Coal Consumers.—A very common mistake is made and much fuel wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires, both in furnaces and grates. They should be fed with a little coal at a time, and often; but servants, to save time and trouble, put on a good deal at once, the first result being that almost all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal, which does not give out heat until it has itself become red hot. Hence, for awhile, the room is cold, but when it becomes fairly aglow the heat is insufferable.

The time to replenish a coal fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on their surface; then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle, and as there is not much of it, an excess of heat will not be given out.

Many almost put out the fire by stirring the grate as soon as the fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all the heat in the ashes, when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir the fire is just when the new coal laid on it is pretty well kindled. This method of managing a coal fire is troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives a more uniform heat, and prevents the discomfort of alternations of heat and cold above referred to.

Trout in Wells.—Few people are aware of the quantity of dirt that falls into a well and increases the impurity of the water. The filth comes in the form of worms, flies, bugs, grasshoppers, and everything in the insect tribe that flies or crawls about the yard. Nine-tenths of this insect filth would be eaten by a good sized trout, and when once put in a well a trout requires but little attention, other than to give him a few bread crumbs in winter and flies and grasshoppers in summer, for in eating habits a trout is as voracious as a crow, or, like him, can subsist on a very small quantity of food. In my well a common brook trout had nothing to eat save what fell into the well by accident and a few grasshoppers in summer, for five years, yet, in the aquarium, a trout six inches long will regulary eat two or three minnows a day, and when first taken from the brook he will eat double that number of minnows two inches long. Yet in the well tended aquarium this speckled member of the finny tribe excels the trout in his native haunts as much as does the high-grade or full blood Short-Horn, the native steer. In fact I think this is a truthful comparison, and any one who is familiar with the trout in the shade pool of sparkling water and in the aquarium will endorse this assertion.

Although a trout has a very large mouth, and "can eat his bigness," for breakfast, dinner and supper, I would not put a smaller than a six-inch trout in a well, and only one unless great care can be exercised to feed them regularly, for the larger will devour the smaller.

Considerable pleasure can be derived from seeing a trout in the well come to the surface of the water and sometimes quite out of the water to take a fly or grasshopper thrown to him. Aside from the pleasure, the greatest argument in favor of putting him in our wells is that of cleanliness. The measure of the dirt we must eat in a life time has been fixed at one peck, yet our ancestors wisely kept from settling the quantity we should drink, for open coverings and untight curbs make a wide variation in the circumstances attending our draughts. Let us divide with the trout, who is better entitled from his cleanly habits to share with us the undesirable.

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We have received the statement made by Judge Luce of Iowa City, in relation to the management at Chicago, and as soon as room can be found for them will publish such portions as may bear upon the "points of interest."

CHANGE OF NAME.

The name of The Western New York Poultry Society has been changed to "The Buffalo International Poultry Association."

A NEW MARKET.

Messrs. McKeen & Hulick of Easton, Pa., have sold, to be shipped to Venezuela, South America, one trio of Light Brahmas and one pair of Partridge Cochins. The L. B. cockerell weighed 12½ lbs., and P. C. cockerell weighed 13 lbs. Good prices were realized. They also sold for the same destination two Short Horn Calves. Messrs. McKeen & Hulick have been very successful, and we are pleased to notice the above sale.

The *Fanciers' Journal*, the excellent publication of Mr. Wade, of this city, has been discontinued here, and united with the *Poultry Exchange* at Hartford, Ct., where the joint paper will be issued in the future once a week. If it continues to be as valuable as it was in the hands of Mr. Wade, it ought to prove a success in its new home.— *Germantown Telegraph.*

We transfer the above to our columns, not to show that the Editor has been misinformed, but we are proud of such a notice in a journal like the *Germantown Telegraph*, where notices are not bought but earned. Had the Editor of the "Swine and Poultry Journal" read the editorials in the above paper for the past 10 years he would have been too honest to have written the editorial in his last paper about this Journal. Policy before principle seems to be the motto of Mr. Ward.

THE CHICAGO MUDDLE.

As our readers are aware, the *Poultry Bulletin* of New York, very severely, but very justly criticised the management at Chicago. It returns to the matter in its last issue in the following manner:

April 17th, just as we were preparing this number for the press, we received the April number of the *American Poultry Journal and Record* In it we find a very long editorial devoted to the above matter, and containing this paragraph:

"We have received the April number of the POULTRY BULLETIN, which echoes and prints a re-hash of the *Fanciers' Journal* articles. We regret this hasty action on the part of the BULLETIN, and are sure the *owners* of that Journal will not endorse its editor in being led into this thing by the *Fanciers' Journal* clique. The BULLETIN is too old to be caught by such chaff, and should know better."

Had the editor, or the secretary, or whoever wrote the above, carefully read the article referred to in last month's BULLETIN, he would have noticed that we made no charges against the N. P. A. that *are not substantiated by their report.* We have been led by no one. We feel ourselves perfectly competent to judge of the policy of the action and straightforwardness of the Ex. Committee of the N. P. A., without consulting with "owners" or *any other man.* The BULLETIN is now in its seventh year; half of that period we have stood at the helm, during which time we have never published a statement which would not bear investigation, or which we had to retract.

It has always been our rule to publish nothing which is not backed up by positive proofs. *If any better proof of mismanagement is needed than the circulars of the N. P. A. itself, we must confess we cannot see it.*

The N. P. A. cannot complain of injustice; we give this month the gist of the letter of Mr. Willard, and the report of Messrs. Luse, Enos, and Seamans. And while we are glad to see and say that their report exonerates the Ex. Committee from any fraudulent intent, we still remain convinced that it does not clear them of the charge of *ill-advised and narrow-minded action, and a culpable and careless expenditure of the funds donated.*

The *Bulletin* quotes the few lines worth attention in Willard's splurge, and after intimating that all it amounts to is a simple denial of the JOURNAL's statements, exonerates the officers of charges of misappropriation of funds, and fraudulent action, and says:—

"But still there remains the palpable proofs of *gross mismanagement.* While the "report" absolves the officers from guilt, or rather wrong doing, it does not explain *how* the money was spent.

It is evident that Mr. Willard was very insufficiently paid for his labor; but where and how the remainder of the large sum of $1,900 was expended, we are not enlightened. *We have received many letters from Western fanciers upon this matter, all regretting the action of the Association, and while acknowledging that our criticism in April issue was just,* still deprecating too hasty judgment, and endeavoring to palliate the matter as much as possible. Of course, as Western men, it is natural for them to defend their leading Association as far as possible; yet one of the acknowledged leaders of the fraternity in the West, who was one of their Vice-Presidents, says in his letter, in speaking of this same labor account, "I would like to have contracted for the job at $1,000."

We alluded to the matter in our last issue as a "fatal mistake of a few ill-advised and narrow-minded men." We cannot say that we yet see any reason for modifying that language. It is certain that but a very small minority of the Executive Committee had any hand in this action; and they had no right to involve the good name of prominent officers of other Associations in their own mistakes.

The statement that other associations have taken the same action is a poor excuse. Had the printed Rules and Regulations on Premium List, contained the statement that *in case of a deficiency of receipts the premiums would be paid pro-rata*, then the action would have been perfectly proper; but no such notice appeared. The duty of the managing committee was to immediately notify *all* the officers of the N. P. A. of the deficiency, and ask for an assessment or loans to make up the deficiency. Failing in that, the next step should have been a loan, secured by the Association, to be paid at the next Exhibition. This could readily have been effected in so large a city as Chicago.

To our own personal knowledge it has been done by other societies in a like situation. But should both these resources have failed, then a statement to that effect, accompanying the pro-rata dividend, would have been proper and satisfactory to all the exhibitors.

It is an unfortunate affair to all concerned, and its effects will not soon be dissipated. The Association had and still has our most cordial wishes for its success, and we sincerely hope that the present trouble may not in any way damage its future prospects."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DO DOGS REASON.

MR. EDITOR:

In conversation with a friend a few evenings since, speaking of dogs, he related the following circumstance, which certainly goes to show that dogs have reasoning faculties as well as man, notwithstanding statements to the contrary, by those who have looked into the matter. The gentleman has a Newfoundland dog a year and a half old, who acquired the trick of catching chickens,

and being detected was punished quite severely. A short time afterward the gentleman missed more chickens, and ascertained that the cause of their disappearance was a cat, which the family prized highly. He thought he would cure her. So taking a chicken into the house, and placing it upon the floor, in the presence of the cat and dog. Pussy immediately sprang for it, when the dog, who had anxiously watched proceedings, although being a most excellent friend of the cat, at once interposed, and giving a warning growl, placed one fore paw on pussy's back, holding her so that she could do no damage. Now Nero evidently knew that he had been punished for doing that which the cat was about to do, and probably argued, or reasoned with himself this way, if 'tis "wrong for me, it must be wrong for her," so stop.

Occasional.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—Is there any remedy for a sick fowl? Any hope but the grave, for a diseased rooster? I have never known one to recover, with the best and fondest care, inspired by a genuine love for the fowl as a pet, and as a source of profit; with clean quarters, roomy, and free from vermin, weekly changes of food, pure, clean water in abundance, a 20 acre field of grass to run in. My chickens have, during the past week, sickened and died, one by one. Every night brings its funeral, and the day is ocupied with hospital duties and cares. Is there any "balm in Gilead," or elsewhere?

The fowls which have thus died, have been hens of Buff Cochin variety, 12 to 15 months old, in *good* condition, and laying regularly.

The symptoms are, loose, green and white discharge, loss of appetite, (refusing all food,) indisposition to stir from one spot, combs and wattles nearly white.

As I have already stated, they have had the best of care, and have not been crowded in their quarters, only 12 fowls roosting in a coop ten feet square, and nearly six feet high, well ventilated, and unscrupulously clean.

Heretofore I have bragged about the freedom of my little flock from disease of any kind, and have attributed the contrary experience of others to lack of care, or improper feeding; but now I have nothing to say, only to

"Bury them darkly at dead of night."

Please open wide the fountains of wisdom, gathered from experience, and tell me through your columns what is to be done to remedy this sort of disease? Something practical, not merely theoretical. I have tried many nostrums, including charcoal, pepper, ginger, garlic, and onions, &c., &c., but all without avail.

Please allow me through your columns, to ask advice.

Truly yours, —— —— ——

HOW HE WAS CURED.

[From my Diary.]

January 20, 1876.

Going to the chicken house this morning I found St. Patrick, my $20 Partridge Cochin Cockerel, doubled up in a corner; his comb black and drooping; he was so weak he couldn't stand, and was shaking as if with a chill.

I put him into a roomy nest box and hurried him in by the kitchen fire. I medicated two half glasses of water, one with No. 6, and the other with No. 1 of "Humphrey's homeopathic family specifics," and gave him a teaspoonful of No. 6—a half hour afterwards I gave him the same quantity of No. 1; after that alternating them an hour apart, until to-night, when he seems better; his comb is brighter and he feels equal to standing. I put him on the floor and he took two steps.

"The Croaker" called about noon and seeing my patient pronounced him "beyond relief—will die for sure before to-morrow this time." "Not if I can help it," I answered.

Jan. 21st. St. Pat. continues to improve, but seems to have much diarrhea. Have given him No. 4 in place of No. 6. Have put a pellet of the medicine *dry* in his throat instead of bothering with the water every hour.

Jan. 23. St. Patrick weak, but otherwise all right. Have kept him in the hospital yard, allowing him to drink but four times to-day, and keeping him on boiled milk, and bread diet.

Jan. 27. St. Patrick discharged from hospital to-day—cured. I crowed for him, when I saw the croaker passing at noon.

Mem. To tell the Fanciers' Journal at some time that "Humphrey's homeopathic specifics," used as if for children with the same symptoms, are ahead of anything for ailing poultry. I treat my birds "as if they were human," as G. W. Burnham once said—and death has got to have a tight grip on them to get them from me.

Pacific.

ARE WHITE LEGHORNS GOOD LAYERS?

Results from thirteen hens, from Nov. 1st, 1874, to Nov. 1st, 1875, two thousand six hundred and thirteen eggs; is it good or not? Also, from two hens for March 1876, forty-six eggs.

Abraham Perry,
Monroe, Orange Co., N. Y.

West Chester, April 26, 1876.

Friend Wade:—

If A. Witzel, of No. 16 Keeler block, Rochester, N. Y., still lives, I would like to know, for I sent him one pair, and one odd Yellow Barb, in October last, for which, I was to receive a pair of White Pouters. In two or three days I received a letter from him saying he had sold the White Pouters the day before he received mine, but he had a very fine pair of Blue Pied Pouters which he would send. I wrote him to send them. He said he would send them in two weeks, and that has been four months ago. I wrote him six letters, and he will not answer them.

Yours truly,
T. W. Cox, West Chester.

New York, May 1st, 1876.

Friend Wade:—

No. 16 just received. Your compositors have made me say some very ambiguous things.

In my "answer to Mr. Chapman," fourth line from top should read, "Mr. Chapman's letter regarding *our* exchanges. I sent him etc.," very materially altering the sense of it, you see.

Again, in second paragraph, my quotation from Mr. Chapman's letter should have ended with the word "*age*." The sentence "The death of the Rabbit was not therefore chargable to me" was my own, not Mr. Chapman's, as your compositor put it. Please correct, and oblige, Your's truly,

A. M. Halsted.

Buffalo, May 4th 1876.

Fanciers' Journal, Hartford, Conn.:—

At our last meeting it was unanimously decided to hold our next show, Feb, 1st to 8th, 1877, inclusive. We shall make every endeavor to have this show excel in every respect, all our former efforts in that line. The meeting was a full one, and by an unanimous vote every member donated $25 apiece, (inclusive of the premium list) as a "contingency fund."

Yours truly,
Geo. W. White, Sec.,
Buffalo International Poultry Association.

Hubbard, O., April 22, 1876.

Jas. M. Wade, Esq.:—

Dear Sir:—I received this day by steamer Idaho, one trio of Black Red Games. The birds were selected for me by Maj. J. H. Cryer, Southport, England. The stag sent me is a splendid bird, he has been exhibited in England three times, and won two 1st premiums, and one 2d, in very large classes, and severe competition.

Yours,
T. A. Winfield.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Elderly agriculturist to season-ticket-holder in the train: "You don't have no ticket?" "No, I travel on my good looks!" "Then," after looking him over, "probably you ain't goin' very far!" General smile.

—At the show the other evening a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware that he was opaque. The other denied the allegation: he said he was not opaque—his name was O'Brien.

—A white robin was seen Monday on Garden street in Hartford. The bird had the same red brest as the rest of its kind, but the crest of its head and all the trimming which with ordinary robins is black, was in this one entirely white.

—A Short Stay.—At the meeting of the Academy of Sciences, at San Francisco recently, a specimen of the Madrona spider, captured in the Santa Cruz mountains, and mentioned a short time before, by a visitor, was received. When presented to the Academy, this little fraud was alive and creeping.

—The delusion which the Elm City has been nursing so many years, that the oak which stands in front of Farnham Hall, New Haven, is a seedling of the famous Charter Oak of Hartford, is now dispelled by a matter-of-fact old gentleman, who proves it to be a white oak, while the Charter Oak was red.

—It is said that the female fox during pregnancy is scentless, and from observation I am disposed to believe it. Surely this is one of the most remarkable instances of the care with which Providence watches over the welfare of inferior creatures, and the precautions that have been taken to insure the perpetuation of the races. I have known a pack of English fox hounds to be unable to follow the scent of Reynard during the breeding season—I cannot believe that they were unwilling to do so.

J. M. McCann.

—The *Scientific American* says "in Algeria there is a river of genuine ink. It is formed by the union of two streams, one coming from a region of ferruginous soil, the other draining a peat swamp. The water of the former is strongly impregnated with iron, that of the latter with gallic acid. When the two waters mingle, the acid of the one unites with the iron of the other, forming a true ink. We are familiar with a stream called Black Brook, in the northern part of this State, the inky color of whose water is evidently due to like conditions."

—Mr. Wade: I heard a story the other day, that I'll send you to serve up for gossip if it isn't too big. Messrs. McCann and Huon may not be able to swallow it entire. But 'twas the gunner himself that told the tale. A gunner went out gunning. A flock of several thousand cowbuntings alighted upon a side hill. (That much I think I can vouch for, for I've seen as *many* as *that* get in the acacia trees by my door, and keep up their shrill trill upon two notes, with an occasional chirp thrown in, until I envy the deaf, and wish my serenaders were dumb). The ground was black with them, the gunner fired, resting his gun so its contents should sweep the flock.

He says he had for game, 158 dead, and many wounded! Maybe Wm. Perry, of North Strabane, Pa., can do better than *that*.

Pacific.

—The Puma.—(*Felis concolor,*) is found in both Americas. They are quite numerous in the wild mountain districts of West Virginia, and are found in most of the Atlantic States. They subsist principally upon deer, watching their paths and springing upon them from trees; They also lay in wait for them at "licks," and spring upon them when they come to drink. They are extremely cowardly, never attacking man unless they have been wounded; though they will carry off and drown children if they find them in the thick woods unprotected. It is said by travelers that the lion will hide himself in the jungle at the approach of a white man, though he will boldly attack and carry off a negro. So the Puma will hide himself in the laurel thickets at the sight of a hunter, but seems to recognize the fact that he has nothing to fear from a child. They are popularly called "Panthers," and are very destructive to the domestic animals in the mountains. They are active and powerful, and are said to be often victorious in battle with the bears. Though taken when quite young they never become domesticated, but are always uninteresting and dangerous pets.

J. M. McCann.

—We have a little bird here—in California—smaller than the yellow bird of the East, smaller than the smallest full grown canary I ever saw, and the local name for it is Wild Canary. I have not been able to examine them closely, but the males, I think, have a bright yellow breast, whereas the females are dusky yellow, almost a dark gray. The first time I noticed them was on a bright, warm day in March. Walking through the orchard, I noticed an apple tree that seemed to have leafed out. Said I "is it possible that one day's sun can do that?" Getting nearer to it, I saw that it was filled with these tiny birds. For weeks they flitted among the orchard trees, until the linnets came. For ten days now I have not seen them. Where have they gone? Their flight was quick, and in the sunlight the dash of their wings was almost a sparkle. Their note was simple, but sweet. I noticed them feeding upon nothing but the egret of the thistle and dandelion. I have seen the whole colony settle upon the mass of green and gold that we call California dandelions, and so light were they not a stem seemed to bend with their weight.

I wonder *are* they wild canaries?

—The "Rice Paper" Plant.—The *Washington Star* states that a new door-yard plant has been distributed from the Botanic Garden at the capitol this year, denominated the *Aralia papyrifera.* This plant produces the beautiful substance known as rice paper; it has soft, downy palmate leaves; it grows ten feet high, with a stem four inches in diameter, full of white pith like the elder; in a full-grown specimen the pith is about one inch in diameter. It is divided into pieces three inches long, and by the aid of a sharp instrument is unrolled, forming the thin narrow sheets known as rice paper, greatly used by the Chinese for drawing figures of plants and animals, and also for making artificial flowers. Until 1850 the source of this substance was unknown to scientists. The Chinese, on inquiry, gave very fanciful figures and descriptions of it, illustrating the fact then, as now, "for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar." It was first introduced from the island of Formosa to Europe, at Kent gardens, in 1853; from there it has been widely disseminated. It is almost naturalized in some part of Australia; in the Southern States, and perhaps California, it will flourish. As an outdoor ornamental foliage plant it is well worthy of cultivation in any part of the country.

—Huon has received the feather of the owl which *winged* its way with the foot of the same bird, from distant California, and thanking his unseen friend E. S. S. for both, will endeavor to classify and call the "dear defunct" by its proper name. It is pleasant, very pleasant to be held in such kindly remembrance, at such a distance, with so many miles of continent lying between. May the time come when the distance will be less, and for the kindly feelings may they never decrease whatever distance divide.

From the feather and foot sent, I name the bird to which they belonged, as one of the genus *brachyotus*, species *cassinis* (Brewer) or "American short-eared owl," which is found in North America, from Greenland to Cuba, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. It has been found also, in the Sandwich Islands, Brazil, and near the straits of Magellan.

In color "short-ear" is a very pretty bird, its plumage being a reddish buff, streaked and spotted with dark brown, the tail feathers of the latter color barred, and tipped with reddish buff. The ruddy brown primaries are bound with dark brown, tipped with ashen-gray—several very decided bars of dark brown cross the tail, and the facial disc is to the eye, becoming lighter towards the circumference, and edged with a white line. With the exception of the white skin, the whole under-surface of the body is light buff with dashes of brown upon the breast, and a few long streaks of the same color upon the abdomen. The legs and thighs are pale buff, the claws and beak black, and the eyes golden yellow, and its measurement, when full grown, is 15 inches in length with an alar or wing extent of from 42 to 44 inches.

In habit, short-ear is much like other owls. His food is of mice, bats, and birds, and in the stomach of one shot some time since was found the remains of a half grown rat. Mrs. Short-ear makes her nest of grass and moss, in which she lays three eggs, seldom more. Neither she or her husband are high-flyers, nor are they

very powerful on the wing, as they will never fly more than a hundred yards. Indeed they seem great lovers of terra-firma, remaining on it as long as undisturbed, and locomoting over it in long leaps—that seemingly is a specialty with it:

"In the hollow tree, or the old gray tower,
The Short-eared Owl doth dwell;
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad, and well!
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him,
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow cold and dim,
The boldest will shrink away.
O! when the night falls, and roosts the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the Short-eared owl."

Does the description and the picture fill the bill, my dear E. S. S.

Huon.

Small Pet Department

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

HOW THE BEAUTIFUL GATES CAME AJAR.

'Twas whispered one morning in Heaven, how the little white angel May,
Sat e'en beside the portal, sorrowing all the day.
How she said to the stately warden, he of the golden bar,
"O, angel sweet angel, I pray thee, leave the beautiful gates ajar.
I hear my dear mother there weeping, she is lonely, she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness, when the gates close after me.
One gleam of the golden splendor, O, warden, would shine so far."
But the angel he whisper'd, "I dare not leave the beautiful gates ajar."
Then up arose Mary the blessed, sweet Mary the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel she laid, and her touch sufficed.
Then turned was the key in the portal, fell ringing the golden bar,
And lo! in the little child's fingers stood the beautiful gates ajar.
"And this key for no further using to my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary the mother of Jesus—tenderest heart in Heaven.
Now never a sad-eyed mother, but may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Lord Christ's bosom are the beautiful gates ajar.

Helen L. Bostwick.

THE MOOSE.

This magnificent deer, the largest of its tribe, like the reindeer, is confined to the colder portions of the northern hemisphere. They abound in the northern parts of Maine and New Hampshire, in Labrador, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Canada. A few are still found in New York, west of Lake Champlain, in the counties of Essex, Lewis, Hamilton, etc., especially in the neighborhood of the giant Adirondacks, a region almost as wild as when the white man first penetrated its recesses. The southern limits of this species here is about latitude forty-three degrees; they are especially numerous in the northern Rocky Mountains; in this range they extend as far north as Mackenzie's river, in latitude sixty-nine degrees. Farther east they do not exceed sixty five degrees. Bachman, on the Quadrupeds of North America, has an excellent article on this animal, from which the following extracts are made.

"The moose are abundant in the north of Quebec, and in the northern part of the State of Maine. In the neighborhood of Moose river, near the southern parts of Hudson Bay and the lakes of its vicinity, they are abundant. In the summer they are fond of frequenting lakes and rivers, not only to escape insects which then molest them, but to avoid injuring their antlers, which during their growth are soft and very sensitive, besides, such situations afford them abundance of food. They there feed on the water plants, or browse upon the trees fringing the shores. In winter they retire to the dry mountain ridges, and generally yard, as it is termed, on the side facing the south, where there are abundance of maples and other hard wood trees upon which to feed, either by browsing on tender twigs or peeling the bark from the stems of such as are three or four inches in diameter. Their long pendulous upper lips being admirably adapted for grasping and pulling down the branches, which are held between the fore legs until all the twigs are eaten. They peel off the bark by placing the hard pad on the roof of the mouth against the tree, and scraping upwards with their sharp gouge-like teeth, completely denuding the tree to the height of seven or eight feet from the surface of the snow. They remain near the same spot as long as any food can be obtained, seldom breaking fresh snow, but keeping to the same tracks as long as possible.

The antlers begin to sprout in April, and at first appear like two black knobs. They complete their growth in July, when the skin which covers them peels off and leaves them perfectly white; exposure to the sun and air, however, soon makes them quite brown. When we consider the immense size to which some of them grow in such a short period of time, it seems almost incredible that two such large excrescences should be deposited from the circulating system alone. The first year the antlers are only about one inch long; the second year four or five inches, with perhaps the rudiment of a point, the third year about nine inches, when each divides into a fork, still round in form; the fourth year they become palmated with a brow antler and three or four points; the fifth season they have two crown antlers, and perhaps five points, the points increasing in size each year, and one or two points being added annually, until the animal arrives at its greatest vigor; after which period they decrease in size, and the points are not so fully thrown out. They expand five feet nine inches, to the outside of the tips, the breadth of the palm eleven inches without the points, circumference of shaft clear of the burr, nine inches, weight seventy pounds. The old and vigorous animals invariably shed them in December; some of four or five years old have been known to carry them as late as March; but this is not often the case. The rutting season commences in September. The male then becomes furious, chasing away the younger and weaker ones. When two of equal strength meet they have dreadful conflicts, and do not separate until one or both are severely injured. At that season they are continually on the move, swimming lakes and crossing rivers in pursuit of the female. The female brings forth in May. The first time she brings forth one fawn, but afterward two.

The seasons for hunting the moose are March and September. In March, when the sun melts the snow on the surface and the nights are frosty, a crust is formed which greatly impedes the animal's progress, as it has to lift its feet perpendicularly out of the snow, or cut the skin from its shanks as they come in contact with the icy surface. It would be useless to follow them when the snow is soft, as their great strength enables them to wade through it without any difficulty. If you wish to see them before shooting them from their yard it is necessary to approach to leeward, as their senses of smelling and hearing are very acute; the crack of a breaking twig will start them, and they are seldom seen any more until fatigue compels them to knock up. Hunters sometimes find out the beaten tracks of the moose (generally leading to water) and bend down a sapling and attach to it a strong hempen noose, hanging across the path, while the tree is confined by another cord and a sort of trigger. Should the animal's head pass through the dangling snare, he generally makes a struggle, which disengages the trigger, and the tree springs upward, lifting the animal off its legs and strangling it. Another method of hunting them is as follows: In September two persons in a bark canoe paddle by moonlight along the shores of the lake, imitating the call of the male, which, jealous of the approach of another, answers the call and rushes to the combat. The canoe is paddled by the man in the stern in the most death-like silence, gliding along under the shade of the forest, until within short shooting distance, as it is difficult taking a sure aim by moonlight. The man in the bow fires, when if the animal is only wounded he makes for the shore, and is tracked by his blood the next day to where he has lain down, where he is generally

found unable to proceed any frather. None of the deer are more easily domesticated, the reindeer not excepted. In Canada they have been often trained to draw sleds or carts with great swiftness and steadiness.—*Waverly.*

THE TULIP MANIA.

The first tulip seen in Europe was beheld at Augsburg, in Germany, in 1559, and was imported from Constantinople, where it had long been a favorite. Ten or eleven years after this the plant was in great demand in Holland and Germany. Wealthy burghers of Amsterdam sent direct to Constantinople for their precious bulbs, and paid extravagant prices for them. The first roots planted in England were brought from Vienna in the year 1600, and were considered a great rarity. For thirty years tulips centinued to grow in reputation.

In 1634 the rage for tulips among the Dutch was so great that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected, and the whole people turned to the production of tulips. As this mania increased, prices increased with it, until in 1635 merchants were known to have spent $40,000 in the purchase of forty tulips. At this time each species was sold by weight. A tulip of the kind known as the Admiral Lietkin, and weighing 400 grains, would sell for $1,800; the Admiral Von der Eycke, weighing 450 grains, was worth $500; a Viceroy of 400 grains would bring $1,200. Most precious of all, a Semper Augustus, weighing only 200 grains, was thought to be cheap at $2,200. This last species was much sought after, and even an inferior plant would readily sell for $800. When this species was first known, in 1636, there were only two roots of it in Holland, and those not of the best. One belonged to a dealer in Amsterdam, and the other was owned in Haarlem. So anxious were the purchasers for this new variety that one person offered twelve acres of valuable building land for the Haarlem tulip. That of Amsterdam was sold for $1.840, a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete suit of harness.

Strangers who came for the first time into Holland were wholly unable to comprehend the great mania that spread among the people. One wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his magnificent tulip bed, and on the new flowers he was expecting to grow the coming year, received a call one morning early from a sailor, who told him that a ship of his had just arrived, and that he was sent to give him the news. The glad merchant immediately went to the back of his store, selected a nice red herring, and gave it to the sailor for his breakfast. The sailor loved herring very much, and onions more; and having just arrived from a foreign voyage, his appetite for vegetables was proportionately sharpened. Seeing a small pile of onions, as he supposed, lying on the merchant's counter, he slyly seized his opportunity, took the top onion, and deposited it in his pocket as a companion to his herring. He then left the store and proceeded to his ship and his breakfast. Hardly had he left when the merchant missed his valuable Semper Augustus bulb, worth $1,400. The establishment was soon in an uproar, for the valuable root had just been brought in that morning, and had been noticed by many. After every clerk had been examined and declared his innocence, one of them remembered to have seen the sailor drawing his hand away from the pile of roots and putting it in his pocket. The merchant instantly started for the door, and hurried down to his vessel. The first thing he saw was the sailor sitting on a coil of ropes eating his breakfast. No sooner had the merchant sprung on board and advanced toward him than the sailor put the last bite of his onion into his mouth, and leaned forward to hear what the owner had to say. He steady denied stealing any tulip, but admitted he did take one onion, "but it didn't have much of the taste of an onion either." The merchant, as he turned away, told the astonished sailor that "it would have been cheaper for him to have breakfasted the Prince of Orange and all his court."—*Harper's Magazine for April.*

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BLACK LIST.

B. J. King, Providence, R. I., is complained of by several who claim to have been unjustly dealt with by him.

T. J. McDANIEL, Hollis Center, Me., wants a good patent lever hunting watch in exchange for a nice G. S. Bantam cock, and eggs from a flock of 9 Brown Leghorns, scaling from 87 to 97 points.

W. ATLEE BURPEE, Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange Dark Brahma eggs for eggs of first-class Geese, Ducks, White Turkeys, Polish, Games, Spanish, &c.; will also trade Chester Mammoth Seed Corn.

GEO. B. COBB, Lake View, Paterson, N. J., will supply immediately any selection of Vegetable, Field, or Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, &c., at cash prices, and take in exchange good breeding stock of most any breed of thoroughbred Poultry, or eggs from same, at cash value. What offers? State wants, and particulars and prices of stock you will exchange. Write at once.

LON. HARDMAN, St. Joseph, Mo., has Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, (bound), Vol. I. Fancier's Journal, (bound,) 1 barred-wing Blue Swallow hen, 1 White Jacobin cock, 2 White Calcutta Fantail hens, extra, to exchange for Italian Greyhound bitch, (to be lined before being sent); Black and Tan Terrier bitch, (must be a good ratter); White Spitz bitch, pair of Black Spitz or Fancy Pigeons. Will accept nothing but first-class stock, and am willing to pay difference in value, if any, in cash, if stock is satisfactory.

W. H. BRACKETT, Boston, Mass., will exchange Lop-eared, Dutch, or Himalayan Rabbits, or Guinea Pigs, for choice Black Rose-Comb Bantam hens or pullets. Address, care of Washington National Bank, and name price of Bantams.

JOS. M. BECK, Hammonton, N. J., will exchange a pair of Bismark Setter pups, liver and white, 9 weeks old, male and female, for a pair of Blue Pouters, or six Brown Leghorn pullets, or offers. Nothing but good stock wanted, as mine is first-class.

C. W. BOYCE, Albion, Mich., will exchange White, Black, or Brown Leghorn Eggs, of best strains, for Fancy Pigeons, Pouters, Blue Fantails, or Black Tumblers preferred; a Black Tumbler hen wanted also. Tumblers must be warranted to tumble, and none but fine birds wanted. Will buy if stock and price is satisfactory.

H. F. WHITMAN, Box 154, Baltimore, Md., will exchange a No. 1 pair of Blue Crested Magpies, for Owls, Turbits, or Antwerps. Must see the birds before exchanging.

STREETER, SON & CO., Youngstown, Ohio, have Black Bald Head, Solid Black, Mottled, Splashed, Dun, Sil. Dun, Red and Yellow Tumbler hens, Fancy Poultry, and eggs from same, to exchange at a bargain; for one old small White African Owl hen, one or two Black Jacobin cocks and one Yellow Jacobin hen, all with pearl eyes.

BOX 86, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange one B. B. R. Game Bantam cock, and two Ginger Red Game Bantam hens, for the same number of B. B. Red Game hens, not older than 1874 hatch. Will give good stock; want no other. Please write and describe.

FRED. H. GATES, Sugar Notch, Luzerne Co., Pa., has three large and fine Newfoundland pups, (one male, two females), about three and a half months old; will exchange for fancy Poultry, Pigeons, small Black and Tan dog, or offers. Give full description, and write quick.

C. N. BROWN, Unadilla Forks, Otsego Co., N. Y., will exchange eggs from La Fleche, Silver Grey Dorkings, White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, for Plymouth Rock, or Bronze Turkey eggs. Will give two dozen hen's egg for one of Turkey's.

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will exchange Eggs from L. & D. Brahmas, P. Cochins, P. Rock, S. S. Hamburgs, Houdans, and Fancy Pigeons, for Eggs of W. C. B. Polands, S. S. Polands, Brown Leghorns, or Silver Duck Wing Game Bantams.

BROSE, No. 27, Hand St., Rochester, N. Y., will exchange one pair choice Starling Priests, one Blue Swallow cock, (barred,) one Red Trumpeter cock, and one White African Owl hen, for White African Owl cock, Yellow Trumpeter cock, Blue Jacobin cock, Black Swallow cock, or Red Pile G. Bantam hens. Only extra good birds will be received, as mine are first-class.

H. O. LAMASON, Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., will exchange Fantails, Common Pigeons, Geological Specimens, Confederate Bills, and rare Coins, for Black or Dun Carriers. Good birds, none others wanted.

L. J. NEWHARD, Allentown, Pa., will exchange a fine Wire Trap Cage, can be used to trap Indigos, Goldfinches, Catbirds, Cardinals, &c.; also Bird Lime, for Black, Blue, and Yellow Fantails, or a good Solid White Pouter hen, or a Blue Pied Pouter cock. Pouters must be large and heavy booted.

WEATHERLY, Druggist, 24th and Spring Garden, Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange a few very select and No. 1 Fancy Pigeons. These birds are bred from my imported stock that I selected for my own fancy, and imported at great expense, consisting of Solid Yellow Fantails, Solid Yellow Turbits, Yellow Owls, Yellow Jacks, White Owls, Blue Owls, and a few young Antwerps, bred from my birds, imported from Mr. Brunin, editor of Journal L'Epervier Bruxelis. What is offered.

DR. J. W. GREENE, Chillicothe, Mo., will exchange one five-toed "Frizz" rooster, or a chicken-guinea hybrid, (a rare curiosity,) for a pure Black Red Game cock, or for thirty pure Game, Houdan, Dorking, or White Leghorn eggs; or for two tested Italian Queens.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

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HELIOTROPE.

How strong they are, those subtle spells
That lurk in leaves and flower-bells,
Rising from faint perfumes;
Or mingling with some olden strain,
Strike through the music shafts of pain,
And people empty rooms.

They come upon us unaware,
In crowded halls and open air,
And in our chambers still;
A song, an odor, or a bird,
Evokes the spell, and strikes the chord,
And all our pulses thrill.

I loitered but an hour ago,
With lagging footsteps tired and slow,
Along the garden walk;
The Summer twilight wrapped me round,
Through open windows came the sound
Of song and pleasant talk.

The odor-stealing dews lay wet
And heavy on the mignonette
That crept about my feet;
Upon the folded mossy vest
That clothed the ruby rose's breast,
It fell in droppings sweet.

It fell on beds of purple bloom
From whence arose the rare perfume
Of dainty heliotrope;
Which smote my heart with sudden power
My favorite scent, my favorite flower,
In olden days of hope!

Ah, me! the years have come and gone,
Each with its melody or moan,
Since that sunshiny hour,
When, for the sake of hands that brought,
And for the lesson sweet it taught,
I chose it for my flower.

Faint-scented blossoms! long ago
Your purple clusters came to show
My life had wider scope;
They spoke of love that day—to-night
I stand apart from love's delight,
And wear no heliotrope.

Between to-night and that far day,
Lie life's bright noon and twilight gray,
But I have lived through both;
And if before my paling face
The midnight shadows fall apace,
I see them, nothing loth.

Only to-night that faint perfume
Reminds me of the lonely gloom
Of life outliving hope;
I wish I had been far to-night,
What time the dew fell, silver-white
Upon the heliotrope!

—*All The Year Round.*

—Those days are lost in which we do no good; those worse than ost in which we do evil.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

A WORD ABOUT AARON BURR.

The very recent death of Gen. Alexander Hamilton, naturally recalls to mind that of his father, the celebrated statesman, which, as is well known, was caused by the pistol of the no less celebrated Aaron Burr.

Every reader of American History is so well acquainted (or supposed to be) with the character of Hamilton, and Aaron Burr, and the circumstances which led to their duel, fought at Weehawken, July 11th, 1804, and the consequent death of Hamilton at his home in New York, on the following day, that it is needless for the purpose of the present article to further allude to it, but there is something in connection with one of the duelists which is called to mind at this time by the death of the youngest son of the other.

Aaron Burr, the elder one of the presidents of Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J., and Aaron Burr, his son, one of the Vice-Presidents of the U. S., are both mouldering in the dust in Princeton grave yard, or what is now called in the fashion of the day—"The Cemetery"—and the writer of this has in his younger days stood many a time and often by the grave of the elder Burr, and pondered over the long Latin inscription on his tomb stone.

An account has frequently gone the rounds of the newspapers, and though often contradicted, still it will ever and anon come up again, taking a fresh start as a fact, that the body of Aaron Burr the younger was carried to Princeton by night, and secretly buried at the foot of his father's grave! The story is wholly untrue, and without the shadow of a foundation! As though a grave yard nearly surrounded by inhabited houses, could have its gates unlocked or broken open in the night, a grave dug, and a funeral cortege after passing without detection through the main street of the town, there being no other way of travel, be admitted, the duties of burial performed, and depart without notice! And all this without the least necessity! Burr's vices had been forgotten or forgiven in the thirty-two years which had rolled away since the duel, and its sad consequences, and up to the hour of his death, fallen as his fortunes, and he still had friends who were willing to pay respects to his remains under the light of the sun. But to the fact.

Aaron Burr died in his home on Staten Island, Sept. 13th, 1836; and his body was carried to Princeton in open day, arriving on the 16th, when it was at once taken into the chapel of Nassau Hall College, when and where the funeral service was performed, the writer of this being one of the audience then present.

The funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Carnahan, the President of Nassau Hall. The text was from 2 Corinthians, vii, and 31 v. "For the fashion of this world passeth away," the whole discourse being eminently appropriate to the large company of students who constituted the main portion of his hearers. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Carnahan gave the reason why the remains of the deceased were brought into the chapel, and the services held there rather than the church. On account of his

ancestry (Burr's father and grandfather, the learned Jonathan Edwards, were both Presidents of Princeton College, and he himself a graduate) he had peculiar claims on the college, and therefore in his dying moments he had requested that his remains should be brought to Princeton, and placed at the feet of his father and grandfather. I remember, much to my disappointment, that the preacher declined to enter into any details in speaking of the character of Burr, but there was one sad event he said he could not pass without special notice, and that was the duel in which Burr had made himself a murderer in the eyes of God, if not of man, and here the Dr., knowing he had before him a class of just such hot-bloods as Burr represented, gave solemn warning by the melancholy example of the deceased, to avoid similar errors, which, he said must "inevitably lead to similar results." "Hamilton," said the speaker, "must bitterly acknowledge his guilt in the duel, sinning with open eyes—entering into it against his conscience as well as against his feelings, for he himself had been a sorrowful victim to the murderous law of dueling, his own son, a promising youth of but twenty years of age, having been killed about two years before, in a political duel. Nor did Burr," said the speaker with great emphasis, "escape his share of punishment, for there is no doubt that the fatal result of that duel was a subject of the most bitter and painful regret to the survivor for the remainder of his days."

Now, in this particular, Dr. Carnahan has been contradicted by almost every writer who has had a word to say about Aaron Burr, nearly all agreeing that he never, at any time, expressed a single regret for the killing of Hamilton, or the consequent misfortune he brought upon the bereaved family, but it seems that Dr. Carnahan was justified in his assertion, and the evidence appears to be here.

Dr. John McCan, ex-President of Princeton College (Nassau Hall) has among his papers a letter written by Aaron Burr, in which Dr. McCan thinks is found the real convictions and feelings of the writer. This letter was written under the following circumstances.

Very soon after his return from Europe in 1812, Burr went on a visit to an acquaintance residing some miles from New York, on the banks of the Hudson. He was not aware that just at that particular time a death had occurred in his friend's family, and the first object which met his eye as he entered the parlor was a corpse, laid out in the usual way for burial. Burr gazed on it for a moment, and with the exclamation of "good God!" sank into a chair; covering his face with his hands, he remained, apparently in the utmost agony for the space of ten minutes. Suddenly he arose, and without another word he left the house, and took the first boat back for New York, the next day he wrote the letter now in the possession of Dr. John McCan. In this letter Burr apologized to his friend for his abrupt departure, alleging that his feelings were so excited at the unexpected sight, that he could not remain, nor at the moment give any explanations of his conduct; then follows these strong expressive words, "Ever since *that sad event* which severed me from the whole human race, I have been as incapable of giving, as of receiving consolation. I became palsied in body and mind by such scenes." [True or false? True, Dr. Carnahan thought, who knew of the letter, for among Burr's vices lying does not seem to appear.] If this letter be genuine, of which there is no doubt, then Burr has expressed deep regret for the crime, and told us that he was haunted by the appalling image of the fatal scene while even the sight of a corpse "palsied him in body and mind." So much for the secret burial by night, and Burr's cold, heartless indifference, disposed of by the funeral services in broad day. And now a word about another absurd statement.

The mysterious raising of the monument over Burr's remains is a story which has also gone the rounds (and is still going) of the newspapers, has formed an article for more than one magazine, and even has place in Parton's life of Burr.

This too (the story goes) was done in the dead of night, and with such expert secrecy that nothing was known of the matter until the citizens of Princeton, one morning waking up beheld the marble memorial in all its pristine freshness glittering in the rising sun! All romance! Think of a thickly populated "Country city," every mouth gaping for news—allowing the necessary mason work for a foundation to be done in secret, in a grave yard where funerals were taking place constantly, and a monument of considerable dimensions carried through the main streets of the town, and finally placed in position, without detection or exciting the curiosity of a naturally inquisitive community! Says Mrs. Beecher Stowe (Ministers Wooing, chap. xlii): "It is well known that for many years after Burr's death the odium that covered his name was so great that no monument was erected over him lest it should become a mark for popular violence." Sheer nonsense, and only created as a preface to the tombstone story. Mrs. Stowe herself, declares Burr to have been "no worse than the men of his time," and gives him credit for many real acts of kindness and generosity to the poor, friendless, and unfortunate. It is well known that Burr, up to the hour of his death, was still possessed of a circle of warm, obedient friends! Where then was the popular violence to come from? Distant enemies were not going to follow him to the rural grave yard of Princeton! It was surely not to come from the residents of Princeton, one half of whom were too much employed in their daily avocations to care anything about the matter, while of the other half it is more than likely very few remembered anything of Burr, if they had ever known, and now cared less! There was nothing to fear from the students of Nassau Hall, for it may safely be said two-thirds of them almost worshiped the memory of Burr, for his character of both gallant and duelist. Seeing this then, there would be no necessity for all this mystery, and as there was none about the burial, neither was there any about placing the marble stone over the grave. Further says Mrs. Stowe:

"A laborer in the vicinity who first discovered it [the monument] found lying near the spot a small *porte monnaie* which had been used in paying for the workmanship." How did the laborer or you Mrs. Stowe know that? All very good romancing, madame; about as true as your Byron story, but the truth is the "*memorial*" marble was put up first as all such work is done—in broad day light, and under the gaze of many lookers on—the mason and stone cutter performing their work in the usual manner, were paid for the same at the usual place, from a cash drawer in an office in daytime, and not in a grave yard at dead of night, from a *porte monnaie*, to be thrown away (very stagey, this) when payment was made, as though the owner had no more use for money nor pocketbooks in this world. In conclusion, if any person is curious enough, and thinks it will pay, let him make a pilgrimage to Princeton grave yard and read the name of the stone-cutter, and the locality of his marble-yard on the mysterious tombstone which marks the spot where lies all which may now remain of the gallant, courageous, but restless and unscrupulous intriguer, Aaron Burr.

Edward E. Hulfish,
Princeton, N. J.

—Air and Sunlight.—From an acorn weighing a few grains, a tree will grow 100 years or more, weighing several tons. A large part of this growth is derived from the sun, air and water—but little from the earth. Wood and coal are but co densed sunshine, which contains three elements equally important to animal and vegetable life—magnesia, lime, and iron in the blood, which gives it its sparkling red color and strength; the lime in the bones imparts to them the durability necessary to bodily vigor, while the magnesia is important to many of the tissues. Thus the more sunlight we enjoy the healthier we shall be and the longer will life endure.

Poultry Department.

THE HOPE EXPRESSED

By Mr. A. D. Warren in a late number of the Fanciers' Journal, (in his comments regarding the recent National Poultry Exhibition in Chicago,) is one that all the fraternity will certainly join in—to wit, that "Boston and Buffalo, in the winter of 1877, will show our Western friends how to manage a Poultry Exhibition."

There is no doubt our eastern brethren will be able, not only to improve upon the western style, as demonstrated in the Chicago attempt early in 1876, but that they are quite competent to conduct the details of such an undertaking creditably, honorably, and satisfactorily.

With one of the largest and finest halls in the country (Music Hall, Boston), and under the supervision of the responsible and energetic gentlemen who have heretofore had charge of the Massachusetts shows there, it need not be feared that the exhibition of the "National Society" will not be in 1877 conducted as it should be, and that all who unite in making it a success, will be treated fairly and justly on this occasion. * * *

THE CHICKEN SEASON.

We are very near to May-day now, and by this time we should be able to speak about the chicken season, whether it has been a good one or no, and in what quantity chickens are to be found. We are sorry to say we have no very good news to write. The long winter seems to linger with us even now, and the broods have fared but badly. The new year opened satisfactorily, and those who had some chickens out early in January are the best off, for after then came snows, and frosts, and winds, and cold rains, all jostling one another to see which could come the fastest and do the most harm, and consequently chickens died in the shells, or struggled into life and out of it again as quickly as possible. Then came the most unsatisfactory of all calamities—clear eggs. Nests after nests of eggs were thrown away all over the country, because they were not fertile; and then followed the scarcity of broody hens. We never knew them so scarce as in this year, and we positively could not get our own to sit. They would lay and then leave off, and never become broody at all; and all through February there were some who fared even still worse, for they could not obtain eggs from their best birds. It certainly has been a pitiful sight to see the birds this spring run straight from their houses when let out in the morning to the corner of their run, which they had found from experience of many days and weeks was the most sheltered, and there they would crouch all the day long, and look the picture of misery, with the east winds blowing upon them. In the face of all these troubles it is not wonderful that the chickens are scarce and small. We have tried to have news from all parts of the country, and from a few yards the reports are satisfactory, but on the whole we think there is but little improvement from last year, which was then looked upon as being so black and unprecedented. We glean from our correspondents that there are a few good January chickens about, but that February and March afford but a miserable average, and with hardly one exception we find that where there are chickens they are to be found in warm localities, or where the runs are very sunny and well sheltered with high hedges or walls.

This year will we think, be celebrated above all others for the clear eggs and the difficulty to get hens over a year old to lay. The utter indifference of the cocks in many yards to every single hen in his run is remarkable, consequently, egg-purchasers have been unusually disappointed, and those who bought cocks or cockerels last year for breeding from again write back that they "must have been tampered with." Of the various breeds we find that Dorking chickens are as numerous as any, for we hear of many yards being well off with them both in the Colored and Silver-Greys. Whites seem to be but few, but we have often noticed that in the White varieties, especially in Dorkings and Cochins, the percentage of unfertilised eggs is greater than in the colored varieties of the same breeds. Brahmas, too, are weak for Brahmas, but this breed is so enormously cultivated, and has so many friends, that chickens are sure to be found in abundance somewhere or other. Spanish seem to be very few, and French not so good as usual. We know of yards which in other years had Houdans by now, crowing lustily, but this time they are all behind. Still we do not fear for Houdans; they are very hardy, and have so many admirers. Cochins we fear are not plentiful. They came so nobly out of the 1875 ordeal that we lament it the more if the report is true—that they are few and far between. Of them Buffs seem most numerous, and we hear of a few good Blacks. Whites, we are afraid, save in two or three places, make no better muster than in last year, still we hope that those old ladies who so often did duty for their daughters in the past season have gone to a better land, or that time has dealt less kindly with them, for their appearance again would be indeed monstrous. Polands seem to have done as well as any breed until lately, when the Good Friday snow seems to have been too much for many broods, and left colds, and roup, and gapes behind where it did not entirely destroy. Game we hope have done better, for we hear of breeders bestirring themselves about champion cups, which looks hopeful; still our letters tell us they are not too plentiful. Of the less cultivated breeds which go into the variety classes we have had but little news. We know, however, of several good broods of Leghorns, Minorcas, and Silkies in various places.

This, then, is a summary of the letters we have had. We do not mean to imply that good chickens of various breeds are not to be found in many places and in good numbers, but we believe on the whole that it has been a very bad season, and that but few early chickens will be ready for, or up to any high standard, at our summer exhibitions. We would urge, then, upon show authorities to be careful how they embark in chicken classes in their schedules, and rather allow their classes to be "for any age," for even then a fair pair of chickens stands more chance of a prize against adult birds in their ragged summer plumage. We speak now, of course, for the summer shows, as from this week we hope chickens will hatch-out better and grow up strongly. We must remember that many a May-hatched chicken has made a noted winner, and so it is not too late to be setting eggs now. For ourselves, we mean to go on setting and hatching all we can up to the end of June, for birds hatched even then with judicious feeding and good management will grow into good stock birds, and many of them be quite ready for the late winter shows; only in setting eggs during the coming weeks we should as much as possible try to use those from hens in preference to those from pullets, as they produce stronger chickens and birds which feather more quickly, and so come to maturity and adult plumage earlier. We know eggs from two-year hens have been very few this season, and in

fact we know of Brahma, Dorking, and Cochin hens which up to last week had not laid an egg this year; but now, however, in the bright sunshiny days which we hope are before us these hens should be laying freely, and we would collect and use every egg from them.—W. *i. Journal of Horticulture.*

POULTRY, PIGEON, AND RABBIT SHOWS.

Northern Counties Columbarian Society.

The first monthly meeting of this society's year was held at the Cathedral Hotel, Manchester, England, on the evening of Feb. 21. Mr. Ridpeth, the president for the year, in taking the chair, proposed a vote of thanks to, and the health of Mr. E. E. M. Royds, who has for three years so ably filled the chair as president, which proposal was heartily responded to. A good number of prominent fanciers was present, amongst whom were Dr. Pinder, Major Cryer, Messrs. Unsworth, Morgan, Clay, Bluhm, Bowman, Brierly, Pass, Eggar, Brown, Crosby, &c. A very agreeable evening was spent by all present. In Black Carriers Major Cryer was awarded two equal firsts on a fine young stylish cock—a bird with good length, very fine in head, eye, beak, wattle, and color—and his well-known young black hen. The class was a good one, and contained seven Carriers, every one of high quality. Short-faced Almond Tumblers only produced four entries, but two equal firsts were deservedly awarded to a bird of each sex belonging to Mr. Crosby. In Blue Dragons Major Cryer won with a fine old cock, of the London type, a bird of good color, dark eyelash, wattle, and beak, and good barrel head. Red Jacobins were a grand class: Mr. E. E. M. Royds was a decided winner, but there was a little difference of opinion as to which of his two best birds ought to win; the cock which won, was perhaps best in color by a slight shade, and the same in flights, whilst the other was a smaller bird, with a shorter face, but the length of feather in each bird was so good that it was difficult to tell which was best in face without handling the birds. The variety class must have been a puzzler to the judges, as some of the highest-class birds in the fancy of different breeders competed. Five equal firsts were awarded—one to Mr. Unsworth for a wonderful blue English Owl, one to Major Cryer for a fine young Dun Carrier hen, two to Mr. Crosby for a Spangled Ice and a Yellow Dragon, and one to Mr. Brierley for one of the best Short-faced Silver Dun Antwerps in the fancy.

MAKING IT ALL RIGHT.

As a rule, we believe the breeders and shippers of fancy poultry are fully as reliable as other business men. There can certainly be no doubt but that they generally mean to be strictly honest, in so far, at any rate, as to giving to each customer, that which, in his estimation, at least, is an equivalent for his money. Buyers will differ as to exactly what is an equivalent, but the prudent seller always aims to perfectly satisfy the reasonable expectations of each of his customers, even if he must in doing so give at times a little more to one than to another.

To some shippers, however, the temptation to send off stock which they cannot fully endorse, is too strong to be resisted. To be sure they do not know it to be defective; they merely have doubts regarding it, and their hope is that it will at last turn out all right, or at any rate that those to whom they sell may never discover its defects. Yet to satisfy their own sense of honesty, as well as to assure the great public that it will be fairly dealt with, they use freely in advertising, such expressions as, "Perfect satisfaction guaranteed," "All mistakes promptly rectified," and in their correspondence are flush with promises of "making it all right." They no doubt often truly intend that in case anything they ship proves to be worthless, or seriously deficient, to make immediate and full reparation, In this they may be perfectly conscientious, and unless intervening circumstances beyond their control render it impossible, they most certainly will, in case of a failure, "make it all right."

But questions of conscience and honesty aside, are they acting wisely? Does it pay to send off, at high rates of express, eggs or fowls which we have the least reason to think will not of them selves give the most perfect satisfaction?

It may, perhaps, do well enough for second to fifth rate breeders and shippers to carry on business in this way. They may succeed for a time, since the chances are they will not be asked to rectify every mistake. Buyers often prefer to look elsewhere rather than claim "satisfaction" at the hand of one whose reliability they already have some cause to doubt.

It is very generally conceded that the net proceeds from the poultry business are not proportionally greater than in most other branches of business wherein an equal amount of ability, tact, perseverance, and advertising are employed. Hence those who aspire to the first rank in the profession cannot afford to incur the risks incident to questionable dealings with their customers. It is to them the height of folly to sear the ground over which they pass.

Permanent and honorable success can only come from the most careful management and most judicious husbanding of the forces with which we work. The breeder's margin for profits is not so great that he can afford the draft upon his resources which the frequent duplication of orders would entail. He whose reputation for fair dealing is well established, usually finds but little difficulty in disposing of his surplus of well-bred stock, and when from any cause he feels bound to duplicate an order, he as truly feels the loss as if he were to throw to the flames the amount of cash represented by the stock.

The faithful and truly reliable breeder cannot therefore afford to be spending time and means in rectifying mistakes and duplicating orders. He cannot afford to work by the "Making it all right" rule. His true policy is to make and to keep all right at home, and avoid with the utmost care sending out anything which is not strictly as it is represented to be. By such a course he is not liable to suffer from either loss of stock or reputation.

P. M. S. in *Prairie Farmer.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

TRIPS AMONG THE FANCIERS.

BY W. E. FLOWER.

The morning dawned dull and dreary, and before breakfast was over the rain descended in torrents, (and continued with but little abatement during the entire day,) confining us to the house, and effectually putting a damper upon our anticipated explorations and rambles in the vicinity of Brooklandville, but those of our readers who have enjoyed the "vivacious humor" and genial good nature of our host will agree with us that it is a treat to be shut up in the house with him for company on a stormy day; in fact all the members of the household from the oldest down to little "Joe Wade" (a frolicksome boy of ten months, who grasped the ears of a pet rabbit in a manner which convinced us that he like his namesake will be "a Fancier,") seemed to "vie" with each other in their effort to make the day pass quickly and pleasantly. On the following morning we bade them farewell and started upon our return. Friend Brown accompanied us as far as Baltimore where we again had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Slifer, and in company with him and friend Brown we visited the room of Maryland State Poultry Association, No. 1 North Gay St. This room is very comfortably furnished and its walls are to be adorned with paintings of pure bred fowls, dogs, pigeons, and other pet animals. We beg permission to digress "*just a leetle,*" in order to say "*unbeknownst*" to them, that the Maryland State Poultry

Association has paid all premiums (awarded at their last show,) *in full*, have secured an excellent hall for their next annual show; have purchased a lot of new coops, and have *several hundred dollars in bank* ready for the next show; hence we predict for them a *grand* turnout in December next, as Baltimore is easy of access to "Fanciers" from Eastern Pennsylvania, also New York and New Jersey, and as many of them are members of the A. P. A., we think that Association should (for that reason if no other) hold a meeting at Baltimore in December, at the time specified by the Maryland State Poultry Association. We have no desire to detract from or in any injure the Boston show, but as the A. P. A. has on previous occasions held meetings at Boston and Buffalo, we think it would be for the interest of the "Fraternity at large" to hold a meeting at Baltimore the coming winter. After our visit to the aforesaid room we bade Mr. Slifer adieu, started for the boat but the boat not being ready to start we accepted friend Brown's invitation to "run down a few Baltimore bivalves." This feat being accomplished we returned to the steamer; the last box was trundled aboard, the bell rang, and friend Brown wishing us a safe journey home walked down the gang plank; and the captain's orders to "cast her loose" was speedily obeyed, and we were soon ploughing through the rough waters of the Chesapeake Bay. The night being too rough and windy to remain upon deck, we sought the cabin, and after supper retired to our berth. Arriving in Philadelphia next morning, we concluded to make a "detour" by way of "Chestnut Hill," and were not long in making our way to "Spring Grove Poultry Yards." Here we received a cordial welcome from Mr. A. P. Groves Jr., who still makes a specialty of Partridge Cochins. Mr. G., before showing his fowls requested us to step into the house and examine an oil painting of his first prize Partridge Cochin hen (at Philadelphia last winter). The picture is a faithful likeness and admirably executed by Mr. Henry Erdman (who in our humble opinion is unrivaled as an engraver or painter of fowls by any artist in this country). Leaving the "inanimate" we passed out to look upon the animated inhabitants of Spring Grove Poultry Yards. Mr. G. in addition to his hitherto fine flock of P. Cochins, introduced to his yard and its occupants a prize winning Partridge Cochin Cockerel at "Springfield," bred by P. Williams; hence those who propose beating Mr. Groves on P. Cochins at Philadelphia next winter, will have to be "up and doing." Our attention was next called to a fine yard of Light Brahmas. These were fine, large, well marked birds, from some of the best strains in this country, and they and their progeny will doubtless make their mark at some of our various shows the coming season. We were shown some fifty or more young chicks of both Light Brahmas and Partridge Cochins, and although too young yet to form an opinion as to their merits, we doubt not some of them will be heard from the coming winter. "We walked and talked" until "the day was far spent," and our friend accompanied us to the train, and we were once more "homeward bound."

To be continued.

EFFUSION NO. 2, ON INFANTS—i. e. "YOUNG BREEDERS."

In the Fancier's Journal of May 8th, is a reply to the communication from "*Zero*," which appeared in the Bulletin for April.

This person, who so aptly calls himself a "*Young Breeder*," says, "what we surmised"—that the attack on the Standard was merely the result of a personal quarrel between different parties, was *perfectly correct*."

If Y. B. refers to the criticisms on the Standard which have appeared in the Bulletin, from time to time, we must be permitted to deny the "surmise." We shall not try to convince him that he is wrong—it would be a bootless task. His juvenility and self conceit render him perfectly unsusceptible to all ordinary arguments: and of the use of the mulish substitute, which he so much admires, we shall defer to Y. B's exceeding adaptability to that mode of conviction, as well as his superior knowledge of its manner of application.

We have never, to our knowledge, had any personal quarrel with Y. B., yet we shall criticise him whenever and wherever we find, that—like the *Standard*—he needs improvement (and we must say that the two very much resemble each other in this respect.)

His next "*surmise*" is also just as far out of the way. "Mr. Zero" does *not* know all about the whole thing. He knows nothing whatever about it, except from hearsay. We feel that we are fully authorized in making this assertion, for "Zero" is comparatively a new correspondent, and we are very positive neither Y. B. nor any of the regular correspondents of the Journal, nor its editor, have ever met him.

Lastly, when Y. B. has had as many years experience in judging all varieties of Poultry; and as long a study of the Standard in all its parts as we have, he may, *possibly*, be qualified to take up the cudgel in defence of it, as an entirely acceptable work to the Fanciers of America. Editor, P. B.

P. S. We didn't know that Y. B. was behind that "old flint lock" when it went off. Sorry he is hurt, but he must remember the old adage: "children and fools, must beware of edge tools (and old flint lock muskets)."

NOTES UPON A LATE NUMBER.

BY SPANGLE.

I have just concluded the reading of No. 16, of the Fanciers' Journal. It is a good number, as usual. The article from the *London Journal of Horticulture* is very well; but in this country *boxes* are so universally used, in which to transport eggs for incubation, that the best mode of packing such eggs should be well known by this time.

I have sent away many hundreds of dozens, in all directions, and have never had but one plan of late years. This has always proved successful, so far as avoiding breakage or ordinary jarring of the eggs, in transit.

I roll each egg separately in two or three thicknesses of common newspaper—twist up both ends—place a thick layer of clean hay at bottom of the box, and pack the eggs snugly on top of this in bran or dry hard-wood sawdust; so that no two eggs will touch each other by half an inch. Then add an inch or two of sawdust over all, and another layer of the hay to fill the box *full*, then screw the cover on, and *tack* (not nail) on the card of address. A better way is, however, to mark the directions on the box-cover, with a small brush and black ink. I always add, with a stencil prepared for this purpose, the words "Eggs for Hatching—With Care," and they may then be sent to California without risk of breakage.

"Hans Schneider," it appears vas ad Checawgo himself. His pleasant account of the doings there, "a la' Cabinet ossifers in Vashington," was a good hit. But I vas asdonished dot Mynheer Schnieder should puy himself a pull tog vot vood ged so teeply addached mid der masders, mitout dakin mit him der *muzzle*—aint it? Arx him, av you blease.

The "*Weekly Gossip*" column of the Fanciers' Journal grows more and more interesting with each successive issue. This can be made a fixture, if all your spicy ornithological and zoological correspondents will look after it. I find it very readable and instructive both. But "*Huon*" always interests us most in his "Zoo Notes," which are valuable contributions to our favorite weekly poultry and pet stock paper.

I was surprised at your publishing the singularly illustrated article on the Chicago Exhibition, in No. 17, by C. P. Willard, although you send in the same paper, in editorial shape, an antidote

to the bane noted. Mr. W. has not made out a great deal, in his lengthy "defence," that I can discover, since the chief causes of complaint which all of us have presented since the "great western" show closed, remain in *statu quo!* and his flings about sore-heads reminds one of the old query of Philander Doesticks, P. B., years ago, on a somewhat similar occasion—"duz the gempleman think us *all* damphools"— outside of the Chicago ring? Perhaps so.

Agricola's lamp or sweet *oil* remedy for lice will answer, no doubt on *animals;* but it wont' work so well on buff or white fowls. It soils the feathers, dust and dirt sticks to it, and is not near so efficacious as dry sulphur and lard (in small quantities) mixed with one third kerosene, rubbed in under wings, around the tail-feather roots, and at the back of the neck. This will destroy vermin, every time—and we should "not forget it!"

Sportsman's Department.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DOG.

A *Journal of Science* correspondent says, "I had had a terrier dog for several years, and had never—even in his puppyhood—known him to steal. On the contrary, he used to make an excellent guard to protect property from other animals, servants, etc., even though these were his best friends. [Mr. Romanes here adds in a note, "I have seen this dog escort a donkey which had baskets on his back filled with apples. Although the dog did not know that he was being observed by anybody, he did his duty with the utmost faithfulness; for every time the donkey turned back its head to take an apple out of the basket, the dog snapped at his nose; and such was his watchfulness that, although his companion was keenly desirous of tasting some of the fruit, he never allowed him to get a single apple during the half hour they were left together. I have also seen this terrier protecting meat from other terriers (his sons) which lived in the same house with him, and with which he was on the very best of terms. More curious still, I have seen him seize my wristbands while they were being worn by a friend to whom I had temporarily lent them."] Nevertheless, on one occasion he was very hungry, and in the room where I was reading and he was sitting, there was within easy reach a savory mutton chop. I was greatly surprised to see him stealthily remove this chop and take it under a sofa. However, I pretended not to observe what had occurred, and waited to see what would happen next. For fully a quarter of an hour this terrier remained under the sofa without making a sound, but doubtless enduring an agony of contending feelings. Eventually, however, conscience came off victorious, for, emerging from his place of concealment, and carrying in his mouth the stolen chop, he came across the room and laid the tempting morsel at my feet. The moment he dropped the stolen property he bolted again under the sofa, and from this retreat no coaxing could charm him for several hours afterward. Moreover, when during that time he was spoken to or patted, he always turned away his head in a ludicrously conscience-stricken manner. Altogether I do not think it would be possible to imagine a more satisfactory exhibition of conscience by an animal than this, for it must be remembered, as already stated, that the particular animal in question was never beaten in it's life."

THE GREAT SPRINGFIELD BENCH SHOW.

From Forest and Stream.

The members of the Rod and Gun Club of Springfield have reason to congratulate themselves upon the success which has attended, for the second time, their efforts at holding a Bench Show of Dogs. But one other in any way approaching it has ever before been held in this country, and that was the show at Chicago in February last. The number of entries, which at Springfield reached 362, was about equal in both places. Chicago had somewhat the advantage in having, through the kennels of Mr. Turner of St. Louis, Mr. Smith of Strathroy, Canada, and others, a larger representation of imported setters, which was counterbalanced in the case of Springfield by the largest and finest collection of pointers ever gotten together in this or perhaps any other country, and it is also a notable fact in connection with this last show that the list of entries, large as it was, was made up almost entirely of sporting dogs, there being but comparatively few of the smaller classes of pets, etc., on exhibition.

The City Hall, in which the show was held, is admirably adapted for the purpose, and the arrangements in the way of boxes for the dogs could not be excelled, affording abundant space for the comfort of the dogs, as well as ample promenading room. It was rather unfortunate that, owing to a ball which was in progress, the committee were unable to obtain possession of the hall until after midnight on Tuesday, so that it was late on Wednesday before the dogs were placed and classified. It was, therefore, not until Thursday morning that the judging began, and what with the large number of entries and the delay in the appointing of the judges on the champion and special premium classes, it was late in the evening before the awards were made up—too late, indeed, to announce them to the public, or to placard the winners.

We consider this to be a misfortune, as not only were the spectators deprived of the satisfaction of inspecting the winners, but one great object of the show—the instruction of the uninitiated—was lost. Of course the members of the Rod and Gun Club were not to blame for this, for the various committees worked like beavers; but the vast number of entries, together with the impossibility of getting the hall until such a late hour, upset their calculations, and threw the bulk of the work into the last few hours. We trust that hereafter Bench Shows of the magnitude of this one will be arranged and carried out on some plan similar to the one in vogue in England, where the first day is set aside for the judging, and the public are not admitted until after the awards are made. In the present case it was not until ten o'clock at night—the last moments of the show—that the awards were declared, leaving little, or indeed no time, for those so inclined to inspect the dogs, and, if need be, criticize the action of the judges.

Prominent dog breeders and fanciers were present from New England and the Middle States in large numbers; but the West was almost entirely unrepresented, scarcely a compliment, considering the assistance given by entries and otherwise from this section to the Chicago show. Dr. Goldsmith of Vermont was present with his celebrated prize winner, Plunkett, a splendid specimen of the red Irish dog, but scarcely seen to advantage within the limits of a box, or even when led by a chain. Mr. Wm. Jarvis of Claremont, N. H., the vigorous defender, through our columns, of the red as the true color of the Irish setter, was also on hand, with the celebrated Dick and his imported Shamrock. Dick is getting old, but is a good dog still, as any one can

see who inspects his portrait in our gallery. Mr. Charles H. Raymond of Morris Plains, left his Pride and his Fairy at home, and relied upon native Dimity to take the rag off the bush. Mr. Theo. Morford of Newton, N. J., was represented by a Don who, although not a hidalgo of blue blood, was yet good enough for any company. Mr. Luther Adams of Boston, had probably the strongest team of setters to be found in this country, headed by the champion Rock. Mr. George Delano of New Bedford, although not present in person, sent three capital representatives from his kennel. Mr. Nicholas Saltus of Brooklyn, had Dash and imported Lill III, together with their litter of five puppies. Dr. Webb had a large delegation of pointers, representatives of his own and Mr. F. Schuchardt's kennels. Mr. S. J. Bestor of Hartford, had his celebrated cocker spaniels entered, and notwithstanding strong opposition, carried off two prizes. Dr. S. Fleet Speir of Brooklyn, had a pair of puppies from his Gordon stock. The local kennels of Springfield and vicinity were largely represented, and that of Mr. S. T. Hammond was successful in several classes. The veteran sportsman, Ethan Allen of Pomfret Centre. was of course on hand, with several choice specimens of his well-known strain of setters, both from his own kennel and that of Mr. J. Dwight Francis.

The class of English setters, judged by Mr. N. Saltus, was not a numerous one and was soon gotten through with. There could scarcely be a dissenting voice as to the decision so far as the winner of 1st prize was concerned. Mr. Luther Adams' Scout, by his Rock out of imported Pickles, is a good dog, with a head that is simply perfect, and with much more size and substance than could be expected from a little bitch of Pickles kind. But Rock appears to possess the faculty of transmitting his own quality to his progeny. Mr. Delano's Charm, by Pride of the Border, out of Fairy, took second honors; but, although his breeding is so good, and notwithstanding his possessing the good traits of the Laveracks, he was so fat that we did not consider his chances so good as those of his kennel companion, Adonis. Mr. Parker's Blue Blood, by Rock, out of Dora, who has grown into a fine dog since we saw him last fall, was third.

We were glad to see Mr. Jarvis' Dick take the place of honor in the red Irish class, although it was almost a walk over, as Mr. Saltus' Dash, who would have pushed him very closely, was already a first prize winner. This gentleman took first for bitches with his imported Lill III, and his brace with their litter of handsome puppies attracted much attention. Snipe, placed second, was first last year in a much smaller collection.

In imported Gordons or their progeny, the "bar" clause shut out the finest specimens exhibited, notably the bitch Norah and old Shot (late Jeromes') the property of A. F. Copeland, Esq., of Boston, both being first prize winners. Mr. Jerome Marble's Grouse was deservedly placed first of those left in, although Dr. Strachan's Sport (second) was very close, and probably had he been marked with tan, according to the recognized standard in this country, would have taken first honors. Sport is black with a little white, and is from Mr. James Gordon Bennett's stock. Monarch (third) a large, finely formed dog of the Belmont strain, was much out of condition, but being a youngster will show to advantage later. Lou, first in the bitch class, was imported as a puppy by Mr. Munn, and barring a somewhat short head, shows in coat and color the finest characteristics of the Gordon type. Mr. Emerson Foote was very close to the winner with Mab, half a point only separating them. Mr. Hammond's Flash, a St. Kilda bitch, was well placed as third.

The class of native setters was not only very large, there being over forty entries, but was very difficult to judge; Gordons, red Irish, and native English, being thrown in together in a manner which must have been most confusing to a judge who was called upon to decide upon the merits not only of different dogs, but of rival strains. Mr. Jarvis, however, stood up to his work nobly and scarcely erred in placing Mr. Morford's Don and May, first in the dog and bitch entries respectively. We think that this award gave general satisfaction, and we congratulate Mr. Morford upon his success. No one has worked harder, more persistently, or more successfully, to bring to perfection a strain of native setters. A certain amount of chance enters into bench show exhibitions, and it is scarcely fair to criticise the action of a judge who is obliged to score his points on each dog according to his judgment, and it is not improbable that a very superior dog would show to the least advantage when under the hands of a judge, through timidity or fear. Among the native setters which appeared to us worthy of mention were, Lieut. Harry Metcalfe's red dog Jim, and Mr. J. Dwight Francis' March, of the old Ethan Allen strain. Mr. D. P. Charles, of Albany, also showed a very fine red dog named Fritz. Dimity was worthy of the place she received next to May. Her pen, in which was a fine litter of puppies by Pride of the Border, was a great centre of attraction thoughout the show.

The pointers were also very numerous, and Messrs. Orgill and Saltus, who judged respectively the large and small classes, had their hands full. Some confusion was created in judging the first named, from the fact of no distinction having been made between dogs and puppies, some of the latter being so well grown that when they were brought before the judge he was in doubt as to how he should judge them. Mr. Schuchardt's veteran, Tom, now eleven years old, was awarded first position by judge and spectators alike, but we confess that we should have preferred to have seen him followed by Mr. Brook's fine imported dog Bingo, or the fine lemon and white dog Cal, owned by Mr. Hixon, of Springfield. Mr. Stephenson, of West Meriden, showed a very fine young dog in Phil, a son of the champion Pete. Mr. Schuchardt was fortunate also with his bitch Fan, taking second for this sex; nor do we think that there was the twelve points difference between her and the winner, Nellie, as shown by the judges card. In the small pointer class, the entries were not so numerous, and we doubt if the judge could have done differently in placing Grouse first. Whisky was followed very closely by the "Squire's" Belle, only one point separating them, and one of Whisky's first litter, Rex, was named as the best dog puppy.

The spaniels were very much mixed up. Mr. Bestor deservedly took first for cockers, with his Snip, and his bitch Juliette was second in her class. Mr. Morford had anything but an easy task in judging the various classes entrusted to him, so mixed were the entries. In fact, it seems that while most sportsmen have been devoting their time and attention almost wholly to setters and pointers, the smaller breeds of sporting dogs have been neglected to such an extent that but few are well posted as to the characteristics of the various strains, and a general commingling is the result. The cockers were many of them clearly marked after water spaniels, and it was difficult to decide which strain was most prominent. So of the Clumber, in which only the color was left, together with size and characteristic of the setter. The water spaniels were better, and seemed to be very distinct. There was one entry, a dog, Ned, a Norfolk spaniel which bore evidence of being very pure blood, and was undoubtedly a fine specimen of this strain of Springer spaniels, for which there was no class. This dog is owned by Mr. J. F. Jones, of Springfield.

Our space will not permit us to review the various classes of toy, pet, or watch dogs; although mention must be made of the two magnificent Scotch stag hounds, Sir Walter and Spider, exhibited by Mr. H. G. Bixby, of Nashua, N. H. These dogs were each awarded 100 points, the maximum figure, denoting perfection. M. J. H. Seaver, of Malone, N. Y., exhibited a fine specimen of the Italian greyhound, which we considered superior to the one placed first by the judge.

To be continued.

THE

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BIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Nos. 18 & 19 of this valuable work have just been received, and are equal to any of their predecessors. The work will be complete in about 36 monthly parts, at $1.00 each. For further information address Jacob H. Studer, Columbus, Ohio.

FELLOWSHIP AMONGST FANCIERS.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small."

The old prejudice of one hundred years ago, covering a man like a mantle, with a degree of disgrace, who was known to be a fancier of birds and agile pets generally, is fast being dissipated, like the morning dew, under the beams of a cloudless sun, and as the ancient superstitions melt away by the enlightening power of the press, the mind begins to assert its independent right to think for itself. In no channels of reform, or advancement in the arts of civilization, has man made greater strides than in restoring the love which was due to the wise and beneficent handiworks of his Creator—to the vast family of multiform creatures, evidently made for his use and pleasure. But there is no greater mistake which fanciers could make, no error which would more tarnish the credit due to them, than to allow that love to excel that which ought to exist, unalloyed and uninfluenced by money or station, amongst themselves, honor and circumspection of character being assumed to be the only standard of equality. To have an innate admiration for the beautiful, is noble. But to love our neighbor as ourself is sublime. To be recognized as a true fancier, in the highest sense of the word, must, invariably, preclude limiting the scope of our affections to the varied plumage of the bird, or to the agility of the quadruped; but renders it as the first indispensable duty to extend the cordial hand of fellowship, on every convenient occasion, more especially to every brother, whose labors in the animal kingdom is in unison with his own.

The reason why, in some rare cases, clubs and societies are not continued with that fervor and enthusiasm with which they are commenced, is because they lack the two cardinal virtues, equality and fraternity, the two pillars upon which all prosperous and successful societies rest, and without which they droop like a plant without moisture. If true democracy exists anywhere, it ought to be found in a corporate body of men, united for the propagation and development of animated nature. But if a members finer sensibilities go no further than the improvement of the brute, and allow their lower attachments to supersede the higher; then we must pronounce their motives to be sordid and selfish and unworthy of the highest enconiums. The grand purpose for which a community is formed, is for the furtherance of some specific object or principle which created it.

Consequently, from its first inception and organization, grave responsibilities rest upon it, and is certainly very remiss in the performance of its duties, should its highest ends be confined to its own aggrandizement. As in mercantile firms it may present an exhibit of its labors to the criticizing eye of the public, but the question may be asked, how many does it take by the hand, and lead into the fold, fostering in their minds the charms connected with caring for fur and feathered flocks. We have the happiness to know there are some shining lights, whose complacent beams is a magnet to all within its rays, and there are others whose light is limited and varying, but are nevertheless useful.

While pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy, exist, we shall never expect to see that unanimity between man and the whole family of animal life, so much desired by the ancient naturalist. "The wolf to dwell with the lamb, and the leopard to lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child to lead them."

Amidst the amazing number of clubs which has uprisen to this end within the past ten years, we cannot presume they will all come through fine gold, when winnowed by time and experience, but we see tokens of success, and prospects of a grand future. More liberal awards, and expedition in awarding, more appreciation amongst capitalists, in their donations, and grander exhibitions. And here we would point out, as a model of excellence, both in quality and promptness, and liberality of prizes, the Consolidated Exhibition at Springfield, Mass., Feb., 1876, but we regret to put at the other end, the Chicago Exhibition of the same season, in unsatisfied and unhonored promises and programmes. Amongst the reforms already mentioned, we would mention another which is not the least refreshing, and that is the general tendency to purge out men void of integrity and honor, the selfish, parsimonious, and deceitful; and confidence in each other more and more strengthened.

In fraternizing, and reciprocating favors there are certain boundary lines, and the usual amenities of life should be attended to. In desiring to see a brother's stock, or even in purchasing, we cannot reasonably expect the mechanic to leave his bench, the lawyer the court, the minister the pulpit, or the editor the sanctum, for that special purpose except upon previous mutual agreement; therefore depending upon the mail as we have to in the transaction of business, makes confidence in each other more sternly necessary. And in conclusion, the true Fancier belongs to that honorable body of men who puts a higher estimate upon God's works than upon man's—upon the original, more than the imitation, and his devotion to his flock, he finds himself their loved and acceptable servant, in guarding and protecting their forms and color from deviating from the true standard of taste, which far transcends that of the painter. Let fanciers then feel their ennobling position, working together in harmony and concord in Nature's fold, not dimming the lustre of his high calling, by using it as a means to obtain craftily, filthy lucre, but adhering to the moral standard—every one striving for the mastery in honor and courtesy at all times, as well as in beauty of breed, then we shall gladly see the black list banished, which so dims the pages of our journals.

The London *Saturday Review* has started a project for a novel society to be organized for the purpose of stocking uninhabited islands with pigs and rabbits, so that shipwrecked sailors who happen to reach them may find an abundance of food awaiting them.

Correspondence.

DOGS.

Friend Wade:—

Mr. J. H. McCann says in your last number that "dogs with white extremities *invariably* have a white tip to their tails." If he ever comes to Boston, he can see on the street any day, a Red Gordon Setter, with white points, whose tail is of natural length, and *red* to the tip—also, a black mongrel, that follows a butcher's cart, whose tail is solid black to tip, while his feet and face are white.

T. F. Smith.

THANKS RETURNED FOR FAVORS RECEIVED.

Editor of Fanciers' Journal:

Dear Sir:—Permit me to tender my most sincere thanks, and also to express my heartfelt gratitude to Wm. Gardener Barton, 88 Bridge St., for his friendly notice of my "piece of rhyme, entitled The Mountain Stream," as it is not every day such a trifling thing raises so tremendous

"A tempest in a teapot."

But how thankful I am that Wm. Gardener Barton, 88 Bridge St., has kindly ventured to take all the responsibility, actual and consequential, arising from said tempest; ah, Mr. Editor, how much sooner the Millennium would be here if all men were as good as Wm. Gardener Barton, 88 Bridge St., who has kindly volunteered to take all the responsibility; and when I reflect on the awful sinfulness of causing so polite a gentleman to feel ashamed, I cannot help exclaiming in my wretchedness, "Did Thomas Jefferson steal the Declaration of Independence, from Locke on civil government," as he is accused of doing? But I humbly ask the pardon of Wm. Gardener Barton, 88 Bridge St., who has kindly volunteered to take all the responsibility, and sincerely regret that I cannot visit 88 Bridge St. and have my cranium phrenologically examined by Wm. Gardener Barton, who has kindly volunteered to take all the responsibility, and would it not be strange if the organ of plagiarism should coincide both in a Peppercorn and a Poet Laureate? Of course I would not have the presumption to say they would; but there is no doubt at all that Robert Burns stole the following verse in his poem called "Halloween," out of Tennyson's Brook:

Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scar it strays;
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickering dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreading hazle,
Unseen that night.

Moreover, Shakespeare has been accused of stealing from Middleton, Milton from Dante, Sterne from Burton, Addison from Marville, Byron from Schiller. Washington Irving is charged with filching Rip Van Winkle from the German, and Poe with stealing his Roman from the Persian.

In fact there is not a Poet from Chaucer to Longfellow, who has not been accused of plagiarizing, and if such is infamy, I feel proud of being in such good company.

But I had almost forgotten to state that Wm. Gardener Barton, 88 Bridge st., who has kindly volunteered to take all the responsibility, says: "I shall be ashamed if such Peppercorn poems are inserted in your paper. Please Mr. Editor, don't let him do it, rather let all the Peppercorns perish from the face of the earth, as there is no knowing what the consequence might be, if Wm. Gardener Barton, who has kindly volunteered to take all the responsibility, should feel ashamed; never mind me, save the reputation of your Journal. But above all, and I *ask* it as an especial favor, do in the name of mercy, cost what it may, keep the blush of shame from the benevolent face of Wm. Gardener Barton, 88 Bridge St., who has kindly volunteered to take all the responsibility.

Yours reduced to powder,
Peppercorn.

MARYLAND POULTRY AND FANCIERS' ASSOCIATION.

List of officers elected at May meeting of the *Maryland Poultry and Fanciers' Association* for the ensuing year.

President—S. H. Slifer.

Vice-Presidents—David Mordecai, W. T. Walters, A. K. Shriver.

Secretary—G. O. Brown.

Treasurer—J. E. Koons.

Executive Committee—Chas. Becker, T. S. Gaddess, J. E. Lloyd, Geo. Colton, Thos. A. Symington.

Very truly yours,
G. O. Brown, Sec'y.

Fredonia, N. Y., May 14th, 1876.

Friend Wade:—

The judge of Light Brahmas at Dunkirk show was *not* Chas. Street, but Mr. C. A. Sweet, of Buffalo, who kindly consented to act, on account of there being no other available judge present for this variety.

Yours truly,
Geo. S. Josselyn.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Rabbits in Australia are more numerous than squirrels in California.

—The Latest Poultry Food.—Our poultry-man announces that he keeps his spring chickens on ice during the winter.

—The *proper* name of the bird commonly known as the English Sparrow, is not German or European Sparrow, but House Sparrow. (!)

—What is the difference between a man and a chicken? Man has his eternity in the next world, and chickens have their necks twirled in this.

—White cats for exhibition should be washed with warm water and fine toilet soap, and after dipped for a moment or so in luke warm water containing borax and indigo. Partially dry with a damp clean wash-leather. (?)

—Is It the Roc?—Various accounts have lately been received of the appearance of an enormous rapacious bird in the interior of New Guinea, which has been called *Harpyopsis Novae Guineae.* May it not be the "roc" of the Arabian nights?

—According to the report of the savans, the flesh supposed to have fallen from the clouds in Kentucky turns out to be the flesh-colored nostic (*N. carneum*), composed of semi-liquid cellulose and vegetable proteine. And don't you forget it!

—In the Jardin d' Acclimatation in Paris are some hundreds of kangaroos recently arrived from Australia. The kangaroo has been introduced into several large estates in France, and is now hunted there like other game. The flesh is sold in market, and is considered a great dainty.

—Lice on Birds—The only *effectual* means of ridding a wooden cage of red mites is to apply freely, with a painter's brush, either naphtha or camphine, taking care not to approach a light for fear of combustion. The birds, of course must not be put into the cage for a week at least, and even then it should be scalded to rid it of the naphtha or camphine. (?)

—This little lesson for women is given by Eliza F. Pollard in her last novel *The Lady Superior:*

"Extraneous duties may come to her, but they are and remain extraneous. Home and home virtues, husband and children, brothers and sisters—let them be served first; then, with enlarged sympathies and increased powers for good, we may extend our helping hands to those needy ones beyond the charmed circle. Men seek for rest, for forgetfulness, in the world and its dissipa-

tions, in the wine-cup, on the race-course, until, weary and dissatisfied, they turn at last to *home*. Let women then beware; from henceforth the power for good and evil is in *their* hands."

—The method of sowing grain on the sandy land in the San Joaquin valley, as practiced successfully by many farmers, is to have a box or sack containing the wheat on the plow, with a spout leading the seed just back of the mold-board, and so regulated that it will drop uniformly and be covered by the lap of the furrow to the depth of an inch or two. This constitutes the whole process, there being no harrowing of any kind done or required.

—A lady in Philadelphia who keeps one of those curly dog favorites known as poodles, lately lost her pet, and called upon a detective to find it. The next day the officer came in with the dog, which was very wet and dirty. The lady was overjoyed, and asked forty silly questions; among others, "Where did you find the dear darling?" "Why, marm," replied the officer, "a big fellow had him tied on the end of a pole, and was washing windows with him."

—Peculiar Flowers.—At Santa Clara, Cal., they have a black lily with three large blossoms, each nine inches long, and perfectly black outside of the green petals. At Constantinople they have a flower which represents a perfect humming-bird. The breast, of a perfect emerald green, is a complete copy of this bird, and the throat, head, back and eyes are a perfect imitation. The hinder part of the body and the two outstretched wings are of a bright rose color—one might almost say flesh-colored.

—The Missing Link Found.—A farmer in the vicinity of Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, while digging for marsh mud in a deep pit on his own farm, unearthed the well-preserved skeleton of a full grown human being with the osseous framework of a tail consisting of nineteen articulated bones. These remains are described as having the general appearance of the skeleton of a North American Indian, with the skull very much flattened and the jawbones very large and thick. All were carefully secured, and are now on exhibition at the house of Silas Wilcox, near Charlotteville.

—Rabbits in the Orchard.—A reader of the Press in one of our mountain counties, (Calaveras,) says he is troubled, and suffers loss every year from the depredations of rabbits. That as certain as the ground is covered two or three days with snow, the rabbits commence girdling his young orchard, and have caused the loss of some valuable trees; and asks if there is any better remedy than dog and gun.

Wrap them with any kind of old cloth or stiff paper, and occasionally saturate it with coal oil or coal tar, which prevents their attacks; but if you are near a slaughter house, procure half a bucket of blood, and with a swab or coarse brush, spread upon that portion of the tree liable to their attacks. It is a sure preventive, and two applications are enough for the whole winter.

—A Botanical Curiosity.—The Rev. T. J. Bissell, of Phelps, N. Y., has in his sitting-room something, in the vegetable kingdom, decidedly remarkable. It is the leaf and petiole of a geranium plant, severed from the stalk, and suspended by a cord, through the base of the petiole, near a window. From the points of the segments into which the leaf is divided, which are the lowermost points, as the leaf hangs suspended, small plants of geraniums have started, and are growing. These plants have stalks and leaves, are in fact perfect plants.

We have never heard of such a case before, and would be glad to hear from any of our readers who have. If we were to attempt an explanation of the phenomenon, it would be in this way: It is supposed, by some, that every cell in a plant, as well as the seed or bud, contains the rudiments of the plant, and has the power, under favorable conditions, of reproducing it. In this case, it may be possible that the sap contained in the severed leaf, settled to the lower points, caused the cells to expand and burst into the young plant.

—A Plea for the Humming Bird.—*Land and Water* publishes the following extract from a letter from a lady living in Westmoreland, Jamaica, in deprecation of the cruel fashion of destroying the humming bird for the purpose of decorating ladies' hats; "We have two magnificent ceifas, or silk cotton trees, not far from the house, on which there must be many millions of dark crimson and maize-colored blossoms, with a perfume very much like that of the Turk's cap lily—rather too powerful for a bouquet, but when mingled with those of other trees by the breezes is truly delicious. I see the humming birds darting about the branches like sparks of emerald and crimson fire; but, unfortunately, their number is being rapidly reduced by the womankind of England, who will decorate their silly heads with the lovely little bodies, which ought never to be seen except on the wing. Unfortunately, too, such is the course of fashion, the negro women here are adopting the same mode, and I fear there is not much doubt that the humming bird will soon be exterminated. It is, indeed, a shame to destroy these little beauties in the ruthless manner they are being destroyed at the present time."

—Instinct, or Reason?—As a farmer in a neighboring town was getting in his hay, he noticed an unusual commotion among the swallows, which had built a long row of nests under the eaves of his barn. They appeared greatly excited, flying rapidly about, and filling the air with their cries of distress. As the load of hay upon which he was riding passed into the barn, he saw that a young swallow in a nest directly over the door had caught its neck in a crack between two shingles and was unable to liberate itself. He stopped his team and set the young bird free, restoring it to the nest. Upon his return to the barn with his next load of hay, he examined the crack and found that they had filled it completely with mud, so that no matter how enterprising or how foolish the young swallow might be he could not again endanger his life or the peace of that community by any experiments upon that crack.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

—As others see us.—In these days of free thinking, speaking and writing, few of us can escape learning how we appear to others; and many men, and women, too, in public positions, must often be led to hope that they do not quite answer to the current descriptions them, and to question of the efficacy of the poet's suggestion, in the interests of private or public virtue.

But in fact, as other *people* see us, is but one out of four aspects which we present. To our own consciences we must indeed at times appear even blacker than our enemies would paint us, and the All-seeing God views us just as we really are, His sight piercing even the disguises which hide us from ourselves.

But there is a fourth aspect which, as human beings, we present to the animals by which we are surrounded; we seldom think of them, or, if at all, with unconcern; yet, could we put ourselves in their places, how strange a creature man would appear to us! by turns a giant and a dwarf, a monster of cruelty and a tender guardian, a devourer of thousands and a dainty morsel, a preacher of morality and a practicer of frightful crimes, a tyrant over others, and the abject slave of fashion, caprice and prejudice.

If animals could indulge in abstract thought and could utter their sentiments after the human fashion, what volumes would be produced; what observations would be made of the manners and customs of that strange two-legged creature called man; what criticisms upon his morals and his dealings with his fellow-creatures; what caricatures of his peculiarities; what sarcasms upon his follies and inconsistencies.—*Burt G. Wilder.*

—Woman's Special Pet.—

It is the miller's daughter,
And she has grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the pug-dog
That sits beside her cheer.

Of all the dogs, the most to be envied are, decidedly, these pugs. It is a pleasing sight to behold an elegantly-dressed and queenly woman sweeping from her carriage to a fashionable store, attached to an animated muff of a poodle, by a silken cord. The poodle is too well known to need description. The "pug" is rarer, in this country, and more aristocratic. He is an importation from China and Japan. He is a dog of proud bearing, and has a thousand pretty ways, different from those of other dogs. He will sit for hours, staring with tender eyes into his mistress' face, silently adoring, then jump up behind her chair, and place his black face close to her cheek, and keep quiet as an image, for fear of being displaced.

These are the points of beauty and excellence in Mr. Pug. He wears a black mask of a muzzle, as if he were going to a masquerade; his eyes are large, bulging, dark, and tender; his nose short and saucy. When he is excited or romping, he pops out a roseleaf of a tongue, which glows against his velvet snout like the Magenta ribbon in the hat of the American girl at the International Regatta; his forehead is wrinkled like an English walnut, but the wrinkles are not the furrows of a frown, but the crumpling of a merry countenance. In the center of the forehead is a small dark patch,—the "spot,"—which should be dark enough to increase the luster of the eye; and, along the backbone, there should run a black line, connecting the head with the tail. He should have a broad chest, a sloping shoulder, a round, compact body, and legs like a dancing master's, small feet, and a curly tail. A pug without a curly tail is a *gone* dog; for the tail, after all, is the chief point of excellence. It should curl with a double coil, and rest close against the hip.

It is the happy lot of the pug dog that he must be kept fat and warm, to appear to perfection. Who would not be a pampered minion like a pug?

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKES' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE CENTENNIAL AQUARIA.

[For the week ending May 6, 1876.]

Five thousand gallons of sea water. Presented by the Camden and Atlantic rail road.
1 Spotted Tortoise, (*Emys guttata.*) Presented by Milton P. Peirce, Wenonah, N. J.
4 Graylings (*Thymallus tricolor*), habitat Michigan. Presented by F. M.
Collection of Larva of water-breeding insects, habitat New York. Presented by Sara J. McBride, Mumford, N. Y.
5 Rock Bass (*Centrarchus æneus*).
2 Sun-fish (*Pomotis vulgaris*).
3 Suckers (*Catostomus communis*).
1 ———? (*Percopsis guttata*).
1 Black Sucker (*Catastomus nigricans*).
3 Yellow Perch (*Perca flavescens*).
1 Roach (*Stilbe chrysoleucas*).
3 Catfish (*Pimelolus catus*). Presented by W. M. Locke, Honeoye Falls, N. Y.
1 stand of Coste Hatching Trays.
1 Hatching Box. Presented by Mrs. J. H. Slack, Bloomsbury, N. J.

Fred Mather, Sup't.

FALCONS AND FALCONERS.

It appears to us singular that so little reference is made in this country to that ancient and fashionable sport called falconry. To all appearances it is practically ignored in deference, perhaps, to the sensibility of Henry Bergh, whose excessive tenderness on behalf of all rights save those of humanity, possibly points out traces of tyranny in the training of a falcon. Certain it is, however, that our ancestors derived abundant amusement from this graceful pastime, whose merits appear still recognized in many parts of the world.

For the benefits of the advocates of this imperial sport in America, we beg to translate the following from a recent French publication. The article is entitled "*Fancons et Fanconniers*"

"Captain Saint-Sandys-Dugmore's flights of falcons at the "*Jardin d' Acclimatation*" in Paris, have somewhat chafed the feelings of French importers.

Jealous of ancient times, many of them, and not the least conspicuous, at this moment cherish the idea, to make the chase with this soaring bird, once more fashionable.

This resolution is not calculated to please the Society for the Protection of Animals, for there are few tortures not inflicted on these unfortunate birds in behalf of their education and in order to render them docile to the wishes of the master.

Amongst all animals reduced to servitude for the gratification of the pleasures and pageantries of the great, the falcon is without doubt the one whose disposition is the most savage and independent. By dint of art, of patience, and privations, it has been made possible to utilize his courage, vigor, and the rapidity of its flight, but it has never in any falconry been possible to reproduce its species. According to Buffon "it remains captive without becoming domesticated; the individual alone is a slave, its species are always born to liberty and foreign to the empire of man."

It is at the price of servile obedience that the unfortunate bird purchases each day of its existence. Each hour of sleep, each allotment of food, are exchanged for value received. Under these conditions the captive may well regret the dusky skies of Norway and the banks of Iceland.

This is the proceeding used in order to impart to the falcon that education which will render him an instrument in the hands of the hunter.

He is first of all shackled, that is, each leg is imprisoned in an iron ring attached to a chain, the end of which is riveted to a metallic weight, engraved with the master's name. As an exercise of flight the falconer, with his hand covered with a thick skin glove, takes the bird on his fist and carries him thus for entire hours without permitting him an instant of repose, nourishment or sleep. The moment arrives when the bird, vanquished by fatigue and hunger, abandons all haughtiness of deportment. He is then hooded with a leathern cap which closes his eyes, and he is left plunged in profound darkness to meditate over the duties expected from him. Three days and nights spent through this ordeal is generally found sufficient to dispose him to the most entire docility. He is then restored to light. He soon learns to acknowledge the hand whose ministrations dispel the sensations of fatigue and of hunger, and allows himself to be hooded and unhooked by his *chaperon.*

Later on he is taken into the open air, fastened to a leather thong, when he is unhooded and shown the "pat" or alluring morsel which he is invariably made to eat upon the fist.

After acquitting himself of this exercise with the greatest submission, he is then taught to distinguish the "leurre" or decoy.

This decoy is a representative of his prey, a manikin covered with feathers to simulate a bird, and upon this is placed the meat with which the falcon is habitually fed.

This habit of taking his meal on the decoy tends to make the latter attractive, the use of which is also eventually resorted to whenever the flight of the bird carries him beyond moderate distance. The display of the decoy is always accompanied with a peculiar cry from the falconer.

The moment has now arrived to prepare the bird for the chase, and acquaint him with the game which he is destined to capture. It is optional to loosen him at small quadrupeds, such as hares, or large birds, as cranes or herons.

Chardin, in his essays on Persia, states that at the commencement of the 7th century, falcons had been trained to attack men and pierce their eyes.

It was in Asia, however, that the art of falconry was first introduced, thence it passed to Africa, whence it reached Europe towards the end of the Crusades.

Feudal Europe developed such a marvellous taste for the falcon chase, that even the sovereigns disdained not to train the falcons themselves.

Amongst the names of crowned falconers may be cited those of Frederic Barbarossa, whose passionate enthusiasm for this mode of chase was such that he indulged the sport in the very presence of the enemy; of his son Henry VI; of Reginald, Marquis of Este; of Manfred, King of Sicily; Edward III., of England; of Charles Quint, who ceded the Island of Malta to the Knights expelled from Rhodes, on condition that on each succeeding year, in acknowledgement of this favor, they should send him a white falcon; of Francis I.; of the Landgrave Philip of Hesse, who exacted from all owners of dove-cots a tithe of their pigeons for the nourishment of his own falcons, etc., etc.

At the court of France in the 15th century, falconry numbered fifty falconers, exclusive of the grand master, assisted by fifteen gentlemen of the most approved titles. The whole costing the treasury on an average 50,000 *livres* per annum, accounted a large sum at that period.

At this day, the art of falconry only exists in Flanders, Holland, and Iceland; but it is principally at Falkenwerth that it can be found with all the traditions of olden times, the best school of falconry.

The falconers of that country strike out to Norway and Iceland in search of their pupils. According to the Dutch General d'Ardesch, the following is the plan of capture:

A falconer, perfectly concealed, holds a string one hundred feet long, at the extremity of which is attached a live pigeon. At some forty steps from him, the string passes through a ring, near which is spread a net, connected with the falconer by means of a rope. When a falcon appears, the man jerks the string, whereby the pigeon is made to flutter, and in a moment the falcon swoops down upon and seizes him. At this juncture, the falconer steadily draws in both the pigeon and the falcon until the ring is reached, when suddenly the net is sprung over them, and the bird is captured.

The captives are taken to Flanders and Holland where they undergo their education aforesaid. When it is completed, they are sent to England, where they are usually bought by members of the Hawking fraternity. These are generally the proprietors of Heronries, such as Lord Lilford, the Duke of Bedford, Major Delme Radcliffe, Lord Berners, Captain Dunscombe, etc."—*Chicago Field.*

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

D. GURDEN, Box 64, Baltimore, Md., offers to exchange an English Bull Terrier slut, one year old, in pup; a slut pup, 5 months old, a dog pup, 5 months old, for Black Hamburgs, Leghorns, Houdans, B. B. R. Game Bantams, or eggs of above varieties. What offers?

G. O. RUDIN, Evergreen, Ala., will exchange books as follows: "Phonographic Shorthand Works," "Footprint of the Ages," "Wonders of the World," for B. B. Red, and Duckwing Game Eggs, "Cooper's Game Fowl," or offers. Write for particulars. All letters answered.

HERMAN ROESCH, Kane, Greene Co., Ill., exchange Dahlias, Gladiolus, Double Tuberoses, Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Martha Grape Vines and Flower Seeds, for high class poultry of any breed, P. Cochins, Houdans, Creve Cœurs, and Pekin Ducks preferred, or for female Canaries. Don't all speak at once. First attentions to offers from Illinois.

L. H. IMMEL, Wooster, O., will exchange one coach dog, well marked and broken, 1½ years old, for Black Spanish, Brown Legborns, G. S. and S. P. Hamburgs, or what offers. Speak quick.

O. C. BARROWS, Bristol, R. I., will exchange eggs from fine White Leghorns and G. S. Bantams, for a trio of Dark Brahmas or Partridge Cochins, or for eggs from same. Write.

H. M. FRENCH, Box 59, Holbrook, Mass, wants to exchange Silver Poland hens, for Fancy Pigeons—Nuns, Jacobins, or White Barbs preferred. What offers?

O. S. KEENE, Box 16, Auburn, Me., will exchange one pair Lops, 16 and 17 inch ears, from my imported pair 10 months old, Himalayans and Angoras, from imported pairs, for Pekin Ducks or Embden Geese. Write.

D. GURDEN, P. O. Box 64, Baltimore, Md., will exchange English Bull Terrier dogs, for Lop-eared, Angora, or Himalayan Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, Maltese Cats, or offers.

F. A. PENNINGTON, Delaware City, Del., will exchange 1 pair of White Pouters, 2 pairs Black Trumpeters, for Black or Red Jacobins.

JOHN E. SCHUM, 150 South Water St., Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange a good new Success Washing Machine, in good order; it will give satisfaction wherever gets it; 1 good male Canary bird, good singer; 1 good Seven-Shooter Revolver. What offers. Speak quick. All letters, &c., answered at once.

W. B. COCHRAN, 19 Commerce St, Baltimore, Md, wants to exchange 1 very fine Silver Owl cock, also 1 Yellow Owl hen. What offers?

E. L. LEWIS, Ansonia, Conn., has to exchange Plymouth Rocks, Brown Leghorns, two fine Brahma hens, Red Pyle and Derby Games, White Pouter Pigeons—all first-class stock—for a good double-barrelled shot gun, breech-loader preferred, or for other property.

A. B. SMITH, Worthington, Ind., will exchange eggs from L. Brahmas, W. Leghorns, Buff, White, and Part. Cochins, for B. B. R. Game, Black African, S. Sebright, and R. R. G. Bantam eggs.

O. C. BARROWS, Bristol, R. I., will exchange a new, nickel-plated, single-barrel, breech-loading shot gun, Stevens' make, never used, for Dark Brahma or Partridge Cochin fowls of good strains. What offers?

R. C. TOMPKINS, Trumansburg, N. Y., has to exchange 1 trio first class Buff Cochins, (Todd's strain,) for one trio first-class White Leghorns, or White-faced Black Spanish. My Cochins are one year old and fine birds, and I wish fine ones in exchange.

W. C. POWELL, Findlay, Ohio, wants to exchange one pair of Silver Duckwing Games, for 3 (three) dozen Black Breasted Red Game eggs. Must be from good stock. No shysters need reply. Speak quick!

GEORGE F. SEAVEY, Cambridgeport, Mass., has Short-face Tumblers, Blacks, Agates, Mottled, and Tortoise Shell, to exchange for Turbits, Black, or Blue-tailed and sold colors. Must be first-class.

ABM. V. N. DeFOREST, Metuchen, Middlesex Co., N. J., will exchange an Ivory-handle, silver-sheath Dagger, 4½ inch blade, an Allen Revolver, seven-shooter; "Bement's Poulterers Companion;" a 100 foot tape line; a Hand Drill, and an Extension Bitt—will bore from ¼ to 1¾ inch hole—for offers; also Creve Coeur cock, for Pigeons.

BROSE, No. 27 Hand St., Rochester, N. Y., will exchange one choice pair of Red Shells, for one Yellow or Black Barb hen; also one White African Owl hen, one Blue Swallow cock, for Black Swallow cock, or Blue Jacobin cock. Only extra good birds will be received, as mine are very choice.

CHAS. F. THOMPSON, Wadley's Falls, N. H., will exchange White Cochin, Partridge Cochin, and Dark Brahma cocks, (good birds,) for Brown Leghorn and Plymouth Rock eggs, or Poultry or Agricultural books. Will give one cock for one sitting of good eggs.

L. J. NEWHARD, Allentown, Pa., will exchange a fine Wire Trap Cage, can be used to trap Indigos, Goldfinches, Catbirds, Cardinals, &c.; also Bird Lime, for Black, Blue, and Yellow Fantails, or a good Solid White Pouter hen, or a Blue Pied Pouter cock. Pouters must be large and heavy booted.

F. HARDING, 5 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio, will exchange new Buggy Harness, small Black and Tan Terrier pups, and Pointers and Setters, for Lop-eared Rabbits, or Ferrets. Send stamp for reply.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

J. F. FERRIS, Hartford, Conn., wants a good Black Red Game Bantam cock in exchange for a choice selected nest of White Leghorn eggs, or eggs of any other variety.

P. O. BOX 689, Rockville, Conn., wants two or three white, or nearly white Houdans. Must be first class.

CHARLES D. PARKER, 308 Gay St., Baltimore, Md., wants consignments of Pigeons, Guinea Pigs, Rabbits, Maltese Cats, Dogs, and all kind of pet stock. Write before you ship, and give me a complete description of stock, and the price wanted. Commission, 20 per cent.

ADVERTISEMENTS

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

PLYMOUTH ROCKS.—First and special premiums at Buffalo, 1875; first premium at Utica, 1876. Eggs, $2.00 per 13.
no.16 4t S. S. MORLEY, Clyde, N. Y.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

EGGS! EGGS! EGGS! I am now ready to fill orders for Eggs to hatch from 13 varieties of premium and imported Fowls, carefully mated for best results. Prices very reasonable for reliable stock. Send for a full descriptive Catalogue and Price List. Address, A. M. CAREY.
SELINS GROVE, Pa.

POULTRY AND PIGEONS.

A breeder of high-class Fowls and Pigeons, retiring from the Fancy, has placed in my hands for immediate sale, his entire stock, including some pairs and trios of valuable Fowls, and 200 pairs of Fancy Pigeons, besides many odd birds. If you want Fowls, send for price lists; if Pigeons, write for what you want. Every thing at bottom prices.
HOWARD I. IRELAND, Camden, N. J.

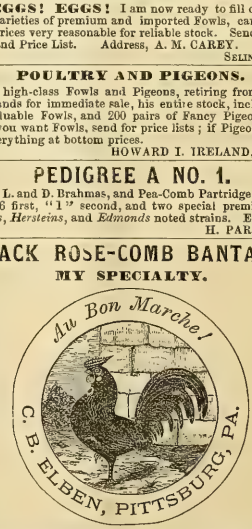
PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D. Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch, Williams, Hersteins,* and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.
H. PARHAM, Lima, O.

BLACK ROSE-COMB BANTAMS,

MY SPECIALTY.

Black African Bantams.



Fine Light Brahmas.

During the show season of 1876 my stock won ten first premiums. Having exhibited them myself at four exhibitions, winning six first premiums on old and young, some figuring as high as 97 points, this fact alone should be a sufficient guarantee of the purity of stock and perfections of markings. No birds to dispose of at present. C. B. ELBEN, Pittsburg, Pa.

A New Large Finely Illustrated Monthly, devoted to Poultry and Pet Stock, in all their branches.

Edited by the eminent and experienced breeder and fancier, W. H. TODD, of Vermilion, Ohio, and furnished at the low price of

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, MAY 29, 1876. No. 20.

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns: the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with rich flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An Angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

MEERSCHAUM AND AMBER.

"By the way you have colored your adored meerschaum, you seem to have worshiped it a long while, and must therefore know all about it. Tell me, of what it is composed?"

"Meerschaum? why it's the foam of the sea!"

Yes, that is the translation from the German, but, you know that sea foam cannot be transformed into such a solid material as that of which your pipe is made." I am afraid that there are very many engaged in coloring their meerschaums, who know but very little about the material so-called.

Meerschaum is a mineral of soft clayey texture, somewhat resembling chalk. It is found in Asia Minor, Spain, and several countries at the head of the Mediterranean, occurring in serpentine veins and in tertiary deposits. The best pipes are made in Pesth, (Hungary,) and Vienna, (Austria,) which cities were once very famous for working in meerschaum; but there is an artificial preparation, which is a *mere-sham*, indeed, and for which there is no certain test by which it may be distinguished from the genuine—so after all, you may be coloring a fraud. There must be an army of you engaged in the "coloring" business, for I find in a certain single year that pipes and cigar tubes to the value of $200,000 were imported into the United States. But tell me of what is the mouth piece made?

"Of Amber to be sure!"

"Well, what is Amber?"

"Why, Amber is Amber, of course—That's all I know about it, though it does form the mouth piece of my "adored Meerschaum, as you call it, now, what is it?"

"Well it has been said to be several things. The ancient Greeks and Romans said it was the petrified tears of the Sisters of Phæton, shed for the loss of their boasting brother, and which solidified as they fell in the sea. Some of the old philosophers believed it had a soul; this was on account of its electrical properties. These properties are spoken of as far back as 321 B. C., being at that time noticed by the Arabs, who called Amber by a name, which translated means "catch-chaff." We know now, or ought to know, that amber is a resinous gum, the produce of certain pine trees which existed many thousand years ago. Originally, this gum was in a liquid state—how we know that will appear directly—but age, and, perhaps, the elements, have hardened it to the appearance of stone. It is principally used for medicine, varnish, small ornaments, (necklaces, beads, &c.), cigar holders and mouth pieces for pipes. Only two hundred years ago, in Scotland, "Lammer" (amber) beads were held in a kind of superstitious reverence by the people, and doubtless there are still those who think they have a "charm" above that attached to other such trinkets.

Amber has been found in various places—in Africa, Russia, Sweden, Italy, in the Isle of Wight, the grand pits near London, in New Jersey, Maryland, and Massachusetts; but the richest find ever made has been in that part of Prussia called Samband, where, twelve miles distant from the Baltic was taken, from only a few feet below the surface of the ground, a piece of amber which weighed eighteen pounds.

Belonging to the Crown it was placed in the royal cabinet at Berlin, but when you visit the main exposition building—(grand centennial show, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia), in the Prussian department, you will find the above article, provided you can see anything so small in such a vast place, so thoroughly filled and crowded with wonders from all parts of the world.

The amber beds of Samband are quite valuable, as the fossil amber trees form a strata from 40 to 50 feet thick. From this source the Crown of Prussia derives a yearly revenue of about $40,000.

Besides digging for it, amber is obtained by gathering it from the sea. After a storm the fishermen cast their nets for it as it is borne in shore, among the sea weed. Much is thus obtained, though it is not so valuable as that which is taken from the earth. The value of the specimens is but in proportion to their size, for, while a piece weighing a pound, might, perhaps, demand $50.00, one of twelve pounds would readily bring $5,000. There is the same infatuation about gathering it, as there is about gathering gold, the hope of making as much in an hour as can be made by saving the wages of some ordinary employment, for years. Pieces of amber containing good specimens of insects are very valuable, some pieces where the organic remains retain their

natural colors and delicate parts have been sold as high as $85.00 per pound.

"Then "flies in amber" is not a mere saying."

No, sir; it is a fixed fact—at least the flies were *fixed*, and that fixes the fact, that the material now looking so much like a precious stone, was once a liquid, and not only flies are found in it, but grasshoppers, roaches, beetle-flies, and in a piece of Sicilian amber a lizard was found, a scorpion in that of Prussia, and hosts of spiders in that of America. Bees, and wasps, too, appear as well as leaves of plants, all of which were incorporated in the substance when it was in a jelly state. It would seem that the insects must have been suddenly caught by the liquid resin as it oozed from the tree, and thus were they entombed alive. In some specimens it can be seen where the poor fly has stuck fast, and in his efforts to extricate himself, has lost his legs and left them behind, not far however, for a little farther on is found his lifeless body. Collections of insects in amber are found in London, Oxford, Berlin, and (in our Smithsonian Institute,) Washington. Some of the insects so found, agree with no living species, and of plants found numbers are extinct.

That amber contains a great amount of electricity is proved by the fact, that workers in it—those putting it into selling shape, are affected with a nervous tremor to such a degree, that they are frequently obliged to change the pieces, that the electricity may be dispersed.

Yes, your Meerschaum mouth piece may be a *mere-sham*; there are other kinds of resinous gum which much resemble amber, namely: Gum-copal, a gum of modern fur trees, and Gum-aneme, another modern secretion, forming even now. This gum exudes from the N. American Pine, and so closely resembles amber, that only a practiced eye can detect the difference. Each may, however, be chemically distinguished from one another. Thus, *Anemè* is very transparent, and Copal differs from both, that it possesses an opal, greenish, yellow tint, but as a positive test, if you are not afraid of an experiment, subject your "Amber God" to a heat of 300°, and if it does not soften, keep your soul in patience, if it does soften you have been taken in, but not like the poor fly—you have not been taken in by Amber.

Huon.

ORNAMENTAL HEDGES.

A hedge for general farm purposes is a very different thing from one for mere ornament. For the former we need above all a strong robust grower that would turn cattle almost without thorns, and at the same time a plant that will grow rapidly enough to make a good protection within a decent time. Thus osage orange, honey-locust and such strong growing things are for farm use only.

When people talk of ornamental hedges they have generally in mind evergreen hedges. Of these there is arbor vitæ, hemlock spruce, Norway spruce, and now and then other firs and spruces. But deciduous plants often are used for hedges of an ornamental character, and it is of these that we propose to treat to-day. They do not grow fast enough for an ordinary farm fence, and hence are not fit for protective fences, though many of them are by no means slow, but their beauty for division lines gives them a great advantage. Among the oldest hedge plants of this kind are the hawthorns, of which three have been in use—the English hawthorn, Cockspur hawthorn, and the Washington hawthorn. But in addition to their slow growth, suited only to the older countries, they are liable to blights and diseases, and worse than all, to the apple or quince borer, which makes an end of them about the time we commence to admire the hedge's beauty. The poets have a good deal to say about the hawthorn hedges of old England, their sweet white flowers and bright red berries, but these are only in neglected cases, as a hedge properly pruned and kept in the right condition has none of these nice things and little to recommend it. Hawthorn hedges were very popular about here in the last century, when ideas like our forefathers' were freshly imported, but they have all gone out of existence now.

The buckthorn is another deciduous plant often used for hedges, but it does not do well in warm climates, and is not very popular south of Boston.

The berberry is also a popular hedge plant in the far north; south of this it is liable to rust, and this rust spreads to the wheat-fields, an idea by the way once laughed at by the intelligent, but now found to be true.

The beech and hornbeam are popular for ornamental hedges in the old world, and a few that we have now and then seen in our vicinity, occasionally, shows them to be good things for the Middle States. Of the hawthorns the European is usually employed, but a friend tells us the American is far preferable, as it grows much more rapidly, and then has beautifully colored leaves in fall. On the other hand the European beech is the more rapid grower than the American, and is the best for a beech hedge.

One of the most beautiful things for an ornamental hedge is the Japan quince, (pyrus japonica,) the scarlet apple-like blossoms of which are now very well known. It is considered rather difficult to transplant, but if set rather deep it does very well. There need be no fear of injuring them even though several inches of the branches are buried in the ground. If to this the tops of these branches are clipped a little after planting, success is as well-assured as in any other plant. It grows slow, but is very beautiful when fully established.

There are other things coming into use, such as the silver thorn—a plant allied to the buffalo berry—and some others; but those we have named are the best known.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A SPIDER IN CAMP.

'Tis quite refreshing and greatly relieves the monotony of a quiet, domestic life, to witness a woman, or a party of them, where a mouse, a snake, or a spider appears upon the scene. It was our good fortune to be present one day not long since, in a house where there were three women, two babies and one spider. The women were shelling peas for dinner, and the babies were amusing themselves by pelting each other with the shucks. One of the ladies we will designate as "grandma," the two others as Mrs. F. and Mrs. H. They had the peas in the sack, around which the trio were congregated on the floor. All went well enough till Mrs. H. put her hand in the sack for another handful of peas and brought forth a big black spider. She dropped the peas, spider and all, and then the performance commenced. The first thing in order were three agonizing shrieks. Then grandma mounted a chair, Mrs. H. jumped upon the table, while Mrs. F. dropped the pan of shelled peas and struck a tragic attitude on the sofa. The spider seemed to be making for the two babies on the floor. Maternal affection at once triumphed over fear, and the four feet of the two mothers were instantly planted, as they supposed, right on the top of the spider. But they didn't touch that spider at all. Mrs. F.'s left heel struck Mrs. H. on the right big toe, causing the latter to dance a jig in the most approved style, although she belongs to the church. They again kicked at the spider, but missed it, and kicked the babies instead. Then the music commenced in dead earnest—the two women shrieking and dancing about, and the babies howling for all that was out. We could have killed the spider, but we didn't want to, because it would have spoiled the fun, which was better than a circus. Meanwhile grandma had kept her position on the chair. The old lady's time had now come. She swung her arms to and fro, like the boys do at a jumping match, leaped over a sewing-machine, and landed right on top of the spider, crushing it to death. The fun then was all over, and calmness soon reigned again in that household. The three women took a drink of ice-water, fanned themselves a while, and then got the fire shovel and duster and carried the corpse of that ugly dead spider into the kitchen and cremated him in the cooking-stove. Casualties: Grandma, some loose teeth by jumping so heavily on the floor; Mrs. F. a sprained ankle; Mrs. H. a smashed toe, while one of the babies had a black eye, and the other a skinned elbow.—*Waverly.*

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE CHICKEN FLOCKS IN JUNE.

BY SPANGLE.

"Now all cluck'd home, to their feather beds,
Are the lively chicks, with the downy heads,
In the old Dutch style—with the beds above—
All under the wings of hovering love;
With a few chinked in, as plump as wrens,
Around the edge of the ruffled hens."

Who that has his quiet, comfortable cottage home in the country, that is not gratified with the progress and development of the young pet stock he may have about his place? and who can find more to admire and enjoy the company of, among such pets, than in the pretty broods of early chickens, which in June dot the green sward around his cottage door?

In the happy sunshine, all day long they run hither and thither around the grass plot, deftly catching moth, insect, or tiny worm —meanwhile chirping merrily—busy as bees—continually peeking and flirting and peeping—too young yet to do harm in garden or flower-border, and devouring thousands of minute bugs and worms that would, if not thus destroyed, mature to injure vegetation and the flowers or small fruits we are so anxious to bloom or ripen in perfection.

These tiny creatures are a continual study and a continual joy to the younger members of the family, while the gentler sex take great pleasure—as a rule—in watching their pleasant ways, in feeding and caring for their comforts, and in rendering their condition enjoyable—at least in their juvenile days.

June is the "bright halcyon month" of chicken-hood. If the choice of the amateur fancier falls upon the diminutive Bantams, or the beautiful Spangled Hamburgs, for example: how delightedly will the women expatiate upon the charms of the "dear little creatures" that are seen flitting about the lawn, at this auspicious season of the year, and how ardently and lovingly do the children of the household join in their admiration of the "cunning wee things" in downy coats of white or golden fur, as they watch or tend the young birds, during these bright and cheery days.

And how appropriate is this occupation to *ladies*, who have the opportunity to devote a portion of their leisure to the pleasant task of rearing domestic birds? Surely no hands are so fittingly designed for this work, and no disposition is so aptly congenial to the employment, as is that of gentle, affectionate women—for, as a genuine author puts it, there is something in this business.

"There is a study in it; a subject for investigation; a delightful contemplation in natural history. These beautiful pets are a thing to love, to interest young minds, and old ones, too. They are among the things to make country life interesting, to attach people to their homes, and to make them pleasanter than all the world beside."

When we attend our poultry exhibitions that annually occur nowadays all over the country, and see the throngs of suburbans, artisans, mechanics, farmers, and gentlemen, who flock to these shows of pet stock, and note the enthusiasm of the wives and sweethearts and children of these busy lookers-on, of every grade in society, all eagerly crowding their way among the aisles to gaze upon the coops and cages—day after day—we realize the fact that there "*is something in it.*"

There is a great deal in this—in speculating upon the almost numberless varieties, their beauty, their harmonious plumage, their symmetry, and all the wonderful qualities they naturally possess, "They are a thing to love, by all who have enough of the natural left in their artificial thoughts to appreciate any thing."

"This disposition shows, too, that the world is growing better in domestic feeling, and home attachments. That little things are worth looking after, and, although of inferior magnitude, that one may better feel interested in a chicken, a duck, a pigeon, or a rabbit, than not be interested at all. And children, or young minds, if not amused by innocent things, are very prone to become interested in vicious ones.'

At evening, when the master returns from his town or city counting-house or work-shop, the hen-mother has 'clucked the little ones home;' but how he enjoys a glimpse of the bright black eyes peeping like shining beads from the downy heads of the chicks that have been gathered "beneath the wings of hovering love," or that may be "chinked in, as plump as wrens—around the edge of the ruffled hens"—preparatory to the approaching night's repose.

Willie and Charlie, or Fanny and Daisie, anticipate the arrival of papa with daily recurring pleasure, for each has his or her fresh story to recount as to how nicely this or that brood, or the different members of each, are getting along, how this one is growing, how that one is thriving, how the other is improving. And all this tends to improve the young heart, to elevate the older mind, and thus through nature to lead the thoughts of both upward to nature's God.

And this is a rightful, goodly beginning. To breed a nice chicken, pigeon, or animal of any description, "requires feeling, thought, skill, observation, study, and genius,"—writes Allen.

Not so much perhaps as is demanded to accomplish the work of a finished sculptor or painter, yet "breeding *perfect models in form, grace and plumage*, even of domestic fowls, is an accomplishment in the fine arts, as well as it is to perpetuate their similitudes in marble, or fix them upon canvas.

We may 'teach the young idea how to shoot,' in chickenology, as in zoology, theology, or any other 'ology—at proper times and seasons, and in appropriate ways. Why should we not then more universally encourage this pleasing work among the many innocent, useful, or ornamental pets now current around us.

And why may we not with great profit and improvement to the young hearts and minds of our little ones, more earnestly and generally encourage our children, our wives, and our daughters, in the agreeable duty of cultivating these pretty and interesting pets?

NETTLES FOR LAYING HENS.

We have never tried administering *nettles* to hens, to stimulate laying, but noting the statement in a foreign (Vienna) Journal that "hens fed in winter with chopped and boiled nettle leaves or seed, or both combined, and *kept in warm quarters*, will continue laying the entire winter,"—we examined this statement with some interest.

The paper from which we quote affirmed that this experiment was tried upon observing how eagerly both domestic and wild fowl devour the nettle leaves and seeds, whenever opportunity offers. This proclivity is supposed to account for the fact that

while such an enormous number of *seeds* are produced by the nettle, so few *plants* are ordinarily grown.

In Denmark—so it is averred—both the seeds and leaves are fed to the cattle and horses, carefully, after drying and grinding. Thrice a week, a handful of this nettle meal (or dust) is mixed with the oats given; and this causes their hair to grow glossy, while the beasts become sleek and fat, perceptibly, by this style of feeding.

With fowls, however, we think their being *kept in warm quarters* in winter, has much to do with their laying well in cold weather. It may be that the stimulating pungent qualities of the nettle assist in hurrying up this process, nevertheless. And with plenty of nettles to be had in our American fields, and along the country highways—why will not some of our enterprising chicken fanciers try this experiment, and report results.

THE BATTLE OF THE ROCKS.

Judging from the contents of the journals for the past few months, the Plymouth Rock fowl seems to be attracting a considerable share of attention. During last year we wrote for these columns the first series of articles that found their way into public print, concerning the origin, history, &c., of this fowl. We have been pretty well noticed since then, both by anonymous writers, and by well known contributors, over their own proper signatures. In some instances, the accuracy of our statements have been questioned; in others, the integrity of our motives; and in still others, the correctness of our knowledge. The anonymous fellows are generally *mud-flingers*, who are either ashamed or afraid to sign their proper names to their articles, such as the "Videttes"—(by the way, where does Mr. Vedette find his authority for his orthography ?) and the Nod Pattersons, and so on. These must be classed as literary guerrillas, or bushwhackers, and are out of the pale of true critics or inquirers after truth. Any man who has anything to say worth saying, should not hide himself behind a *nom de plume*. All true criticism is valuable, and is to be courted rather than shunned, and if "bubbles" are to be bursted, the work may be done just as well if we know who is doing it. Moreover, if we have volunteer guards mounted on our out-posts, the intelligence or information they bring will be quite as worthy if we know who our Vedettes are. Some bubbles wont burst worth a cent, and Vedettes may sometimes be mistaken in their observations and reports. But it is scarcely worth while to take up so much space discussing anonymous and therefore irresponsible writers. If they have disagreeable things to say, let them say them, but let them sign their names to them honestly.

Some writers try to pooh, pooh, the Plymouth Rocks, but they are now fairly past the point where they could be put down in any such cheap and contemptuous way. They have done what I claimed more than a year ago, they would do—worked their way to the front rank on their merits, and it does not require the gift of prophecy on our part, to predict that they will keep the place they have won. They are yet, of course, susceptible of much improvement, which they will assuredly undergo in the hands of their admirers. Ten years hence they will be the best large fowl *for all purposes* in the country, and will be as much sought after by Fanciers and Amateurs, as any breed known to the Standard.

Every good American will take a patriotic pride in a fowl which is clearly and exclusively a home production. And this the more especially, since the fowl, from its nativity, is adapted to all the uses for which we cultivate poultry.

At another time I will endeavor to give some of my questioners answers to the points they try to make against me.

A. M. D.

Doylestown, Pa.

CHICKEN CHOLERA CURE.

This troublesome disease has very seriously operated to the disadvantage of western and southern fanciers, in the yards of several of whom scores of good birds have been destroyed.

This largely fatal affection does not appear to be very well understood—as to its treatment—and when it breaks out in the pens of inexperienced breeders, it is so sudden in its destructive results, that those who find it amongst their fowls, do not appear to have time to arrest the progress of the illness, before death occurs.

It is limited to certain States, however, away from New England and the Atlantic sea coast. How much climatic influences may have to do with this singular ailment of Poultry, we have as yet no means of deciding. But from all we have observed, we are inclined to the opinion that where continual and judicious care for fowls, upon dry locations, (at a distance from foul yards and malarious swamps) is exercised, this sickness will not be common. Among the *cures* for it, if it attacks the birds, the following is highly recommended, in an exchange.

Mix one tablespoonful to three pints of scalded meal, say of two ounces each of alum, ground Cayenne pepper, powdered rosin, and fine flour of sulphur. In extreme cases, give one-third of a teaspoonful in a pill, daily, to each affected bird—till cured. Meantime, place a small lump of alum in the water-vessel the birds drink from. In less serious instances, administer half the above sized pill, daily. This is said to be as effective a remedy as is yet discovered, by those who have tried it. A. M., M. D.

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF HEN MANURE.

Mr. Editor:—I find the value of hen manure variously estimated, from the statement of Harris Lewis, before the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture at Barre, that he "never used hen manure on the corn crop without having benefited it more than all the corn the hens ate," to so low an estimate as not to make any account of it. In a large part of the published statements of the profit on poultry, there is no mention made of the manure, but *it is* a very valuable fertilizer. The *American Agriculturist*, 1873, page 327, says: "Hen manure is almost exactly identical in quality and effect with guano, and may be used in the same manner. Its value, if free from foreign matter and dry, is $50 a ton." The *Poultry World* estimates it to be "almost equal to guano in richness," and a correspondent of the same paper says: "I would rather have it than Peruvian guano." The *Live Stock Journal* estimates "that a hen will produce one bushel of manure in a year, which compared with the price of commercial fertilizers, is worth $1.00. Lewis Dunbar, West Bridgewater, Mass., according to statements in Flint's report, 1871, values it at $1.00 a bushel, and again in 1872, at 87 cents a bushel.

But let us see how much a fowl will eat in a year, and then find how much the manure from the amount of food would be worth. By statement of S. B. Bird, Framingham, for six months ending Sept. 20th, 1868, an average of fourteen bushels of grain or 1.4 gills each per day. By statement of Lewis Jones, Wayland, for ten months ending Sept. 1st, 1867, fifteen fowls ate twenty bushels of grain, or 1.2 gills each per day. By another statement of S. B. Bird, for eight months ending Sept. 15, 1867, sixteen fowls ate fifteen bushels of grain, or 1 gill each, per day. The writer found by experiment, that seventy fowls ate nine bushels of grain in twenty-three days, or 1.43 gills each, per day. I find an average of the four statements to be 1.25 gills per day, or 1.78 bushels per year for each fowl.

Prof. S. W. Johnson estimates the nitrogen in commercial manures to be worth thirty cents per pound, potash seven cents, and soluble phosphoric acid sixteen cents per pound. I find by

table in Flint's report, 1872, page 167, that, 1.78 bushels corn contain 1.8 pounds of nitrogen, which at thirty cents per pound, is worth fifty-four cents, 0.35 pounds potash at seven cents per pound, is worth two cents; 1.13 pounds phosphoric acid at sixteen cents per pound, is worth eight cents. Hence we find the fertilizing elements in 1.78 bushels corn to be worth seventy-four cents. Allowing ten per cent. for loss, we have sixty-seven cents, the value of the manure of one fowl for one year. I found that my seventy fowls in twenty three days, made five bushels of manure, which amounts to 1.36 bushels a year for each, consequently one bushel would be worth fifty cents. This is considerably less than some of the estimates I have collected, but I think it is very nearly correct. By feeding oats, bran and meal, the manure would be a trifle richer, but I think corn is the chief food given, and is a fair representative of the average quality of the food of poultry. Certainly the manure is too valuable to waste, and I think those farmers who have no place where they can confine their fowls, would find it to their advantage to build a good house and yard, and keep them in it most of the time, thereby saving the manure and their gardens too.—*New England Farmer.*

THE BULLETIN AND OUR STANDARD.

In the first place, Mr. Editor of the *Bulletin*, we must congratulate you on getting a front seat and free pass in the FANCIERS' JOURNAL, the express train of the Fanciers of America. In the second place, please have the goodness to inform us, why did you answer the subscriber of Lowell, saying he "would be *safe*" in entering his birds, *before* you read the courteous note from Mr. Felch, stating that *your opinion* was correct. Your editorial reply is enough to satisfy any sane man as to your gentlemanly ? ways. Now let us see how you pan out on veracity. You say distinctly the Standard does not say "the outer toes being well feathered to the ends thereof." Go to your coat-tail pocket and read for the *first time*, of the first variety mentioned in the Standard, under the heading, Legs and Toes. "Toes straight and strong, the outer toes being well feathered thereof." Is there anything even ambiguous in that expression in the disqualification clause, "Shanks not feathered down the outer sides, *and* to the extremities of the outer toes?" But *you* assert that the Standard says, "Shanks not feathered * * * to the extremities of the outer toes." Why did you take out those words, Mr. Editor, and thus change the meaning of the sentence, or is this given gratis as a specimen of your honesty? The manufacturing of one new sentence by you, from two distinct ones in the Standard, *may* suit your purposes. Again, as to "twisted wings," with your insisting precision of the use of the English language when you say "twisted wings," you may *mean both* wings twisted, and the whole twisted at the shoulder joints, as in your present mood, a *part* of one twisted wing would be no disqualification. But if you meant "twisted feathers in wing" (a common expression, by the way) let's get to business again and see what the Standard says. We read therein, *twisted feathers in wing* a disqualification in both varieties of the Brahma, and same disqualification for Buff, Partridge, White, Pea Combed Partridge, and Black Cochins. No need of guessing, Mr. Editor, *its all there*, your assertion to the contrary, notwithstanding; a lee-tle "*thumbing*" of even *a few pages* of that Standard might possibly give you a few (only a few) ideas of what is contained therein. Enough of this, now as to the value of your opinion. In the March 1876 No. of the *Bulletin*, you state editorially, under the heading, "Look out for Snow Water," that you have substantially neglected your fowls for twenty-five years in allowing them to drink all the snow water they wanted, and to revenge yourself on the drop faucet man (*we surmise*); because he *don't want you* as an agent for the sale of this useful article you are down on said drop faucet, and advise us, as subscribers to the *Bulletin*, not to mind the snow water, as its good for 'em. Read on pages 29 and 30, Practical Poultry Keeper, by Mr. Lewis Wright, (Do you know who *he* is?) "Care must always be taken that snow is not allowed to fall into the drinking vessel. The reason has puzzled wiser heads than ours" (surely not *your* head, Mr. Editor) "but it is a fact that any real quantity of snow water seems to reduce both fowls and birds to a living skeleton." Can you estimate the value of your *opinion* (even in America) on this subject, in comparison with what Mr. Lewis Wright states as a *fact*, and in connection with the hideous ignorance you display on these subjects, you continue to promulgate yourself as an *authority* on Poultry Standards. Allow us to mildly urge, when you again recommend "medals made from asses ears" that you forward the material from your own individual supply, and before mutilation occurs just remember that those ears now scale just about 100 points.

Yours truly, YOUNG BREEDER.

—It not unfrequently happens that birds make a partial or entire moult in the Spring. Such a thing is not to be desired, but when it comes it cannot be helped. Most likely he will not throw his tail or wing feathers. Do nothing to retard it, but rather encourage the moult. Do not fuss about with warm baths, but let him have all the cold water baths he will take, and let nature take its course.

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

A SHREWD CANINE.

This story of sharp practice by a brute, is told of an "educated" dog in the streets of Paris.

A fashionably dressed English gentleman was one day crossing one of the bridges over the Seine at Paris, when he felt something knock against his legs, and looking down, he found that a small poodle dog had rubbed against him, and covered his boots with mud. He was, of course, much annoyed, and execrated the little brute pretty freely; but when he got to the other side of the bridge, he had the boots cleaned at a stand for the purpose, and thought no more about the matter. Some days after this occurrence, however, he had occasion again to cross that bridge, and the same little incident occurred. Thinking this somewhat odd, he resolved to watch where the little dog went to; and leaning against the side of the bridge, he followed with his eye the movements of his dirty little friend. He saw him rub against the feet of one gentleman after another, till he had exhausted all the mud off his once white skin, then rush off down the bank of the river, and there roll himself in the mud collected at the side. Having thus got a new supply of dirt, the little animal ran up to the bridge again, and proceeded to transfer it to the boots of the passers-by, as before. Having watched his movements for some time, the gentleman noticed that on one occasion, instead of running down to the river, he went off to the proprietor of the stand for cleaning boots, at the other end of the bridge, who received

him very cordially. The truth then for the first time dawned on him, that the little animal belonged to the man who cleaned the boots, and was trained by him to perform these mischievous deeds, for the purpose of bringing in custom. Being very fond of dogs, the Englishman resolved to purchase this clever little fellow, and bring him back to England with him. When, however, he went to the dog's master, that person at first denied any connection with him, and only admitted the ownership when he was perfectly satisfied that his interrogator had no connection with the police. For some time also he refused to part with the little poodle, saying that no money could pay him for the loss of his dog, who really made his living for him. Tempted, however, by a very high price, he at last consented to sell the dog; and the gentleman, a few days afterward, brought him over to England, travel ing via Boulogne to Folkstone. His residence in England was some thirty or forty miles from Folkstone, and to this place he brought his little purchase. He had not been many days in his new home, however, when the little French poodle suddenly disappeared. Search was made for him everywhere, but to no effect. His new master offered a reward for him, but with the same result; and he had at last made up his mind that the little fellow had been either poisoned or stolen, when one morning, about six weeks after his mysterious disappearance, the gentleman received a letter from a friend in Paris, telling him that his dog was back there again, and at his old trade of soiling boots in the interest of his former master. The little fellow, not liking the dullness of country life, had resolved to return to his former home, and had made his way to Folkstone; there, as the gentleman afterward ascertained, he had got on board a steamer going to Boulogne, and from Boulogne had found his way back to Paris.

[*Continued from No.* 19.]

THE GREAT SPRINGFIELD BENCH SHOW.

From Forest and Stream.

In the champion classes, Scout was placed first, and it is difficult to find fault with the decision, although some complaint was made that the judge was disinclined to allow due meed of merit to Norah, on the ground of her being a Gordon, but with Shamrock, Dick, Rock, and Mr. Delano's fine trio, Don, Adonis, and Charm, all to be passed upon, it was a difficult matter to decide, So also with the champion native setters. May being winner with 96 points to her credit, although pushed very closely by Mr. Saltus' Dash. Pete was victorious as the champion pointer, as was anticipated. Pete is a very hard dog to beat, although his head is faulty.

In the special classes many of the awards were based upon the points gained in the previous competitions. In the setter braces Mr. Adams was again successful with Scout and Rock, and also in the best collection class, with Duke, Drake, and Dora. Mr. Schuchardt won for the best collection of pointers, and Mr. Hammond in the braces.

The awards will be found in full below. Take it altogether, and in spite of the fact that three day's work was crowded into less than two, the Rod and Gun Bench Show was a complete success, and there was less dissatisfaction expressed with the awards of the judges than we ever remember to have heard before. We desire to express our warmest thanks to the officers of the club and the various committees for courtesies shown, and facilities afforded during the show.

THE AWARDS.

Class 1.—Imported English setters, or progeny, that have never taken first prize at any Bench Show; Judge, N. Saltus, Esq., Brooklyn.

Best dog, silver cup; Scout, Luther Adams, Boston. Second best dog, gold dog whistle; Charm, Geo. Delano, New Bedford. Third best dog, diploma; Blue-blood, W. F. Parker, West Meriden, Conn. Best bitch, silver collar; Peg, W. H. Balcom, Worcester. Second best bitch, silver dog whistle; Jessie, E. A. Herzeberg, N. Y. Third best bitch, diploma; Doll, Geo. Delano, New Bedford. Best dog pup, diploma; Prince, Luther Adams, Boston.

Class 2.—Imported red or red and white Irish setters, or their progeny, that have never taken first prize at any Bench Show; Judge, W. H. Gibbons, Esq., Madison, N. J.

Best dog, silver cup; Dick, Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H. Second best dog, gold dog whistle; Snipe, J. A. Barnes, Hartford, Conn. Third best dog, diploma; Jack, Max Wenzle, Hoboken, N. J. Best bitch, silver collar; Lill III, N. Saltus, Brooklyn. Second best bitch; no award. Third best bitch; no award. Best dog pup, diploma; Duke, W. C. Harding, Stamford, Conn.

Class 3.—Imported black and tan and black and tan and white Gordon setters, or their progeny, that have never taken first prize at any Bench Show; Judge, Luther Adams, Esq., Boston.

Best dog, silver cup; Grouse, Jerome Marble, Worcester. Second best dog, gold dog whistle; Sport, Dr. A. Russell Strahan, N. Y. Third best dog, diploma; Monarch, Horace Smith, N. Y. Best bitch, silver collar; Lou, W. M. Tileston, N. Y. Second best bitch, silver dog whistle; Mab, Emerson Foote, N. Y. Third best bitch, diploma; Flash, S. T. Hammond, Springfield. Best dog pup, diploma; Rake, E. Orgill, N. Y. Best bitch pup, diploma; Ruby, E. Orgill, N. Y.

Class 4.—Native setters of any strain that have never taken first prize at any Bench Show; Judge, Wm. Jarvis, Esq., Claremont, N. H.

Best dog, silver cup; Don, Theo. Morford, Newton, N. J. Second best dog, gold dog whistle; Ned, J. A. Larkin, Westfield, Mass. Third best dog, diploma; Jim, Samuel Scranton, Providence, R. I. Best bitch, silver collar; May, Theo. Morford, Newton, N. J. Second best bitch, silver dog whistle; Dimity, C. H. Raymond, Morris Plains, N. J. Third best bitch, diploma; Maud, John Nesbit, Cambridge, Mass. Best dog pup, diploma; Rab, Dr. J. M. Borland, Boston. Best bitch pup, diploma; Bess, W. H. Balcom, Worcester.

Class 5.—Pointers of 50 lbs. weight and over that have never taken first prize at any Bench Show; Judge, E. Orgill, Esq., N. Y.

Best dog, silver cup; Thom. F. Schuchardt, N. Y. Second best dog, gold dog whistle; Jake, H. C. Taft, Springfield. Third best dog, diploma; Mack, Jas. Warburton, New Britain, Conn. Best bitch, silver collar; Nellie, O. B. Cooley, Longmeadow, Mass. Second best bitch, silver dog whistle; Fan, F. Schuchardt, N. Y. Third best bitch; no award, Best dog pup, diploma; Ned, F. Schuchardt, N. Y. Best bitch pup, diploma; Flirt, Lewis Miller, Springfield.

Class 6.—Pointers under 50 lbs. weight that have never taken first prize at any Bench Show; Judge, N. Saltus, Esq., Brooklyn.

Best dog, silver cup; Grouse, W. E. Gibbons, West Hartford, Conn. Second best dog, gold dog whistle; Guy, J. N. Dodge, Springfield. Third best dog, diploma; Lex, H. S. Hyde, Springfield. Best bitch, silver collar; Whisky, Dr. W. S. Webb, N. Y. Second best bitch, silver dog whistle; Belle, Horace Smith, N. Y. Third best bitch, diploma; Daisy, Sanderson and Williams, Springfield. Best dog pup, diploma; Rex, F. Howe, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y. Best bitch pup, diploma; Psyche, C. W. Hixon, Springfield.

Class 7.—Cocker spaniels; Judge, Theo. Morford, Esq., Newton, N. J.

Best dog, Smith & Wesson No. 3 revolver, value $20.00; donated by D. B. Wesson, Springfield, Mass.; Snip, S. J. Bestor, Hartford. Second best dog, one keg (6¼ lbs.) Orange Ducking Powder; donated by Laflin & Rand Powder Co., No. 21 Park Row, N. Y.; Pat, Dr. J. M. Borland, Boston. Best bitch, fly-rod, value $20.00; donated by J. C. Marshall, model and pattern maker, Taylor street, Springfield, Mass.; Fanny, Wm. Thornhill, Springfield. Second best bitch, one keg (6¼ lbs.) Orange Ducking Powder; donated by Laflin & Rand Powder Co., No. 21 Park Row, N. Y.; Juliette, S. J. Bestor, Hartford. Best dog pup, diploma; Skip, A. Bassett, Pittsfield, Mass. Best bitch pup, diploma; Cora, S. Scranton, Providence, R. I.

Class 8.—Clumber spaniels; Judge, Theo. Morford, Esq.,

For the best dog, split bamboo fly-rod, value $25.00; donated by L. H. Mayott, dealer in sportsmen's goods 545 Main street, Springfield, Mass.; Max, Samuel O. Edwards, Florence, Mass.; no other awards in this class.

Class 9.—Retrieving spaniels; Theo Morford, Esq.

Best dog, American single-barrel breech-loading shot gun, value $25.00; donated by Hyde & Shattuck, manufacturers of sporting guns, 293 Main street, Springfield, Mass.; Shot, J. M. Crosby, Jr., Enfield, Mass. Second best dog, camp lounge, value $6.00;

donated by U. S. Camp Lounge Company, Troy, N. Y.; Prince, W. B. Morse, Indian Orchard, Mass.; T. M. Aldrich was awarded diploma for the best dog and bitch puppies.

CLASS 10.—Irish water spaniels; Judge, Theo. Morford, Esq.

Best dog, hunter's pet rifle, value $20,00; donated by a sportsman; Dandy, W. D. Stevens, Springfield, Mass. Second best dog, keg Orange Ducking Powder; Rover, R. W. Waterman, Athol, Mass. Best bitch, special prize, value $20.00: Rose, W.S. Johnson, North Adams, Mass. Second best bitch, Floss, G. E. Law, Springfield, keg Orange Ducking Powder.

CLASS 11.—Fox hounds; Judge, E. S. Knowles, Esq., Worcester.

Best dog or bitch, double-barrelled breech-loading shot gun, value $50.00; donated by J. Stevens & Co., manufacturers of sporting guns and rifles, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; Fan, Jerry Quirk, Worcester. Second best dog or bitch, 100 metallic shells, with loader and capper, value $25.00; donated by Geo. S. Hart & Co., Newark, N. J.; Sport, W. L. Keyes, Springfield. Third best dog or bitch, keg of Orange Ducking Powder; donated by Laflin & Rand Powder Co., No. 21 Park Row, N. Y.; Whoop, C. H. White, South Hadley. Best dog or bitch pup, Smith & Wesson revolver, Judy, Geo. A. Edmunds, North Brookfield, Mass. Second best dog or bitch pup, camp lounge, value $6.00; donated by U. S. Camp Lounge Co., Troy, N. Y.; Slick, H. C. Jones, Stockbridge, Mass.

CLASS 12.—No entries.

CLASS 13.—Dachshunds; Judge, E. S. Knowles, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver medal, Dachshund, Col. Clark, Manchester, N. H.

CLASS 14.—Deerhounds; Judge, E. S. Knowles.

Best dog or bitch, silver medal, Sir Walter, H. J. Bixby, Nashua, N. H. Second best dog or bitch, diploma, Spider, H. J. Bixby, Nashua, N. H.

CLASS 15.—Greyhounds; Judge, Ethan Allen, Esq., Pomfret Centre.

Best dog or bitch, silver medal, Fly, Mowry Bros., Wilbraham, Mass.

CLASS 16.—Newfoundlands; Judge, Ethan Allen, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver medal, Bruno, H. A. Phelan, West Springfield. Second best dog or bitch, diploma, Rose, Mrs. L. B. Merrill, W. Springfield. Best dog or bitch pup, diploma, Mrs. L. B. Merrill, West Springfield.

CLASS 17.—St. Bernards; Judge, Ethan Allen, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver medal, Major, E. Rockwood, Springfield. Second best dog or bitch, diploma, Honest, A. J. Marks, Chester.

CLASSES 18 and 19.—No entries.

CLASS—20. Bull terriers; Judge, Geo. De F. Grant, Esq., N.Y.

Best dog or bitch, silver medal, Jessie, J. J. Higgins, Springfield. Second best dog or bitch, diploma, Fan, John Brainan, Springfield.

CLASS 21.—Collies or Shepherd; Judge, Ethan Allen, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver medal, Leo, J. J. Bliss, Longmeadow, Mass.

CLASS 22.—Dalmatian or coach dogs; Judge, Geo. De F. Grant, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver medal, Jewell, J. Harris, Willimantic, Conn. Second best dog or bitch, diploma, Sparkle, B. Hennio, Springfield.

CLASS 23.—Spitz; Judge, Ethan Allen, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver medal, Chub, C. W. Nutchell, Springfield.

CLASS 24.—Scotch terriers; Judge, C. H. Raymond, Esq., Morris Plains, N. J.

Best dog or bitch, silver collar, Dixie, J. H. Damon, Springfield. For the best dog or bitch pup, diploma, C. L. Smith, West Springfield.

CLASS 26.—Skye terrier; Judge, C. H. Raymond, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver collar, Chance, G. B. Bissell, Springfield. Second best dog or bitch, diploma, Buff, Gen. J. Watson Webb, N. Y.

CLASSES 26 and 27.—No entries.

CLASS 28.—Pug terrier; Judge, C. H. Raymond, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver collar, Peg, C. W. Bliss, Springfield. Second best dog or bitch, diploma, Bounce, S. Hammond, Boston.

CLASS 29. Black and tan terrier; Judge, C. H. Raymond, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver collar, Jinks, S. E. Gray, Springfield. Second best dog or bitch, Silky, W. Noble, Springfield. For the best dog or bitch pup, diploma, Snip, S. H. Hindly, Worcester.

CLASS 30.—Toy terrier; Judge, C. H. Raymond, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver collar, Tinnie, T. S. Eaves, Holyoke.

CLASS 32.—Blenheim spaniel; Judge, C. H. Raymond, Esq.

No Entries.

CLASS 33.—St. Charles spaniel; Judge, C. H. Raymond.

Best dog or bitch, silver collar, Sambo, Emerson Foote, N. Y. Second best dog or bitch, diploma, Lady, S. K. Hindly, Worcester; H. C. Charley, do.

CLASS 33.—Japanese spaniel; Judge, C. H. Raymond, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver collar, Fuzzy, T. E. Gray, Springfield.

CLASS 34.—Italian greyhound; Judge, C. H. Raymond, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver collar, Spottie, J. B. Shaw, Springfield. Second best dog or bitch, diploma, Dot, J. K. Seaver, Malone, N. Y. Best dog or bitch pup, G. B. Bissen, Springfield.

CLASS 35.—No entries.

CLASS 36.—Japanese or hairless; Judge, C. H. Raymond, Esq.

Best dog or bitch, silver collar, Gyp, W. L. Warner, Springfield.

CHAMPION CLASSES.

CLASS 37.—Champion setter class; Judge, E. Orvill, Esq.

Best imported setter dog or bitch of any strain, or their progeny, that has taken first prize at any Bench Show, including this, silver cup, value, $100, donated by *Spirit of the Times*, No. 4 Park Row, N. Y., the winner's picture to be published in that paper; Scout, Luther Adams, Boston.

CLASS 38.—Champion setter class; Judge, E. Orvill, Esq.

Best native setter dog or bitch of any strain that has taken first prize at any Bench Show, including this, silver cup, donated by Chicago *Field*, May, Theo. Morford, Newton, N. J.

CLASS 39. Champion pointer class; Judge, N. Saltus, Esq.

Best pointer dog or bitch that has taken first prize at any Bench Show, including this, double barrelled breech-loading shot gun, value, $150; donated by Parker Brothers, manufacturer of fine guns, West Meriden, Conn. Pete, G. A. Strong, West Meriden, Conn.

SPECIAL CLASSES.

CLASS 40—Best collection of setters (not less than three) owned by one person, the average number of points to decide the award: Rifle, value $60.00; donated by Frank Wesson, manufacturer of breech loading rifles, Worcester, Mass.; Duke, Drake and Dora, Luther Adams, Boston.

CLASS 41.—Best collection of pointers (not less than three) owned by one person, the average number of points to decide the award: Green heart fly-rod, $50.00; donated by J. B. Crook & Co., dealer in fishing tackle, No. 50 Fulton street, New York; Tom, Ned, and Fan, F. Schuchardt, N. Y.

CLASS 42.—Best brace of setters owned by one person, winners in Class 40 not to compete; Meerschaum pipe, value $150.00; donated by *Forest and Stream*, No. 17 Chatham street, New York. Rock and Scout, Luther Adams, Boston. Judge, Dr. M. Goldsmith.

CLASS 43.—Best brace of pointers owned by one person, winners in Class 41 not to compete: Meerschaum pipe, value $150.00, manufactured by Kaldenburg; donated by *Rod and Gun* newspaper, No. 33 Park Row, New York. Shot and Ben, S. T. Hammond, Springfield, Mass. Judge, W. H. Gibbons, Esq.

CLASS 44.—Best setter dog pup, one water-proof canvas shooting suit, valued $25.00; made to fit the owner; donated by Thompson & Son, 338 Broadway, New York, dealers in sportsmen's goods. Prince, Luther Adams, Boston.

CLASS 45—Best pointer dog pup, one of Holabird's shooting suits, made to fit the owner, value $20.00; donated by Dr. W. S. Webb, St. Luke's Hospital, New York. Ned, F. Schuchardt, New York.

CLASS 46.—Best litter of setter pups, silver cup, value $25.00; donated by Luther Adams, No 115 Broad street, Boston, Mass. John Nesbitt, Jr., Cambridge, Mass. Judge, N. Saltus, Esq.

CLASS 47.—Best litter of pointer pups, 500 paper shells, 100 metallic shells, value $25.00; donated by Union Metallic Cartridge Co., Bridgeport, Conn. Dr. W. S. Webb, New York. Judge, E. Orgill, Esq.

CLASS 48.—Best setter bitch pup, a dog puppy by "Pride of the Border," out of "Dimity"; donated by Charles H. Raymond, 141 Broadway, New York. Ruby, E. Orgill, N. Y. Judge, A. F. Copeland, Esq.

CLASS 49.—Best pointer bitch pup, Smith & Wesson revolver, No. 38, value $15.00; donated by D. B. Wesson, Springfield, Mass. Psyche, C. W. Hixon, Springfield.

CLASS 50.—For the largest dog, gold lined cup, value $10.00. Rover, weight 181 pounds, M. B. Crane, Springfield.

CLASS 51.—For the smallest dog, gold lined cup, value $8.00. Tinnie, weight four pounds, T. S. Davis, Holyoke.

CLASS 52.—For the best trick dog or bitch, gold medal. Guess, G. W. Rice, Springfield.

A special premium was awarded to Mr. W. L. Brooks, of Stamford, for his magnificent imported pointer dog Bingo.

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FOWL FLESH PUTRIDITY.

The natural exhalations that issue through the skin-pores of poultry, are rankly putrid. When a few fowls (or many) are confined in a close apartment, without ample ventilation, the effluvia that gathers in the atmosphere of such an apartment is quite sickening—as may be determined by any one who will enter such room in the morning, for instance, after the birds have been at roost there over a single night, in any kind of weather, or at any season; and it is quite immaterial whether the fowls are in ordinary good health, or some of them be diseased. The result is the same.

The odor thus thrown off from their bodies is very offensive to the human senses, and it must assuredly be so proportionately to the birds themselves. If they are confined to closed quarters a few days in this way—be the weather cold or hot—they sicken, droop, and show signs of *roup* very generally. The air is befouled from their own bodies, and they cannot continue to breathe it, without becoming diseased.

No live stock needs fresh air or good ventilation more than does our poultry. And we should never so limit them that they can not enjoy this boon! If a flock of miscellaneous fowl be kept out of doors altogether,—night and day—where they are obliged to roost upon the trees, walls, or fences (when the weather is not too severe) they are a hundred per cent. better off than if they are cooped up at night in a perfectly close room.

It should therefore never be forgotten that free ventilation must be afforded them, if they are shut up, and this provision for their health and comfort is as necessary as is a supply of sound food and pure water.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.
BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE.
PHILADELPHIA, May 1st, 1876.

SIR:—To properly illustrate the extent of the fisheries of the United States, both in fresh and salt water aquaria, it will be necessary to have one or more specimens of all fish used for food, oil, fertilizers, isinglass, leather, bait and other purposes, in the arts or industries.

Naturalists will also be interested in many of those forms which although quite plentiful in certain localities, are seldom seen in market, on account of not being used as food, and as many private individuals are desirous of making donations to this department of the International Exhibition, a list of species most desirable is herein enumerated. The Fish Commissioners of such states as choose to make an exhibit in the Centennial Aquaria will of course, send such specimens as they may deem most rare. The exhibition-tanks furnished by the Centennial Commission comprise thirty-five vessels of various sizes, and about equally divided in the fresh and salt water sections, each division having in circulation about ten thousand gallons of water, which will be properly filtered, circulated, and when necessary refrigerated. The largest fresh water tank is ten feet long by seven wide, and four deep. This will accommodate any fish found in our fresh water. The great salt-water tank is twenty feet long by seven, by four, and will hold an eight foot fish. In the fresh water tanks we especially desire sturgeons (not over six feet), salmon, the two great lake trout, the two pikes, (pickerel and muscallonge), white-fish and jecoes, the sawyer, all the bass and perch family, the great cat-fish of the Mississippi, one hundred pounds or more, as well as the smaller varieties, such as suckers, gars or bill-fish, and all water reptiles, invertebrates, mollusks, crustacea and aquatic larvæ, upon which fish feed, at some period of their growth. Specimens of plants upon which the crustacea live, and which are suitable for introduction into fish ponds, will also be acceptable. In the salt water tanks almost any fish that will live there is requested, sharks, skates and rays, the angler or fishing frog, porcupine-fish, file-fish, pipe-fish, sea-horse, halibut, soles, flounders, eels, congers, seroid and lace-fish, lump-fish, flying-fish, sculpius, sea-robbins, red-fish, tautog, striped bass, or rock-fish of sixty pounds or upwards, mackerel, bonito, horse-mackerel, dolphins, blue-fish or salt water trout, drum, sheeps-head, red snapper, perch, angel-fish, hog-fish, devil-fish, lobsters, crabs, oysters, clams, sun-jellies, octopods, snails, conchs, shrimps, anemones, madrepore, and many others. All exhibitors or parties sending any specimens to the aquaria will receive full credit for the same, either upon the labels, or in the catalogue and reports or in both. Additions to the stock will be received at any time, though it is necessary full contributions should immediately be forwarded. Fish culturists are invited to send models of hatching apparatus, and all appliances used by them in propagating and transporting fish, also eggs of such fishes as may be in season. Implements used in the capture of fish are also requested, that the full extent of the fishing interest may be properly displayed.

Further information may be had by addressing the Bureau of Agriculture, International Exhibition, Philadelphia, Pa.

BURNET LANDRETH,
Chief of Bureau of Agriculture.

FRED. MATHER,
Superintendent of Aquaria.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—The best way to mark pigeons is to stamp with printer's ink on the flight feathers of the wing. (?)

—The Dragoon was originally produced by crossing with carrier and a common or long-faced Tumbler. (?)

—When the skin of fowls is scurfy, or infested with parasites, the cure will be a dust bath, and anointing with sulphur ointment. (?)

—Black-caps, Robins, Tits, and egg-eating birds, too excessively fond of sweet almonds, bruised in a mortar, and either mixed with bread crumbs or given simple. (?)

—Bone meal (bones ground fine) is good only for chickens of large breeds, and not to them if there be a large range where they can get all they require. If not, it helps size, strength, and constitution. (?)

—Nightingales thrive best in a rather dark cage, with plenty of air, and as few dealers keep suitable cages for these charming songsters, it may not be out of place to give a description of how they should be built. They should be fifteen or eighteen inches

wide, nine or ten deep, and fourteen inches high; the top and half the sides should be of wood, and the remaining half and the front neatly fitted with cane or wooden bars. (?)

—TESTING EGGS. Put the eggs in water heated 105°, after being set not less than eighteen days. All the good ones will float, and begin to move. Some say they do it but once, but once we waited ten minutes, almost in despair, and found several kick at last. (?)

—Linnaeus says the cow eats 276 plants, and refuses 218; the goat eats 449, and declines 126; the sheep takes 387, and rejects 141; the horse likes 262, and avoids 212; but the hog more nice in its provision than any of the former, eats but 72 plants, and rejects 171.

—A CAT CLOCK.—Huc in his "Chinese Empire" says that the Chinese tell the hour of noon by the eyes of the cat. The *pupils* of their eyes grow constantly narrower until twelve o'clock, when they become like a fine line, as thin as a hair, drawn perpendicularly across the eye; after twelve the dilation recommences.

—EFFECT OF MUSIC ON A PIGEON.—Bingley gives a singular anecdote of the effect of music on a pigeon, as related by John Lockman, in some reflections concerning operas, prefixed to his musical drama of Rosalinda. He was staying at a friend's house, whose daughter was a fine performer on the harpsichord, and observed a pigeon, which, whenever the young lady played the song of "Speri-si," in Handel's opera of Admetus would descend from an adjacent dove-house to the room window where she sat, and listen to it apparently with the most pleasing emotions; and when the song was finished it always returned immediately to the dove-house.

—SHOOTING FISH—Belong to the family *Chætodontidae*. The tubular snout of some is applied to an extraordinary use, that of shooting flies! The fish approaches under a fly which it has discovered, resting on a leaf or twig, a few feet above the water, taking care not to alarm it by too sudden a motion; then projecting the tip of its beak from the surface, it shoots a single drop at the insect with so clever an aim, as very rarely to miss it, when it would fall into the water where it is drowned. Being common in the Indian seas, it is often kept by the Chinese in vases, as we keep gold-fish, for the amusement of witnessing this feat. J. M. MCCANN.

—COCK FIGHTING AT SCHOOLS.—Many years ago the scholars at the large English schools had regular cock fights, which were recognized as affairs of the school, the charges for which were defrayed by the parents. Sir James Macintosh, when at school at Fortrose, in 1776, had this entry in his account, in which books were charged at 3 s. 6 d.:—"To cocks'-fight dues for 2 years, 2 s. 6 d. each, 5 s." Cock-fighting up to the close of the last century was a very general amusement. It entered into the occupations of old and young. Fifty guineas in the year 1760 depended upon the main or odd battle. This made the decision of a "long main" at cock-fighting an important matter. The church bells at times announced the winning of a "long main." Matches were sometimes so arranged as to last a week.

—WHITE CATS.—In a number of "Loudon's Gardener's Magazine," it is stated that white cats with blue eyes are always deaf, of which extraordinary fact there is the following confirmation in the "Magazine of Natural History:" Some years ago, a white cat of the Persian kind, procured from Lord Dudley's at Hindley, was kept in a family as a favorite. The animal was a female, quite white, and perfectly deaf. She produced, at various times many litters of kittens, of which generally, some were quite white, others more or less mottled. But the extraordinary circumstance is, that of the offspring produced at one and the same birth, such as like the mother, were entirely white, were like her, invariably deaf; while those that had the least speck of color on their fur, as invariably possessed the usual faculty of hearing.

—INSTINCT OF TURTLES.—Audubon, the naturalist, states that at certain places on the coast of Florida, sea turtles, those huge, stolid-looking reptiles on which aldermen are fed at the expense of tax-payers, possess an extraordinary faculty of finding places. Working their way up out of the reach of tide-water with their flippers, quite a deep hole is excavated, in which a batch of eggs are deposited, and then carefully covered up. On reaching the water they frequently swim three hundred miles out to sea, foraging for appropriate food. When another batch of eggs are developed after a lapse of about fourteen days, they will return unerringly in a direct line, even in the darkest night, and visit the buried eggs. Removing the sand, more are deposited and secured. Away they go again as before. They know instinctively the day and hour when the young brood, incubated by the solar rays, will break the shell, and are promptly at the spot to liberate them from their prison. As soon as fairly out of the hole, the mother turtle leads them down the bank to the waves, and there ends her parental solicitude and maternal duties.

HOW A CRICKET SAVED A SHIP.—In Southey's "History of Brazil," he tells how Cabezade Vaca was in a great ship going to South America with four hundred men and thirty horses; and after they had crossed the equator, the commander discovered that there were only three casks of water left. He gave orders to make for the nearest land, and for three days they sailed for the coast. A poor sick soldier, who had left Cadiz with them, brought a grillo, or ground cricket, with him, thinking its cheerful voice would amuse him on the long, dreary voyage, but to his great disappointment, the little insect was perfectly silent the whole way.

The fourth morning after they had changed the ship's course, the cricket, who knew what she was about, set up her shrillest note. The soldiers at once gave warning to the officers in charge of the vessel, and they soon saw high, jagged rocks just ahead of them. The watch had been careless, and the great ship in a few moments would have been dashed to pieces on the ledge if this puny creature had not scented the land, and told them of their danger. Then they cruised along for some days, and the cricket sang for them every night, just as cheerily as if she had been in far-off Spain, till they got to their destined port, the island of Catalina.

—MANX CATS.—Editor of Fanciers' Journal:—I would be obliged to any of your learned correspondents in the animal kingdom for the origin, or original native place, of the Manx, or no-tail cat. I lately read of some of the oddities of Japan, one of which was no-tailed cats. I have a pair, and for intelligence and affection they are much superior to anything I ever observed in the ordinary cat. When "Nettie" was "on the fly" I shut her up with "Dick," the result of which proved three "cats," a real "Centennial," red, white and gray. "Nettie" herself is not ten months old. This species of cat is quite common in New England; but a tom without a tail is a very rare occurrence, some who have bred them all their lives never having seen one; and not more than one in three or four of a litter appearing without the usual appendage. I have never known of a full-bred case before mine. "Dick" lacks about an inch to make things even, while Nettie" has about that elongation. When I have been speaking about her, and casually mentioned her name, she has answered; and always does when directly spoken to. "Dick" received a trouncing one day, when he made his way out towards where I was, telling of his trials in a most lugubrious voice. I sympathized with him, when down he sat and went on in a manner that astonished as well as amused me, and then retired silently to his sanctuary under the barn. I repeated to myself what I had often heard a sprightly old maiden in Vermont exclaim, about her tabby: "He ain't cats, he's folks!"

It is really surprising how interesting, and apparently intelligent most animals can be rendered by kindness and interest, and last of all, with what love and confidence they repay us.

Linden, N. J. P. WELCH.

—Among a collection of reptiles presented to the Academy at its last meeting, and brought by the donor from Guayaquil, was the blind, double headed snake, which was formerly employed in primitive medicine as a catagmatic, from a fancy that it possessed the property of promoting the union of fractured bones. This superstition grew out of another notion that the snake was of a sort of magnetic boomerang temperament, and would re-unite if cut in two. It was also supposed that the blind double-headed snake was exclusively an intratropical anomaly, but this is certainly a mistake. A specimen was captured about three years ago by a naturalist near San Jose, who, in the most beautiful manner demonstrated the sympathetic separative principle, or plastic force of the reptile. In length, the snake was about eighteen inches; the extremities were two well defined heads, with nostrils and mouth, but only the rudiments of eyes. Its mean thickness was an inch and three-quarters, slightly tapering from the heads to a common center. Its motion was compound, consisting of an undulatory retardation, followed by hoop-like springs; for as one had tried to advance, so did the other, and the result was an absence of locomotion, but a rapid wriggling of the interior body of the viper. The time of their intermittent evolutions was about one second, and the distance made by each spring was about thirty-one inches.

The gentleman who captured this double snake, did so by chopping it with a hoe into three about equal pieces, or about six inches to each head. To his great astonishment, the extreme fractions fled, but soon returning simultaneously, the two heads began swallowing

the interior section, and met half way, when in a sort of joint tenancy, they joined fangs over a morsel of themselves. To cap the climax of this anfractuous phenomenon, the truncated ends doubled up, united and healed, and the snake became a wreath, but soon died in that festering condition. The specimen was preserved in the owner's primitive museum, and afterwards found its way to the East, where, for some inexplicable reason, the scientific journals repudiated it.—*Alta California.*

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKES' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS, AND THE FATE OF SOME OF TH M.

BY HUON.

No. 1. The Pet Squirrel.

"For heaven's sake let's sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the fate of kings (pets?)
How some have been deposed, some slain in war
* * * Some sleeping killed,
All murdered!"—

Shakespeare—Rich'd II.

To distinguish man from the brute creation, he has been called a grumbling animal, and again, a cooking animal. He has another characteristic quite as distinctive; he is a *pet-loving* animal. It is true that, sometimes, this characteristic is shared by individuals of the brute creation. The empress at the Zoo, had her pet dog, the monkeys, in the same institution, have their pet cats, and we have heard of such odd friendships amid several varieties of the lower animals, but all appear to be circumstantial cases. The child, on the other hand, shows its petting instinct at the earliest age, and loves a woolly dog, or hairy cat just as soon as it knows what candy means.

That people do keep pets, and also that they do misuse them, is an unquestionable fact. Why they care for, and treat them thus, is a more difficult question. Some keep them because they have a dislike to take animal life. Bruce bred the spider, because it cheered his prison life, as well as gave him hope. Cardinal Bellarmine had a famous beard which he worshiped, but he would not disturb the fleas which made their home in it, for fear he would deprive them of their living! Cowper's pet hares are well known, also Mrs. Southey's pet toad; whether Burns made a pet of a mouse or not I cannot say, but he certainly wrote a beautiful ode to one. Carnet, that miserable butcher of the Reign of Terror, would one minute lavish the fondest caresses on his dogs, and the next give the order for a score of men and women to be slaughtered! Well then, what is the philosophy of all this? Why that a taste which is so peculiarly human, may be humanizing if properly directed.

What a doleful history would the fate of most pets make! I think such a history would comprise more misery, in a small way, than is to be found in most of the minor incidents of life. Who that have "loved and lost" pets will not give their assent to this?

You remember seeing that sweet, sad, picture of a "funeral," where the "dear departed" is a pet bird, the hearse, a baby coach, and the chief mourners, a little girl and her brother? The Lilliputian grave digger stands beside the tiny grave he has made beneath a white rose-tree, while another boy follows the mourners carrying the empty cage, from which, but a few hours ago, poured forth such a gush of bird-melody. A sad picture indeed, and but one thing wanting, I think, and that is the execution of the cat which had committed the murder—But what if it were a pet too?—True, I had not thought of that! Let us proceed with our pets.

A friend and myself were walking one day, through a wood, when we picked up an almost hairless, bare-tailed little thing having hardly shape or form, and which had evidently fallen from a nest made in some high tree. Home my friend took it, whatever it was, and in due time it put on a furry gray coat, a white vest, a bushy tail, and in short, became a bright-eyed, agile, graceful, and terribly mischievous squirrel, which his owner named "Skuridus." Soon, everywhere his master went Skuridus wished to go, making my friend's coat-sleeve shelter him and be to him house and home; thus traveling about with him on all occasions. One Sunday, my friend thought he might venture to take Skuridus to church, and with him snugly ensconced up his sleeve, he took his usual seat in the tabernacle, where all went well until the minister began his sermon, then Skuridus began to hiss and bark! There seemed some discordant note in the preacher's voice which he did not like, and finally he scolded so loud that his master, in the midst of the discourse, was obliged to leave the church. Skuridus never went to church after that.

My friend was a store-keeper in those days, and when Skuridus was not allowed to dwell up his coat sleeve, his greatest delight seemed to be to perch himself on the cornice which formed part of the store fixture and suddenly, from his "coigne of vantage," to spring down upon the head of some unsuspecting customer, generally a lady, that dear, delicate, creature, who is generally afraid as death of a rat, mouse, or other small vermin.

One day there were two ladies busy making a purchase of Berlin wool, or crochet cotton, when down came Skuridus plump among the "fixin of a love of a bonnet," causing its wearer to faint on the spot, and her friend, in the utmost fright and confusion, to rush into the street crying fire and murder, thus producing a general consternation all around! But, alas! and alack! for poor Skuridus, the innocent cause of all this dire fright and tumult; for in the melee, a dog from somewhere, which had come in somehow—none ever knew—seized the poor pet by the back of his neck, and in one "shake," he was a dead squirrel!

My friend had the satisfaction of giving Skuridus a burial under his apricot tree, but true to his first love, he will nevermore have a squirrel for a Pet.

Items.

They have found a petrified Mormon in Utah, and from the number of dents in the head, evidently made with a poker and flat-iron, it is judged that he had at least thirty-three wives.

A Brooklyn man, who had the toes of one foot cut off by a horse car, sued the company for $5,000 damages—$1,000 per toe. The company denied responsibility *in toto*, but the jury awarded the plaintiff $500 as a memento of the affair.

The latest form of benevolence. "Why do you eat that beef, if it is so tough?" said Jones to his companion at a restaurant; "I want to prevent its appearing in some poor fellow's hash tomorrow," was his reply. "Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you."

Little Willie having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last appears to give them up and climbing on a chair, betakes himself to a big book on a side table. Mother says to him:—"What is darling doing with the book?" "It ith the dictionary; papa lookth in the dictionary for things, and I'm looking in it to see if I can find my shoes."

A Chinaman who had never tasted ice cream, thought he'd try it. One mouthful went down nicely. He buttoned up his jacket and swallowed another mouthful. That settled it. He jumped up from the table and started to where the sun could shine on him, exclaiming:

"Whoope! Plenty damn cold grub! No cookee nuff! Fleeze belly all same like ice wagon!"

CHUNKS OF WISDOM, FROM JOSH BILLINGS.—Kontentment iz the simple science ov knoing when a phellow iz well off, and keeping still about it. The most lonesum bizzness in this life, and thankless, too, is keeping a distrikt school! i had rather tend a mile stone. Jokeing iz a risky bizzness; just for the sake ov a seckond klass joke menny a man haz lost a fust klass friend. The world iz so fond ov kriticiseing every boddy, that they mix faults and misfortunes together, and treat them both alike. Humility is a good thing, but the best plan iz, to be humble in private and keep a stiff upper lip in publik. We are told that "truth iz miety and will prevail," i am glad that this iz so, but, in the mean time, thare don't seem to be eny end to the lies laying around looss. A pedant iz one who haz found out bi sum process that 2 and two alwuss make 4, and then spends his time trying to prove it to the rest ov mankind.

TROUT FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.—Trouting in Connecticut is not altogether lost sport, but is reduced rather for success to the art of being first at the streams on the right day and of knowing how to beguile the experienced fish, for there still are trout in the waters of the State. Two gentlemen from this city, Saturday, caught about seventy of these fish with hook and line, one of the trout weighing a pound and a half, and at least twenty of them weighing a half pound each.

One of the gentlemen had a novel experience in trouting which is worth being told. As he was walking on the bank of a stream his attention was caught by something stirring in the grass. Thinking it might be a snake, he investigated, and found a live and very lively trout. It bore no mark whatever of being seized, and had not been brought to land by any prey, or by a hook. The cause for its promenade, which terminated in the fish basket, is left to conjecture. When found, the fish was unable to speak and explain its equivocal position. This is a true story without guile, and unsuccessful fishermen should read it and be cheered. It is a familiar fact that many green hands pick their first trout from trees—the alder being especially prolific of them—but this is the first case on record of a trout volontarily surrendering at sight and laying itself at the feet of its approaching captor.—*Hartford Courant.*

THE DUTCHMAN'S CHEESE.—A German resident relates the following thrilling adventure.

"I goes to Utica last week, und I meets a friendt, unt we valks und we talks, so we comes mit a grocery shtore, and my friendt say he buy some limburger, and so I buy some two more as a pound. Vell, I comes mit de depot, und shumps on the car, und I can't find no seats all the while, und I sits myself mit another feller.

Does car was very varm, und dot oder man he begins so sniff up mit his nose, und finally he raises der winder about an inch. Dot cheese it smells big, und I don't say nodings. Den dot oder feller sniff his nose up to himself some more, and he looks at me sorter queer like, you know, und he give dot vindy another hitch up. Den he got up und look all around dat seat, und in dot aisle, und before, und pehind, und I say notings. Den he look at me und he say:

"'My friendt, you don't schmell notings?'

"Und I say 'No,' unt I almost die mit myself, so he hitch dot vindy vide open, und shtick out his head und schware mit himself like eferydings. Ven we got to Rome, dot oder feller he foller me clear to der car door, und shtands on der platform und vatch me so long as I am in sight.

"Do you know, I makes up my mind dot feller he don't got no limburger whare he lifs when he is at home mit himself."

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

O. S. KEENE, Box 16, Auburn, Me., will exchange one pair Lops, 16 and 17 inch ears, from my imported pair 10 months old, Himalayans and Angoras, from imported pairs, for Pekin Ducks or Embden Geese. Write.

CHAS. W. GRANT, Attleboro Falls, Mass., will exchange one Beagle Hound Pup, 4 months old, for Brown Leghorns. Must be first-class. Write for particulars.

MRS. FRANK E. CLARK, Washington, N. J., will exchange a very fine second-hand Waters' Organ, for one pair of first-class Yellow Fantails, to be sent for inspection.

J. E. LLOYD, Baltimore, Md., will exchange a pure Angora Goat, (Buck,) from imported stock, for Ferrets, Bull Dog, Maltese Cats, pair prize Blue Pouters, or offers.

W. S. KEMP, Dayton, Ohio, will exchange 1 trio W. Leghorns, 1 pair W. F. B. Spanish fowls, and Fancy Pigeons of various kinds, for song birds, such as Finches, Rose-Breasted Grosbeak, Starling, Black Cap, Nightingale, Love Birds, &c., &c.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 pair solid Black English Fans, 2 Pouter cocks, 2 Blue Fan cocks, 2 Rabbit's hutches, 1 Fancy Squirrel house, with large wheel attached; 1 good violin; 1 single Shot Gun, muzzle loader; 1 single Rifle, muzzle-loader; 1 French Pool Wheel, 2 Parrot Cages, 1 "Family Printer," 3 fonts of Type, 7 hens and 1 cock, Light Brahmas, for Black Red Games, B. R. G. Bantams, cash, or offers.

C. S. LINCOLN, Warren, Mass., will exchange one cock and four hens, Light Brahmas, very large, bred by Philander Williams, for Carrier or Pouter Pigeons in pairs, if applied to soon—Black Carriers preferred. Will also exchange the lot for pair Standard Blue Games.

H. L. UNDERHILL, Croton Landing, Westchester Co., N. Y., will exchange sitting of Game Bantam Eggs, from 1st premium imported stock, for sitting Plymouth Rock Eggs, of first quality.

W. V. CONNOR, Troy, Perry Co., Ind., will exchange a Patent Lever Silver Watch, value $10.00, for a pair of White, or Brown Leghorns, Partridge Cochins, or Gold Penciled, or Gold Spangled Hamburg fowls, or offers.

S. B. HEATON, Monroe, N. Y., will exchange eggs from Houdans and Rouen Ducks, for mated Pouters, two Blue Pouter hens, mated Barbs, mated Almond Tumblers, and one Almond Tumbler cock; also wants eggs from P. Rocks, Black Cochins, Black and Brown Leghorns, and Bronze Turkeys in exchange.

T. J. McDANIEL, Hollis Centre, Me., has one Lowe Printing Press, cost $23; prints well a form 10x13; all in good order, which he will give for one trio of Brown Leghorns, one or two years of age. Must be good, of course, at such a trade.

J. G. McKEEN, South Acworth, N. H., will exchange eggs from S. S. & G. S. Hamburgs, from stock scaling 80 to 90 points, and winners of Fourteen premiums, $1.50 to $2.00 per dozen, and 1 trio G. S. Hamburgs, bred by E. S. Ongley, for books—on Poultry, Agriculture, and Horticulture, preferred.

J. R. HASSON, Lochiel Drug Store, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange a thorough bred English Fox Hound Gip, 2 years old, cannot be surpassed for Rabbit hunting, good nighter, will hunt Coons and Possums; also has on hand to exchange Game fowls, Houdans, and Partridge Cochins, for Fancy and Common Pigeons, or offers.

W. W. ELLIOTT, McEwensville, Pa., will exchange Aylesbury Ducks, (Todd stock,) for a Mocking Bird and cage.

JAMES Y. BORDEN, Box 306, Bridgeton, Cumberland Co., N. J., will exchange four pair of Angoras, from imported stock, the old one nearly full grown, also the mother, a better breeder no man ever owned; will send the lot for one good pair of Lops. Give length of ears, weight, color, &c., and speak quick.

JACOB SELAK, York, Pa., has one Buck and two Doe Rabbits, Yellow Barb hen, Yellow Carrier hen, and Black-Winged Swallow cock, to exchange for Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

GEO. H. NORTHROP, Danvers, McLean Co., Ill., will exchange three fine Bronze Turkeys and Gobbler, all one year old, and Todd's stock, or a pen of fine Light Brahmas, for Baby's Buggy.

HARRY K. WELSH, York, Pa., will exchange one pair Pit Game fowls, B. B. R. Game cock, weight 5½ pounds, (willow legs,) for one Blue Magpie hen, one Yellow Tumbler hen, and Fantails. What offers? Speak quick.

O. S. KEENE, Box 16, Auburn, Me., will exchange Himalayan or Angora Rabbits, and three dozen fine Stereoscopic Views, worth $10.00, for B. B. R. Game Bantams, Sebrights, Bronze Turkey Eggs, Aylesbury Ducks, Black, White, Partridge, or Buff Cochins, Golden Polands, or eggs. Write.

B. HOMER CHAER, Bellevue, Queens Co., L. I., N. Y., has to exchange W. C. B. Poland, S. Poland, (imported,) B. & P. Cochins, L. Brahmas, Aylesbury Ducks, (Todd's,) eggs or fowls, for P. Ducks, L. Brahmas, Game Fowls, Bronze Turkey, P. Rocks, B. Leghorns, eggs or fowls. Must be good. What offers? Plants or trees needed.

J. H. PHILLIPS, Coventry, N. Y., will exchange Patent Bee Hives, new, for G. P. Hamburgs, or Pyle Games. Nothing but finely marked stock wanted.

E. D. WITHERS, Ogdensburg, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, 1 pair Ring Doves, 1 Black male Trumpeter, 1 Black Fan, 1 White female Turbit, for 1 pair Black Jacobins, 1 pair White Jacobins, 1 White male Turbit, very small. I want first-class birds, and I will give the same.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

W. J. STANTON, 12 Cortland St., N. Y., wants Black, Red, Blue, and Silver Beard Tumblers. Must have good beards, &c.

E. D. WITHERS, Ogdensburg, N. Y., wants 1 pair Black Jacobins, 1 pair White Jacobins, 1 White male Turbit. I want first-class birds.

W. J. STANTON, 12 Cortland St., N. Y., wants Black, Red, Blue, and White Highflyers; good birds only.

G. H. GOODRICH, Toledo, Iowa, wants a well-bred and well broken Setter, in exchange for thorough bred Berkshire Pigs, sire bred by one of the best breeders in England; imported in 1875. The Setter must be a good one. Write full description at once.

W. J. STANTON, 12 Cortland St., N Y., wants Common Tumblers of all colors, as Splashes, Mottles, Agates, Almonds, &c., (not more than two pairs of blacks in a lot,) and all be warranted to tumble.

P. O. BOX 689, Rockville, Conn., wants two or three white, or nearly white Houdans. Must be first-class

W. J. STANTON, 12 Cortland St., N. Y., wants Magpies, (capped,) of all colors, and good birds only.

ADVERTISEMENTS

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

NOT TOO LATE!!!

The advertiser having removed to Hartford, Conn., wishes to dispose of a large portion of his choice breeding stock, and offers

1 Trio Light Brahmas, $7—One Trio, $9.

1 Trio Dark Brahmas, $9—One Trio, $12

1 Trio Buff Cochins, $6—One Trio, $9.

1 Trio Partridge Cochins, $12—One Trio, $15.

1 Trio White Leghorns, $10—One Trio, $12.

1 Trio White Leghorns, $15—One Trio, $20.

Eggs From Selected Birds. $3 Per 15.

Write for particulars.

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no.18 eow 216 Main St., Hartford, Conn.

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A breeder of high-class Fowls and Pigeons, retiring from the Fancy, has placed in my hands for immediate sale, his entire stock, including some pairs and trios of valuable Fowls, and 200 pairs of Fancy Pigeons, besides many odd birds. If you want Fowls, send for price lists; if Pigeons, write for what you want. Everything at bottom prices.

HOWARD I. IRELAND, Camden, N. J.

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And Live Stock generally. Having permanently engaged an artist and engraver, I am prepared to furnish, on short notice and true to life, wood-cuts of fowls, Pigeons and other Pets, at reasonable prices.

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J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D. Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $2.00 per 13.

H. PARHAM, Lima, O.

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, JUNE 5, 1876. No. 21.

—There is sweet philosophy in these pretty lines, entitled "We come and go:"

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;
The vernal spring
Her flowers would bring,
And few would think of us with sorrow.

Yes, he is dead
Would then be said;
The corn would floss, the grass yield hay;
The cattle low,
And summer go,
And few would heed us pass away.

How soon we pass?
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mold!
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade,
Beneath the sodded church-yard cold!

Yes, it is so—
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead;
A day or more,
The winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

From Forest and Stream.

THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

Truth is stranger than fiction. It would be only another version of this familiar maxim to say that the domain of science and nature is more wonderful than the realms of the imagination. A visit to the Brighton Aquarium shows that all one has ever read in fiction or romance of the mysteries that "the deep unfathomed caves of ocean bear" is a truthful story, There one realizes that the fanciful pictures of Victor Hugo or Jules Verne are only photographs from nature. There one is enabled to visit comfortably, and without putting on a Boyton's patent diving dress, even without an umbrella—perhaps the only place in England that one can go without it—the mysterious chambers of Davy Jones' Locker, and return from that bourne alive and with dry clothes. But it was my intention to give you only some practical information about this magnificent aquarium, which ought to rank as one of the wonders of the world.

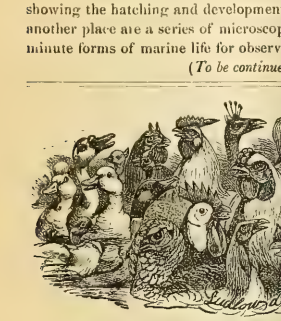
As long ago as 1866 the Brighton aquarium was proposed by Mr. E. Birch its engineer, he having seen a similar, but much smaller one at Boulogne. It is now the largest one in the world. But it was not until the autumn of 1869 that the work was entered upon. At Easter, 1872, it was provisionally opened, and in August of that year it was inaugurated with great ceremony on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association of Science at Brighton. Distinguished personages from the four quarters of the globe were present, including the ex-Emperor and Empress of the French, the King and Queen of the Belgians, the Japanese Embassadors, the Nawab of Bengal, the Patriarch of Antioch, the Bishop of Jerusalem, and many others, showing the great interest that was taken in this novel enterprise. The aquarium is situated close to the chain pier at the end of the Marine Parade, or fashionable drive and promenade of Brighton, and is sunk much below the natural surface of the ground. Entering at the western end, through a beautiful gateway of Oriental architecture, above which is a tower with an illuminated clock, the visitor finds himself at the top of a flight of granite steps twenty feet in width, leading to the entrance court sixty feet by forty feet. The front elevation of the building is eighteen feet high, and consists of five arches with terra cotta columns and enrichments. On the frieze round the sides is this appropriate inscription. "And God said let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life." From this outer court the entrance hall, which is eighty feet by forty-five feet, is approached through three doors. This hall is furnished with reading tables, and is supplied with the serials, journals, and telegrams of the day.

The first sensation on entering this beautiful and spacious hall is the silence that pervades the place. All the familiar noises of the upper world have ceased. Long vistas stretch before the eye, walled by the pale green water of the sea, ending in rocky grottoes and cascades. To increase the bewilderment, strains of distant music fall on the ear, and at intervals the sharp bark of the sea lion is heard, and, were it not for the presence of a few visitors sitting about in this entrance hall, prosaically reading the newspapers, one might imagine he he had sudbenly plunged into the realms of old Neptune. The architecture of the interior may be said to be a composition of Italian and Oceanic. Strong iron columns support the structure, but there are many other columns of terra cotta, whose capitols are moulded with figures of mermaids, Naiads, dolphins, etc., and friezes and bands of shells and coral run around the sides. The roof is constructed of variegated bricks, is grained, and rests upon columes of Bath stone, serpentine, marble and Scotch granite. On each side of the main corridor the tanks, forty-one in number, are placed. These vary in size from forty to one hundred feet in height. The largest holds 110,000 gallons of sea water. The plate glass of the front is one inch in thickness. the sides and back of the tanks are formed of artificial rock work, but looking wonderfully real with its overgrowth of mosses, shells and aquatic plants. The bottom is covered with fine clean gravel. The light to the tanks is admitted from above, and is so disposed that the fish cannot see the spectator, and therefore is not disturbed by his presence.

The finny prisoner rests or swims near the glass wholly unconscious of the observation and criticism that he is undergoing, so that one sees the fish as he appears at his own fireside, so to speak. Thus a big codfish, or a huge conger eel comes swimming toward you as you stand looking into his tank, working his mouth in a most ominous manner, as if he was hungry and had predaceous designs on the end of your nose, when, in fact, he is not aware of its inviting proximity. Owing to the arrangement of the light, and partly to the obscurity of the water, there is a deceptive appearance of vastness to the tanks. They are in reality

about ten feet from front to rear, the rockwork drawing to a point at the back, but to the looker on they seem like the vast and mysterious caves of the ocean. The tanks are lighted by gas at night, by jets suspended over the water. At the end of the eastern corridor is a large conservatory, one side of which is composed of artistic rockwork, a fernery, and a picturesque cascade. Here, also, the band plays at times during the day. On one side of this conservatory is a large open tank in the floor, now devoted to seals, and on the other side are six octagonal tables, of elegant design, for the exhibition of some of the smaller and more rare marine animals; and at the eastern extremity apparatus showing the hatching and development of salmon and trout. In another place are a series of microscopes, under which are placed minute forms of marine life for observation.

(To be continued.)



Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PRIZE AWARDS AT OUR SHOWS.

The system of awarding prizes at American Poultry Exhibitions, as conducted among us for the past dozen years, and the constantly multiplying of the *grades* of these premiums, has entailed a vast amount of unnecessary labor upon Judges—while the increase of the number of prizes for each class of both fowls and chickens from two or three, originally, to five and six, or seven, in later years—has caused great dissatisfaction among contributors, and at the same time has proved of no earthly advantage to breeders, owners, buyers, or societies.

In common with the majority of interested fanciers, we hope for a radical change in this management, at our future shows, everywhere; and for the following very good reasons.

The value of a prize gained fairly in the exhibition of samples of handicraft, live stock, inventions, or poultry, consists in the just award of such prize to the best and nearest to best of the article thus placed in competition. When the premiums extend beyond these two classes, as a rule, the merit of contributions receiving a lesser award, are inferior, and are *comparatively* inconsiderable. This result we claim to be natural, having in view the fact that the umpire is honest and competent, and that his decisions are just and equitable.

Therefore, even if a contributor who competes may have in such show almost, or (in his own esteem) quite as good birds, to which the umpires award a third or fourth or fifth premium, he thinks he is wronged; and when the report is published, his fine stock is injured for future sales, inasmuch as, according to the official account, he possesses only third, fourth, or fifth-rate stock, any way. Thus this man is soured, and his believed-to-be choice fowls are virtually condemned. If he receives but a fifth or sixth premium, so much the worse! And he at once exclaims "I had much rather they had not mentioned my birds at all."

Again, it is next to impossible, however well disposed may be the judges, for these men to arrive at any fair line of decision upon the fowls that are so low down in the scale in merit, as that they should command only a fourth, fifth, or sixth prize. The umpires have not sufficient time allowed them, (in a large exhibition) to do this duty accurately and equitably. It is imposing upon the judges too much labor, and too great a measure of responsibility, to expect they will perform such an onerous amount of work and study, as is thus involved, except in a very general way. And the owners of fowls thus judged and passed upon, are sure to condemn the umpires, the managers, and the committees of the association, be they whom they may, or however honestly and well disposed.

The detailed *reports* of these shows occupy column upon column of the poultry journals, subsequently, of necessity. Every man who is awarded a "prize"—however insignificant it may be, and of whatever grade, for fowls or chickens—is terribly aggrieved if his name, his address, and his premium is not accurately set forth, or if a single letter is misplaced in the record. And all this (so much of which is both needless, and utterly valueless to the contributor,) adds vastly to the printers' and publishers' inconvenience and cost; while the mass of the subscribers and patrons of these publications, are in no wise interested in these long-winded, dry details, which occupy the pages of their poultry paper nowadays for months, often to the exclusion of matter far more instructive, entertaining, and useful to *all* parties.

Individually, we offer no objection to the gratuitous publishing of the annual reports of the societies' shows, of course, in our magazine. This we shall very cheerfully do, so long as shows are held, and the associations desire it. But if the award of these useless *grades* and endless *numbers* of indifferent prizes be done away with, we sincerely think the public will be better pleased, in the end, and this reduction will relieve us and poultry magazine patrons of a vast deal of unnecessary work and unprofitable reading.

To effect this, and at the same time to do all hands exact justice, in this matter, as well also as to save time and labor to both judges and managers at our shows, hereafter, we propose that the premiums be henceforth limited to *three* grades, at the most:—first, second, and third—for "best" fowls or chickens, for "second," and for "third" best. Also, that "mention," "honorable mention," society's "diplomas," or committees' "certificates," be dispensed with, altogether. Also, that all society premiums be paid in *cash*, according to the announcements, or agreements, in their regular annual published official lists, or programmes made preceding the several shows.

This mode will in no wise interfere with the list of *specials* that may be offered, at any exhibition, where individuals may elect to give prizes of any description, in the way of plate, money or other valuables. But the plan will narrow the scale of society premiums to feasible proportions; and the three grades suggested, each for adult fowls, and for young stock of every variety, including optional "sweepstakes" for best, or largest *collections*, would be quite sufficient for the widest competition. And it would result in bringing to our shows the actually finest and best bred specimens, of all kinds, in every section of the country, undoubtedly—since each and every breeder would have something tangible to work for—and all would thus hopefully contribute their choicest samples, without fear of having their stock "damned with faint praise," for their pains, should they not succeed as first, second, or third best.

We offer these suggestions after learning the views of many of the most enterprising and ambitious breeders and fanciers in this country. And we seriously think—in the present advanced condition of the poultry interest in America—that it is quite time we should now come down to "hard pan" in this matter. By such sensible, judicious, fair, and economical method we may so adjust and arrange this affair of awarding prizes, that the *really* best

stock may win; and the indifferent, or fourth, fifth, and sixth-rate birds—which are not justly entitled to any competitive consideration—will be left out of the question, without damage to their owners' reputation, or constructive offense to their sensibilities.

By such means we may continue year by year to have finer shows of superior stock. The ambition will be to breed nearer "up to standard," in all cases. Domestic poultry will be continually more largely improved in size, symmetry, beauty, and genuine usefulness. Careless and poor breeding will be no longer encouraged. *Good* birds will be the rule, for the exhibition-rooms, and imperfect samples will be ignored, beforehand. The veritably "best" stock will win, and "fourth" or "fifth" rated men will not be mortified and disgusted with the decisions of judges, (often correct, but sometimes wrong) which include their names and their stock in a category among the "dead beats."

We commend these views to the earnest attention of officers and members of our poultry societies, everywhere, and shall be glad to learn the views of any of our advanced breeders, upon what we consider a very important topic, of universal interest to American Poultry Fanciers.

THE OSTRICH DOMESTICATED.

An English settler at the Cape of Good Hope gives this account of his ostrich stock in a private letter: "I have a flock, or herd, or covey, or whatever else you like to call it, of 27; they are perfectly tame, and will follow me all over the place; in fact, I feel sure that they were intended to be domesticated. I have only to get outside and whistle, and the whole troop comes as fast as their legs can carry them in hopes of getting some maize, which they are very fond of. They eat almost anything, but there is so much round the house and in the old lands that they scarcely require any artificial food; but I generally give them a feed of lucerne once a day, and they seem to relish it more than anything else. They are plucked first at about eight months old, and afterwards every seven months. The feathers are not of much value, but nevertheless return 25 per cent. per annum. The second plucking brings that up to 80 per cent., and the third about 110 or more. The feathers are then prime, and the yield from each bird, taking cocks and hens together, is about £9 or £10. The price of birds two months old is £9, and I intend to make up my number to 45 this season, and when they are full grown I expect to get £750 a year for their feathers alone, without counting increase. Wild birds are very scarce within the colony, and are only to be found in numbers far in the interior, where they are also rapidly decreasing. This accounts for the price of feathers. Of course, the demand is increasing throughout the world, so that it will be many years before the domesticated birds make any marked difference in the market. No stock gives so little trouble; they thrive where a donkey would find it hard lines to live."

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

IN REPRODUCING LIVE STOCK

Of any known species—whether it be cattle, horses, dogs, or poultry—the same laws of nature rule, and the same results follow, in all cases, the application of those laws. It may occur that a longer or shorter period or number of seasons will be required to reproduce from a given kind what is desired, from the fact that very few varieties of the kind experimented with come into the operator's hands perfectly pure-bred, in the first instance.

In consequence of this prior contamination in some small degree, perhaps quite unknown even to the original breeders, come the "sports," or imperfect specimens in color and formation of the progeny in new hands, frequently met with; which incidents or accidents are not readily explainable, at times.

But *no* breed of animals or birds continue uninterruptedly to breed *perfectly*. Like produces like, as a rule. But every now and then with the best stock, and the most cautiously managed, manipulation, there crops out of all kinds of live stock imperfect examples, which show that the originals have in some degree been previously tainted, more or less.

The only mode yet discovered to reproduce good live stock, is to breed from the purest and best attainable, and to select from your young stock thus bred, the best and most perfect, every year, to go forward with. Through this management only, can the strain be kept from deterioration; for, do our best, with the choicest, there will always come indifferent samples; and continual selection alone will give us, after these, a near approximation to the superior originals.

It is a notable fact that the finest breeds of Short Horn cattle imported into the United States, within the last thirty years have strangely degenerated, and changed materially from what the originals were. Other stock has meantime been got out from abroad, and the admixture has kept up *a* breed of this stock that is very fine to-day. But the blood of the *first* importations has about run out.

So we may allude to the Brahma and early Cochin fowls, comparatively. We see very few such extraordinary birds nowadays of either of these varieties as were the *first* of the race, cultivated twenty to twenty-five years ago. There are many fine strains around, and these are perhaps quite as popular; but there have been wonderful changes since they were first bred among us, as we remember the originals in America.

VALUABLE THOUGHTS.

Mr. Wade:

I don't agree with the writer of "Our Hens," (page 188, No. 16, Vol. III.) I think the nearer we imitate nature's ways the nearer we are to right. I think feed should be thrown upon the ground, that the fowls may take their "peck at dirt" with their peck at food. Does N. E. F., I wonder, have the gravel for his fowls washed, polished, and put into troughs lest it should be soiled—or are his birds too nice to have any? "Wasted"—scatter grain broadcast and see if a flock of birds will leave one grain to waste—unless the provider be too liberal—when the birds will prove wiser than we humans do sometimes—they will not eat more than they want, to keep it from waste or from spoiling. I do not believe they "consume less food when it is continually before them," unless it is because the sight of it has sickened them. If they *do* consume less, I call it the owner's loss. I claim that a certain amount of food is needed to meet certain requirements. If the supply does not equal the demand, then some part of the system ceases to call for it, and what would go for the production of eggs, or furnish material for growth, nature appropriates for the sustaining of life—repairing the waste.

As to fowls "stuffing themselves, and thereby impairing their digestive apparatus," I fail to see it. They may fill their crops full, but what are their crops more than reservoirs upon which the stomach calls for its supplies. And will the stomach call faster than it can pass on to the other organs of digestion? When the crops are filled, the fowls will doubtless "bask in the sun," drowse in the shade, or roll in the dust-bath. When the crop is emptied and the stomach calls, then the fowl will rouse itself, go to scratching, and go poking among the weeds and plants for seeds and bugs, giving a variety of food they will not seek if a "well-filled trough" be at hand. If the fowls be the phlegmatic Brahma, no nicer, easier way is there to fatten them, and render them good for nothing as egg-producers, than to keep that "well-filled trough" at hand. For the nervous, active Games and Leghorns it would not be so bad. Requiring more food to replenish the waste caused by their constant movement, and nerves requiring more food than material adipose, were they not sick-

ened by the sight of it they might eat and eat and no harm be done except to their owner's pocket.

N. E. F. has patience when he waits from 18 to 20 months for from six to eight pounds of Lt. Brahma weight. Feeding young birds *often*, just a little less than they would eat, so they are always ready for more, will make the weight in about half the time he gives. I think with our poultry and ourselves we would be wiser if we oftener remembered how the gifts of the good God come to us. Air is one constant need, and it is around us everywhere. Only by the hand of man are we deprived of it. Water is less often needed, so we find it here and there, but food we can remain longer without, and exercise is necessary for its perfect good to us, so we must obtain it by our efforts, "earn it by the sweat of the brow." PACIFIC.

MR. MINER BLOWETH HIS HORN.

He commences his gush with tears, Oh! ye tears! continueth with the reflection that there may be at least a few shots as bad as himself, and endeth with the proposition to buy our address with a dozen of eggs. Too thin! Too thin! Alas! Mr. Miner! it would not be to your pecuniary advantage to know us as we do not breed Games, neither would we accept as a gift, (if they answer to your description,) all your Brahmas and their eggs. What a magnificent strain of Brahmas you must possess; "Fly over fences?" Are you perfectly sure they do not *step* over? We recollect seeing once, somewhere, some very long-legged brutes which their owner called "Brahmas," but nowadays nearly every one wishes to own and breed Brahmas; as you are very candid, and speak of your's as "heads and necks" perhaps your's are the ones we saw. But it may be that your kind of feed makes 'em spry. It might be well for you to take out a patent on the fodder and call it "Miner's Invigorator." Again as we do not herewith send our address, we humbly confess that among other, many other matters, which we are as yet too young to be fully posted on, we have not yet arrived at that blissful epoch in the history of our hen fever when we can place our hand upon our heart and proudly, yes truthfully say rejoicingly, that *we know who you are*. Thusly do our accounts balance. However, at first opportunity, when time, space, and inclination permit, we faithfully promise to make inquiries. That affair of your Johnny Duckwing with the poor old Buff "the miserable Buff," was a "hummer," wasn't it? Now you go right on and keep Johnny Duckwing well "manured," (don't dissolve him) and in time he may be sufficiently invigorated to tackle some "average" Brahma. But if "the small boy" puts in an appearance, if you are not perfectly sure that your Johnny ate, at last meal, his full regulation dose of Invigorator, with thankfulness in his eyes, don't let him out unless you are sure there's a *Buff in the bag*.

You are correct, we never *could* hit a snipe or anything else; but trust "we may be allowed to surmise" from the squealing and squawking on part of you and some others, with piteous cries for Burleigh to come and help, that somebody had sent a small dose of No. 10s, to different back yards. Be assured it was not us, we never could hit anything. No! we do not "mean business," not even *advertising* or anything of the kind. It seems to be a common failing among "roosters," that they like to hear themselves crow; but until lately we never knew of one asking for assistance.

YOUNG BREEDER.

"Now, young people," said a professor of natural history to his class; "now, then, as to hens; a hen has the capacity of laying 600 eggs, and no more, and she finishes the job in just about five years; now, what is to be done with her after that?" "Cut off her head and sell her for a spring chicken," exclaimed an urchin whose father dealt in poultry.

TIM BUNKER ON PRINTER'S INK.

"Have you got a game ruster?" said Jake Frink to me one morning last week, as he came over to our house.

"No I haven't. What's up now?" I inquired.

"Why, you see, Squire Bunker, that boy of mine, up in the White Oaks, has got it into his head that if he can raise some game chickens, he can make his fortune in a short time—says he won ten dollars on a bet last week on a fightin' cock—at a little set-to some of his neighbors had in his barn-yard, and if he had some smart rusters that would stand steel every time, he could make more money in a cock-pit in one month than he could peddlin' charcoal in a hull year—and I guess he's rite. Says he's got two pullets that is all rite, and if he can git a ruster that is dead game, he would raise some chickens next season that would have the grit in 'em, and he would bet on the White Oaks agin the hull state of Connecticut. I knew you kept blooded fowls, and I didn't know but you might have some of that kind."

"No, I don't keep that kind. Why don't you use printer's ink?"

"Printer's ink!" exclaimed Jake, "I should like to know what that has got to do with it. I've heerd of printer's ink for canker-worms, but I never heerd of it for rusters—how d'ye apply it?"

"Just put it in the Hookertown Gazette under head of Wants—like this, 'Wanted to buy a yearling cock, warranted dead game, Jacob Frink, Hookertown, Ct.'"

"Never did sich a thing in my life. Taint no use. I never read advertisements, and guess nobody else don't. They're pretty much all doctor stuff. Might be some use in it cf I was a Steam Doctor."

"Just try it," said I, "and if you don't hear of roosters in less than a week, I'll pay the bill."

I didn't much think Jake would advertise, but the notion seemed to work, especially my paying the bill, and I guess the thought of getting that on to me had more to do with it than his faith in printer's ink. He made a straight wake for the Gazette Office, and told the printer to advertise for a Game Rooster as above, and send the bill to me. The Hookertown Gazette is printed on Thursday, and distributed to town subscribers by carrier, and the rest sent off by mail. Jake got his paper the same evening, and for the first time began to look at the advertisements. It was quite a while before he could find his rooster, and when he did, it only occupied the space of two lines, and seemed so ridiculously small, that nobody could notice it. He certainly would not have seen it, if he had not known it was there and been looking for it. He thought he had stuck Timothy Bunker this time, and would get square on the Horse-pond lot trade. Next morning Jake was waked just after daybreak by a loud knock on his door. Jake poked his head out of the chamber window, and shouted "who's there?"

Billy Peckham's voice answered from below, "I saw your advertisement in the paper last evening, Mr. Frink, and I thought I'd catch my rooster this morning before he got off the roost. He has licked in six fights, and will kill any rooster in town. He was a year old last spring, and cost me ten dollars. But if you want him for Kier you can have him for five dollars. If the White Oaks are goin' in to this business, I guess I'll sell out."

"Couldn't think of giving that," Jake answered, and shut the window in disgust. He put on his clothes, and while he was kindling his fire in the stove, another rap at the door. Ben Porter had brought up his rooster in a covered basket, said he saw the notice in the paper, and thought he would bring up his black-breasted red game, that he would warrant to stand steel, and lick all the roosters in town. The bird cost him fifteen dollars, and he had made a hundred on him, knowing just how to bet. He could have him for twenty dollars. Didn't care a cent whether

he took him or not. Two men were after the bird, and he only offered him as a matter of neighborly accommodation.

"Twenty dollars," exclaimed Jake, "that's all a feller can git for a two-year-old steer. I ain't a fool quite."

Jake started to milk his farrow cow, and on his way to the yard, he met a boy with a game Bantam cock under his arm, in earnest to sell. He admitted the cock was small, but he was true as steel, and had whipt Deacon Smith's Buff Cochin, five times his weight, in a pitched battle. He hated to part with him, but would sell for three dollars cash on the nail. When Jake had done milking, he found at the barn-yard bars two more boys waiting for him, one with a cock in a bag, and the other with a bird under his arm. They were only common roosters, and Jake declined to buy. As he came out from breakfast, and was going to yoke the cattle, Mike Flaharty met him with a dressed fowl in a basket—"and sure it was a dead-game rooster that ye were wantin', and I thought Mistress Frink might be having company to dine, and I brought him up airly." Jake thought there was a difference between a dead-game cock and a cock dead, but failed to make Mike see it, and he went off in a pet. He now started on his sled for the wood-lot, and was hailed seven times on Hookertown street about that "dead game ruster." It seemed as if every man had rooster on the brain, and the boys rooster on the tongue. He began to think Hookertown had done nothing else but breed game birds for the last few years. Saturday he went down to the Grocery Store, where they keep the Post Office, for a jug of molasses, and Colonel Sizer, the postmaster, told him he had some letters, which was a very rare thing. He thought at once that some of his wife's folks must be sick or dead, especially as the letters were all post-marked Shadtown. He was thinking of a funeral when he opened the first letter, but there was nothing dead but that "game ruster." Every letter offered game birds varying in price from one dollar to twenty. As he opened the eleventh and last letter, and caught sight of that game bird, he dropped his spectacles, and made for the door. He did not stop until he reached the Gazette Office—where he offered the following advertisement for next week: "No more Game Rusters wanted, Jacob Frink."

Jake is converted to a firm faith in printer's ink, and there is not the least danger of his falling from grace. I wish we had more of these conversions. Not one farmer in ten pays out a dollar a year for advertising—either for what he wants or what he has to sell. He does not read the advertisements in his agricultural paper if he takes one—and if he ever ventures upon fine stock of any kind, he grudges a few dollars for printer's ink, and sells them to some middle-man who advertises and doubles his money. He thinks fine stock don't pay. Printer's ink would make it pay, and everything else worth raising upon the farm.

Yours to command, TIMOTHY BUNKER, Esq.

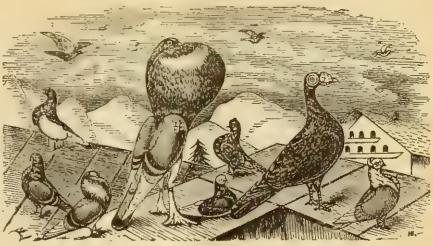
HOOKERTOWN, CT., Feb. 14th, 1876.—*American Agriculturist.*

SCABBY LEGGED CHICKENS.

Some chickens get a hard crust of scabs on their legs, which makes the legs sometimes double as thick as they ought to be from the knee joint to the toes. What causes it I cannot tell, but I concluded to soften them with coal oil as an experiment, so I soaked them with an old brush wherever there was any scruff, and in a few weeks the scabs were all peeled off and their legs smooth and clean.

Try coal oil; it will loosen more things besides the scabs on chickens' legs. If you want to unscrew tight burrs on bolts, apply a little coal oil, and it is good for loosening dirt on instruments, cleaning paint brushes, and many other purposes. But don't keep coal oil and butter very close to each other, if you don't want the butter tainted.

J. B. ERB.



PIGEON DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PIGEON RACES.

I now send you an account of three interesting pigeon races, from Wilmington to Philadelphia, distance 28 miles, was flown on April 22d, for three money prizes,—first prize won by John Grist, time 43 minutes 30 seconds; second prize won by James Grist—time, 58 minutes 30 seconds; third prize won by Fred Woods—time, 59 minutes. Second race took place on April 29, from Newark to Philadelphia—distance 40 miles. First prize won by James Grist—time, 1 hour 90 seconds. Second prize won by Mr. Joseph Buckley, who entered one of Mr. James Grist's birds, time 1 hour 16 minutes 30 seconds. Third prize won by Fred Woods—time, 1 hour 22 minutes 30 seconds; the third was a very interesting race between Philadelphia and New York fanciers, which came off on May 6, in honor of the Philadelphia No. 1 Fourth Anniversary, for a beautiful gold centennial medal, and three money prizes, the Philadelphia birds flying 52 miles, New York birds flying 56 miles, and all three prizes were won by Philadelphia birds; first prize won by Mr. Jos. Buckley, with one of Mr. James Grist's birds, entered by Mr. Buckley—time, 1 hour 22 minutes 45 seconds; second prize won by Mr. John Grist—time, 1 hour 25 minutes; third prize won by James Grist, 1 hour 37 minutes 47 seconds; T. Grist's birds coming in 1 hour 48 minutes; Mr. Fassett's bird coming in 1 hour 55 minutes; New York birds coming in the following time: Mr. Van Opstal's bird, time 2 hours 25 minutes, Mr. John Van Opstal, Jr., time 2 hours 10 minutes. Mr. Husson, who entered one of Mr. Van Opstal's birds, time 1 hour 55 minutes, beating the New Yorkers' quickest bird by 30 minutes after allowing 4 miles of time.

T. GRIST, 2231 Master St., Philadelphia.

PIGEONS—OLD AND NEW TYPES.

Thinking over the recent papers in our Journal upon the shortcomings of some of our pets, caused by want of care, knowledge, or other mistakes made by the possessors of the ancestors of these birds, it often seems to me one had better let those matters rest as they are than to be worried as we sometimes are, and sometimes taunted as fault-finders—a character which I am sure none of us labor for. Like some of my friends I have been born into the "fancy," and, of course, cannot get out of it; and having supported it to the best of my ability all my life, I find I must support it still. So against all insinuations, and against all opposition, I intend to support it in its normal points only, which have not yet been improved upon in this country.

"WILTSHIRE RECTOR" tells us he has heard of a case where a former friendship had been broken over a difference of a "feather, or the shape or the color of a bird." Surely this is a false report. One can hardly credit that such could have taken place. I never heard of such a case, but melancholy things do take place among

men. I was told of a case only the other day of a lady and gentleman who had not been blessed with a family, but who started an argument as to how a family ought to be, or would have been brought up had they possessed one, and the intensity of the argument waxed so great that it ended in a separation. And once again: At the foot of my garden stands a Siberian crab tree. It was loaded and gay with bright red fruit a few months ago. Outside the railings stood two message boys looking at the tree. One said, "What beautiful cherries!" The other replied, "They are apples!" "No, they're cherries!" "No, they are apples!" And the debate ended in a stand-up fight.

A feather is a trifling thing, but a feather—one feather, will sometimes make perfection: hence the great amount of "fancy tailoring," as an ancient writer in this journal used to term it. "Perfection is made up of trifles, but perfection itself is no trifle;" and taking this view of matters in connection with our "fancy," I begin at the beginning.

Before proceeding further, however, I have somewhat to say to our friend "Wiltshire Rector." I give him all credit for his desire to cultivate kindness in our brotherhood, but why give us in the next issue an off-hand cut, when he knows how sensitive we are? In his report of the Pigeons at the Crystal Palace he says, in describing English Owls, "I think all, save the very prejudiced, must have owned," &c. There is a splendid breed of horses here known as the Clydesdale horse. Should any one rear a cross-bred animal between this and another breed of horse, surely I am not to be called "prejudiced" because I insist that the cross-bred animal is not a true Clydesdale. But I let this pass, and ask, Where did we get our standards? I do not think from Moore alone, though he is our oldest authority as the author of a history of fancy Pigeons. I believe the standards have been written by fanciers from time to time as the different birds were introduced into this country, and after Moore's time they were bred-up to the original type till within late years. No doubt there were always weeds to be found, and ever will be. "Wiltshire Rector's" portrait of the Jacobin of 101 years ago may be a fancy one for all that we know, and does not settle the question. I have been too long connected with the fine arts to put much faith in old drawings or engravings of natural history subjects; but it is not from descriptions given in old books or engravings that we take our stand, but from what we know and have seen.

> "The parchment roll, is that the holy river
> From which one draught shall slake the thirst for ever?
> The quickening power of science only he
> Can know from whose own soul it gushes free."

It requires a long experience and close study, not of books and pictures, but of the actual subjects themselves, their habits and general life, to portray fully and faithfully the various points required.

I need not again describe the Jacobin, the points of the true bird have already been set forth clearly; and wherever I am honored to act as judge at our shows, I shall certainly give the awards to the birds of the original type. It seems strange that so few take the trouble to favor us with their opinion publicly on matters of this kind. Were this more generally done I believe we would find the "minority" a large one. I had a good specimen of this at the late Kilmarnock Show; it was the talk of some dozen of fanciers. A single bird put into the selling class, as though unfit for the Jacobin class because she was of the old type, had so many claimants that she had to be put up at auction, and thus realized a sum three times the catalogue price, the fortunate purchaser refusing a tempting additional sum to part with her. This bird (a yellow) had one of the longest and best chains I have seen for years.

If fanciers will have the mane and rose, then they must do without the chain, one of the great beauties and destructive characteristics of the Jacobin. The chain must necessarily be suddenly stopped short to create a perfect rose, and if only gradually shortened the rose must necessarily be oblong and imperfect. The mane and rose in the Jacobin are recent innovations. They suit the present taste, and go down with some judges at our shows, but that is no proof that they are the true characteristics which the bird possessed while in the hands of the earlier fanciers. Since the old Spitalfields weavers (the introducers of this and most of our fancy Pigeons) died out, this bird had gradually degenerated, gradually acquiring the Tumbler form of body, and unless some spirit is shown in introducing more original blood the true bird will be lost altogether.

The same style of degeneracy is going on in other birds. The so-called English Owl is but a cross bred bird, and until the true (African) bird was brought prominently forward, young fanciers would not believe what they now do. Many of these cross-bred birds are little better than fliers or racing birds; indeed, the latter is indebted much to the cross with the Owl for its high soaring and speed in flight.

The Barb is also going in the same way. The heads of many of them are wonderful, I should say improved, but it is no longer the Barb, it is a Tumbler with a Barb's head; with the exception of the head the other distinctive characteristics of the bird are lost. A friend of mine in Kilmarnock lately purchased what London fanciers would call a tidy bird. It was one of the new type. By-and-by it was allowed its liberty, and proved such an adept at tumbling that its possessor in disgust wrung its neck. This just shows the line the fancy is taking. What will stir us up? Oh, for the ghost of an old Spitalfields fancier!—James Huie, *in Journal of Horticulture.*

THE ALMOND TUMBLER.

I would advise those gentlemen who have had little or no experience in this particular variety not to be over-sanguine of reaching the goal of perfection without great care and patience. Their best judgment is needed in crossing the hard and soft-feathered Almonds, the Splashes, the Whole-feathered, the Agates, and the Kites, all of these being at times necessary to produce a properly marked bird. Now, let me call the attention of our younger members to the fact, that to breed an Almond Pigeon is one thing, and to breed an Almond Tumbler Pigeon is quite another thing. The plumage constitutes the first, which is pretty well known to most of you. The ground color of the bird should be of a soft yet bright tint, similar to the almond nut-shell, evenly broken all over with black of the jettest color; on the head there should be fine stencillings gradually increasing in quantity and size as the hackle is approached, there assuming a rich metallic luster; on the body they should become larger, and give the feather that spangled appearance which is so characteristic of an Almond. The more positive and marked the spangles are, the handsomer it will prove. The flight and tail feathers should each be marked with three colors—viz., almond, black, and white, these as distinct and varied as possible, by which I mean they should not be cut as it were by a bar uniformly across them. So much for this property of feather, and as the bird unquestionably derives its title from it, I have always considered and still maintain that this is its first and chief property; but whether the bird be then an Almond Tumbler or simply an Almond Pigeon depends on a variety of other properties. Let us examine the Tumbler pure and simple. Good shape and carriage are imperative. It should be small, but round and compact, with a broad full chest, holding its head proudly erect, sufficiently inclined backward to produce a slight curve in the neck, and drooping its wings gracefully. The head should be broad and high in the skull, yet at the same time round; without this it loses, to my mind, half its beauty. The eye should be as central as possible, by that I mean not too forward, neither too high; it should be of a pearl white color, rather

projecting than depressed, the pupil being very sharply and clearly defined. The beak should be short, but by no means thick or boxy; it should be light in color and project at right angles from the forehead, neither inclining upwards or downwards. The legs short, but not clumsy, and the feet small.

As I before mentioned, neither a bird possessing the feather without the Tumbler properties, nor one possessing the latter without the former, can claim to be designated an Almond Tumbler; it must possess both, and the more these points are developed the greater perfection it attains.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

A WONDERFUL DOG.

The admirers of the canine race, among your readers, will doubtless relish the following incident; none the less perhaps because it happened since the month of May, (1876,) came in and is capable of the strongest possible verification:

A gentleman who lives near our village owns a fine St. Bernard dog which, because of his immense size, beauty and friendly nature, is a favorite with all. On a late occasion he accompanied the hired man to a saloon in search of an evening's entertainment. Their efforts were eminently successful, and toward the "wee sma' hours" the party broke up and wended their several ways homeward. It subsequently appears that among the company was the usual young man on his first spree. His early departure and the absence of the dog were unnoticed by his companions. *His* latest recollection of the evening is, that he realized that he was becoming "under the influence," had better go home, and arose to start. From that time until aroused the next morning, existence is all a blank to him. He was found early the next morning by the Railroad Agent, lying in the public waiting-room at the depot, in a drunken stupor, with the dog close beside him. There was the dog's great and peculiar instinct most plainly exhibited. His manner to the Agent was, first, clearly a supplication for help; next a menace which plainly said "wrong him at your peril." He remained close beside his charge until the half conscious boy was laid on a settee in a back room, when he exhibited the liveliest gratitude to the Agent and trotted off home. The vast reasoning powers of the dog brought into play on this occasion will be more readily understood by a few words of explanation. The intoxicated youth lived south from the saloon and would most naturally, under the circumstances, have started in that direction. The depot was north, and the place that he would have been most unlikely to go of his own accord. Those familiar with the whole transaction unhesitatingly say that the dog must have found the boy after the saloon was closed, and by some means brought him to the only available place of shelter. The dog and Agent are good friends, but the boy was a stranger to him. I have simply given the facts and the popular theory. For obvious reasons names and places are out of order.

ST. BERNARD.

ITEMS.

Purp-etual motion—the gambols of a restless young dog.

The old lady who said of one of her household pets, "She's such a feelin' cat," did not purr-pet-rate the pun purr-puss-ly.

"Fancy," said Sidney Smith to some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Garden had caught cold, "a giraffe with two yards of sore throat."

An old farmer says the best way for a young city chap, who wants to become an agriculturist, is to hire out to some farmer for a couple of years, and then marry his daughter, who knows how to raise chickens and make pantaloons.

There is an improbable story that a New Jersey hen mislaid an egg, when another hen set on it, and the original hen recognized the chicken after it was hatched. The setting hen claimed a "fowl," but the umpire has not given his decision.

Greeley tells an inquirer that there is no trouble in raising geese for market if you don't wean them too young. Let them trot around with the old ewe till their bridle-teeth are grown, and you can then transplant them to the forcing frames without wilting.

It is related that when Beecher was in the country last summer he lost his hat, and found it in about a week in the barn where he had left it, but with four eggs in it. This is as it should be. Beecher had just written a eulogy on the hen; why shouldn't the Hen-re-ward Beecher?

An Indiana hen has adopted a brood of kittens—they have already learned to scratch, peck corn and run after grasshoppers, and one of them was heard the other day regretting that his mammy wasn't a duck, so that she might teach him to swim. (All after "kittens" is copyrighted.)

A smart boy in one of the public schools, having been required to write a composition on some part of the human body, expanded as follows: "The throat—A throat is convenient to have, especially to roosters and ministers. The former eats corn and crows with it; the latter preaches through his'n, and then ties it up."

A young lady at a ball was asked by her lover of serious poetry, whether she had seen Crabbe's Tales. "Why, no," she answered, "I didn't know that crabs had tails." "I beg your pardon, miss," said he, "I mean, have you read Crabbe's Tales?" "And I assure you, sir, I did not know that red crabs, or any other kind of crabs, had tails."

Some wags were watching around an agricultural implement store, and they chanced to see in the rear a dressed hog hanging by a hook to the wall. "Ha! ha!" cried the "smartest" one among them to the young man in attendance, "what sort of an agricultural implement do you call that?" "That," replied the attendant, "is a patent combined root-grubber, corn-sheller, apple-grinder, gate-lifter, double-action, back-spring sod-plow; but I guess you won't want one, for it takes a mighty intelligent man to manage 'em."

SCRUPULOSITY SHOCKED.

"Quashee," the madam said, "I cannot find
Where all my ducks and geese and chickens stray."
Thereon old Quashee's dark, suspicious mind
Began to hint of darkies down the way.
Those niggers there were very bad; he feared
That was the route her fowls had disappeared.
He preached a sermon; told with pious feeling
How wrong and sinful he regarded stealing.
Just then from hole in bag upon his back
One of the ducks poked out and gave a long,
loud amen "quack!"

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor,

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CORRECTION.

In the article on Aaron Burr, No. 19, Dr. John Maclean was the name intended. The correction is the more needed from the fact of the Dr's name being a "household word" at Princeton College.

The signature "Ervin" not Edward.

REMOVAL.

Mr. E. S. Ongley of Auburn, N. Y., has removed and permanently located at Worcester, Mass. We are pleased to learn that his fine flock of Hamburgs have been placed under the immediate care of H. S. Ball of Shrewsbury, Mass. In future, address all correspondence in reference to fowls to Messrs. Ongely & Ball, Worcester, Mass.

THE FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

All young people and many old ones take an interest in poultry, pigeons, rabbits, birds, and other pets of various kinds. The above-named weekly publication is a journal in which all such persons are interested, as it treats these subjects in a clear and practical manner, with a thorough knowledge of breeding, rearing, feeding, etc. Each number contains information of great value to poultry raisers, dealers and fanciers. It is published weekly at Hartford, Conn., and is furnished to subscribers for $2.50 a year.—*Scientific American.*

AN IMPROVEMENT NEXT YEAR

May be made in the management of the premium lists at our poultry exhibitions, which it seems to us is now come to be greatly needed, and which will not only render our public shows more compact and more easily handled, but will prove quite as satisfactory to the mass of contributors to these fairs as has been the old worn-out plan in vogue for five to twenty years agone.

We suggest that the method of offering five or six different *grades* of prizes for each variety, young and old, has now got to be altogether too cumbersome, and too much of a good thing; while the *lower* grades—such as a society "diploma," "highly commended," or "honorable mention" is quite too insignificant nowadays to satisfy anybody who has taken pains to breed a coop or two of fowls up to Standard, to the best of his ability, for a twelvemonth. And besides this, it doesn't pay. The award is not worth having, when given. And the man who receives it is actually more disappointed, as a general thing, than he would have been if he got nothing.

We have so frequently heard complaints touching this matter, and have been urged so often to take up the subject and suggest revision in the rules governing our American shows in this particular, that we deem it but fair that an expression of opinion of the majority of breeders for and competitors at these exhibitions should be listened to, and complied with, in the direction of improvement as suggested. Precisely *how* this should be done is not important. But the machinery of our shows has got to be too cumbrous. We have too many premiums offered, in too many grades, of too small a value—to prompt energetic emulation among farmers, in the year 1876.

Too many good fowls are nowadays raised in this country, and our poultry men have come to be too expert with their various favorites, which they put up to the finest condition and contribute to our shows, year after year, to be content with the mere "mention," the "commendation," or the paper "diploma" of a town or country society—in common with two or three hundred others at the same show who may be equally fortunate (?) in the opinion of the improvised "judges."

In another article, therefore, to which attention is called upon page 246 of the present issue, we have endeavored to point out what we consider a feasible and appropriate method, whereby the change hinted at will result in benefit to our cause, and to all parties concerned.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INQUIRY.

MONROE, N. Y., May 12th, 1876.

DEAR SIR:—

Will you be so kind, or some brother Fancier, as to give a description of the black East India Duck, through the columns of the *Fanciers' Journal.* Please state if their diminutiveness prevents their crossing with the larger varieties of ducks.

Yours, S. B. HEATON.

COMPLAINT.

NEW YORK, May 17, 1876.

MR. J. M. WADE,—

DEAR SIR: I notice in the last number of the *Journal* that one Mr. T. W. Cox makes a complaint against Witzel of this city. I saw also, that one Brose, of this city offered to exchange in the *Journal,* Pigeons for Pigeons and Bantams. I went to see what he had, and found out that it was this man (*Witzel*).

EGGS.

FRIEND WADE:

SIR,—I have got 17 Silver Penciled Hamburg Hens, that layed three hundred and eighty-three (383) eggs in the month of April, this is a little better than James Taylor's eighteen Golden Spangled Hens layed in the month of March.

F. TAYLOR.

"PETER PEPPERCORN."

EDITOR OF FANCIER'S JOURNAL:

I have read with interest Peter Peppercorn's able and convincing defence against the charge of plagiarism. *Multitudes of others have been subjected to a similar charge, and therefore he cannot be guilty.* It is not very evident to me that the extract from Burns has much to do with the matter. I do not care to discuss the question, for, of course, all the proof which I have that my opinion

is correct is contained in the verses themselves. Let any one who is interested carefully compare Tennyson's "Brook" with Peter Peppercorn's "Mountain Stream," and satisfy himself. They would look well printed side by side.

Yours respectfully,

WM. GARDNER BARTON.

SALEM, Mass., May 22, 1876.

CORRECTION.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.:

Please correct error in notice of our coming exhibition, published on page 217 of No. 18. I am made to say that the "contingency fund is *inclusive* of the premium list." In that case it could not be used for the purpose for which it was subscribed. The amount is *exclusive* of the premium list, and only to be used in case a contingency should arise. In making this correction, you will oblige,

Yours truly,

May 15, 1876. GEO. W. WHITE, *Secretary.*

INFORMATION WANTED.

MR. WADE:

You kindly invite us beginners to bring our doubts and perplexities to the JOURNAL for solving. What puzzles me is this: I read that "when eggs are broken under a sitting hen, if what remain are not cleansed from all marks of the disaster, they will not hatch, because the pores of the shell being closed, what is within dies for want of air." We also read—"Puncture the shell of an egg with the finest cambric needle, you admit the air destroying the vitality of the egg. It will not hatch." Viz., an egg will not hatch *unless* air be admitted to its contents, and it will not hatch if air *be* admitted.

Where's Sam? PACIFIC.

CORRECTION.

FRIEND WADE:—

No. 18 received this day. So the Puma carries off little children and *drowns* them, does he?

From both reading and observation, I have been led to believe that, like all the cat tribe, he had rather a dislike to wetting his feet, but it seems after all that, like the "Snapping Turtle," he is an amphibious "critter." What would your compositors suppose to be his *motive* in *drowning* the innocents? Is he on friendly terms with the speckled trout in the mountain streams; and does he furnish them a young mountaineer occasionally?

Will Huon tell us what the authorities say on this subject?

I wrote "they will carry off and *devour* children if they find them in the thick woods unprotected."

Yours truly, J. M. McCANN.

May 17, 1876.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Why is the Moor-bass liked by some fanciers? because they think there never was a *moor-capital* pigeon. TERRÆ FILIUS.

—The chief point in Silver-gray Rabbits is that they be *silvered all over alike*, and not a dark head or light body. (?)

—Sulphur ointment is an excellent remedy for mange, as is also fish oil, with two per cent. of carbolic acid mixed with it. (?)

—The price of Dari, in England, is 20s per sack of 240 lbs. Dari is a white, or nearly white reed, somewhat resembling pearl-barley, but larger, and is a most valuable food for small and delicate varieties of pigeons. (?)

—An owl created quite an excitement in a fancier's coop the other day. It *Swallowed* a Tumbler *bald-headed* and left *Nun* of it. I have heard of Ostriches eating glass, but a tumbler never. Just *fancy* what a *bar*barian it was. TERRÆ FILIUS.

—To breed Pouters successfully a large room or loft is absolutely necessary. They are birds that require a large amount of room during the breeding season; and space that would be amply sufficient for fifty pairs of any smaller variety, would barely suffice for ten pairs of first-class Pouters. (?)

Does J. M. McCann mean to say that the Beech-tree is a non-conductor? If so, it is not very recommendable to be planted around country dwellings. Trees around dwellings should be of the best conductors, and people in beautifying their homes with trees, can as well guard their dwellings against lightning by selecting good conducting trees. I have seen several houses saved by trees from lightning strokes in the small country town where I live, and think others have seen the same in their places. Is this not enough to convince everybody, and who would not rather see two trees fall than have his home once shattered by lightning.

J. A. L.

—On the summit of Pike's Peak, over 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, where there is not a trace of any vegetation, or, indeed, any earth upon which shrubs or grass could grow, the mountain rat, an animal twice as large as a Norway rat, abounds in vast numbers, overrunning the United States signal station on the apex of the mountain. Last summer two terriers who had distinguished themselves in the rat-pits of Chicago and Denver were taken to the house and turned loose at night into the kitchen, but in the morning one was missing entirely, and only the skeleton of the other remained, both having been overpowered by superior numbers. Four huge cats have now been introduced, and it is expected that the number of rodents will soon be visibly diminished.

In the forests of Lower Canada and the New England States I have often heard in Spring a mysterious sound, of which, to this day, I know not the author. Soon after night sets in, a metallic sound is heard from the most sombre forest swamps, where the Spruce and the Hemlock give a peculiar density to the woods, known as the "black growth." The sound comes up clear and regular, like the measured tinkle of a cow bell, or gentle strokes on a piece of metal, or the action of a file upon a saw. It goes on, with intervals of interruption, throughout the hours of darkness. People attribute it to a bird, which they call the whetsaw; but nobody pretends to have seen it, so that this can only be considered conjecture, though a highly probable one.—*Romance of Natural History, by Philip H. Gosse, page*

Can any of the New England readers of FANCIERS' JOURNAL furnish any information concerning the author of these singular sounds? J. M. McCANN.

—ONE IDEA OF A PERFECT DRAGOON.—The beak should be black, stout, about an inch and a half in length, and inclining downward, not straight or spindled; the head of a barrel form, raised over the eye, and prominent at the base, not round, as in the carrier; the wattle on the beak white, of a tilted, peg-like form; the inner margin of eye-wattle dark, approaching black, which should pervade its structure; the eye of a bright red color, prominent, intelligent, and watchful (not wild) but not so large in diameter as that of the Carrier; the neck about three fourths the length of Carriers, tapering and widening towards the breast, which should be full and prominent, with the shoulders well defined and forward; the wings long and pointing, and evincing a strong sympathy with the eye; the back rather hollow; the tail should not touch the ground, but be slightly elevated in line with point of wings; the legs stout and short, and about an inch from the backs to feet; the body nearly as large as the Carrier. (?)

—It is now no longer questionable that the "Paris Green" used so generally to destroy the "Colorado Beetle" is the poison that has injured so many persons who have eaten potatoes that have been "saved" from the ravages of this bug, through the application of this "remedy" for the evil. The question whether potato-bugs are poisonous or not, was discussed by Augustus R. Grote and Adolph Kayser, in a paper read at the Detroit meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and just republished in the Naturalist. The authors' researches were induced by the assertion that after coming into contact with the bugs, or inhaling the steam or smoke produced by burning or boiling them, persons have manifested symptoms of cutaneous or nervous disease. Experiments were made upon live frogs with a distilled liquid and a tincture made from the bugs, and the authors announced that their conclusion therefrom is unavoidable that the bugs are not poisonous. They are inclined to think that the cases of poisoning which have occured were due to the presence of Paris green, or some other form of arsenic used to exterminate the insects. It is quite evident that the employment of this dangerous poison upon food-plants tends greatly to imperil life.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKES' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 21.

THE TIGER, (*Felis Tigris.*)

Quite an addition has been made to the Philadelphia Zoo's family of tigers during the past month, and the society now possesses the most magnificent specimens of that genus, the largest, strongest, and most active of all the cat tribe, and which is peculiar to Asia alone. "Bengal Ben," who has hitherto sat on the tiger throne in the Zoo, reigns supreme no longer, and the only consolation he may derive from the henceforth divided attention of the visitors, must be from the fact that the new comers are his own brother and his wife—which lady, by the way, seems to be on very bad terms with her husbnnd ; a case of incompatibility of temper, quite as evident as that of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dickens—Nor will Mrs. Jim agree to bump noses and be friends with keeper Nash ; Not a bit of it ; and that gentleman informs me that he is afraid he will never be able to place her on a friendly footing with either her husband or himself, nor any other animal or thing in the garden, save a fourteen pound piece of beef, which she, with terrible earnestness, demands every day at 3 P. M. Jim is about eight feet six inches long in body, with a tail of over four feet, and stands more than four feet in height on his pads. About the same dimensions describe his wife. Both are magnificent in color, and general appearance, bearing beautiful stripes from tip of nose to tip of tail.

In the Western provinces of the Indian Empire, which lie between the Ganges and the Soane, in the district of Mirzapore, standing in fear of but one enemy, (the Bison,) and monarch over every description of locality, roams the savage, and powerful Bengal tiger, the only species of the kind, and who gets the name of *Tigris regalis*, or Royal Bengal Tiger, because in that part of India called Bengal, the animal's beauty and ferocity has ever been the best developed.

Though limited to Asia, the tiger has a wide geographical range, being found from Ararat and the Caucasus on the West, through the whole length and breadth of India, and round by China and Mongolia into Persia ! Even at considerable elevations on the Himalayas is the tiger found, one a few years ago being shot at an elevation of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea ! In Siam, Java, and Sumatra also, is the tiger found, but, strange to say, neither it, nor any of the cat kind has been discovered as natives in Australia or Madagascar !

The tiger may be considered one of the most beautiful, as well as the most graceful of all the Felidæ, and though he is nothing more than a huge cat, he is every inch a "King of cats." Having no mane, his appearance is more majestic than that of Leo, and his countenance, we must also admit, conveys an impression of wanton cruelty as well as treachery. His strength is really wonderful, being able, by reason of it, to carry off a buffalo, bodily, while the most powerful man would be as nothing in his jaws. And what a voice he has ! Talk about "catawaulings on the house-tops, or in your back garding !" They are in comparison but as a tin whistle would be on the day of judgment to Gabriel's horn ! Travelers in India have heard, while lying in their tents, the tiger calling to its mate in some neighboring jungle, when the night was made fearfully hideous by their demoniac amatory growls. Here is a short account given by a tiger hunter in India of one of these midnight serenades.

"A peculiar long wail like the long drawn out '*meou*' of a huge cat, first rose from the river course a few hundred yards below my tent. Presently from a mile or so higher up the river came a deep tremendous roar, which had scarcely died away ere it was answered from behind the camp by another, pitched in a yet deeper tone, startling us from its suddenness and proximity. All three were repeated at short intervals, as the three tigers approached each other along the bottoms of the deep, dry water courses, between and above which the camp had been pitched. As they drew together, the noise ceased for about a quarter of an hour, and I was dozing off to sleep again, when suddenly arose the most fearful din near to where the tigress had sounded the fisst love-note to her rival lovers ; a din like the caterwaulings of midnight cats magnified a hundred fold. Intervals of silence broken by outbursts of this infernal shrieking and moaning, disturbed our rest for the next hour, dying away gradually, as the tigers retreated along the bed of the river. In the morning I found all the incidents of a three volume novel in feline life imprinted on the sand, and marks of blood with pieces of fur and skin, showed how genuine the combat part of the performance had been."

There is no particular season of the year when the tiger selects his "affinity," and goes to den-keeping, but in fourteen or fifteen weeks thereafter the lady presents her lord with a family, generally three in number—never more than five ; and not until the end of three years does she repeat the process, owing to the cubs remaining with the mother until they are nearly full grown. As a curious fact, I may state that there are more females than male cubs found by hunters, and the natives say it is because father tiger roams round killing all the male innocents while they are young, just as though he had had an order handed down from Herod the Tetrarch.

Mother tiger takes entire charge of her young until they are two years old, keeping all that time as cross as a man in house-cleaning week, and terribly savage, defending her children with the most desperate courage ; if robbed of them she is indeed fearful in her fury ! Woe then to anything which comes in her way, or crosses her path. But who can tell of all the inconsistencies of the female sex ? Even the tigress, with all her affection for her children, has been known to desert them, and if hard pressed by the pangs of hunger she will eat them body and bones !

When the young tigers leave the mother's apron-string, and start out to do business on their own account, they are far more destructive than their grown up parents or relatives ; killing without judgment, merely for the pleasure of destroying life seemingly, perhaps for practice, they will kill three or four cows at a time, while the adult tiger will kill but one, leaving an interval of three or four days between that and the next killing time.

The prey of the tiger is multifarious, but cattle, deer and wild hogs form its principal food ; when hard pressed by hunger he will stoop to carrion, bnt never will he taste such ignoble food if fresh meat can possibly be had. The habit of the brute is, when he has killed say an unfortunate bullock,—which is always done in the night—to lie by, feasting on it until the morning, sleep all through the following day, and then quit the place when the shades of night begin to fall upon him. The tiger is a good traveler, rarely doing less than his fifteen miles of walk in a night, sometimes double that distance, when he finds good reason for it. To show the power of endurance the animal possesses, I may mention the case of one that was shot at and had his forearm broken in the afternoon, yet he traveled thirteen miles to be again shot at and killed, that same evening.

"Does the tiger really love human flesh ?" "No, Halchen Mio; not naturally, that is." It is one of the most curious, and at the same time well attested peculiarities of the tiger that he does *not* naturally possess, but that he easily acquires the love for human flesh—just as man does for that filthy stuff called tobacco. At first the tiger seems to bow to that instinctive dread of man which is natural to all animals, but when it has once tasted human flesh, the spell of man's supremacy seems to be broken, and ever after that, to man fatal taste, he prefers it is said the taste of human

flesh to any other "tap." Confirmed man-eaters, however, are generally old tigers whose failing teeth prevent them from attacking tougher game than a defenceless villager or an incautious Indian post-man, though if they could get hold of one of our genuine politicians they would find him tough enough.

"You would like to have one for a pet!"

No, my dear Pacific. As a pet, a tiger would not prove a success. You would not like him in that character, for there is nothing whatever of your name or nature about him, nor is there any fun in him after he is three months old. What little comedy there might have been in his nature, he loses about that time, changing into a full-blooded, embryo tragedian, with murder in all his thoughts, and ready to wade in blood deep enough to please Richard III, Lady Macbeth, or the King of Dahomy. From this time out to the end of his days, be they long or short, there is nothing lovable about the tiger, save his silky hide, powerful frame, and graceful agility, and if you must have a *brute* to love, my dear Pacific, sooner than you should take such an unmitigated one, why as Cardinal Richlieu said to Louis XIII, "Your Majesty, love me!"

HUON.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

J. RANDOLPH MORDECAI, 45 S. Gay St, Baltimore, Md., will exchange two choice B. B. Red Game Bantam cocks, for hens or pullets of same kind, or Houdans. Stock offered is first-class, and only same is desired

JAS. H. PHILIPS, Coventry, N. Y., will exchange one yard each of Buff & Partridge Cochins, (one cock and five hens each,) 1 year old. Some of them premium birds: William's, Bradley, Van Winkle, and Pitman strains, for good track, skeleton, or light road wagon, or Parker Bros. breech loading shot gun.

GEO. SHIRAS & BRO., 13 Stockton Ave., Allegheny, Pa., will exchange their entire lot of Swallows, that were imported from Germany in '75; four Black, two Blue barless, one Blue, one Red, and one Yellow Swallow cocks, two Black, one Blue, two Red, and one Yellow Swallow hens; also seven young Swallows, for trout flies, reels and 18 ounce rod, or offers.

HERBERT LODER, Box 638, Stamford, Conn., would like to exchange a few good White Leghorn hens, for Plymouth Rock hens of same quality.

JOS. H. KRAFF, New Albany, Ind., will exchange one trio of Partridge Cochins, one trio French Houdans, one trio Golden Spangled Hamburgs, one trio B. B. R. Game Bantams, or Dark Brahma cockerels, for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, W. L. Wright's Illustrated Work on Poultry, or cash. Satisfaction guaranteed in all the above birds. Speak quick.

W. H. CUNNINGHAM, Chenango Bridge, Broome Co, N. Y., will exchange eggs from first-class White Leghorns, for eggs from Rose-comb American Dominiques, or Duck's eggs, or Fancy Pigeons. Eggs will be fresh the day before shipping.

"FANCIER," Box 123, Metuchen, Middlesex Co., N. J., will exchange a Wire Bird Trap, a large Mocking Bird Cage, two Manx Kittens, and a hand Scroll Saw, for offers. All letters promptly answered.

T. D. ADAMS, Franklin, Pa., will exchange eggs from his choice Golden S. Hamburgs, (Ongley's strain), and 1 trio of Black Spanish, 1875 chicks, for eggs or fowls of Golden S. Bantams, or a Cocker Spaniel Bitch.

J. S. RUTTER, New Castle, Pa., will exchange one Blue Red Game cock, bay eyes and willow legs, pit stock, and one seven-shooter, nickel plate, good as new; also one single shot gun, for Pigeons, Turbits, Owls, or Antwerps, or offers on Pigeons. Write.

GEO. SHIRAS & BRO., Allegheny, Pa., will exchange one pair of Black Mottled Trumpeters, Archangels, Crested Magpies, Blue Pouters, 1 Red Bald hen, 1 Blue Trumpeter cock, (imported,) 1 White Owl cock, 1 Blue Cap Magpie hen, 1 Blue Antwerp cock, for 7, 8, or 9 ounce trout rod, (3 joints, and 11 feet long), or offers. This holds good only 20 days. Write at once.

S. O. CHASE, Killingly, Conn., will exchange a few first-class Partridge Cochins and Plymouth Rocks, hatch of 1875, for White Crested Calcutta, Black, or Yellow Fantails, in pairs. Must be first-class birds.

L. R. SPONG, West Fairview, Cumberland Co., Pa., will exchange 1 cheese case (wire,) 7 lb pepper, 2½ lb. allspice, 1 lb. ginger, 3 lbs. cloves, lot of Connecticut make baskets (bushel,) 1 turtle-shape scales, 1 tobacco knife, about 100 Burlap 3 bushel bags, and about $75 worth of demijohns, different sizes, for Lop-eared Rabbits, Angora Rabbits, Pouters, Jacobins, Tumblers, Antwerps, Ducks, Chickens, Geese, or Turkeys. What offers.

FRANK JORDEN, Milton, Pa., will exchange 4 Tumbler cocks, 1 White Fan cock, 2 Mottled Fan hens, 1 Red-wing Turbit cock, 1 Microscope, 1 Smith & Wesson 7 shot revolver, 1 pair White Leghorns, 2 Brown Leghorn hens, 5 D. B. hens, and 1 cock; want in exchange 1 Black Carrier hen, and offers in Fancy Pigeons.

E. S. ELLWANGER, Rochester, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair first premium S. S. Polands, and one Frizzle pullet, for Dogs, Pigeons, or Birds. Make me an offer.

E. BASSETT, Berlin, Wis., Box 441, will exchange a Squirrel Cage, (nearly new,) made of tin and tinned wire, with galvanized iron trays in bottom, two wheels inside, and in every way desirable, size 40x20 inches and 30 inches high, for Machinists' tools, Taps and Dies, or Files—tools to be new. Cage to be boxed in good shape, and delivered here, value $18.00. Send description and price of tools.

E. G. FLANDERS & CO., Manchester, N. Y., have to exchange 1 pair of Blue Bald-head Tumblers, and the following odd cocks: 1 White Crested Fantail, 2 Hightlyers, 1 Red Tumbler, 1 Black Bald-head, also one Springfield Rifle, for Brown Leghorns, or offers. Must be A No. 1.

J. F. FERRIS, Hartford, Conn., would like to exchange a copy of Doyle's Illustrated Poultry Book, (380 pages, 40 illustrations, and colored plates,) for a good pair of Partridge Cochins, not over two years old. Want good birds!

JOHN KNOX, No. 9, Pleasant St., Hartford, Conn, would like to exchange choice White Leghorn Eggs, for Eggs of some well-known reliable strain of Brown Leghorns.

H. J. HALL, Hartford, Conn., has a good Colt's Revolver, silver plated, seven barrels, navy size; will exchange for a good double-barrel gun—breech-loader preferred, or offers.

J. F. FERRIS, Hartford, Conn., would like to exchange a policy of Life Insurance in one of the best companies in the country, for a good horse and buggy. Write for particulars.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 pair solid Black English Fans, 2 Pouter cocks, 2 Blue Fan cocks, 2 Rabbit's hutches, 1 Fancy Squirrel house, with large wheel attached; 1 good violin; 1 single Shot Gun, muzzle loader; 1 single Rifle, muzzle-loader; 1 French Pool Wheel, 2 Parrot Cages, 1 "Family Printer," 3 fonts of Type, 7 hens and 1 cock, Light Brahmas, for Black Red Games, B. R. G. Bantams, cash, or offers.

T. J. McDANIEL, Hollis Centre, Me., has one Lowe Printing Press, cost $23; prints well a form 10x13; all in good order, which he will give for one trio of Brown Leghorns, one or two years of age. Must be good, of course, at such a trade.

E. D. WITHERS, Ogdensburg, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, 1 pair Ring Doves, 1 Black male Trumpeter, 1 Black Fan, 1 White female Turbit, for 1 pair Black Jacobins, 1 pair White Jacobins, 1 White male Turbit, very small. I want first class birds, and I will give the same.

IRA C. KELLER, Box 867, Tiffin, Ohio, will exchange one extra fine pair of Light Brahmas, and one pair of White Cochins, for Lop-eared Rabbits, or Himalayan Rabbits. Stock must be good; same given. One $35 microscope, for offers, or dry goods.

LEO. A. DOSCH, Brookville, Montgomery Co, Ohio, will exchange a pair of American Dominiques, (exhibition birds,) Dark Brahma and Partridge Cochins, cocks and hens, all of 1875 hatch, good stock, for Singing Birds, Poultry Books, or other offers. Write what you have to exchange.

F. W. B., Albany, N. Y., will exchange a very fine B. B. Red Game Bantam cock, bay eyes, and willow legs, hatch of '74, for two parts of Wright's Poultry Book, or offers.

PHILIP ROGERS, Baltimore, Md., will exchange six or eight Light Brahma cockerels, last June's hatch, first-class birds, for pullets of same variety.

GEO. W. SCHEFFER, No. 21 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange 1 old Clock, size 30x16 inches, invented by Eli Terry, of Plymouth, Conn.; it is a relic, the frame is carved with Eagle on top; for Yellow Fancy Pigeons of any kind; also 1 pair of fine Peacocks, and 1 pair of White Muscovy Ducks; will exchange or sell them. What offers?

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

31 CANTON ST., Hartford, Conn., wants offers of good fancy fowls at reasonable prices. Correspondence a pleasure.

W. J. STANTON, 12 Cortland St., N. Y., wants Black, Red, Blue, and Silver Beard Tumblers. Must have good beards, &c.

ROOM 7, P. O. Building, Hartford, Conn., would like some fine American Song Birds, or Canaries, with cages, in exchange for choice selected eggs of most any variety. Write on Postal Cards, or any other cards. Double quick.

W. J. STANTON, 12 Cortland St., N. Y., wants Black, Red, Blue, and White Hightlyers; good birds only.

S. K. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., wants nice fresh-laid eggs of Brown Leghorns or Game Bantams, in exchange for White Leghorn eggs from a nicely mated pen of choice birds.

W. J. STANTON, 12 Cortland St., N Y., wants Common Tumblers of all colors, as Splashes, Mottles, Agates, Almonds, &c., (not more than two pairs of blacks in a lot,) and all be warranted to tumble.

PIGEON FANCIER, Box 496, Hartford, Conn., wants Common Pigeons, good healthy birds, in lots of 10 pairs and upwards, at 25 cents per pair, or will exchange good thoroughbred fowls for same.

P. O. BOX 689, Rockville, Conn., wants two or three white, or nearly white Houdans. Must be first class.

J. F. FERRIS, 216 Main St., Hartford, Conn., wants Ground Bone, Crushed Oyster Shell, Beef Scraps, or Poultry Fixtures of any kind, for which I will send choice selected White Leghorn eggs of my well-known laying strain, at rate of $1.50 per dozen.

W. J. STANTON, 12 Cortland St., N. Y., wants Magpies, (capped,) of all colors, and good birds only.

H. J. HALL & CO., Box 496, Hartford, Conn., wants some good serviceable Water Fountains for Poultry, different sizes, in exchange for eggs from a magnificent pen of prize-winning Dark Brahmas.

FANCIER, Room 7, P. O. Building, Hartford, Conn., would like a nice sitting of Duckwing Game Bantam eggs, in exchange for other eggs of Leghorns, Cochins or Brahmas.

ADVERTISEMENTS

From reliable parties, on any subject interesting to Fanciers, will be inserted at 20 cents per line of about twelve words, each insertion in the wide column. Each number or initial will count as one word.

Transient advertisements, cash in advance; six to twelve months, quarterly in advance, or on presentation of the bill.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D. Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.

H. PARHAM, Lima, O.

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During the show season of 1876 my stock won ten first premiums. Having exhibited them myself at four exhibitions, winning six first premiums on old and young, some figuring as high as 97 points, this fact alone should be a sufficient guarantee of the purity of stock and perfections of markings. No birds to dispose of at present. C. B. ELBEN, Pittsburg, Pa.

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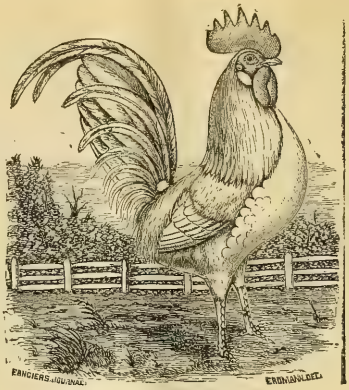

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[Formerly of Stamford, Conn.]

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, JUNE 12, 1876. No. 22.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE POTENT LITTLE PEN.

Let warrior praise the sword and gun,
  The powder and the ball;
But there is a little instrument
  More potent than them all.
When by the skillful wielded,
  It cuts both far and near,
And is dreaded worse by tyrants,
  Than the sabre or the spear.

The bravest heart has trembled
  At the power it has displayed;
For it has achieved more victories
  Than the soldier's trusty blade.
It has overawed the monarch,
  And has shook the papal chair
With a force more sharp and powerful,
  Than the sabre or the spear.

Though rulers try to curb it,
  Their efforts are in vain;
For it ever was too powerful
  For an army to restrain;
And to touch it, there is danger,
  As it often wounds severe,
And leaves a scar more lasting
  Than the sabre or the spear.

But like the faithful sower,
  It has scattered seeds around;
And wherever they have fallen,
  They have fertilized the ground;
It has aided human progress,
  Like the peaceful old plough-share;
And has done more good for nature,
  Than the sabre or the spear.

It has been the faithful servant,
  Of the beggar and the sage;
It has given us the record,
  Of mankind from age to age.
It has preserved art and science,
  And has taught good will to men,
May peace ever be the mission,
  Of the potent little pen.

PETER PEPPERCORN.

From Forest and Stream.

THE BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.

Continued.

Just now the eggs of the octopus, or devil fish, may be seen in the various stages of incubation. And I may say here that the octopus is now one of the leading attractions, or "star performers" of the aquarium. The specimens here were taken off the coast of Jersey, and, therefore, may be supposed to be the little brothers of that giant devil fish which figures so largely in Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." In fact, Victor Hugo made the fortune of the octopus. But for him this marine curiosity might have dwelt in obscurity until now. The keeper kindly fed some of them for my benefit. Small crabs were dropped into the tank, and the little victims came tripping down through the water in their sidelong fashion, dancing to their horrid doom. As soon as the devil fish espied the crab he unfolded and stretched out his horrible arms, drew it under his body, and sucked out its life. It was a sickening sight. The specimens here are not very large, their bodies being about the size of a man's fist, and their arms would stretch perhaps two feet across. One of these devil fish, placed in one of the octagonal vases for better inspection, sometimes escapes at night through the meshes of the wire netting over the top, a space only two inches wide. This would seem to be impossible, but the fact that these fish have only one bone in their bodies—it is in the head—and that one about the size of a nickel, explains how it may happen. The night watchman in his midnight rounds stumbles over something on the floor, stoops and picks up—a devil fish! The sea water is pumped by a steam engine directly from the sea into reservoirs constructed under the floor of the building, and thence conveyed to the tanks through pottery pipes by the same means. These reservoirs are capable of holding 500,000 gallons of water, which quantity can be pumped from the sea in about ten hours. The water in the tanks is constantly aerated and kept in motion by a stream of compressed air, supplied to the bottom of tanks through glass or rubber tubes. The circulation thus afforded is found to be preferable to the more costly system of pumping adopted by other aquaria, as it allows each tank to be heated independently of its neighbors. The whole of the tanks, forty-one in number, are numbered consecutively, and at the side is given the popular names of the fish, plants and zöophytes which each contains.

I cannot attempt to enumerate here all the various fish and marine plants that this great aquarium contains. Some large tanks are given up to the zöophytes, anemones, jelly fish, corals, sponges, and the like, of which there are most beautiful specimens. I saw a lovely tree coral from the Red Sea, and some of the beds of anemones look like a rich pasture of flowers.

And here were coral-bowers,
  And grots of madrepores,
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
  As e'er was mossy bed
  Whereon the wood-nymphs lie
With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.
  Here too were living flowers,
  Which, like a bud compacted,
  Their purple cups contracted,
  And now, in open blossom spread,
Stretched, like green anthers, many a seeking head.
  And arborets of jointed stone were there,
And plants of fibres fine as silkworm's thread;
  Yea, beautiful as mermaid's golden hair
    Upon the waves dispread.
  Others that, like the broad banana growing,
Raised their long wrinkled leaves of purple hue,
  Like streamers wide outflowing.—*Kehama*, xvi., 5.

The most attractive and popular feature to the aquarium just now is the sea lions from California. They are two young ones, and were received about a month ago, two others having died on the journey. They are about half-grown animals, and now seem to be very healthy. Excursion trains run down from London, bringing large crowds to see them. They are quite docile, even affectionate, towards their keeper when he enters their cage, ut-

tering a sort of dog's bark of delight whenever he approaches them. They are fed upon herring several times each day. The department of crustacæ, lobsters, prawn, shrimp, barnacles is very well represented, and the gentle ascidian, which, according to the evolutionists, was our early ancestor, is here to be seen struggling up—or down—into a member of Congress. The present curator of the aquarium, Mr. John Parnaby, formerly of the Trentdale fisheries in Cumberland County, is quite well known among our own fish culturists, having visited our country several years ago. I avail myself of this occasion to acknowledge his courtesy to me on my visit to the aquarium. He accompanied me throughout, showing me all its varied mechanism, and allowed some of the fish to be fed for my amusement. Mr. Parnaby is one of the best practical fish culturists in England. One of the most important facts connected with this enterprise is, that, as an investment of capital, it has proved a "good thing." Mark this, ye men of Wall street, it pays splendidly. The Brighton Aquarium was chartered by a special act of Parliament in 1868, and, therefore, does not require the inevitable word "limited" to be tacked to its title—with a capital of half a million dollars. It has paid ten per cent. to its stockholders, and the stock now stands at fifty per cent. premium in the market. The success of this one—the first in this country—has been so great that others are springing up, notably the Westminster Aquarium in London, near the Abbey of that name, which is to be on a very magnificent scale.

When it can be demonstrated that Aquariums pay so handsomely as a financial scheme it is probable we shall soon see one in Central Park or Boston Common. The Brighton Company is enlarging and improving its property in many ways. The roof of the aquarium has hitherto been laid out into a beautiful garden, replete with flowers and plants of every description, admitted to be the most delightful marine promenade on this coast, it being in full view of the sea; it is now undergoing a change. A large portion is to be converted into a skating rink, not of real ice, but of asphalt, to be used with the parlor skates, a kind of amusement that is very fashionable in England just now. A large café is to be fitted up on a portion of the roof for summer use. These extensive improvements involve a large outlay, and new stock has been issued to raise the money. This has been taken by the old stockholders, so that there is no question that such shows pay well in this country. The admission fee is one shilling. Shall we not soon see an aquarium like this in America?

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

GLEANINGS FROM A COUNTRY LIBRARY.

THE BOMBARDIER BEETLE.

The bombardier beetle (*Carabus Crepitans*) when touched produces a noise resembling the discharge of a musket in miniature, during which a blue smoke may be seen to proceed from its extremity. Rolander says that it can give twenty discharges successively.

A bladder placed near its posterior extremity, is the arsenal that contains its store. This is its chief defence against its enemies; and the vapor or liquid that proceeds from it is of so pungent a nature, that if it happens to be thrown into the eyes, it makes them smart as though brandy had been thrown into them. The principal enemy of the bombardier is another insect of the same tribe, but three or four times its size. When pursued and fatigued it has recourse to this stratagem: it lies down in the path of its enemy, who advances with open mouth to seize it; but on the discharge of the artillery suddenly draws back, and remains for awhile confused, during which the bombardier conceals itself in some neighboring crevice, but if not lucky enough to find one, the other returns to the attack, takes the insect by the head, and bears it off.

PRECIOUS STONES.

Incomparably the largest authentic specimen of the diamond ever yet discovered was that known by the name of "The Mogul." It was found in the mine called by the Persians, Coulour, seven days journey from Golconda, toward the year 1650. Weight, uncut, 787½ carats. The largest known emerald is the Devonshire, two inches in diameter, and of the finest color: not cut. It came from the Muyo mine, Santa Fe de Bogota.

The largest sapphire has got it's name, "The wooden-spoon-seller's" from the occupation of the man who found it in Bengal. Lozenge-shaped, with six faces, 132$\frac{1}{16}$ carats. The largest pearl in the world is beyond all rivalry, the "Hope," weighing 3 ounces, and 2 inches deep, by 2½ in circumference at the larger end. It is pear-shaped, and of opalized hue.

The largest ruby ever seen in Europe, is that presented by Gustavus III, of Sweden, to the Czarina, during his visit to her 1777. It is equal in size to a small hen's egg, and is of fine color.

THE GREAT MOTHER.*

Garcilasso de la Vega relates that the chief deity worshiped in the city of Manta, Peru, was an emerald nearly as large as an ostrich-egg. The priests zealously inculcated upon her worshipers the belief that the most acceptable offering to this goddess, *Esmeralda*, were her own children in the shape of minor emeralds: whereof they themselves took good care. Upon the conquest these children fell a prize to Alvarado and to Vega, the historian's patron; who in this case also, like the followers of Cortez with their Mexican spoils, destroyed many splendid emeralds by subjecting them to the test of the hammer, as Garcilasso records. But the great Mother disappeared for ever; neither could any of her devotees be brought, either by threats or promises to disclose her hiding place.

The Bo tree (*Ficus religiosa*) is held sacred by the Buddhists, and planted close by every temple, attracting almost as much veneration as the statue of Buddha itself. The Bo tree of the sacred city Anarajapoora, is in all probability the oldest tree in the world, of which the age can be ascertained by historical evidence. It was planted in 288 B. C., and is therefore 2164 years old. Sir James Emmerson Tennent, in his work on Ceylon, gives reasons for believing that the tree is really of this wonderful age, and refers to historical documents in which it is mentioned at different dates as 182 A. D., 223 A. D., and so on to the present day. This tree is invested in the estimation of the Buddhists, with wonderful sanctity. To it, says Sir James, kings have even dedicated their dominions in testimony of their belief that it is a branch of the identical fig-tree under which Gotama Buddha reclined when he underwent his apotheosis. Its leaves are carried away as treasures by pilgrims; but it is too sacred to be touched with a knife, and therefore they are only gathered when they fall.

THE KING'S COCK CROWER.

A singular custom, of matchless absurdity, formerly existed in the English Court. During Lent, an ancient officer of the crown, styled the King's Cock Crower, crowed the hour each night within the precincts of the Palace. On the Ash Wednesday, after the accession of the house of Hanover, as the Prince of Wales sat down to supper, this officer abruptly entered the apartment, and in a sound resembling the shrill pipe of a cock, crowed past ten *o'clock!* The astonished Prince, at first conceiving it to be a premeditated insult, rose to resent the affront, but upon the nature of the ceremony being explained to him, he was satisfied. He was afterward George II. Since that period, this silly custom has been discontinued.

J. M. McCann.

*This is the only instance I have ever read of in the mythology of any nation where a precious stone was worshiped as a deity.

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

WEEKLY vs. MONTHLY.

A poultry paper is in every sense of the word, a newspaper, conveying information pertaining to poultry and pet stock especially, together with general literature bearing upon that subject Consequently in this advanced age of steam, telegraph, and printing presses, we cannot fail to look upon the FANCIERS' JOURNAL as being in the front ranks of this class of journalism. Brought to us as it is,—four numbers for a monthly's one, at about twice the price per year,—ought to endear it to every fancier, of shrewd business talents, throughout the length and breadth of this continent as well as in foreign countries.

Reports of exhibitions, conventions, societies, and matters concerning pet stock occurring almost daily, are of paramount importance to poultry-men every where, just as social and political news is to readers of daily newspapers.

How many hundreds of instances are there every winter, that owners send their pets to exhibitions, from twenty to five hundred miles distant, and in many cases, no friend or acquaintance to convey the news of the prize-winning bird. Some poultry societies certainly do publish a report inside of two or three months, which they send to each exhibitor at their leisure, (the Consolidated Exhibition at Springfield being an exception, where prizes were disbursed inside of a week). Now to fill this vacuum, and make up for the delinquencies of clubs, a weekly paper is a useful and a heartily welcomed visitor. No one knows the anxiety of the fancier, and his eagerness to obtain the latest news concerning the judgment of fowls, more than himself, and to a person in such an impatient state of mind, a week is a month, and a month is a year, seemingly; and without a scruple of a doubt, we predict that e'er long a semi-weekly will be published, at least six months in the year.

In addition to the usefulness of a weekly, in its being an expeditious servant to carry news, it is doubly useful in another point of view, and that is, as an advertising medium. We knew of a person who advertised in several poultry papers for one year, one was a weekly, two, monthly, and one a tri-monthly; he sold his surplus stock chiefly by means of the weekly before New Years, after that replies came in faster from the monthlies, and by the time enquiries from the tri-monthly notices commenced to trundle in, he was well on his way with another year's stock. This proves the weekly to be of inestimable value to men who wish to unload some of their large stock in the beginning of winter. Even a weekly agricultural paper, as an advertising medium for fanciers is not to be despised, and helps sometimes to introduce good thorough-bred stock among amateurs, and engendering in the minds of many young farmers a taste for something lovelier than a nondescript dunghill,—a taste more definite and exalting. We do not wish to be understood as casting any reflections, or to write disparagingly of the merits of a monthly or longer timed periodicals, for generally they are ably edited, with an immense amount of labor; but the only thing we have to murmur at them is, that they are like angels' visits, few and far between. But angels' visits in the nineteenth century must be frequent to be appreciated.

A periodical of any character whatever, containing important articles, necessarily continued from one issue to another, to scientists, naturalists, and fanciers generally, needs to be issued at least once a week. It begets in the family a growing interest, which would be slackened by longer timed intervals. Then may the shadow of the FANCIERS' JOURNAL never grow less, but as it has planted a firm footing in the City of Insurance Companies, may its beacon light loom up more and more, to throw its radiant beams over the pet stock fraternity, yearly increasing, over this broad continent.

A READER.

PEKIN DUCKS—THE OTHER SIDE.

This duck question is becoming quite interesting, and I am highly pleased to see that they receive their share of attention. I hope their "Quack! Quack!!" will yet be heard "around the world."

Now there is always room for a word to be said on this subject. Most people will accuse a breeder of having an axe to grind, but, I will not acknowledge it in my case, nor will I turn the stone for another to sharpen up. Now all poultry raisers want facts, and I never will intentionally state anything which cannot be substantiated, and hope that all others will do the same. I would not willingly lead a party astray. Still we must always bear in mind that the experience of one is sometimes no criterion for that of another.

A great deal has been said pro and con as regards the Pekin, some claiming superior qualities over all, others denouncing them as another humbug. Now as far as I am concerned I would not exchange them for all the other varieties known. It is too easy to denounce—they have received only three seasons' trial, and I shall fail to do so with birds that, with me, have fulfilled all that I can require in a valuable breed.

The Pekin has created quite a stir, and the demand has, no doubt, caused many dishonest dealers to cross them with others, and impose upon the trade. Others have neglected to give that care which they—or in fact any variety demands—to receive favorable results.

I think as many instances of deterioration can be cited with the Rouen or Aylesbury as with the Pekin. I know one great objection raised is that they fall off in weight, but I hardly think it can be demonstrated that it occurs in more instances than with the others. Very few Rouens or Aylesburys will turn the scales at sixteen to twenty pounds per pair, and in the hands of the careless breeder ten to thirteen is the more usual result. I have tried the Rouens alongside of the Pekins, and I want no more Rouens on my place, when I have the other variety. Aside from weight the symmetry of the bird is a great point, and I know of no more showy or perfect-formed bird than they.

Another great point in their favor, with me, is their rapid growth. I can get six pounds at ten to eleven weeks; the same result I cannot realize on the Rouens.

I shall be able, at the end of this season, to state to an egg the exact product of my flock. This is the only way to determine this matter. "Figures won't lie," and from my experience I would bet on the Pekin for fecundity over all others. You can rest assured if there is more profit in any other breed, I shall soon learn the fact, and be the first to acknowledge it, as this is what I am working for. I don't raise ducks to look at, or for fancy. I want profit, and I argue that what is profitable for me is also for my neighbor, providing proper care is given and circumstances favorable.

Keep this duck question moving, Messrs. Editors, it won't hurt

any honest breeder. We all have our likes and dislikes. We cannot all be suited in one variety of ducks more than with another of our domestic fowl. Thousands admire the Brahmas with their ten to fifteen pounds weight, while others see no beauty in them, and prefer the smaller breeds. There is no accounting for tastes. Did we all think alike, poultry-raising would be robbed of the interest now attached to it, as we should all want the same strain of stock.—*Poultry Argus.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

WE CAN'T WELL HAVE EGGS,

And the formation of new feathers in fowls at the same time. The natural process of "moulting," or the dropping out of the old and the growth of new plumage, occurs once a year, commencing usually in the months of July and August, or later.

During this period—come when it may in the life of a domestic fowl, the laying of eggs ceases—since nature does not perform the two offices naturally at one time, of producing egg meat and fresh feathers.

When our birds are in their moult therefore, they should be more carefully attended to than at other periods, and fed more sparingly, but on good nutritious food for the time being.

The process is attended with more or less fever and debility. Fowls are never well at such times; that is, they are not in thrifty condition. And more *old* fowls, (say of from two to three years of age,) die off during this change in their existence than at other periods.

Immediately upon the forming and starting out of the new "pin-feathers," a fresh supply of eggs begin to come forward. This formation is slow in its progress, but by the time the new plumage is fully grown in the following winter, the new litters of eggs increase, and the hens begin to lay again. If we watch the conduct of our flocks, we shall soon learn that there is from two and a half to four months in every year when the birds do not lay. This is during the moulting or feather-shedding season.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PLUMED PARTRIDGE (OREORTYX PICTUS).

This beautiful bird inhabits the mountain ranges of California and Oregon, towards the coast, and is better known from its habits, by the name of mountain quail. The head has a crest of two straight feathers; much longer than the bill and head. The anterior part of the body is a plumbeous gray; the upper parts olive brown with a slight shade of rufus, this extends narrowly along the nape to the crest. Head beneath the eyes and throat orange chestnut, bordered along the orbits, and a short distance behind by black, bounded on both sides by white, having also a short line of white behind the eye. Posterior half of the body beneath white, with flanks and tibial feathers orange chestnut brown, the sides of the body showing black and white bands, the former color tinged with chestnut; under tail-coverts black, streaked with orange chestnut. Its length is about ten and one half inches; wings five inches; tail three and a quarter. An enthusiastic sportsman of Cumberland County, seeing some of these handsome birds in a case of California birds, conceived the idea that from their habits they would live, and propagate in the mountains of Cumberland valley. A friend going West, was instructed to send on a few pair if they could be had, and everything looked prosperous for a realization of his plans. In the Spring of sixty-seven, the birds arrived, five pair in all, and were immediately liberated on his land, lying at the foot of the south spur of the Blue Ridge mountains. In the fall but two small coveys of them could be found, one containing five birds, the other seven. As far as game was concerned they proved a failure, refusing to lie to the dogs, invariably running swiftly along before them until roaded too close, when weakly taking wing, would alight immediately on the first bush, tree, or wall, in fact anything that offered a safe perch from the dogs. Unmindful of the approaching sportsman they would sit quietly, no doubt imagining themselves out of all harm. Disgusted with their want of gameness they were not disturbed again that season. Whether they would have proved any benefit to the farmer in their insect eating capacity was never ascertained, for by the following fall all had disappeared, no doubt from their tameness a prey to hawks, foxes, and other vermin which infest this region, or else victims to the severity of the winter. O. D. F.

COUNTRY RAMBLES IN NEW ENGLAND!

BY OUR "STAFF CORRESPONDENT."

A short ride of fourteen miles through one of the most pleasant of Connecticut valleys, over the Hartford, Providence & Fishkill Railroad, brings us to the beautiful little village of Bristol. The first party for whom we make inquiry is the genial Secretary of the Central Connecticut Poultry Association, Mr. James Shepard, and are directed to a pleasant office, where we find him hard at work, his business (Solicitor of Patents) fully occupying his time, not so much so, however, as to entirely prevent his taking a great interest in his feathered pets, and this interest has placed him in the front rank of home Fanciers.

After the usual greetings, we accepted his kind invitation home, and at once paid a visit to his Poultry yards. We found him breeding his well-known favorites, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, and Golden Sebright Bantams, and the records of every show for years past bear witness to his many successes. A handsome brood of 17 little Bantams on his lawn could not possibly be passed unnoticed. In his Pigeon lofts we saw many fine specimens of Pouters, Fantails, Tumblers, &c., and his beautiful clutch of Lop-eared Rabbits excited our admiration to the extreme. A pair of Flying Squirrels were quite a curiosity, and a visit to the Manx Kittens on the stoop completed our tour of inspection.

We also note a fine coop of White Leghorns in the yard of Mr. Strong, adjoining, and the treatment they were receiving from their owner, clearly proved that he thought they merited a great deal of attention. He was giving them their "morning lunch," of finely chopped clover, and short grass, and we wished at the time, would that all fanciers were as thoughtful of the wants of their feathered friends.

After a short conversation on the "signs of the times," and a comparison of notes in the fancy, I bade him good-morning, and strolled through the village to the residence of Messrs. Mitchell & Dunbar. Their poultry house is a very fine one—built for comfort and convenience, as well as beauty and utility. We at once directed our attention to the fine yards of White Cochins owned by Mr. George W. Mitchell—and though we had seen many of his birds at the large shows of the past season, it was the first opportunity we had of seeing them in their own yards, with their "every-day-clothes" on—and were pleased to note that the winner of First Premium, at Springfield, looked equally well as he called his mates to "take a worm, my dear," or as he quietly escorted a madam to her nest to lay her tribute of gratitude for the kind care they are continually receiving. The handsome brood of young birds led us to think that breeders of White Cochins will have to "get up and dust," or Friend Mitchell will carry away the prizes and blue ribbons at our coming shows next season. Mr. Dunbar is known as a winner of premiums on Partridge Cochins, but is not breeding as extensively this season. We think we know a "good chicken" when we see one, and we can say with a truth that our Bristol friends know how to breed them, and upon this our first visit, demonstrated that they were pleased to illustrate the good old ways of Connecticut hospitality.

Bristol is one of the poultry-centres of Connecticut, and many prominent breeders reside here Their shows of the past two seasons have been eminently successful, and all classes well represented.

In Brown Leghorns, at their last show, there were upwards of forty coops on exhibition, nearly all bred in that town—and yet there is not an advertiser of Brown Leghorns there—which proves that the larger part of the fine stock is bred for pleasure rather than profit.

At a future visit we shall take pleasure in calling upon other prominent breeders, and will try and learn something from them that will interest the readers of the FANCIERS JOURNAL.

HARTFORD, June 5, 1876.

WARREN CONTROVERSY.

INDIANAPOLIS, May 18th, 1876.

JOS. M. WADE, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR:—Some time last fall I wrote to A. D. Warren of Worcester, enclosing bank draft for $25.00, and stated that I had some Black Red Games, of my own raising—that they were young, and small—that I was very anxious to take first premium at our coming State Fair; that competition would be close, and that unless he could send me a trio which he was well satisfied would take first premium, I wanted my money back. He sent me a trio of good birds, although a pullet of my raising was awarded first, over his, by a judge appointed by the "American Poultry Association."

They all had colds, from which the cockerel died some time in Jan'y. The pullets never recovered entirely, but still live, and are in good condition. On the 7th of Feb'y I wrote Mr. Warren, advising him of death of the cockerel, and asked him at what price he would furnish me another as good as the first one, and better if he had it. His reply was:

WORCESTER, Feb. 9, 1876.

DEAR SIR:—Yours of 7, at hand. In reply, can only send you a late hatched chicken which will be A. No. 1. price, $12.00.

Y. truly,
A. D. WARREN.

What was the matter with yours?

I answered, stating that he died from the effects of the cold he had when received, and intimated that as he died before the breeding season had fairly commenced, I would like to buy another at less price.

I also asked him if the cockerel would be old enough to breed from, as that would make a difference in his desirability. His reply was:

WORCESTER, MASS., Feb. 18, 1876.

MY DEAR SIR:—

The cockerel I should send you would be all right for breeding. I am so short I cannot possibly spare any, less than $12.00 each.

Very truly yours,
A. D. WARREN.

On the 22d of Feb'y I sent him my check on bank here for $12.00, and Mar. 11th (nearly three weeks after) some time after my check had been paid, I received from him a cockerel with a wry tail, without either sickle feather, or sign of tail coverts, and whose secondaries were black with faint bay streaks on outside web, when they should be solid bay in that locality; who was so weak in his legs he could hardly stand up, and who had a thick matter discharge from his nose, which Messrs. Fry & Christian pronounced roup; to all of which I called the attention of W. H. Fry, Esq. (whose affidavit is annexed hereto) who advised me to return him immediately, and also to give him some roup pills, for fear he would die on the way back. Mar. 13th I returned him advising Mr. Warren of the fact, and enumerating the cockerel's defects. I waited two weeks without reply, and wrote him again Mar. 27th, waited another week without reply, and drew on him through bank at sight, for $12.00. After waiting two weeks more the draft was returned unpaid, without a word from Mr. Warren during the whole time. I then wrote him a sharp letter, stating that unless he righted the matter at once, I would publish him, which produced the following reply.

WORCESTER, Apr. 21st, 1876.

F. M. HERRON, ESQ., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.:

DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 19th inst. received, and carefully noted. I feel like expressing myself as you do in your beginning. I consider I am the one who has been aggrieved. You say my "failing to reply to any of my letters, etc, don't help your side much." I will simply say every letter of yours has been answered when I thought a reply necessary. I sent you one of my finest Beldon stags for $12.00. You returned the same with complaints entirely false. I paid the express charges and the bird is here as I wrote you, subject to your order, for I pronounce him a first class bird. The bird is still in my possession ready to go to Chicago or Buffalo for examination. Now my dear fellow, do you think for $12.00 I would undertake to rob you? Do you further think the style letter just received would have any impression on me? If so you do not know your man. I do not desire to make words with you but when you address me in a proper manner I will be happy to respond.

Respectfully yours,
A. D. WARREN.

I replied, and among other things stated that although I had made other arrangements, and did not now need a bird, still if he would send me express paid, a bird that judges here, or W. H. Todd of Vermillion, O., would pronounce first-class, I would be satisfied; otherwise I wanted my money back. I further stated that in the event of his failing to do either, I would carry my complaint before the American Poultry Association, besides publishing him. I received the following reply:

WORCESTER, May 1st, 1876.

DEAR SIR:—

Yours of 28th inst. received. My reply is the same as contained in my letter to you April 21st, with the addition that I shall not do what you demand of me. You have got so clear a case that you have been swindled by me, that I would not under any circumstances do as you suggest. Your money I do not wish. The $4.20 paid for express [this was for one way only, F. M. N.] will leave you $7.80, provided I choose to retain the bird, which I do or you may have another bird by remitting the $4.20, or you may do as you suggest, which probably, under the circumstances will be the best, as you have the idea that you have been swindled.

Yours, A. D. WARREN.

He still has both the bird and my $12.00. I would be out $4.20 besides, but that I arranged to have it shipped to me without charge.

Very truly yours,
F. M. HERRON.

INDIANAPOLIS, MARION CO., IND., May 20th, 1876.

Frederic M. Herron being duly sworn, says: That the foregoing statement is true in every particular, both as to occurrences and description of bird.

FREDERIC M. HERRON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 20th day of May, 1876.

WM. B. BURFORD, Notary Public.

INDIANAPOLIS, MARION CO., IND., May 20th, 1876.

Wilmer F. Christian being duly sworn, says: That about 11th day of March, 1876, he saw a game cockerel received by F. M. Herron, from A. D. Warren of Worcester; that the description of the bird in the foregoing statement of said Herron is true in every particular; that he, said Christian, considered said bird of

no value, and fit for nothing besides eating, and hardly for that, as he, the cockerel, had the roup badly.

Wilmer F. Christian,
Treasurer Indiana State Poultry Association.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 20th day af May, 1876.

Wm. B. Burford, Notary Public.

Indianapolis, Marion Co., Ind., May 20th, 1876.

William H. Fry being duly sworn, says: That about the 11th day of March, 1876, he saw the cockerel mentioned in the foregoing statement of F. M. Herron; that said bird had a wry tail, without sickle feathers or sign of tail-coverts; that he was weakly, hardly able to stand up; that he had the roup badly; that he advised said Herron to return him immediately, and also to give him some roup pills, for fear he might die on the way; that he considered him not even a third rate bird, and unfit to breed from, and that he would not give fifty cents for him.

Wm. H. Fry,
Secretary Indiana State Poultry Association.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 20th day of May, 1876.

Wm. B. Burford, Notary Public.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE POULTRY QUESTION.

At the April meeting of the Solebury (Bucks Co.) Farmers' Club, Dr. A. M. Dickie, having been invited to address the Club on the poultry question, said he was glad that poultry raising was considered of sufficient interest to engage the attention of the Club; that it is to-day an interest in Bucks county exceeding in importance any other, with the single exception of the dairy; and that poultry-fanciers are regarded now in a very different light from that of a few years ago. He estimated the annual poultry product in Bucks county at $2,000,000. He considered it as profitable as any other branch of farming, the profits varying from one to four dollars per fowl annually. The speaker asked what branch of the question the Club would like to have discussed. H. Wilnman desired to know more about the gapes. The Doctor considers this a very important subject. More chicks are lost from gapes than from all other causes. He mentioned several cures, but thought removing the insects from the throat of the chicken with a timothy head (with the seeds rubbed off) the most effectual. Prevention, however, is better than cure. If chickens are kept away from the usual place of running, on fresh ploughed ground, they will not have the gapes. If kept in a building, saturate sponges with a solution of carbolic acid and six ounces of glycerine, and place in the pen or coops. A small amount of gum camphor and tincture of Cayenne pepper in the drinking water or feed was recommended. Winter chickens seldom have the gapes. For raising early chickens a dry place is necessary. He recommends a building facing the south, with a sash front. It must not be too cold, and plenty of sunshine is essential. The bottom should be covered with sand or gravel, three inches deep. This should be renewed every year, and well raked over every week. Winter chickens, he thought, with ordinary care are the most easily raised, and the most profitable. For breeding poultry he considered a closed yard best; size to correspond with the amount of stock desired to be kept. Half the yard should be seeded with buckwheat and grass in the fall or summer. The buckwheat will afford excellent food, and the grass will be ready for the next season. Fruit trees in the yard will be of advantage and profitable. The grass should be mowed often. Variety is essential in food. He would never feed new grain or whole grain. Meat, grass, worms, sour milk, with plenty of ground bone or cracked oyster shells are a good diet. For young chickens he would use a tonic: one teaspoon of tincture of iron and the same of tincture of Cayenne pepper for fifty chickens. This is mixed thoroughly with food, and given twice a week in dry weather, and every other day in damp. To be successful in raising chickens, and to avoid disease, it is necessary for them to have variety and regularity in feeding; plenty of good pure water; a thorough cleanliness in their quarters; and to avoid overstocking. The canker or sore mouth may be cured by scraping off the excretion until it bleeds; then wash with vinegar and water, and sprinkle with burnt alum. The speaker closed his discourse by reading a scientific treatise on the chicken cholera.

RAISING EARLY CHICKENS.

Some skill and experience is required to make this business successful. Warm, dry coops must be furnished, and these should be set in sunny, sheltered places. The hen should be confined to the coop, while the chicks may be allowed their liberty to run about. The little things need to be fed several times during the day, but no more at once than they will clean up. If a person wishes to push his chickens, they should be fed at least once a day on hard boiled egg, broken up small enough for the chick to swallow. Their other food may be bread moistened with milk, or mush made of corn or oat meal. At ten days to two weeks old they may be allowed a little wheat or cracked corn.

Whatever young chickens are fed upon, it should not be given very wet; a moderate dampening is all that should be allowed. They do not like their feed so wet as to be sticky, and it is not so good for them when given in this condition. They may be allowed milk with a small quantity of bran or meal stirred into it for drink and food, but no such slops must be substituted to the exclusion of pure clean water at least three times a day.

Chickens thus furnished with warm, dry coops, properly and regularly fed and sheltered from storms and wind, will grow and thrive well even if the weather be cold.—*N. E. Farmer.*

QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

Canker and Roup.—H. E. M., Keithsburg, Ill.—The ulcers in the mouth and throat indicate canker, and in connection with this your fowls appear to have the roup. Although both of these diseases are considered highly contagious they seem, originally, to be brought on, the first by improper feeding, and the latter by undue exposure to cold and wet.

If fed on the ground where their food becomes tramped over and mixed with their own excrements, fowls are liable to suffer from cankered throat. Unless a nice, clean place can be found every day where they can be fed, shallow troughs should be used, and these so covered as to keep the fowls out of them. So much by way of preventive. To effect a cure remove the ulcers with a soft stick or piece of quill, then wash the mouth with chlorinated soda, and dust the exposed places with powdered borax. This should be done twice each day. For roup, wash the head and nostrils twice a day with cholorinated soda. Keep the affected fowls by themselves, and feed them on soft food, to which add a slight sprinkle of cayenne pepper. One part of carbolic acid to forty parts of warm water is said to be a good wash for the heads of roupy birds, care being taken not to get any of it into the eyes.

To bathe the face and wash out the mouth and nostrils with warm water and good vinegar, using two tablespoonfuls of the latter to one half-pint of the former, and feed the patient as above-mentioned, will be found to be a simple and reliable remedy where commenced in time.

In cases of long neglected roup, the secretions often accumulate in the head, usually upon one side of the face, forming a mass of yellow, cheese-like substance beneath the skin. This should be removed by making an incision with a knife, and then bathing the wound daily with the diluted vinegar. P. M. T.

Sportsman's Department.

THE DOG-MAN.

We are quite in doubt whether we should feel obliged to Mr. Trollope for having introduced to us that most highly bred of all dog-men, Lord Chiltern. There have been many dog-men interspersed amid the personages of ancient and modern romances, so that the character of the sporting-man is by no means a novel one. Such creations, we regret to say, have been, for the most part, essentially low and vulgar, unsavory with the fumes of the stable, and redolent with the reek of the kennel. But Lord Chiltern, in *Phineas Redux*, aside from his title, though a dog-man, is a thorough gentleman. If life to him has no loftier aspirations than those which are compassed within the limits of the hunt, one feels assured that he does his work there thoroughly. Though Mr. Trollope spares us the recital of how the kennels were furnished, or of the shape, color, and general characteristics of the English fox hound, one can rest assured that when Lord Chiltern beats up the gorse in Thumpington Wood, if the fox is found, Reynard's death is a certainty, for with such a chief no hounds could run faster, more evenly, nor be stauncher than those under the special supervision of the master of Harrington Hall. Yet, though Lord Chiltern may have been as profound as was Mr. Meynell or Squire Osbaldiston, Mr. Trollope never makes him talk dog. Dogs are not with him the sole possible source of conversation. The Duke of Omnium or the Duke's steward may be indifferent as to foxes and the vested rights of hunters, and Lord Chiltern may have his grievance, but even then the dog is held in abeyance. If that clever and conscientious artist, Du Maurier, *Punch's* most brilliant illustrator, had undertaken to draw the semblance of Lord Chiltern, having cautiously studied the text, Mr. Du Maurier would never have brought the dog into too great prominence. Lord Chiltern's coat would never have been a cutaway, nor would Lord Chiltern's malacca cane have borne a dog rampant for a handle, nor would his lordship's cravat have been passed through a ring with a dog's head engraved on it. There might have been, perhaps, a fine hound just sketched in the distance, an accessory to the picture, only indicating for the time being some possible connection between the dog and the man. Lord Chiltern must have, however, talked dog sometimes. But certainly it could only have been when he was in the Harrington kennels, and not in the drawing-rooms. Undoubtedly grooms and whippers-in had to look sharp, and the least mistake on their parts as to feeding, watering, training, or littering, was soundly rated. Once Lord Chiltren's duties accomplished, save when in the saddle, when the profundity of his dog theories were brought into practice. Lord Chiltern must have been silent on the canine topics.

In the United States we all of us are fast catching the dog epidemic. It may be roundly stated that since there are bibliomaniacs and melomaniacs, there are now kunomaniacs. As we have few fox hounds or greyhounds, by which at least, as in England, some diversity of dog-talk might be established, it is on the pointer and setter that our flood of words is poured. There are men now in our midst, who have arisen to the highest pinnacle of fame, who owe their lofty position to the possession of a dog. The man and the brute are inseparable in their fellow-being's mouths and minds. The two are in the closest conjunction, just as of old the cognomen of the rider and the name of the horse who won the laurel wreath at the Grecian games, thousands of years ago, have come down together to an admiring posterity. In a certain quite select class, an introduction is given pretty much as follows: Allow me to present you to Mr. Smith, of 'Bingo,' and to Mr. Brown, of Ponto.'" Such dogs are in themselves the titles to distinction, and throw lustre on the ordinary names of Smith and Brown. Dogs confer the brevet of nobility. The rage for bric-a-brac, for China, for Pallissy, Majolica, Burslem, Chelsea, Sevres or Dresden, now pales before the dog. The proudest genealogy, where ancestral trees are carried through entangling branches, until they culminate at last in a living John Podgers, are as naught when placed in juxtaposition with the pedigree of a dog. A De Podgare might have come over as horse boy with William the Conqueror, but what is that, when a Mr. Laverack can show a dog of blue blood, "a Pride of the Border," whose dog sires and great-great-grand-dog sires can be traced back a hundred years. Decidedly we will want a dog master at arms, and a canine Herald's College. Such things as kennel registers are but weak inventions, though there be now three or four in use. What is really required would be a book of gold, such as Venice used, to record her nobility, where on virgin parchment a modern illuminator might preserve for us the birth and history of the Blanches, Brunos, Busters, Bismarcks, Dashes, Dons, Jacks, Junoes, Fans, Flosses, Molls, Pontos, Plunketts, Rubies, Rocks, Tips, Toms, Trumps, Sams, and Sanchoes.

To the essentially dog-talking man the theme of conversation never ceases. He prattles of a "lemon dog" and of a "blue dog," when he really means a yellow or a black-marked dog. As the historical student looks to Macaulay, so does the dog-man to Macdonna, or as the essayist to Lamb, does the kunomaniac turn to Laverack. Idstone and Stonehenge are sacred names never to be mentioned save with reverence, and as for our home prophets, such authorities as Burgess, Taylor, "Mohawk," and Skinner carry a weight with them which is appaling. It is true that a certain philosophical calm does not, from the nature of the subject discussed, always pervade canine dissertations. Dog talk is acrimonious at times. But is it not enough to enrage any one who has even a superficial knowledge of the subject to hear a man assert "that in the marking of a Gordon setter the black on his head shall be carried clean down to his muzzle, and not end in a tan?" and is it not willful obstinacy on his part to take in no kindly way your own positive and final dictum "that had you a dog so marked you would consider it your imperative duty to end his existence, providing he was only worth the powder and shot necessary to kill him?" Good manners and patience may have their limits, still when such a paradox is boldly advanced, "that a red Irish setter may be white, or blue, or lemon," who so good tempered as to stand unmoved before so heretical an opinion? Think, too, of to how fine a point this dog subject has been drawn, when the want of "feather" in an animal is sufficient to damn him on the show bench, just as if a dog was an ostrich, and prized only for his plumage.

Still with all our distaste for the dog man, *per se* and his talk, what a fund of honest and kindly remembrances does not the dog call forth from ourselves. At the Springfield bench show look at that pretty spaniel, whose ancestors, may be, gambolled through the Lincolnshire fens in bold Hereward's time. She is all russet brown, her hair in silken curls, and she lies cosily in her comfortable blanket, with her litter of wee puppies nestling around her. As you gaze at her, she looks at you back again with her liquid brown eyes so searchingly, yet not anxiously, for she is too well bred for that—too much of the *grande dame* to think for a moment that you would harm her or her little white and brown pets. Her eyes are full of confidence, half human, and brimfull of love and respect for you. She seems to say, "I and my race have served you and yours for thousands and thousands of years, and I love you. So in time my little sucklings will learn to love you and trust you. They will know that you are the master, and they your willing slaves. Pass on, when you have gazed your full at me. It is your right. I do not consider it an intrusion, only please don't discuss me. Take me as I am. See, the prettiest of all my little ones has a white streak on his breast. I love him the best. Don't abuse me on account of him, and for mercy's sake spare his life, don't sacrifice him because he is off-color. I, as his mother, do not, cannot understand stirpiculture. Leave me all my progeny. I know you would, if it was not for that stupid dog-talk. Don't you think I will win a prize? I know I am very pretty, but did you only see me in the river, swimming after a wounded duck, diving into the chilly waters, and scrambling over the drifting ice, then you would be assured that I had the courage and perseverance of dogs of thrice my size. Now, pray pass on. I am not afraid of you. You might reach your hand into the basket and take away from me every one of my little children, and yet I would not hurt you. I might moan and cry, but still for ever and ever, come what may, for it is born within me, stronger even than material instinct, I would love and obey you." After all, then why should not man talk about his dog and expatiate over him, and gloat on his beauty, and extol his instincts?

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE FREQUENT VISITS

Of the Fanciers Journal to its patrons—ours being the only *weekly* publication of its class published in America—have proved very acceptable to the poultry and pet stock fraternity of this country, as we have good reason to know. Not a week passes that we do not receive more or less encouraging and complimentary missives from our friends. All these kindly messages are duly appreciated, and we should publish many of them, but that our space is better occupied with the discussion of topics more interesting to those who so liberally patronise us.

THE FANCIER.

To whom does the term Fancier apply? In the common acceptance, to one who keeps and cares for certain objects because he *fancies*—desires—their presence. But in its true signification it is broader. It refers to one who having certain *fancies*—ideas—experiments to carry them out. Conceiving a desirable object, he labors to attain to it; forming a theory, aims to prove it true.

From first to last the world has been benefited by the fancier. His achievements have not been accomplished suddenly and announced by fanfaronade, but they have been of slow growth, silently worked out, and scarcely appreciated until, in some moment of admiration at *perfection*, we compare it with the plan nature furnished. If we have the opportunity to trace the slow stages by which the height was attained, then, and then only can we realize the work, the patience of the fancier; work, sometimes generations long; patience, inexhaustible.

The place of the fancier in the world's economy is that of improver. He stands to the farmer, the horticulturist, and floriculturist as the inventor stands to the manufacturer.

He takes the rude outline of nature, re-fashions it to make it the most acceptable to the eye, and yet diminish waste material. and promote the qualities that are of the most benefit to mankind, Thus have they worked for the good of the world, while others have slept or worked for their own aggrandizement or gain.

Nor have the efforts of the fancier been confined to animals, flowers, fruits, and vegetables. We find his work in the methods for improvement in all the workings of agriculture. In the irrigating, draining, manuring, subsoiling, and in the rotation of crops. All these and many more *fancies* that the old time farmer scoffed at, have the fanciers proven to the farmers' acceptance.

But the work has not always been undertaken as work, but often as a recreation. It has been the avenue in which the mind wearied with labor has turned for rest. Men of great conceptive powers—far seeing—have framed theories and have worked them out, the beauty of the proving compensating for the means used. Experimenting, more for the pleasure of experimenting, than that the world might be benefited. But the desired end attained, who so willing that the knowledge gained should be for the world's good, as the true fancier. When he recognizes in another, whether rich or poor, ignorant or educated, the spirit of the desire for investigation and improvement, his hand is always ready to assist and his word to encourage.

The Fanciers' Journal is the day-book of the true fancier. Its motto "not for itself but for all," is the true fancier's watchword. Let all unite, having faith in the purpose and goodwill to all, to make record upon its pages for the furtherance of all good.

Correspondence.

INFORMATION WANTED.

I would like to ask through the Journal, some Fancier of Games who breeds for fancy feather, to give the definition of *Game* as applied to this breed, and oblige a Greenhorn.

IMPORTATIONS.

I have this day received, per steamer "Atlas," my second importation of "Dark Brahmas," direct from Lewis Wright, comprising his entire breeding stock. All arrived in fine condition.

Chas. E. Perry.

Wallaston, Mass., June 3d, 1876.

DOGS.

Friend Wade:

Your correspondent, Mr. Smith, evidently misunderstood my meaning. I stated "that dogs with white about the neck or body, invariably have white on the end of the tail." I meant that this was a rule of general application, *not* that in *all* the millions of "mongrels, puppies, whelps and hounds and curs of low degree," no *single* exception could be found. Dogs are not *invariably* born with tails, or eyes or legs.

Mr. Smith has placed the word invariable in *italics*, thereby changing its meaning and giving it an emphasis I did not intend. My observation has been that as a rule, dogs with white points have white tips to the tail; and cats so marked, just the reverse; there may be an occasional exception. Sometimes African parents, black as ebony, have children fairer than any city belle, and any fancier knows how difficult it is to breed true to color.

Truly, James M. McCann.

INTERESTING LETTER.

Cairo, April 2d, 1876.

My Dear Friend:—

I did not think when I wrote you the hasty note at Florence, in December, that it would be April before I would again find time to devote to you. But those last days in Europe made up of arrivals and departures, with sight-seeing between, passed so quickly I could scarce grasp time for thought from them, and in Egypt on the Nile, I found letter-writing an impossibility.

From Florence we went to Rome for the Christmas ceremonies, and while there I had an opportunity of paying a visit to Garibaldi, but I must leave the incidents and impressions of that visit, and the balance of my sojourn in Europe,—our hasty call at Naples to witness the eruption of Vesuvius (which as you already know failed to erupt), our charming tour through Sicily, with our armed

escort to guard against brigands. The magnificence of Etna, the activity of Stromboli, the interest I found at Syracuse from its associations with St. Paul. All these, and more, I must leave until I get beyond the maze, the witchery of this bewildering Orient. I *feel* bewildered. I do not realize myself. Everything is so different from everything that ever was for me before, I find it hard to recall, to realize matter-of-fact occurrences. Europe has nothing in common with its Eastern neighbors. Reviewing my years in Europe, and my weeks in Egypt, it is like turning from a chapter of history to the pages of a fairy tale. We spent two days in Malta, then sailed for Alexandria, for the ascent of the Nile.

Chartering one of the peculiar boats especially adapted to the Nile travel, we controlled its movements, stopping when and where we pleased, and moving on when we saw fit. A dragoman, three cabin servants, two cooks, captain, pilot, and fourteen sailors. In all we numbered about thirty souls. On this boat with this retinue I spent two months, the most wonderful of my life. When the wind filled our sails, the crew lay idly about harboring their strength against the time of calm, when they, harnessed in ropes, dragged our boat up stream, we the meanwhile lounging on shore under the palms, or visiting the Arab villages. On our downward trip we spent much of our time making excursions, and indeed you would have laughed at our cavalcade. Nine of us whites mounted upon nine donkeys, with nine white umbrellas covering nine precious heads. Nine puggey's (long white scarfs) tied around nine slouching wide brimmed hats, and nine handkerchiefs of silk covering nine pairs of shoulders.

English, Scotch and Americans, with Dalmatian dragoman, Arab guard, and a fag end of servants, donkey-boys, and water-carriers. I look back upon it as a wonderful dream. I was heartily sorry to leave our airy state-rooms, commodious cabin and dining saloon, the table spread with luxuries only a palace hotel would attempt for Cairo, but I wanted to be here for the great religious festival which follows the return of the pilgrims from Mecca, to see with my own eyes if no one of the hundreds of fanatical Mussulmen that in some sort of ecstacy, prostrate themselves before the feet of the horse of an advancing sheik, was hurt. I was on horseback at the first hint of daylight, and soon on the way to meet the worn and travel-stained pilgrims, seven white faces, mine the only American, among the thousands and thousands of Arabs. It is very warm, the thermometer stands at 80° in my room. The Prince of Wales and the Grand Duke Alexis left the first of the week. The Khedive gave a grand ball, a concert, and a gala night at the opera house, but I had no share in it all, because, alas! my "store clothes" were in Italy. We leave for Jerusalem Saturday, and with good luck will arrive there the next Wednesday. Then will begin Syrian travel in earnest, from Jaffa to Beyrout, a month on horseback if we have no delays, then seven days by water to Constantinople, from there to Smyrna, Athens, then Italy. Wish that good fortune may attend us.

I will write you again from Nazareth or some place in the Holy Land.

Au revoir, H. D.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—What pigeon sometimes breeds another variety than its own? The Carrier that breeds *Nun*. TERRÆ FILIUS.

—Ten per cent. of meat in biscuits is quite enough for all dogs, except those which have severe exercise. (?)

—If you would have an egg-plant on the Fourth of July you should plant your hens about the first of June, advises a New York paper.

—For "going blind" in dogs, blow white sugar (powdered) daily into the affected eye, or eyes, and bathe daily with lukewarm water. (?)

—TO TELL THE SEX OF FINCHES.—Blow up the feathers so as to expose the vent. If this points rather forward, it is a cock; if rather backward, it is a hen. (?)

—The Taunton Gazette told a story about a webfooted family in that town, and the news papers have been industriously repeating it, not one of them "tumbling" to the fact that it was all about a family of ducks.

—DUCKS IN A VINEYARD.—It is mentioned in the *Grape Culturist* that a large vineyardist in Illinois keeps each season not less than 100 ducks constantly among the vines. He says it is wonderful with what dilligence they dart after all kinds of bugs, thrips, flies, and small snails, and he considers them among the best of insect exterminators.

—SPIDERS.—The Fancier will be better served if Huon tells first of the spiders of the Middle States. Should species be common to both the Middle States and California, the Fancier would be defrauded, were the rough, uncultivated pen of Pacific to attempt that the grace and delicacy of Huon would have made so acceptable.

—A Dutch farmer in South Africa tells the story of a python attacking a Zulu boy while he was asleep and attempting to swallow him, beginning with one leg. Not getting on satisfactorily, and the unfortunate lad awakening to a "realizing sense" of his situation, the serpent tried to eject the limb, but the fangs were too deeply fixed in the flesh to render this an easy matter. The poor lad was obliged to make the best of this awkward situation till help came.

—One of the most interesting departments of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg is the gallery of Peter the Great. It is devoted almost wholly to objects connected with his memory. His image, dressed in the costume of his day, is seated in the center of the room, while around him are the tools he himself worked with, the iron cane he usually carried, statuettes and casts of his face, the stuffed bodies of the horse he rode and of his favorate dogs, his books, mathematical instruments, and countless other things.

—ROSE-BEAD NECKLACE.—Gather as many rose leaves as possible. Pound them up in an iron mortar with an iron pestle until reduced to a perfect pulp. Then shape into round balls the size desired for your beads. Pass a very large pin or needle through the middle of each, and expose to the sun on a board or dish. When dry they will be nearly as black as jet, very sweet, and ornamental in proportion as they have been neatly rounded and dexterously handled. They may be strung upon the finest wire, India rubber, or thread, as the wearer prefers.

—SEA-SICKNESS IN BIRDS.—Careful observation proves that many kinds of animals share in human diseases. Sickness and sufering are not confined to man; they belong to all life on earth.

But it is a recent and curious discovery that birds are affected by sea-sickness. Some sailors on the Pacific coast were attracted by the strange appearance of nests on the rocks. They found a new kind of bird to them, very tame, and the nests glued to the cliffs, and proof against high winds. They took with them one of the nests, having in it two young birds, and returned to the ship in their boat. The swell was rolling high, and soon the birds began to show signs of genuine sea-sickness, and ended by throwing up their food, which was seen to consist of young minnows half digested. This fact may lead to the inquiry whether animals on ship-board are similarly affected.

—CONSERVE OF ROSE LEAVES.—Gather the leaves of fresh, full-blown roses in the early morning, while the dew is still upon them. Have ready provided equal quantities of cloves, mace, and nutmeg, sprinkle with salt, then with the spices prepared. Take a box of any kind that is rather shallow, place in the bottom a layer of rose leaves, sprinkle with salt, then with the spices prepared; then put in another layer of rose leaves, then spices, etc., until the box is filled. Lastly, tie on tightly a cover of sheer Swiss muslin, and expose to the sun until perfectly dry. You may then pack the conserve into pretty china bottles, with wide mouths but close stoppers, and you will be provided with a delicious perfume, whose sweetness will not evaporate for years. It is pleasant either to have on one's parlor mantel or chamber toilette-table. As a perfume for mouchoir-cases or scent-bags it is unrivaled. Let the housekeeper also try laying to among the stores on the shelves of her linen-closet.

—A SPITTING SNAKE.—There is a dangerous snake, not uncommon about Bedjuella, West Africa, called by the natives *naja neje*, and by the Portuguese *cuspedira*. It is small in size, and remarkable from its habit of spitting when interfered with. The saliva is ejected to considerable distances, and is said to cause

blindness if it touches the eyes. One of the snakes was captured by natives, and brought to where some English miners were at work. It was teased by a miner who was standing over the cage, which was on the ground, and retaliated by a discharge of spittle. Some of the liquid entered the miner's eyes, and though the eye was immediately washed out with water, it was very much irritated for several days. The snake was killed before any experiments could be made with it by the scientific superintendent of the mine; he has, however, no doubt of the miner's statement and that of his companions, corroborated as it is by the testimony of the natives and Portuguese.

—A Few "Statistics."—Hens' eggs hatch in from twenty to twenty one days; turkeys' in from twenty-six to twenty-nine days; ducks' in twenty-eight days; Guinea fowls' in from twenty-five to twenty-seven days; pea fowls' in from twenty-eight to thirty days; geese's in from thirty to thirty-two days. Fresh eggs will hatch one or two days sooner than those two or three weeks old. The consumption of eggs in and around Mulhouse, in the manufacture of calicoes, is almost incredible. No albumen is equal to that contained in an egg—and it would consume the lay of 300,000 hens to supply one of the large calico manufactories in France. Great quantities of laying hens are therefore constantly cultivated, and made use of in the above districts, for this purpose, in addition to supplying the ordinary demands for eggs and poultry for consumption, the latter being very considerable; since the Frenchman is very fond of both his *omelet* and his *poulet*, when he can get them.

—Feather-Eating Parrot.—I have a grey Parrot which has the bad habit of eating his tail feathears, and as he is a very valuable bird for his talking qualities, I wish some of your correspondents could inform me of something that would cure him of this evil prodensity. He has never had any animal food, but is fed on Canary seed, and occasionally bread soaked in tea or water. —John Stuart.

[Should the bird's cage have a wire bottom, let it be taken out at once, and give the Parrot plenty of sand with some small stones in it, so that the bird may pick out some and swallow them, then give a change of diet; let the bird have some soaked Indian corn, and some fruit and green food, watercresses,&c. You are quite right in not giving it animal food; a piece of bread dipped into a boiled egg is an enjoyable morsel to a Parrot. If change of food and what we have recommended has no effect on the habit, then make what is called a "cradle" in the stable, and put it on the bird's neck until the bad habit is forgotten. The collar, or cradle, can be made either of leather or pieces of cane fastened with string. It wil not in the least hurt the bird to wear it.]—*Journal of Horticulture.*

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKES' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending June 4th, 1876.

One Salt-water Terrapin (*Emys terrapin*). Presented.
One Woodchuck (*Arctomys monax*). Presented by S. F. Platt, Norristown, Pa.
One Horned Toad (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). Presented by J. Kaufman, Phila.
One Pine Snake (*Pituophis melanoleucus*). Presented by Geo. Cranmer, West Creek, N. J.
One Bald Eagle (*Haliaetus leucocephalus*). Presented.
Thirteen Horned Toads (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). Presented by F. R. Brown, Phila.
Two Great Horned Owl (*Bubo virginianus*). Presented by Thos. Berstler, Doe Run, Pa.
One Great Horned Owls (*B. virginianus*). Two Screech Owls (*Scops asio*). Two Crow Black-birds (*Quiscalus purpureus*). Presented.
One Blacksnake (*Bascanion fremontii*). Presented.
Two Blacksnakes (*B. constrictor*). Presented by Master H. L. Verts, Phila.
One Patas Monkey (*Cercopithecus ruber*). One Green Monkey (*C. callitrichus*) One Squirrel Monkey (*Saimaris sciurea*). Two Weeper Capuchins (*Cebus capucinus*). Two Brown Capuchins (*C. fatuellus*). One Guinea Baboon (*Cynocephalus sphinx*). One Spotted Cavy (*Coelogenys paca*). One Ocelot (*Felis pardalis*). Three Coatis (*nasua nasica*). Two Collared Peccaries (*Dicotyles tajacu*). Presented.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen'l. Sup't.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 22.

The *Murre* Razor-bill (*Alca tordo*).

One of Fancier's correspondents asks Huon what he knows about a bird called the *Murre*. Huon answers "not much." The bird belongs not to these latitudes, and but few persons save those who traverse the waters of the Atlantic or Arctic Oceans have ever seen a living specimen. But Huon has seen two of the Murre's eggs, the only specimens to be found in America and which are the property of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia.

There may be perchance some private collector in the U. S. who boasts he possesses a *Murre's* egg. Perhaps he has one, perhaps not; for owing to the value attached to them there have been many forgeries committed in Europe, and thus bogus Murre's eggs have been *laid* on the unsuspecting collector's table.

"You have been discussing the egg before you mentioned the bird save by its name!"

Yes. And ever since men could argue upon a subject, or debating societies have been in existence, they have been doing the same, dear reader. The question has been since the world began, "which was first, the egg or the chicken." It is not settled yet, so we will now to the bird.

The *Murre* belongs to that family of sea-birds known as the *Alcadæ*, in which family it ranks No. 2; the Great Auk, *Alca impennis* (a bird supposed by some to be now extinct), stands No. 1, and these two are the only species the genus contains.

No. 2, the Murre, is best known as the Razor-bill (*Alca tordo*). It is only found in the northern latitudes, where it swarms in inconceivable multitudes during the breeding season. In the Arctic seas Dr. Kane, during his wanderings there, found the Razor of great service to him as food when other kinds had been exhausted.

The wings of the Razor-bill are but rudimentary, therefore useless for flight. They seem to have been given to the bird both as a pair of oars, and to help it to dive—which latter it does to perfection, and when it does undertake to "paddle its own canoe," it uses such power and velocity that it has been known to escape from a six oared barge pulled in pursuit of it, by the most vigorous oarsmen.

In general the Razor-bill is dusky above and white below. The bill, which is black in color, somewhat resembles the falconine birds in shape, having a sharp hook at the end, and a denticulation at about two thirds of its length, to allow it to catch the fish which is its natural food. But one egg is laid per year; no two are ever alike, therefore one cannot say it is of this or that pattern as a general thing. The two in the Academy of Natural Sciences are about as large as a swan's, yellowish in color, dashed with black marks, which to the "outside barbarian" look very much like Chinese characters. Your correspondent is mistaken I think, as to the Murre laying another egg if "her nest is robbed." None of the *Alcadæ* lay more than one egg per year, which seems to be the true order of nature; for were these birds as prolific as the gulls, terns, or the domestic fowls, think of the result, when even under the one egg per annum rule the Arctic seas, and the rocky coasts of England swarm with the Razor-bill and its relations in countless millions. Travelers by sea along the rocky coasts of Great Britain are well acquainted with these "queer birds," as your correspondent justly calls them; seeing them sitting upright on the ledges of the crags in long horizontal rows which tower one above another looking like so many big bottles arranged shelf above shelf, a la apothecary shop.

As to the remarkable variability in the marking of the eggs as spoken of by your correspondent, I may mention the collection made of them by Mr. Champley, an English gentleman, which embraces no less than 500 distinct varieties! Perhaps the Esquimaux eat the eggs of the *Murre* though I have found no mention

of such, by either Kane, Hall, Hayes, or any other Arctic explorer. The flesh of the bird for food, and its downy skin for clothing however, are very valuable to that "peculiar people" as they place upon it their chief, if not their entire dependence for those particular uses. HUON.

REPLY TO SCHONNY SPROAGLE.

I think, Schonny Sproagle, that Giraffe struck you wrong. The Giraffe may not be of "practical use," but if he takes one's thoughts up *higher*, as you must admit that he does, he certainly has a moral value.

Did you ever consider how it might have been that nature made the Giraffe? She was making elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopottami, and the like, when the thought occurred, "was there going to be feed enough to go round." "Anyway," she says, "It shan't be said that I wash more than I can hang out. I'll just lump the rest of this clay and and make a big one, one that can browse off the tops of trees. He shall have a field of his own." And the Giraffe was the result.

Yes, you'd make several "fortunes" "transmographying" thousand dollar Giraffes into ten dollar mules! Did you ever go to the "circus and menagerie combined," Schonny? Did it occur to you that the mule, the educated mule that nothing but a monkey could ride, represented the circus, while the stately, gentle Giraffe was *the* feature of the menagerie. Which, Schonny Sproagle, is the foolish piece of business, the circus or the menagerie? Here's a story about a mule. I'll take the Giraffe every time.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The fast growing favor accorded to our Zoological Garden in the Park will give interest to a few brief notes respecting the London Zoological Society, which recently held its forty-seventh anniversary. Our Garden is but a few years old, and it would therefore be out of order to institute a present comparison, although our's has already so grand a collection. Yet one may "guess" what will be the condition of the Philadelphia Garden fifty years hence. The total number of living animals in the London menagerie was, at the beginning of the year, 2205. The "lion house" has 21 tenants: 6 lions, 7 tigers, 2 jaguars, 2 leopards, 3 pumas and one clouded tiger. The report from which our facts are taken does not specify the character of the other 2184 animals. The available assets of the Society are computed at about $60,000; its liabilities at a little more than half that sum. The "assets," of course, do not include the value of the animals, and certainly not that of the buildings, for the lion house just erected cost nearly $56,000.

The number of fellows and annual subscribers on the 1st of January, was 3241, the net increase of membership during 1875 being 44; not certainly a very fast rate of progress. In other respects there was an advance, the total receipts of the society in 1875 being $143,690; more than the receipts of any previous year since the foundation of the society. The receipts of 1875 exceeded those of 1874 by about $1500, while the number of visitors was less, being 699,918 in 1875, against 706,907 in 1874. The ordinary expenses of 1875 amounted to $120,940, showing a net income of over $22,000. The increase of receipts in 1875 over 1874, while there was a diminution in the number of visitors, arises from two sources, the interest of investments, and the receipt of donations and bequests. The reserve fund, $48,965, is invested in Government three per cents.

Connected with the Society and constituting its highest claim as a scientific agency are a valuable library, the growth of half a century, and a publishing department, which adds constantly to the scientific wealth of the world. The publication of 1875 consists of the usual octavo volume of "Proceedings," issued in four parts, and four parts of "Transactions." Besides these a Supplement has been added to the revised list of the vertebrated animals now or late in the menagerie. And, besides these official publications, it is to be considered that the unofficial periodicals devoted to natural history and science, and published by individual enterprise, draw largely upon the facilities afforded by public institutions. Constant aid is thus given to the researches of scientific men, and a constant popular interest is kept up in the fields of useful inquiry and investigation. For this reason Zoological and Botanical gardens and such institutions as the Academy of Natural Sciences deserve the support of an enlightened public. The same arrangement applies to the Fine Arts, to the Mechanical Institutes, and other sources and promoters of knowledge The directors and members pursue a labor of love, rather causing expense to themselves than giving any pecuniary requital. They should be met and sustained in the same generous spirit.—*Phil. Ledger.*

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

JOHN H. BISHOP, North Attleboro, Mass., Box 368, wishes to exchange 2 Dominique Leghorn hens (1st prize birds,) and 2 Buff Cochin hens, for Poultry Books or Pigeons, Common or Fancy.

G. C. LEONARD, Elmira, N. Y., has one pair of fine Lop-eared Rabbits, 17 inch ears, nine months old, to exchange for offers. Letters answered promptly.

JOSEPH REBMEISTER, Batavia, N. Y., will exchange one pair Red Tumblers, also one Crested Male Fan Tail, one White female Jacobin, for one pair of Turbits. I want good birds.

W. F. MUCHMORE, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange 1 new Remington silver plated chased pistol, $18.00; 1 Quilting Machine, $5 00; 1 two-wheel velocipede, cost, new, $90.00; 1 trio Light Brahmas, fair stock, $8.00; for Lawn Mower, or offers. Above are retail prices.

H. O. LAMASON, Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., will exchange one pair standard snow-white Fantails, beautiful birds, and one pair English Carriers, cock blue, hen red, for Fancy Pigeons,—Turbits preferred. Correspondence solicited.

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will exchange eggs from P. Rocks, W. Leghorn, Brown Leghorns, and S. S. Hamburgs, Young Shepherd pups and Fancy Pigeons, for Gold and Silver Sebright Bantam eggs or Fancy Pigeons; one Shepherd Slut, in pup, to exchange for offers.

BOX 12, Winnsboro. S. C., has an immense Eagle, believed to be Washington Eagle, to exchange for Hounds, Setters, Pigeons, or offers—supposed to have been on its way to the Centennial when caught, and is a splendid specimen of this rare and noble bird.

H. W. CONRAD, Berneville, Berks Co., Pa., wants to exchange for Fancy Pigeons, a trio of Silver-Spangled Hamburgs.

C. M. BOYNTON, Concord, N. H., will exchange Buff Cochins and White Leghorns, in "trios or singly," for a Lawn Mower, or for Gas Fixtures, ornamental ones. Stock first-class. Address as above.

WARREN BECK, York, Pa., has to exchange three hens and one cock, Golden Polands, 3 pair Black and one pair Mottled Tumblers, one White Trumpeter cock, one Black Quaker cock, and one pair Reds, one Yellow cap Magpie cock, one White Fan cock, two B. B. Red Game hens, one Yellow-wing Turbit cock, 3 Setter pups, pedigree given—for one Mottled cap Fan hen, one Silver Dun Carrier cock, or offers.

SCOTT BROS., Wrightstown, Pa., will exchange a pair of Black Quakers, pair Archangels, Red Swallow, White Fan, and Red Barb cocks, Yellow Owl, Mottled Tumbler, and White-capped Dutchess hens and Magpies, for White or Black Owls and offers; also pair B. B. R. Game Bantams, for pullets of same.

WILLIAM HUNT, Tivoli, Dutchess Co., N. Y., offers for exchange White Legborn roosters, combs slightly frozen, Bantam roosters, 1 W. and B. Spanish hen, 4 fine Aylesbury drakes, for equally fine Aylesbury ducks—pedigrees given and required. Write.

DR. B. F. BEARDSLEY, Binghamton, N. Y., for want of room, will exchange a first-class trio of Pekin Ducks, winners of first and special premiums. They are very large, fine birds, now laying. Make offers of anything useful that don't eat.

W. H. BUTLER, No. 291 Broadway, N. Y., will exchange W. C. B. Poland, Cochin, (P. and B.) W. L., Aylesbury and Muscovy Duck's Eggs, and Fowls, (Todd's strain,) for B. Leghorn, Pekin Ducks, Game, P. R. Eggs, or Fowls, Parrot, Pigeons, Birds, Grain. What offers?

R. H. NORTON, Newfield, Gloucester Co., N. J., has a new Lefacheaux six-chambered breech-loading pin-fire Revolver, to exchange for Brown or White Leghorns—good birds.

C. H. WILCOX, Earlville, Madison Co., N. Y., wants to exchange some of the following fowls for a pair of Ferrets, one year old, or Berkshire Pigs, (pedigree stock,) one trio B. B. Red Game, one trio Derby Games, one pair of Duckwing Games, one pair of Partridge Cochins, one pair Silver-spangled Hamburgs, four Duckwing Game Bantam cocks. Fowls one and two years old. Health, true to name, and well marked.

GEO. W. DIXON, Box 188, Worcester, Mass., will exchange Buck, earage 21x5 wide; Buck, 20x4¼; Doe, 20x4¼; Doe, 18½x4½; 1 pair of old Himalayans, fine breeders; 2 pairs young Lops, 2 months old, earage 14x3½; pure white and colored Guinea Pigs, for Cigar Mould, Cigar Press, or Merchandise, or anything of value excepting live stock of any kind. Write quick for particulars.

O. C. BARROWS, Bristol, R. I., will exchange one "Earth Closet," made in best manner of black walnut and ash, for Dark Brahmas or Partridge Cochins.

JAMES Y. BORDEN, Box 306, Bridgeton, N. J., has three hens and one stag Silver-penciled Hamburg, chickens from G. Dillenberger's imported stock, to exchange for Golden-laced Sebright Bantams. I want none but the best, as I expect to give extra birds.

I. R. M., P. O. Box 305, Baltimore, Md., has two B. B. R Game Bantam cocks, full brothers to the Cup Birds at last Baltimore show, to exchange for L. Brahma or Houdan pullets.

C. M. BROOKE, Eagle Point, Ill., will exchange a pair of Fans, Antwerp cock, Tumbler hen, P. Cochin and D. Brahma fowls and eggs; Cochin cock, the best Williams' raised in '75; Poland, China Pigs, for musical instruments, song and ornamental birds. Be quick and make me offers. Pigeon loft by Burpee, to exchange.

J. RANDOLPH MORDECAI, 45 S. Gay St., Baltimore, Md., will exchange two choice B. B. Red Game Bantam cocks, for hens or pullets of same kind, or Houdans. Stock offered is first-class, and only same is desired.

JAS. H. PHILIPS, Coventry, N. Y., will exchange one yard each of Buff & Partridge Cochins, (one cock and five hens each,) 1 year old. Some of them premium birds: William's, Bradley, Van Winkle's, and Pitman strains, for good track, skeleton, or light road wagon, or Parker Bros. breech-loading shot gun.

JOS. H. KRAFT, New Albany, Ind., will exchange one trio of Partridge Cochins, one trio French Houdans, one trio Golden Spangled Hamburgs, one trio B. B. R. Game Bantams, or Dark Brahma cockerels, for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, W. L. Wright's Illustrated Work on Poultry, or cash. Satisfaction guaranteed in all the above birds. Speak quick.

S. O. CHASE, Killingly, Conn., will exchange a few first-class Partridge Cochins and Plymouth Rocks, hatch of 1875, for White Crested Calcutta, Black, or Yellow Fantails, in pairs. Must be first-class birds.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 pair solid Black English Fans, 2 Pouter cocks, 2 Blue Fan cocks, 2 Rabbit's hutches, 1 Fancy Squirrel house, with large wheel attached; 1 good violin; 1 single Shot Gun, muzzle loader; 1 single Rifle, muzzle-loader; 1 French Pool Wheel, 2 Parrot Cages, 1 "Family Printer," 3 fonts of Type, 7 hens and 1 cock, Light Brahmas, for Black Red Games, B. R. G. Bantams, cash, or offers.

PHILIP ROGERS, Baltimore, Md., will exchange six or eight Light Brahma cockerels, last June's hatch, first-class birds, for pullets of same variety.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

W. J. EVENDEN, Williamsport, Pa., wants two Carrier hens, either Red, Black, or Yellow; will give in exchange 1 pair of B. B. R. Game Bantams, 2 Red Carrier cocks, or 1 pair of Blue Homing Antwerps. Good Birds wanted, as mine are No. 1.

W. F. MUCHMORE, Basking Ridge, N. J., wants offers for a Camera, Box, Lens, also Portrait Box, Stand, Bath Box and sundries. A rare chance for a Photographer.

CHAS. E. LONG, Lancaster, Pa., wants two pairs of pure bred White Calcutta Fantails, of good carriage and well spread tails, breeding birds, in exchange for other Fancy Pigeons.

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, JUNE 19, 1876. No. 23.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

A RAMBLE TO THE JERSEY MARL-PITS FOR FOSSILS.

BY HARRY A. SLOCUM.

Having thoroughly worked up the mineralogical deposits of the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia, my mind took a daring flight to the wilds of Jersey. Why not penetrate this wilderness of sand and pines? this land of hoop poles and cranberries, of which it hath been said that the provident crow carrieth three days rations in passing over? Why three days rations when its only about one hour's fly, I know not—but, behold me, one beautiful May morning, in company with my scientific and mineral loving friend F———, embarking at Market Street Wharf on board the good steamer, J. G. Shultze, bound for Spain, as the boys have it.

After a short and pleasant voyage of about ten minutes, we landed at the company's docks at Kaighn's Point, and then we were in Jersey. As we moved out on the road, visions of traps, spring-guns, and fierce dogs assailed our minds, and F——— suggested a ghastly picture of two youths, unknown to fame, laid out on two cold boards, victims of the tramp shooting mania. Our road took us through the pleasant towns of Gloucester, Woodbury, and Mullica, but nothing occurred worth noting during this part of our journey. It was not until near evening that we came upon the divergent road leading to the gravel-pits. We were tired and worn out, as it had been an exceedingly warm day, and a tramp of twenty miles on, or rather in Jersey sand, is not conducive to buoyancy of spirits. As we neared the pits, we beheld on the fence ahead, an object which started us into a trot, despite our weariness. A fine fossil no doubt placed there by some workman, ignorant of its value. As we neared it, however, our ardor diminished somewhat, for it seemed to take the form of something familiar, and when we finally came to a standstill before it, we occupied, relatively, about the position of the figures in the picture, "When shall we three meet again." And two of us felt that way, I know, for there, keeping solemn watch over shell road was the skull of an old horse. Thinking sadly of what might have been, we passed on to the pits. All along the sides in the gravel were fossils, cropping out abundantly, and way up near the top were some holes in the bank which we determined to examine.

As we proposed to pass the night here, we set about to build a shelter. Finding some water-logged wood, we leaned it against the bank, and covering it with willow boughs (in collecting which we broke our only weapon of offense and defense—a hatchet) we soon had a comfortable little shelter—barring we had a storm. After building a fire we scrambled up the bank and, poking our arms into the holes we had noticed, drew out a lot of young swallows, which appeared to be all mouth, and their song sounded like, more! more! As we had no use for specimens of this kind they were replaced, and we slid down again. We next caught a snake, which we tied by a string to prevent its escape, and placed in a pool of water near our shelter.

As darkness spread over the land, so likewise did the frogs, and such a din as they kept up during the night it had never been our misfortune to listen to before. As we were in a strange country, and unused to Jersey laws, we took watch and watch about during the night. I was the first to lie down, but not to sleep, for it commenced to rain and nearly extinguished our fire, to kindle which we had used our last match. The rain trickled down on my face, and the monotonous and discordant croak! croak! of the frogs, pitched in every key, jarred upon my nerves until I wished them all in Hell—Gate. I felt very much relieved when my turn came to watch. Both being very thirsty, and no soda-fountain convenient, we took a drink from a little pool outside our shelter, but were rather disgusted at finding, after we had assuaged our thirst that it was the same one in which we had tied our snake.

F——— laid down and I was quietly smoking my pipe and thinking of our route for the next day, when I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by a yelp and a flutter, and a sudden collapsing of our shelter. Visions of gigantic extinct Saurians arose in my mind, and so startled was I at first that if some antedeluvian monster had come crashing over us I would not have been surprised. F——— silently emerged from the ruins, and, sitting down by the fire, quietly said, "I guess I'll not lie down, I'm not very sleepy." Upon investigation I found that a large snake had crawled over his face, and was the cause of all the disturbance. As we had interviewed no apple-jack distilleries during our tramp I was obliged to swallow the snake story.

At daybreak the frogs evaporated and the sky cleared and we were soon industriously at work. In the lower strata we found some very good specimens, which we recognized as being Exogura Costata and Pycnononta Vesicularis; the latter is a very common shell fossil, and is very plentiful there. Also some good specimens of Terebratula Harlani, and Terebratula Glossa. We were in hopes of getting some specimens of Vivianite which is hydrous phosphate of iron, generally found in Belemontes, but unfortunately, we were unable to find any.

We got some specimens of each kind, and set out once more. Passing some workmen, we asked if there were any other pits in the neighborhood, and were told the distance and direction of Marlborough. After tramping several hours under a hot sun, and through marl over the shoe-tops, we arrived at the marl-pits, and were told that some large bones had been found there a few weeks since, and had been removed to the house of the "Boss." We inquired the road to his house, and were told to "go 'long this 'ere road till you come to a white house, turn to the left, cross a crik, and go on till you come to a house with a slate roof, and that's it." We followed his directions with the exception that when we came to the "crik" we laid down under an apple tree and went to sleep, and rested an hour. And what a refreshing sleep that was.

When we reached the house it was noon, and the family were at dinner, but M——— kindly left his table, and going with us to the barn, said "Prof. ——— from Yale College had been there a few days before, and had taken the best specimens with him, but that we were welcome to what remained." We thanked him, and filled our respective bags, declined his kind invitation to dinner, and started for Pitman's Grove, where there was a railroad station. We need not tell how welcome was the sight of the train, as it came up and stopped for us, and as we moved away, we bid adieu to the place, and thought that despite the rain, bull-frogs, and snakes, we had really enjoyed our two days' ramble.

Poultry Department.

(From Journal of Horticulture.)

THE EXHIBITION DORKING.—No. 8.

BY T. C. BURNELL.

For the first fortnight of their lives chickens should be fed at least every two hours, and no amount of care and trouble expended on them will be too much if we wish to rear prize birds. Size is the principal point in a Dorking, and size is only to be obtained by breeding from the finest birds, and by feeding the chickens early and late on the best and most nutritious food. Chickens are awake with the lark; and as it is "the early bird which gathers the worm," we, too, must be up with the lark if we do not wish our chickens to be in the rear when the all eventful show-day comes. If we happen to have a poultryman who can be depended upon we are indeed lucky, but such are very few and far between, and far better will it be to pay for a little knowledge and become experienced in time than to go on paying high wages to one who very likely knows but little more than yourself, and who will certainly teach you nothing. Two guineas a week and more are now commonly paid to a first-class poultry manager, and there is but little doubt that if we can afford to keep a poultryman, the best are the cheapest in the end.

After the first day my chickena have whole groats as a staple food varied with a little hard-boiled egg chopped fine, and ground oats mixed very dry. In a week or ten days they will relish small wheat, and occasionally a little chopped meat may be given them as the egg is discontinued. The great point will be neither to let them eat too much at a time nor leave any, so that, if possible, they may always have an appetite at feeding time. If, in the hot weather their appetite seems to leave them, a little gentian bark grated into the meal will be beneficial; but as chickens get older they do not require to be fed so often, and the interval between meals may be gradually extended till, at about four months old, they are fed about three times a day. If new milk can be obtained they will much enjoy a drink of it the first thing in the morning; but too much coddling will only tend to make them delicate.

It will be a very wise course to weed out the chickens as early as possible, as the fewer there are the better they will thrive. Two or three in every brood may generally be selected for the spit without much trouble, as defective and crooked toes and sooty feet will never get any better. No rules can be laid down for certain, but a little experience will soon teach which chickens to keep.

The chickens should not be allowed to perch at night on narrow or crooked sticks, or they will most certainly become crooked-breasted. Some breeders keep their chickens bedded down on straw or sawdust till their breast-bones are fully formed, but this entails much trouble, and I have not found it essential; besides, some chickens have crooked breasts from the day of their birth, and nothing that we can do will then set them right. Till recently I was of opinion that crooked breast-bones could be entirely prevented, but from conversations with some of the most careful breeders, and from my own experience, I am convinced that some are hereditary, and, like rickets in children, as long as we breed from such we shall never get rid of it. Undoubtedly birds occasionally receive prizes in spite of crooked breasts, but in my opinion a crooked breast in a Dorking, the table fowl *par excellence*, is quite as bad as or worse than a crooked leg or wry tail. A slight bend in the bone I would pass over, but a bird which has a large hollow in his breast-bone I would not have for a gift, and in my opinion he should never receive a prize. If the chickens are given a flat plank of wood to perch on about 6 inches wide, with the sharp edges just planed off so that they cannot perch upon them, they will be obliged to roost on the centre of the board, and if this is not placed too high up we shall see very little of crooked breasts if the parent birds are not defective in this respect.

At ten weeks old the cockerels and pullets should be separated from one another, as by this means a good deal of trouble will be avoided, and the cockerels will not fight, especially if any old cock be left in charge of them. If a cockerel be taken away for three or four days for an exhibition or other purpose he should always be returned to his comrades at night, or a free fight will very likely be the result; but if the bird on awaking finds himself on his old perching place he will forget all about his absence, and will in all probability in the morning run out with the others as usual. This is very important, as with fifteen or twenty cockerels it would be quite impossible to find separate runs for them all.

I have before mentioned how necessary it is to train birds to a pen before sending them to a show, and this is especially the case with hens and pullets. If two hens are caught and placed in a small pen together they will be nearly sure to disagree, and one will peck the other almost to pieces, even though they have been bosom friends before. A good plan will be to first let them run in a small yard together where there are no other birds, and afterwards to put them in a small place and thus to accustom them to one another by degrees. If after this, one bird still remains obdurate, and insists on pecking the other, the only way will be to tie the offender by one leg to the side of the pen; but even this will sometimes not effect a cure, and the only way then to proceed will be to make up another pair. The plan of showing two hens in a pen together is now generally given up, though in my opinion it is a far better criterion of who has the best yard of fowls, and I think the yard which exhibits the largest number of noticed birds is more deserving of credit than that which exhibits one, even though this be the first-prize bird.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

AWARDING PRIZES.

No. 1.

Friend Wade:

Your article in No. 21 of The Fanciers' Journal, on "Prize Awards at our Shows," is the "right thing in the right time," and will, I think, meet with approval by almost everyone. But I would "tack" a little more to the end of it. You suggest that but three prizes be awarded in each variety, old and young. Now I would like to again suggest, in this connection, what I suggested last fall in your Journal in an article on "Judging by the Standard." In that article I suggested that a minimum point be fixed by which premiums should be awarded, viz.: Award no first premium when a specimen did not score ninety (90) points, no second premium to any specimen that did not score eighty-five (85) points, and no third premium unless a specimen scored eighty (80) points. Of course I would much rather see the first premium bird scoring ninety-five (95), the second eighty-nine (89) and the third eighty-four (84), but this I would place as a minor point—not a maximum, as a writer interpreted me afterward in your "Journal." This plan would, of course, necessitate the judging of all shows by the "American Standard of Excellence," and scaling every bird. But this is just what

should be done, and until it is done entire justice cannot be done. No man—judge—can walk along in front of twenty coops of Light Brahmas and by comparison tell the best coop and be sure he is right. Because it frequently happens that a bird is quite attractive at first sight but come to scale him and figure up his excellencies, you find him falling far befow a less attractive neighbor. And especially is this true if a judge is partial to a dark hackle, fine comb, heavy leg-feathering, or some other prominent feature.

Then, again, if the birds are all scaled and the score card placed on the coop, criticism is made plain and there is less opportunity to award premiums to *friends* rather than birds—a subject which I shall discuss in your next issue. Again I say give us three premiums, and give them to us by the use of the "New American Standard of Excellence," letting first premium mean 90 points or more, and so on, as I have suggested, and thus we will know what is meant when we see stock advertised as first or second or third premium stock.

JAMES M. LAMBING.

PARKER'S LANDING, PA., June 6, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

Editor of Fanciers' Journal:

DEAR SIR:—I think I have (accidentally) made rather a valuable discovery; which, though it relates more directly to benefiting the agricultural rather than the poultry interests of this country, I send you the first account of—because it pertains particularly to the specialty for which your poultry paper caters. And I am very confident—if further experiments with this article (now being tried) shall prove as wonderfully effective as those I have already made have resulted, that we have upon the premises of every poultry-breeder in America, a certain and simple remedy against the *depredations of destructive garden aud flower insects*, that we have as yet never appreciated!

As you are aware, gardeners who raise early market vegetables—such as squashes, cucumbers, melons, etc., as well as small fruits, currants, raspberries, and even grapes, have always been put to their wits' ends to devise ways and means to preserve their vines and bushes from the ravages of spring bugs and worms that assail the tender plants, as soon as they get fairly growing. And various applications of plaster, gypsum, ashes, lime, hellebore, Paris green, and other poisons have been used freely, to kill or drive away these pests; often without avail, until half or two-thirds of their plants have been killed, or eaten up by these numerous varieties of marauders.

I had tried these "cures" for currant worms, tomato-flies, cucumber and squash vines, etc., as well as for the dispersion of rose-bugs, often without success. And two years ago I made use of a preparation of liquid raw hen-manure upon a few cucumber hills—when the bugs had fairly taken possession of the vines. I applied this, morning and evening for a week, and saved every one of my vines. Then I saved my squashes similarly, with entire success. I then washed our rose-bushes with it daily, for four or five days, and "cleaned out" every bug on them effectually! The currant bushes came next, and not a currant-worm have I seen *this* season, in my garden. I have used it this spring, and my cucumbers, squashes, currants, etc., (as they were last year) are entirely free from the pests that have quite destroyed the first plantings of my neighbors.

I believe the pungent, peculiar odor of this preparation is a complete protection against the attacks of these insects. They will not approach the vines or leaves saturated with it. And at the same time, I find this a most admirable fertilizer to the plants. I have no doubt it will destroy or keep at a distance the villainous "potato-bug," too. Why not? At all events, I shall try it the present season, as I notice in the papers that this depredator is about, this year, in New England.

I throw into a common bucket-full of water, a heaped spade-full of fresh manure, taken from beneath the hen house roosts. Mix well, and apply from a watering-pot. A little goes a great way It is thus sufficiently strong, and the effect will be discovered immediately. On rose-bushes and currants, it should be thrown *under* the leaves with a large syringe. Upon ground vines it may be applied, easily.

I have found this so singularly beneficial, that I now make the fact known, in the interest of poultry-keepers, that they may save the hen manure carefully. If they don't wish to use it on their own premises, there will be a market for it as soon as their neighbors try it, if they succeed with it as I have. And if it will destroy the *potato* bug, (as I sincerely believe it will) there must surely be a lively demand for this often wasted article, should the "Colorado beetle" really show itself in this region.

If you think this "discovery" worth recording in your columns, I have no doubt it will meet the eye of some poultry men or gardeners who are more or less annoyed as I have been, who will thank you and me for this hint. It is a simple method, practical, certain, not poisonous, and worthy a trial.

Yours &c., HELPER.

P. S.—I suggest that this liquid be used *not too strong*. The proportions I give above are sufficiently powerful. If applied too strong it will burn the vines and leaves, or even the stalks of tender plants.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

MORE ABOUT PRIZE AWARDS.

Having read the interesting article on prize awards at our shows, in your issue of the 5th inst., it has occurred to me that a few remarks on the system of awards now in vogue in England, might be of service to some of your readers. As I have only been in this country a few weeks, I have no practical knowledge of the working of the American poultry shows, but having been a breeder and exhibitor for many years in the old country, and never missing an opportunity to advance poultry interests, I hope the breeders here will take my remarks in the spirit in which they are written. Your proposal to limit the awards to three in each class will, I feel sure, benefit both exhibitors and managers of shows, but I do not think the abolition of "honorable mentions," (which I presume means something akin to our "highly commended," in England) would work well. At the English shows, except such as the Crystal Palace, Birmingham, and Alexandra Palace, the prizes are almost universally three for each class, and in some cases only two prizes are given. The judges are, however, empowered to give extra prizes where the fowls are sufficiently numerous in a class, and this extra prize is not called fourth or fifth, but "extra first," "extra second," or "extra third, as the case may be. In addition to this "highly commended," cards are also fixed to pens which are considered of sufficient merit. It would manifestly be unfair to exhibitors, in a class containing, say twenty to thirty entries, to debar all pens except two or three from receiving notice, which would be the case were all the supplemental means abolished. The remedy of the evil complained of in your article is, in my humble opinion, as follows: viz., Limit the prizes to three in number in each class, except where the judges are unanimously of opinion that one or two extra prizes ought to be given, and let no "honorable mentions" be given, unless the birds are *good average specimens*. Of course mistakes would occasionally occur, but then we must remember that poultry judges are only "mortal," and we are all liable to err, and it is an undoubted fact that the rule has worked well in the old country, and would give satisfaction here if fairly carried out.

Another point which is always insisted upon by English exhibitors is, that managers of poultry shows shall forward clean prize cards with the birds when returning them from the shows. These are highly prized, and fixed up in some conspicuous part of their poultry house, and are a source of gratification to their possessors, if nothing more. The writer had over four hundred of them posted on the walls of his corn-chamber before leaving home, and it must be borne in mind, that to visitors they are a very good criterion of the quality of the stock kept by the owner of them.

Golden Poland.

EFFUSION NO. 3 ON INFANTS: i. e., YOUNG BREEDERS.

Y. B. amply confirms the opinion expressed in third paragraph of "Effusion No. 2." I shall only say here, that the expression "shanks not feathered down the outer sides, and to the extremities of the outer toes," is a wrongly constructed sentence. To have been grammatically correct, and to mean what it was intended to, it should have read, "shanks not feathered down the outer sides, and the outer toes not feathered to the extremities."

As to the twisted wing question—*twisted feathers in wing*," and a "*twisted wing*" (or wings) are two very different things. I am extremely sorry that Y. B. has not yet found that out.

The whole trouble with the Standard— all these defects, oversights, omissions and errors may be laid to just this class of men —young breeders—who, as Josh Billings says "has found out bi sum process that 2 and two alwuss make 4, and then spends his time trying to prove it to the rest ov mankind."

In conclusion, I will quote the words of Hon. Edward Everett, in his reply to the British minister, some years since. "Sarcasm is not argument; if it were, we might use it as effectively as your lordship."

Yours, Editor P. B.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE LAW OF TRUTH, RIGHT, AND BEAUTY.

A few days ago the following sentence in the editorial department of the "Journal" caught my eye. "The old prejudice of one hundred years ago, covering a man like a mantle, with a degree of disgrace, who was known to be a fancier of birds and agile pets generally, is fast being dissipated" etc. As I read this, my mind went back to the time of my childhood—not a hundred years ago, nor one third of that—when the fancier of thorough-bred poultry, pigeons or rabbits, was supposed at least, not to be quite such a common-sense, practical man as his less enthusiastic neighbor, even if not really having "a bee in the bonnet" or "a maggot in the brain."

But my recollections left me not with these reflections; they led to a brighter side of that picture, and I fell to thinking of the true condition of mind necessary to the successful breeding of any pet stock, and the habits of patient study and observation cultivated by it. Something like this was the course of thought which almost involuntarily my mind followed. Law is the great fact of all facts in this universe with which we have to deal, and the important thing to be known. This being true, that thing is valuable to man which leads him directly to a knowledge of law. The breeding of thorough-bred stock leads directly to this knowledge; therefore the breeding of fancy, or thorough-bred stock is a valuable employment of man's time. But if this is too syllogistic, let us look at the matter more in detail, and in speaking of fancy breeding as a valuable use of time, I shall refer more to its value to youth than to adults.

The need of a knowledge of law is seen in every department of life. In science, the student or experimenter finds himself at once face to face with the unchanging laws of nature, and the first lesson he learns is that if he would find the truth of what he examines he must work in accordance with law, and not against it. In fact, all the truth that he finds is law, law as seen in the established relations of elements and things. Science is the sphere of exact truth, and in so far as the scientist is trained in perceiving law, so far is he a successful worker in his sphere of labor.

Nor is this less true of the man who works in the sphere of morals or right. All our experience teaches us that true society is that in which a law of order prevails. Just as the elements of nature harmoniously exist by law to make some organic whole, just as the words of the poem, or the colors of the picture are grouped by a law of order to represent some central idea of beauty, so is it with the organic whole of society, so is it with the true "poetry of life," and that picture of humanity, whose blending tints and colorings gladden the eye.

The same thing is also true in the sphere of beauty. The artist finds that his inspection serves him in so far as it prompts him to discern the law of beauty. The very idea which leads him on is that vision of the higher relations which in itself is the divine revealing of true nature. His genius originates and works by law, that law of habit which transmitted becomes instinct.

Law is then the great fact we find in life, and one of the most important questions of education is, how shall we best learn of this secret order or law of nature? Can we learn it in any other way than by dealing with it through experience; by becoming acquainted with it at first hand? Is even the moral law best taught us by wordy precepts and homilies? He learns it most truly and effectively who learns most truly how to observe the life about him. Good-boy stories, rewards of merit, and sugared rules never take the child into the depths of that sublime order and harmony of law which will encompass him all his life, aiding him if he works with it, crushing him if he works against it. Into the secret counsels of all-wise and loving nature, he only is admitted who lays off the earthly sandals of conceit and sees that even the bush beside him grows out of holy ground. If a child can see what there really is in bird and bush, in flower, pebble and stone, he sees all depths of life and being, he reads the law of relations in this all-pervading harmony of the universe, and in it—not outside of it—catches glimpses of that Eternal Spirit whose life throbs in his own.

But what has this to do with the breeding of fancy stock? Why, simply this: Fancy stock, or more properly thorough-bred stock, is only successfully bred by the closest study of law, and the closest adherence to it in every step of the pursuit. Moreover, fancy stock has a charm and power over the minds of all lovers of the beautiful in living forms, which holds both child and adult to his work with strong attracting power. It offers no dull test to which some penalty must be appended in case of neglect, but it charms the observer, and draws rather than drives him into essential knowledge. It works by the power of love rather than fear, yet this very love outside him is the mother of fear within his own breast, and reveals penalties that cut deeper than the lash. What more awful to the young breeder than the sickness, death, or careless loss of a pet pigeon, or rabbit. What more mortifying than vermin in his chicken coop, or foul air in his rabbit hutch! His conscience reproves him of neglect, and amidst those experiences a true conscience is every day cultivated. Yes, and that true knowledge of the conditions of success in any enterprise is daily acquired. Does he not know how to breed his pigeons true to a feather; and does he not learn patience, perseverance, and carefulness in this? Why that disqualifying color in these young birds? He will find out. I find that "blood tells," even down to the third and fourth generation. I confess that, when a boy, the Scripture passage, "the sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children, to the third and fourth generation" was alway misunderstood by me until I bred pigeons. They furnished me with a better commentary than the big books I handled.

Now the wee word that I have to say to parents is this. Don't leave the education of your children wholly to the common school, nor yet to the Sunday-school, or the learning of moral precepts.

Let them go to work on the problems of life themselves, and find out the laws of nature by experience and observation. Every boy loves animals, and this love is often a sanctifying influence in his life. It will not only draw out the tender side of his nature, but the stern also; for it will teach him to bravely meet difficulties and discouragements, and to win success over them by conformity to law. Aid him too, yourself, so that he shall have clearly before him a good type to breed towards, and so that his attention may be called to the little prosy details of care which his enthusiasm may be tempted to overlook. When he can successfully and profitably breed poultry and pigeons, he has learned something that will serve him all his life, and which he cannot learn except by experience. It will teach him also, lessons in morality. There is a direct connection between the laws which govern the successful raising of pigeons or rabbits, and the eternal law of right. It will keep him also out of bad company, and furnish employment for those heavy hours of idleness, when temptation most powerfully assails him. I well remember the interest which I took in such employment, and the part it played in my true education. Let parents then give their boys a chance to keep some sort of pet stock, and they will find it pays. It is a profitable investment for themselves, and if the youngsters get as much pleasure out of the occupation as did the writer it will be profitable to them.

W. G. TODD.

FRIZZLED FOWLS.

"Friesland" fowls is a name often applied to this breed of fowls, although on what foundation has never been satisfactorily accounted for, as this breed is not confined to one particular country, it being found in nearly every part of the world. Close observers of all the Asiatic breeds, but more especially the Cochins and Brahmas, have not failed to notice that feathers in the neck hackles have a tendency to twist, and this defect has been called by fanciers "twisted hackles." Several causes are assigned for this defect, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate, but of this we are quite certain, that twisted hackles have a strong tendency to become hereditary, so much so that experienced breeders do not hesitate to say that by mating together such defective hackled birds, partly frizzled fowls would be sure to be produced. Hence the breed of frizzled fowls is not indigenous to any country. Apart from these, however, there is now a distinct breed of frizzled fowls which breed true to feather and markings, and are of different colors of plumage, some white, others brown or partridge colored, and some black. White is the most usual color shown in England, but black is by some breeders considered the handsomest bird.

Nearly all frizzled fowls have neat rose combs and short dark legs. The chief peculiarity is, however, in the plumage, every feather being curled back in the wrong direction, as if the bird had been roughly stroked the wrong way, and presents a most grotesque appearance. The tail feathers are not recurved like those on the body, but the webs are loose and disconnected. From the loose and unprotected character of the plumage they are said to be rather susceptible to cold or wet, and therefore have the reputation of being delicate, and this would seem reasonable, although breeders who have kept them for years, do not endorse that statement. Mrs. Taylor, of Ardgillan Castle, Balbriggan, Ireland, writing in the "Illustrated Book of Poultry" says:

"I have kept White Frizzled fowls now for seven or eight years, and think them a most useful and profitable variety. They are always first to lay in the autumn, which I attribute to their early moulting—my poultry woman writes me from home that they are all featherless already (June 10th). They are also excellent mothers, and from their feathers being nothing but fluff, they always seem to keep their eggs warmer than other hens when sitting. They have a very marked power to reproduce their peculiarities—the turned back feather and rose comb—even when several times crossed with other breeds. I have also remarked that although the parent birds in my pure bred runs are all white, a jet black chicken has often been produced; which fact and the observations of Captain Tollemache in the Mauritius, led me to believe that the black is not an original variety. The first I ever possessed came from a farmer in Westmeath, and at that time they were common both in that county and in Cavan. I have since tried to obtain some from that locality, but they are nearly extinct, and I could not meet with any true bred specimens. My first birds were not pure white, but each feather had very delicate penciling of gray, which Captain Tollemache states is the general color of the Mozambique fowl in the Mauritius. By always selecting the whitest birds, my stock is now pure white, but a black chick still occasionally appears. I consider them the most valuable fowls I possess. They are excellent for the table, and even a hen two years old gives very white meat, and much more tender than that of any other variety. The smallness of their bones also makes them desirable for the table. They seldom or never want to sit, and are, to my taste, very ornamental. They are very hardy, and the chicks easily reared. They are also slow in feathering; and therefore require to run long with the hen, but on the other hand there is no harbor for vermin."

Captain Tollemache, to whom reference is made by Mrs. Taylor, in the same publication writes "The Hurricane Fowls," as they are there (Mauritius) called, are very common, especially in the best camps of the Malibars. The name arose from the happy idea of their progenitor being caught in a hurricane, and so having their feathers all blown the wrong way. They are natives of that part of the African coast opposite Madagascar, hence I should say the proper name would be the Madagascar fowl. Their color is generally brown, but I have seen them in much brighter colors, each feather being barred with brown and yellow, giving the appearance of shot silk. I never saw them white. I have bred them myself, but am sorry to say that I did not then observe their habits and peculiarities very closely. I can, however, say that they were very good layers, laying a nice egg, and also very good eating. They are also very careful and excellent bringers-up of a young family."

Naturalists state that the Frizzled Fowl is to be found throughout Southern Asia, Java, Sumatra, and the Philippines. It is also to be found in Ceylon, but is said not to be a native of that place, having been brought there from Batavia. It is also stated to be found in the West Indies. The chief point to be observed in breeding these fowls is neatness in the frizzled plumage, and in choosing stock birds this point should not be lost sight of.—*Canada Farmer.*

Mr. Henn was promoted at a recent political convention in Illinois, and greatly assisted in laying resolutions on the table.

The *Alabama Planter* complains that its little garden-patch was unprofitable last season: "The snails ate up the cucumbers; the chickens ate up the snails; the neighbors' cats ate up the chickens, and we are now in search of something that will eat up the cats!"

BUGS, WORMS AND CHICKEN CHOLERA.—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* says: "We have noticed that whenever the chickens follow the plow, and gorge themselves with bugs and worms, soon cholera breaks out among them. Our remedy is:—To one gallon of sour milk, add a tablespoonful of powdered alum, set it in shallow vessels, where the chickens can drink as often as they choose. We have used this remedy for the last three years, and none of our chickens die with cholera, when we attend to it in time."

Pigeon Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"PIGEON RACES."

New York, June 6th, 1876.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

In your Journal of June the 1st I see an account of three pigeon races. One from Wilmington to Philadelphia, the other from Newark to Philadelphia, and the third race was between three of my birds, and five of the Philadelphia fanciers', their birds flying from North East 52 miles on the Baltimore road, and mine flying from Trenton, 56 miles on the Philadelphia road.

In regard of the first race, I don't know anything about it. The second race from Newark to Philadelphia, in which race Mr. James Grist won the 1st prize in 1 hour 90 seconds. Mr. Buckley the 2d prize in 1 hour 16 minutes, and Mr. Woods the 3d prize in 1 hour 22 minutes. There must certainly have occurred a mistake either in Mr. Thomas Grist's letter, or in the time keeping when the birds arrived, as there is not, or never was a pigeon in Philadelphia, who can fly the distance from Newark to Philadelphia in one hour 90 seconds. Newark is about 80 miles from Philadelphia instead of 40 miles, as Mr. Grist says in his letter.

Now in regard to the third race, in which three of my birds flew, and five of the Philadelphia fanciers'. This race did not come off in a fair way at all, although not with any bad intention on the part of the Philadelphia fanciers' I think. I will explain, Mr. Editor, the bad management of the race, and you will see as well as your numerous readers, that my birds flew under the greatest disadvantages.

The 6th of May, the day of the race, the weather was very cloudy, and as is often or generally the case, it grew gradually clearer coming towards noontime, in fact at 12 o'clock the atmosphere was clear and free from all haziness. Our conditions were that my birds should fly at the same hour that those of Philadelphia should fly, and with an intermission of fifteen minutes between each bird. My first bird was tossed at 9:30, my second at 9:45, and my third at 10 o'clock, while Mr. James Grist's birds were tossed, the first at 10:15, the second at 10:30, and the third at 10:45, or each bird three quarters of an hour later than mine. Now, sir, my first tossed bird was my good Silver Dun Cock, Jupiter, who won the gold medal and the silver cup last year, my second tossed was a blue hen, also always one of my swiftest birds to come home from any voyage, and who won first last year from Monmouth Junction, and my third tossed one was a blue cock who flew from Philadelphia last year. My two first tossed birds came home together at 11:54, and my third tossed bird came home at 11:54½. Trenton being 56 miles from New York, and a bird being able to fly a mile in 1 minute, that is with clear weather and favorable wind, my birds ought to have arrived in about one hour, had the weather not been cloudy. The arrival of my birds, all three coming home so to say together, proves that they all three had to fly until after 11 o'clock before the weather was sufficiently cleared up to find their destination, as my two first tossed birds, who flew from Trenton two days before in 1 hour and 5 minutes, needed now the 1st, 2 hours 24 minutes, the 2d, 2 hours and nine minutes, and my 3d 1 hour and 54 minutes. Is this not conclusive enough to show, and plainly too, that if Mr. Grist's birds had flown at the same time, and in the same atmosphere, the result of the race would have been different altogether?

I have protested against the management of the race, and have requested to have it flown over again; but as I was persuaded by my friend T. Grist, that it was not of the Philadelphia fanciers' fault, that their birds flew three-quarters of an hour later than mine, but that it was on account of the train being behind time; and as I had won from the Philadelphia fanciers in three consecutive races last year, I have dropped the matter, and we have now made an arrangement to fly another match on the 27th of this month, from Easton, Pennsylvania, which is about 85 miles from New York, and also about the same distance from Philadelphia. Which will make this race a fair one in every respect, is that Easton lays in about the same direction from New York as from Philadelphia, and as the birds will all be tossed in the same time, with nearly the same wind and in the same atmosphere there will be no advantage for the one bird against the other. This is after the Belgian style, and their long year's experience the Belgians have in training and racing pigeons, should be taken in consideration, and followed here. I have spoken with several American and English fanciers of homing birds, and all concur in the letting loose of all the birds together in a prize race. Mr. Waefelaer of Hoboken, N. J., will make the entry fee from currency in gold, that is to say that if twenty birds are entered at $5 per bird, there will be one huudred dollars prizes, which amount Mr. Waefelaer will change from currency in gold.

Mr. Thomas Grist, in the name of the Philadelphia fanciers proposed that we should fly our birds from Easton and their's from about the same distance on the Baltimore road. I wrote Mr. Waefelaer about it, and see here his answer; he says: "The Philadelphia fanciers are unjust; I think it very reasonable that in a concourse or race the pigeons should be let loose all together at once, just as it is done in Europe; and the South East route, in which direction Easton lays, I believe, both from New York and Philadelphia, has its advantages just as well as his disadvantages for one party as for another."

Any fancier acquainted with the racing and flying of the homing Antwerps, must see the correctness of Mr. Waefelaer's remarks, and I request some of the fanciers to express their views in this Journal.

Besides the premium, Mr. Waefelaer offers to make the prizes gold instead of currency. I will give the Philadelphia fanciers a chance to win back the silver cup which I won from them last year, and I will also give them a chance to win back the $25 which I won from them last fall by forfeit in the intended Philadelphia and Baltimore race, challenging any Philadelphia fancier for this amount in the Easton race of the 27th.

I trust then that this race will come off in a straight and forward way, and certainly Mr. Waefelaer and myself will do all what lays in our power to arrange things that no reason of complaint will be left to any one, and that the quickest bird will win the prize of honor, as also the first money prize, and the other swiftest birds the other prizes.

Trusting Mr. Editor that you will give the above a place in the next issue of your going ahead paper, I remain yours respectfully,

John Van Opstal,
4 Lewis St., N. Y.

What sort of fish does the hen like? Answer—The perch.

THE

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CORRECTION.

In No. 20 of our paper, in the article "The Bulletin and our Standard," the quotation "the outer toes being well feathered thereof," should read "being well feathered to *the ends* thereof."

THIRD AND LAST CALL.

Will the few members of the A. P. A., who have *not* favored me with their card photographs, (*especially* those who have *written* they desired to be represented in the group, and *would soon send &c.*,) please do so? I am very anxious all should be in.

Address, G. O. BROWN,
BROOKLANDVILLE, MD.

IMPORTATION.

Arrived by steamer Adriatic, June 6th, a trio of White Crested Black Polands, for Andrew Sugden of this city, from Mr. Henry Belden, England, price paid, fifteen guineas or about $90. Think of that, ye that think $25 a large sum for a good pair. Mr Belden says that it would be very difficult to get another trio in England equally as good in every respect. He recommends covered runs for this breed, in which advice we coincide, as nothing injures their health more than being exposed in damp, wet places.

ISHMAEL; OR, IN THE DEPTHS,—Is the name of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's best work, just published in book form, for the first time, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. It is said to be the best work ever written by Mrs. Southworth, and has never before been published except in the "New York Ledger," in which paper it was issued many years since, under the name of "Self-Made; or, Out of the Depths." Mrs. Southworth, in the preface to "Ishmael," says: "This story, in book form, has been called for by thousands, during several years past, but the author has reserved it until 1876, as her contribution to the Centennial; not only because she considers it to be her very best work, but because it is peculiarly a National Novel, being founded on the life and career of one of the noblest of our countrymen, who really lived, suffered, toiled, and triumphed in this land; one whose inspirations of wisdom and goodness were drawn from the examples of the heroic warriors and statesmen of the Revolution, and who, having by his own energy, risen from the deepest obscurity to the highest fame, became in himself an illustration of the elevating influences of our Republican Institutions. "In the Depths," he was born indeed—in the very depths of poverty, misery, and humiliation. But through Heaven's blessing on his aspirations and endeavors, he raised himself to the summit of fame. He was good as well as great. His goodness won the love of all who knew him intimately. His greatness gained the homage of the world. He became, in a word, one of the brightest stars in Columbia's diadem of light. His identity will be recognized by those who were familiar with his early personal history; but for obvious reasons, his real name must be veiled under a fictitious one here. His life is a guiding star to the youth of every land, to show them that there is no depth of human misery from which they may not, by virtue, energy, and perseverance, rise to earthly honors, as well as to eternal glory." It is published in a large duodecimo volume of over seven hundred pages, bound in morocco cloth, gilt back price $1.75, and is for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of it will be sent to any one, at once, on their remitting the price of it in a letter, to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INFORMATION WANTED.

EDITOR FANCIERS' JOURNAL:

If it is not asking too much, would some one who knows, tell how to make a food suitable for soft-billed birds?

Yours respectfully,
R. I. W.

INCUBATOR.

MR. JOS. M. WADE:

DEAR SIR,—In No. 16, of the JOURNAL, I gave an account of an incubator that I have been trying; invented by Chas. B. Jaques. Have given it two trials. At the first I found chicks in all the eggs but four, which were not impregnated. Some of the chicks picked the shell, then died. Others came out themselves, but more I picked out. Have good healthy chicks from first experiment. I filled it again with very large eggs procured from another party, (my ideas were large) and also put in one Brown Leghorn egg. Kept heat better than at first trial—hatched but one chick, and that my Brown Leghorn. I told the party, from whom I received the eggs, of my success, and by way he laughed, think it was a "put up job" on me. Shall try the incubator again, using my own eggs.

Yours, JOHN H. BISHOP.
NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS., May 18, 1876.

"YOUNG BREEDER."

DEAR JOURNAL:

I have been amused, if not edified by the learned articles that have appeared from time to time from the pens of Young Breeder and his opponents. But my dear Journal will your many readers call me thick-headed if I say I cannot see where the benefit to the poultry fraternity comes in? Would not your readers be the better pleased if those communications were thoroughly pruned? And would it not be an exemplification of a part of your motto, "For all?" It seems to me that writers in the poultry journals are too prone to rush madly into print without due consideration. Their effusions are replied to and the controversy frequently ends in "You did," "I didn't." I am happy to say that you, dear Journal, are not much inclined to countenance that class of writers. And now in all candor, with malice to none, I ask if this tends to the upbuilding of the poultry interests, and the elevation

and moralizing of the fraternity? If so, then should this be replied to, and I be termed thick-headed, the appellation will be received in all meekness and humility.

Yours &c. Pro Bono Publico.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

GREAT AND SMALL.

A sparrow, twittering by a door,
Seemed to a lark up-soaring high,
His anthem at heaven's gate to pour,
In rich rejoicing melody,
A poor dull thing, unworthy birth,
A voiceless cumberer of the earth.

But by the cottage window lay
A little sickly, pining child;
The lark was all too far away,
She could not hear his rapture wild;
But loved to listen all day long
The sparrow's little twittering song.

Thus lark and sparrow equally
Had fitting service duly given—
The one to pour, in rapture high,
His soul in music meet for heaven;
The other by its twittering,
To soothe a lone child's suffering.

And, knowing this, I will not fear
My song, however faint, to sing;
It may be to some suffering ear
Some note of mine may comfort bring;
In God's great world there's room for all—
For lark and sparrow, great and small.

—*S. S. in Sunday at Home.*

Annuals, Biennials, and Perennials.

—The term "annual" is given to those plants which grow, flower, seed, and die within the same year.

—"Biennials" are those plants that do not flower until the second season, and, after blooming, die.

—"Perennials" are those that do not generally bloom until the second year, but continue to bloom for years, and may be propagated by a division of the roots.

—A Seige Raised by a Pig.—During the seige of Edessa by the Persians, an immense elephant bearing on his back a lofty tower filled with archers, advanced like a terrible machine, from the top of which poured a continuous shwer of darts and arrows. There was great danger of the wall being escaladed at this spot, when a Roman soldier took it into his head to suspend a pig by a cord, and angle it before the eleplant. This animal appeared amazed at the horrible noise made by the suspended pig, and retreated in such haste as to place his masters' troops in danger. The citizens sallied forth, the Persians were routed and the seige was over.

J. M. McCann.

—Manx Cats.—Your correspondent, P. Welch, asks for some information as to the native place and origin of the Manx or no-tailed Cats, and speaks of a race or family of them in Japan; a statement which, while I do not dispute it, I have never heard or read of before; neither wild or domestic animals, except the dog, are numerous in that strange land.

How the singular variety of the domestic cat without a tail came about, is extremely doubtful, or where it first appeared. Both are enigmas which have yet to be so ved, and a correct answer given. The Manx Cat is not blessed with the "fatal gift of beauty" by any means. A black one with glaring eyes, red eyelids, and stump tail, is a most uncouthly looking beast which would seem to have been made especially to be the familiar of the ancient sorcerers, and I should not be surprised to learn that the Witch of Endor had one of the no-tailers to accompany her upon her nocturnal excursions. There's no trusting to appearances, however, as your correspondent gives his family of tail less felines, a very good character. As I write I glance my eye upon a most savage rascal with a miserable apology for a tail, and feel thankful that he is—a *painted* one, closely confined in a walnut frame, and *suspended* over my book-case. Were he alive, I should not want him quite so near me, notwithstanding the "love and confidence" Mr. Welch says his race may be made to possess.

Huon.

—The second week in April was very cold and stormy throughout Great Britian, with much snow. Many of the migratory birds had arrived, and they suffered greatly. The swallow and martins were so exhausted by cold and lack of food that they could hardly fly, and might have been killed by the dozen. Several were seen floating upon ponds in the morning at one place, which indicates that a great number must have succumbed to the inclemency of the weather. Gulls have been seen in great numbers many miles from the sea. Wall fruit and pear trees suffered much, and raspberries, and in some places potatoes, were completely cut up.—*Forest & Stream.*

—The power of serpents to charm birds and small animals is now admitted by eminent naturalists; I dont believe that *all* snakes possess this power. Have never heard of any species of water-snake attempting to exert it. As their food consists principally of frogs and fish, the gift would be a useless one to them. I have often seen birds pursuing snakes, darting down almost upon their very heads and yet they made no effort to use their power of charming. May it not be true that serpents possesed of this power only attempt to exercise it when all other means of obtaining food have failed?

A gentleman once told me that he saw a squirrel jumping from tree to tree in a singular manner all the time uttering pitiful and peculiar cries; he soon perceived the head of a large Black Snake (*Coluber Constrictor*) protruding from a hole in the tree, and this it was that seemed to cause the squirrel its uneasiness. He watched them attentively—sometimes the squirrel would leap from tree to tree, a distance of twenty or thirty yards from the serpent, but would always return again and finally passed directly over its head into the hollow of the tree. That the act of the squirrel was involuntary, and that it was drawn to its death by some irresistible power is certain. I once saw a snake of the same species charm a ground squirrel (*Tamias*) and I am convinced that it was not the deadly power of the serpent's eyes alone that enabled it thus to secure its victim. In this instance the squirrel would often retreat to a considerable distance, and could not see the snake, but it returned again and again from seeming safety to certain danger, approaching nearer and nearer having no power to resist until it was seized by the charmer.

J. M. McCann.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKES' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending June 11th, 1876.

13 Horned Toads (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). Presented by Chas. Noble, Phila.
11 Prairie Dogs (*Cynomys ludivicianus*). Born in the garden.
1 Gold-n-naped Amazon (*Chrysotis auripalliata*). Presented by Willie W. Walker, Phila.
1 Wild Cat (*Lynx rufus*). Purchased.
1 Loggerhead Turtle (*Chelonia caretta*). Presented by Jerry Nolan, Phila.
3 Loggerhead Turtles (*C. caretta*). Presented by John Fletcher, Phila.
2 Screech Owls (*Scops asio*). Presented by M. C. Taylor, Toughkenamon, Pa.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen. Sup't.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

NATIONAL SOCIETY OF RABBIT FANCIERS.

Manchester, England, May 12th, 1876.

My Dear Mr. Wade:—

The "National Society of Rabbit Fanciers" is now holding its first grand exhibition, open to general competition, in the bottom Waste Brokers' exchange, in this City.

About two hundred and eighty entries are exhibited from all parts of the country. It is probably the finest exhibition of rabbits ever held. Many great winners at London, and other shows have in consequence to receive second, third or fourth honors, or even less. There are ten regular classes, besides which, a class is provided for litters under ten weeks old, any other variety than the ten named classes, common rabbit, selling class, and a selling class for lops only, making fourteen classes in all. Except in the

class for litters, single specimens only (buck or doe) are exhibited. Perhaps it would be more satisfactory if the funds would allow of it, to have a separate class for each sex. Six classes of the fourteen are for lop-eared rabbits.

Class 1, Lop-eared, self colored, ten entries. The first prize, and gold medal for best rabbit in the show, was taken by one of the best black lops ever seen, a doe whose ears measured twenty-three and seven-eighths inches in length, by five and five eights inches in width—she has large size, good dewlap, and is very fine in carriage, and her catalogue price is £50 sterling. Second is a fawn buck, eight months old, a good all-property rabbit, with ears twenty-three and five-eighths inches by five inches and one-eighth. Third, the largest lop-eared rabbit in the show, a strong, robust, black buck, with gray hairs scattered through his coat—he is excellent in head, eye and carriage, with ears twenty-three and one eighth inches, by five and seven eighths inches. Amongst the rabbits which did not win in this class, was a famous London lop, with ears over twenty-four inches in length—but it has no other quality to recommend it, its width of ears not being in good proportion to the length, whilst its head, body, style and carriage are inferior to many under-sized, common rabbits.

Lop eared, tortoise shell—Fourteeen entries. The prize rabbits in this class were very good throughout in head, eye, and carriage, the does having good dewlaps, a property seldom possessed by a buck rabbit, which often makes it difficult to judge when both sexes compete together. First, a buck, twenty-three and one-fourth inches by five and one-fourth in earage; second, a doe, ears twenty-three by five inches; third, also a doe with ears twenty-two and three-fourths inches by five and one-eighth inches. Fourth, a buck, ears twenty-two and a half by five and one-eighth inches.

Lop-eared, black and white—Eleven entries.—An extraordinary class. First and second were very beautiful does, third and fourth, bucks; earage, first, twenty-three by five and one-half inches; second, twenty-three by five and one-fourth inches; third, twenty-three by five and one-fourth inches; fourth, twenty-two and three-fourths by four and three-fourths inches.

Lop-eared, yellow and white.—Twelve entries.—First, a very grand doe, as superior in head, eye and dewlap as in earage; ears twenty-three by five and one-fourth inches; second, a buck, ears twenty-two and one-fourth by five and one-eighth inches; third, in this class is one of the finest does in the show, although her ears are only twenty-two by five inches. She has about the finest eye and head, with good dewlap, and beautiful carriage, and shows by her robust, healthy appearance that she has not been forced, by being kept in an unnaturally hot room; fourth, a buck, twenty-one and three-fourths by four and three-fourths inches in ears.

Lop-eared, any other color, were principally gray and white, not a fashionable color. First, gray and white, buck, a large rabbit, ears twenty-two and three-fourths inches, by five and one eighth; second, twenty-two and one-eighth by five and one-eighth inches; third, the same in length of ear, but one-eighth less in width.

I have been partlcular in getting the earage of the winners, but the longest eared rabbits did not invariably win, and where they did not win they were invariably cither not mentioned, or did not get higher than a high commendation.

The prize list would also differ very much if the sexes were separated for the reason given above.

Besides the lop-eared classes, are Himalayan, Silver Gray, Belgian Hare, Dutch and Angora.

Himalayan.—21 entries, were a hard class to judge, the points of ears, feet and noses of some of the specimens being so black as to cause a suspicion of their being dyed. This class of rabbits (and a beautiful one it is) is probably bred as near perfect as it ever will be. It is a most popular variety, pure white in body color, with black feet and black tips of ears and nose—or usually a burnt sienna color terminating in a nearly black point.—The difficulty in breeding being to get the points a jet black is a great temptation to some breeders to use a little dye for that purpose.

Silver Grays, 22 entries, a difficult variety to breed perfect; the fur should be dark in color evenly tipped throughout (every hair) with silver. Winter is probably the time for this variety to show to advantage, although great numbers are bred. Where a specimen of this variety wins at one good show, its victory is very likely to be often repeated, which proves the difficulty of breeding them to a high standard.

Belgian Hares, 15 entries. This is a true rabbit, but has a great deal of the appearance of a hare. They are not so large as the Patagonian rabbits, but are next to them in size. The show in this class is nothing extra as an exhibition of large rabbits.

Dutch, 21 entries. This charming variety of rabbit does not show any advance in quality. The specimens that are not too wide in collar or imperfect in blaze, are too large. The society has a good work before it in improving this variety, or in bringing it back small size and good markings. In one of the litters of this variety is the first approach to tortoise-shell Dutch, probably ever seen—not a perfect specimen but a beautiful combination of black, yellow and white.

Angora, 19 entries. The best class outside of the lops. Eight of the nineteen entries were mentioned by the judges. The form of the rabbits, carriage, length, and color of fleece leave little room for improvement.

The largest rabbit in the show was a Patagonian doe in the variety class.

Yours truly,

John. H. Cryer.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 23.

BEARS.

(Ursidæ, Major and Minor.)

In a former paper we have had some talk about the playful little "sun bears," which have a pleasant home in the carnivora house, but we have not as yet tackled a grizzly, black, brown, or even a cinnamon bear, and we now propose to pay a visit to the home of the above bruins, which is in the substantial bear pits in the south-eastern part of the grounds of the Zoological gardens.

These bear pits are three in number, built of stone, in a tasteful and substantial manner, well adapted for the comfort and convenience of the captives therein, and have cost the society about five thousand dollars. They are located in a pleasant position, facing the river walk, where, in the heat of summer, a dense shade from the fine old trees will fall upon the captive animals, sheltering them from the noonday sun.

Not only have the necessities of the bear's life been cared for, but his amusements have also been looked to, and from the centre of the pits rise good solid tree trunks, with plenty of limbs up which bruin may climb, and to the top of which he will quickly mount if you place thereon a piece of honey, or a good big apple. All the bears are great climbers, even grizzly, who has been supposed to be too heavy and clumsy for that kind of work. This is a mistake, as any visitor can see who will enter the garden with some sweet morsel, to tempt grizzly to play—

"Little bye baby, on the tree top."

Allow me, Halchen mio, to introduce to you, Rose Grizzly. She is well worth your notice; there are few animals so widely and deservedly dreaded as the grizzly bear, as it is acknowledged the superior in power to all the animals ranging over North America. The other members of the Ursine family are not given to attacking human beings, unless wounded, or their presence

invaded, but the grizzly is a perfect Ishmael; his "hand is against every man" as soon as he sees him, be he mounted or on foot, armed or unarmed; while his capacity and courage as a "fightist" are so great, that to slaughter one in fair combat, is rather a wonderful achievement on the part of the hunter, and which entitles him to much honor among his fellows.

And yet grizzly is not without his innate fear of man. Though he will attack one without hesitation, yet he seems not bold enough to follow up his track, and if he even comes into a current of air tainted by man's presence, he will escape as fast as his clumsy looking legs will let him, and to the natural instinctive fear of man, more than one hundred has owed his precious life.

In the earlier years of the grizzly (in cubhood, we might say) he can boast of a beautiful fur coat, brown in color, with a dark stripe all down his spine; so thick, long, and shaggy is his fur that it shakes up and down at every step he takes in his ungainly walk or shuffle. As he gets older, however, you cannot depend upon recognizing him by color alone, for it becomes very variable. In some of his race it will be a dullish brown flecked with white hairs; in others the entire fur is of a beautiful steel gray—in every case, however, the grizzled hairs (which give the animal its peculiar name) are very conspicuous, and cause a tendency to whiteness.

All the animals inhabiting the land over which the grizzly ranges stand in fear of him, and his skin even—flesh and bones out of it—will by its sight or scent, frighten some of them "into fits," while the bolder predaceous brutes hold him in such respect that they will not touch anything he has killed, for fear of punishment; the mere imprint of Rose's delicate feet on one of the slopes of her native Rocky Mountains would be a warning a hungry wolf would not be foolish enough to disregard.

The grizzly can be but partially tamed at the best. When quite young he is playful and somewhat amusing in his antics, but he loses his playfulness as he gets older, and being by nature rough in his manners, he is rather a dangerous playfellow, especially when he has grown to his full size, which is about eight feet six inches in length, and nearly the same in girth round his body—as broad as he is long you see—and his weight then should be about eight hundred pounds. Grizzlies have been found west of the Rocky Mountains, larger than this, however.

The "gentle savage" of the Rocky Mountain regions is not much given to fear, or the playing of practical jokes, but there is one joke he is sure to play on the green horn, who comes for the first time into the presence of a dead grizzly. Now, if you will take another look at Rose, you will see that she has an enormous head and a very short tail, and what there is of that caudal appendage, is nearly lost in the thick fur which covers her. Well, when "Red Modoc" wishes to be funny he persuades the "green horn" that he can easily lift the ponderous beast if he will seize it by the tail. Yes, just as the little bird is caught by putting some *fresh salt on its tail.*

Now, allow me to introduce you, Halchen mio, to "Reuben" and his wife, who inhabit the next compartment. "Reub" and his wife are black, (*Ursus Americanus*) and therefore entitled to "civil rights" just now. "Reub" was presented to the garden by his "holiness" the much-married Brigham Young, prophet and ruler of a "peculiar people." "Reub's tribe it is which furnishes "bear steak and grease." "Bear steak" is toothsome to those who love pork, which "abomination" it much resembles in taste, so much so that the dealers out West, when they find the bear market overstocked, sell it for hog, but are not always able to keep the new "Plymouth commandment"—"Thou shalt not be found out!"

The black bear is much more easily tamed than the grizzly, and not near so dangerous, though he will commit murder if he gets a chance. Indeed I fear "Reub" has done something worse—murder I know he has committed. Did not an unfortunate young cub of his own tribe, offend him by seizing an apple to which "Reub" thought he had no right or claim? Not the first apple which has caused trouble. (Woe's me! that so delicious, useful and innocent fruit should cause moral as well as physical death!) Well, did not Reub with one dash and crunch break the poor fellow's neck? Aye, did he—and then—(O! horrible to relate) were not twins born unto him, and did they not disappear—vanish away, leaving not a trace behind, not a feather nor bone? Now, bears will eat their children, but who did this deed of infanti-*beara* cide—whether one or both of these cruel "parients"—can never be known, but well might one exclaim with the sublime poet—

"If so soon they were thus done for,
We wonder what they were begun for."

It is certain that bears are not particular as to their diet; being omnivorous, everything is "fish which comes to their net," but there are two things the bear dearly loves, and which he will risk much to get—namely, honey and young pig!—separately, he takes them, however, and his love for the honey has cost him many a bunged eye and swollen lip by bee stings, while for the love of the pig, more than one bear has yielded up his life. A sucking pig, when seized by a bear, is very apt to let the fact be known in a succession of very loud, if not musical squeals, which squeals are very likely to fall upon the ears of piggy's owner. Then "fire irons" are taken down—dogs are let loose—their furious baying soon sends bear to tree, when rifles very quickly settle the account of poor bruin.

The brown bear and the cinnamons, which occupy apartments in the pits, are but varieties of the black bear. The cinnamons are the most playful of the "pitites," and not being so heavy as their neighbors, are much more expert in climbing their trees. A few years ago, "cinnamon" had no particular reason to love the ladies very much, for many a one "bit the dust" that its rich brown fur might trim their pelisses, mantles, jackets and other feminine fixin's." Then, a first-class cinnamon's skin was cheap at two hundred dollars, but one day Dame Fashion said, "take the skin of another animal to beautify yourselves with, ladies," and she pointed to the "white thighed" monkey; poor Jocko had a hard time after, though the "cinnamons" lived longer, and the best skin at this day is not worth more than twenty dollars, instead of two hundred.

Bruin seems a toper by nature! I never knew a tame bear that would not drink whiskey—if he could get it! The proprietor of the "Old Log Cabin" on the Wissahickon, (years ago, before any one ever dreamed of a park) had, among quite a collection of various animals, a large black bear, which loved whiskey so well, that without his "tap," he was very troublesome and quite un*bear*able, and his visitors, to watch his antics, used to stand treat to him very often. When "half seas over," bruin would leer, smile, grunt, roll about from side to side, and by turns be loving or savage. One day, the unfortunate brute came to a suddden and unnatural death. He was decidedly tipsy, when some fellow, (more of a brute than he) gave him a porter bottle containing a considerable quantity of whiskey, well corked up, as part of the fun was to see the bear extract the cork, a business which he seemed to thoroughly understand. Now whether the *bear* was too tight, or whether the *cork* was too tight, cannot be told, but by some means the bottle slipped down the poor beast's throat; there it stuck, and before relief could be obtained, bruin had choked to death—a warning to all bears to abstain from whiskey and whiskey bottles, unless the cork is first extracted.

Huon.

The word honey is undoubtedly derived from the Hebrew *ghoneg*, which means delight; an appropriate name.

A CUNNING COON.

"Once a week" tells the following entertaining story of a shrewd coon the author met with some years ago, in America. He says:

"I was down South, and had dealings in cotton and sugar, doing a little bit of duck shooting for a change, in the lagoons, where I also fished (?) for hideous little alligators, abominations for which I had a most wholesome hatred.

One day Pete, a gentleman of ebony countenance, opal eyeballs and ivory teeth, a thoroughly merry darkey who was my companion in many a fishing trip, came grinning up to me with some thing tied up in a pocket handkerchief, and on opening it there rolled out a furry-looking little animal, which proved to be a half-grown raccoon, one which, on arriving at maturity, was as tame and companionable as a dog. He was a handsome little fellow, in his dusky gray coat, white ringed tail and a patch here and there of white. But it is not of his personal appearance that I wish to tell, but his antics and tricks. In the former he resembled a kitten in the way in which he would roll over, curve his tail, or seize my hand to pretend to bite it; in the latter he was A 1 in the cunning he displayed. Peter used to say it came natural to him, but I have my suspicions that it was my black friend who taught "Dick," as I called him, to drink rum and water and get hopelessly intoxicated thereon; to find oysters on the shore with their shells open, and with one rapid dash of the paw, scoop out the mollusk without getting caught.

Another of "Dick's" games was land-crab hunting, and he would chase the crawling objects to their holes, or hunt out the said holes, and then inserting his paw, he would fish the crab out, seize him in his mouth, avoiding the nippers, and then—scrunch!—it was all over with the crab, while "Dick" sat blinking with his bright eyes in thorough enjoyment.

There was not much to be done with "Dick" during the day, when he would tuck his nose in the warm fur between his legs, curl up and sleep like a top; and it was not until evening, that he would become lively.

Take him down to a lagoon on a moonlight night, and "Dick" would be in his glory. He would scuffle out to an overhanging bough, then thoroughly assimilate himself with it by crouching so close that you could hardly make him out; and then he would allow his busy tail to drop into the water, moving it very softly about, and waiting for a bite.

He would not wait long as a rule, for over and over again I have stood and watched him, till I have become aware of a slight movement in the water, when, with a spring that was like lightning, "Dick" would throw himself ashore and in nine cases out of ten with a crab tight hold of his bushy tail.

Then there would be a slight scuffle, "Dick" would sit up on his hind legs, with the captive that had tried hard to regain the water, hold his prey in his fore paws, and crunch him up with the greatest of zest, before going to fish for another.

But they were not crabs which always came to "Dick's" fishing tackle. Before now a little alligator of some eighteen inches long has seized it, and been shaken off by "Dick," who evidently did not wish for a nearer acquaintance. The other creatures attracted were a kind of turtle—alligator turtles we called them—hideous little creatures, and with a very small carapace, and a long snaky-looking head and neck, armed with a bird-like, nipping mouth; I detested the things, placing them next to alligators; but "Dick" liked them, for there seemed to be a good deal of succulent food contained between their shells. These fellows were very easily attracted to "Dick's" tail upon his fishing expeditions; they bit readily, but the result was not all that could be desired.

"Dick" would be crouching on a tree trunk, close over one of the silent, oily-looking reed-fringed pools, when suddenly, as I watched, a snaky-like head would rise out of the water, followed by a lumpy shell. Then another and another would be thrust up, and the owners would silently paddle to the moving fur, look at it intently for a few moments, and then one would make a grab.

Evidently knowing his customers, "Dick" would wait patiently to let him get hold fast before making his spring. Then off he would go for the shore or the shallows, with as big a bounce as his muscles would sustain; but as a rule the result was only a loud splash, the turtle fell back into the water, and "Dick" had to resume his tactics, and generally without success till a crab came, when, with a short bark of delight, the clever little animal would set to and feast.

When however, by chance "Dick" did succeed in getting his prey ashore, there was no fight shown beyond one sharp snap made by the turtle, one easily avoided by "Dick," who would seize the reptile by the back of the neck, and drag the soft part piecemeal from between the shells; for if he were not sharp over his work a task was in store for him, the turtle giving up all hope of reaching the water, and retiring within his hard leathery carapace.

"Dick" afforded me many an hour's amusement; but one evening, when I had him out, he must have been seized with a desire for freedom. He darted off into the undergrowth—as I thought in pursuit of something, and he never came back. Domesticity was all very well; but "Dick's" motto was evidently, "A life in the woods for me."

A New Hampshire cat has distinguished herself. A canary-bird belonging to her mistress recently escaped and flew out of doors. All attempts to recapture it proved useless, and it soon flew out of sight. Three days afterward the cat brought the bird into the house and laid it, safe and sound, at the feet of its owner.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc, etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

GEO. M. WONSON, East Gloucester, Mass., has several trios of Aylesbury Ducks to exchange for Silver-Spangled Hamburgs, White-crested White Polands, and Golden Sebright Bantams. My Ducks are very fine, and laying nicely.

JOSEPH REBMEISTER, Batavia, N. Y., will exchange one pair Red Tumblers, also one Crested Male Fan Tail, one White female Jacobin, for one pair of Turbits. I want good birds.

C. M. BOYNTON, Concord, N. H., will exchange Buff Cochins and White Leghorns, in "trios or singly," for a Lawn Mower, or for Gas Fixtures, ornamental ones. Stock first-class. Address as above.

C. H. WILCOX, Earlville, Madison Co., N. Y., wants to exchange some of the following fowls for a pair of Ferrets, one year old, or Berkshire Pigs, (pedigree stock,) one trio B. B. Red Game, one trio Derby Games, one pair of Duckwing Games, one pair of Partridge Cochins, one pair Silver-spangled Hamburgs, four Duckwing Game Bantam cocks. Fowls one and two years old. Health, true to name, and well marked.

PHILIP ROGERS, Baltimore, Md., will exchange six or eight Light Brahma cockerels, last June's hatch, first-class birds, for pullets of same variety.

WM. P. SEAL, 622 Arch St., Philadelphia, wants to exchange fine specimens of Selenite from Nova Scotia, and of Cryolite, containing specimens of Galena; Siderite, and Sulphuret of Iron, from Greenland, for specimens of ores or other minerals. What offers?

GEO. W. DIXON, Worcester, Mass., will exchange imported Lops, Buck, 21x5, value $25.00; Buck, 20x4½, value $20.00; Doe, 20x4½, value $20.00; Doe, 18x4½, value $12.00. Pair of Himalayans, valued $10.00—6 in all, for $40.00 cash, or merchandise at full value of each animal. White and Colored Guinea Pigs, and 2 pair young Lops, for most anything excepting live stock.

A. C. HELTZELL, 807 North 2d St., St. Louis, Mo, will exchange Gray Foxes, single or in pairs, not akin, and two to four months old, for B. B. R. Games, or a male Black and Tan Terrier pup, or offers. All letters promptly answered.

GEO. W. SCHEFFER, No. 21 South 2d St., Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange a young Coach Slut, 4 months old—she is a beauty; also 3 Light Brahma hens, pair of fine Peacocks, 1 pair of pure white Muscovy Ducks, they are large and of good stock; also small printing press, for Fancy Pigeons. Make me an offer. Speak quick.

BOX 489, Middletown, Ct., will exchange a Liver and White Pointer, 16 months old, fairly trained—a staunch dog; for an English Setter, well broke.

JOHN D. WHITE, Chicopee, Mass., will exchange a fine cockerel and one or two pullets Partridge Cochins, for a pair or trio of Golden-penciled Hamburg pullets. First-class birds wanted.

HERBERT LODER, Box 638, Stamford, Conn., would like to exchange a few good White Leghorn hens, for Plymouth Rock hens of same quality.

JOHN KNOX, No. 9, Pleasant St., Hartford, Conn., would like to exchange choice White Leghorn Eggs, for Eggs of some well-known reliable strain of Brown Leghorns.

J. F. FERRIS, Hartford, Conn., would like to exchange a policy of Life Insurance in one of the best companies in the country, for a good horse and buggy. Write for particulars.

ROOM 7, P. O. Building, Hartford, Conn., would like some fine American Song Birds, or Canaries, with cages, in exchange for choice selected eggs of most any variety. Write on Postal Cards, or any other cards. Double quick.

JOHN D. WHITE, Chicopee, Mass., will give fine young pair of Yellow Barbs, with pearl eyes and short face, for a pair of choice young Duns of same breed and same qualifications, or pair of Dun Carriers.

J. B. TUCKERMAN, Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y., will exchange one pair Pouters for pair Tumblers, one trio Golden Polish and one pair Silkies for Scotch Terrier or Newfoundland dog pup, or offers in anything else but live stock. All correspondence answered.

SMITH & BRO., Stony Brook, N. Y., will exchange one pair of Blue Wing Turbits, one pair of Gold Sebrights, Silver Duckwing Bantams, for American Dominique, Polands, Hamburgs.

J. H. PHILLIPS, Coventry, N. Y., will exchange one Red Jacobin cock, 1st premium bird, for pair of Black or White Fantails. Must be good birds.

G. W. SEYBOLD, 23 Rowland St., Newark, N. J., will exchange a Red Setter Dog (broken); also a Cockers Spaniel, and a White Spitz bitch, for White Leghorns or Fancy Pigeons. What offers?

G. A. WIDMER, Rochester, N. Y., will exchange Himalayan and Angora Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, Prairie Dogs, Prairie Squirrels, Ferrets, White Game Bantams, and Ring-Neck Doves, for Flour, Screenings, Peterson's Coin Book, pure Black Lop-eared Doe, Standard of Excellence, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, or a Modern Atlas. Do'nt be afraid (if it is from Rochester.)

ALFARD, 17 Clinton Place, New York, exchanges splendid Ferrets, imported Brass Back and Pile Game cocks, pair of Pea fowls, fine red Jacobin cocks, imported glass case Watches, new and warranted, for Berkshire, Yorkshire, Poland China Pigs, eight weeks old, heavy Asiatic fowls, or any variety of Fancy Pigeons.

FANCIER, Room 7, P. O. Building, Hartford, Conn., would like a nice sitting of Duckwing Game Bantam eggs, in exchange for other eggs of Leghorns, Cochins or Brahmas.

ABRAHAM PERRY, Monroe, N. Y., will exchange his two fine female Beadle Hound pups, three months old, sire is Snider, grand sire imported; some best deer dogs in the country, and handsome in every respect; pups very nice, one black and white; other yellow and white, long slim tails.

HARVEY LAMBERT. P. O. Box 25, Emmitsburg, Frederick Co., Md, will exchange 3 hens and 1 cock, White Leghorns, for either caponizing instruments, P. Rock, L. or D. Brahma hens or pullets, Game Bantams, Maltese kitten, Doyle's Poultry Book, Pigeons, Pouters, Magpies, Turbits, Archangels, Antwerps, Runts, or Mocking Bird.

DR. J. THOS. BUSSEY, Emmitsburg, Md., wishes to exchange Partridge Cochin cock, 2 pullets, and 2 chicks, Henry & Herstine strain, for Houdan pullets, or W. C. B. Poland cock and pullets. Must be No. 1.

A. BURNS, Box 833, East Saginaw, Mich., will give a fine Meerschaum cigar holder, warranted good, very richly colored, for one good Brown Leghorn cockerel, Kinner's strain preferred.

BOX 27, Centreville, Md., will exchange a pair of genuine Rabbit Beagle pups (male and female), 3 months old, small size when grown, for No. 1 Fancy Pigeons, Turbits, Pouters, or short face Bulls preferred.

W. L. HOLTON, Centreville, Md., will exchange a splendid singing Mocking Bird, one year old, for pair first-class Pied Pouters. None other wanted.

FANCIER, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange one White Ruffle hen, for a White Ruffle cock, or Red Fans. Must have pearl eyes, as mine has.

H. B. & E. T. BLAKE, Sidney, Ohio, will exchange eggs from any of the following varieties: L. Brahma, P. & Buff Cochins, for rare coins, shot gun, revolver, or anything that don't eat.

WM. B. MARTIN, Box 223, Thompsonville, Conn., wants Black Bald-head Tumbler Pigeons, good birds, mated, in exchange for Partridge Cochins, or Black Breasted Red Game fowls.

W. I. ROW, Greensburg, Pa., would exchange a pair of thoroughbred Berkshire pigs, eight weeks old, not akin, for a pair of thoroughbred Suffolk pigs, not akin. Nothing inferior given or taken. Write.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering one Book for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

ALBERT REMENTERS, 1023, 1025, and 1027, Passyunk Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., wants Common Pigeons, at 25 cents per pair, in small and large lots.

J. H. D. SMOOT, Alexandria, Va., wants one pair of White Frill Back Pigeons.

THIRD AND LAST CALL, Every member of A. P. A. wanted to see.

W. I. ROW, Greensburg, Pa., wants one or two pairs Virginia Nightingales. Address, with lowest cash price per pair.

C. G. WILSON, Millbury, Mass., wants a Silver Duckwing Game Bantam cock, not over two years old; must have a clear hackle, be long in the leg, and in every respect a good bird to breed from. Write immediately.

J. S. HOFFMAN, Williamsport, Pa., wants Golden Sebright Bantam hens or pullets; Blue Pied, Solid Black or Solid White Pouters, and Pekin Ducks, in exchange for Tegetmeier's Poultry Book; 18 Nos. of History and Biography of Eminent Men and Women of Europe and America, (a splendid work); Books to learn German without a teacher; a good Musket; and Light Brahma eggs from first-class stock. No culls or rubbish wanted. Describe what you have particularly.

S. K. FERRIS, Stamford, Conn., wants nice fresh-laid eggs of Brown Leghorns or Game Bantams, in exchange for White Leghorn eggs from a nicely mated pen of choice birds.

PIGEON FANCIER, Box 496, Hartford, Conn., wants Common Pigeons, good healthy birds, in lots of 10 pairs and upwards, at 25 cents per pair, or will exchange good thoroughbred fowls for same.

H. J. HALL & CO., Box 496, Hartford, Conn., wants some good serviceable Water Fountains for Poultry, different sizes, in exchange for eggs from a magnificent pen of prize-winning Dark Brahmas.

J. F. FERRIS, 216 Main St., Hartford, Conn., wants Ground Bone, Crushed Oyster Shell, Beef Scraps, or Poultry Fixtures of any kind, for which I will send choice selected White Leghorn eggs of my well-known laying strain, at rate of $1.50 per dozen.

BLACK ROSE-COMB BANTAMS,

MY SPECIALTY.

Black African Bantams.

Fine Light Brahmas.

During the show season of 1876 my stock won ten first premiums. Having exhibited them myself at four exhibitions, winning six first premiums on old and young, some figuring as high as 97 points, this fact alone should be a sufficient guarantee of the purity of stock and perfections of markings. No birds to dispose of at present. C. B. ELBEN, Pittsburg, Pa.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D. Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.
H. PARHAM, Lima, O.

MOORE'S

WORK ON PIGEONS,

Now Ready for Delivery,

PRICE,

In Paper Cover,	30 cents.
In Cloth,	50 cents.

PREPARED BY MAIL.

LARGE DISCOUNT TO FANCIERS

Desiring to present it to their customers.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, JUNE 26, 1876. No. 24.

KINGDOM OF HOME.

Flashes the firelight upon the dear faces,
Dearer and dearer as onward we go,
Forces the shadow behind us, and places
Brightness around us with warmth in the glow.
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

Flashes the lovelight, increasing their glory,
Beaming from bright eyes with warmth of the soul,
Telling of content and trust the sweet story,
Lifting the shadows that over us roll.
King, King, crown me the King:
Home is the Kingdom and Love is the King!

THE COMMON PEOPLE OF EGYPT.

A correspondent of *The London Times*, writing from Mansourah, in the Delta of the Nile, gives the following picture of the small Egyptian villages and their inhabitants: Each I saw was almost deserted. Only a few old women remained in charge of the tiny children not yet fit to join in the struggle for existence; all the rest—men, women, boys, and girls—were out in the fields, working from sunrise to sunset to keep life together. Other villages told the same story, every traveler in Egypt confirms it, and I am not going to draw any more harrowing pictures. Quite enough has been said to show that the agricultural population—nine-tenths of the whole people of Egypt—have benefited very little by the superficial progress, the material civilization for which the country is so remarkable. The historian of Mahomet Ali said, "The traveler sees with astonishment the richness of the harvests contrasted with the wretched state of the villages;" and the introduction of railways and canals has not changed this unfortunate state of things. But, as regards what I have described, the genial Egyptian climate must always be remembered. Sunshine and warmth for three parts of the year make a house of little importance, and, though earnings are very small, a constant succession of crops creates the same demand for labor at every season. The Dorsetshire laborer, with his slack times, and Winter rains, and climate demanding much food and clothing, is an object of more legitimate pity than the Egyptian fellah. But the Egyptian fellah ought not to be an object of pity at all. Egypt is virtually a neutralized country, and war cannot devastate it. The natural wealth of its soil is such that with a wooden plow which, as compared to the English plow, is as a pin is to a spade, the land returns threefold the produce of any land in England. The Nile does for Egypt what art has to do elsewhere. Yet in this country, so favored by nature, the mass of the population is in a state of misery. From sunrise to sunset, men, women, and children are at work in the fields to gain the barest necessaries of life. The philosopher who deemed him happiest who has the fewest wants ought to have been an Egyptian fellah. He is sometimes even born in the fields. The women work up to the day of their confinement. They lie up one day, and are out again the next, and the baby is laid near them in the fields on a bit of sacking. Ignorance and poverty lead to other sad consequences. Premature old age comes on at 40, and the population is kept down by a terrible infant mortality. Out of the 140,000 annual deaths, 80,000 are of infant children. It has been calculated that three out of every five that are born die before the age of two. For those that survive, an old Egyptian custom that is still practiced is most symbolical of their future. The child is put into a sieve and rolled about to the beating of drums. "It is in order to harden him," say the people.

THE CULTIVATION OF ENERGY.

The cultivation of energy is of the greatest importance, resolute determination in the pursuit of worthy objects being the foundation of all true greatness of character. Energy enables a man to force his way through irksome drudgery and dry details, and carries him onward and upward in every station in life. It accomplishes more than genius, with not one-half the disappointment and peril. It is not eminent talent that is required to insure success in any pursuit so much as purpose; not merely the power to achieve, but the will to labor energetically and perseveringly. Hence energy of will may be defined to be the very central power of character in a man—in a word, it is the man himself. It gives impulse to his every action, and soul to every effort. True hope is based on it, and it is hope that gives the real perfume to life. There is a fine heraldic motto on a broken helmet in Bolton Abbey, "L'espoir est ma force," which might be the motto of every man's life. "Woe unto him that is faint-hearted," says the son of Sirach. There is, indeed, no blessing equal to the possession of a stout heart. Even if a man fail in his efforts, it will be a great satisfaction to him to enjoy the consciousness of having done his best. In humble life, nothing can be more cheering and beautiful than to see a man combating suffering by patience, triumphing in his integrity, and who, when his feet are bleeding and his limbs failing him, still walks upon his courage.

Mere wishes and desires but engender a sort of green-sickness in young minds, unless they are promptly embodied in act and deed. The good purpose once formed must be carried out with alacrity, and without swerving. In many walks of life, drudgery and toil must be cheerfully endured, and the necessary discipline of life. Hugh Miller says the only school in which he was properly taught was "that world-wide school in which toil and hardship are the severe but noble teachers." He who allows his application to falter, or shirks his work on frivolous pretexts, is on the sure road to ultimate failure. Let any task be undertaken as a thing not possible to be evaded, and it will soon come to be performed with alacrity and cheerfulness. The habit of strenuous, continued labor will become comparatively easy in time, like every other habit. Thus even men with the commonest brains and the most slender powers will accomplish much, if they will but apply themselves wholly and indefatigably to one thing at a time. Fowell Buxton placed his confidence in ordinary means and extraordinary application, realizing the Scriptural injunction, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might;" and he himself attributed his own remarkable success in life to his practice of constantly "being a whole man to one thing at a time."—*Economist.*

Poultry Department.

THE ROOSTER.

A Poe-hymn originally and ornamentally written by
A Longfellow.

Once upon a midday cleary, as I lingered weak and weary,
After sending many a quaint and curious mixture
My stomach to explore,
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a flapping,
As of some one lightly slapping, slapping at my kitchen door
"'Tis some peddler," I muttered, "slapping at my kitchen door.
Only this, a deuced bore."

Ah! distinctly I remember, it was in the month September,
And the last expiring ember had gone out and smoked no more,
And I cared not for the morrow and I felt no pang of sorrow,
For I'd eaten ears a long row, ears of corn some half a score,
Corn and beans and apple dumplings, with the fixings, as of yore.
All of this besides much more.

And light blasts of wind uncertain, caused a rustling of the curtain,
Filled me with a dreamy feeling, I had often felt before,
So in time with my still breathing, I kept in my mind repeating,
'Tis some peddler now entreating entrance at my kitchen door,
With a lot of yankee jimcracks, or some book, with me to bore.
Only this and nothing more.

Presently my mind grew stronger, hesitating then no longer,
Sir! said I, your books and jimcracks I've seen quite too oft before;
But the fact is, I was dreaming, and the stillness intervening,
Gave it all the shade of seeming that I heard the scamp, Bill More,
The scamp who stole my chickens, whom the public calls Bill More—
Name fictitious evermore.

While thus o'er my dinner napping, half awakening, faintly gaping,
Soon I heard another flapping, only louder than before.
Surely, said I, certain that is a vain attempt to scare us;
Let me see what the old cat 'tis, and this mystery explore;
'Tis the wind, I faintly muttered, as I gazed towards the door.
Only this and nothing more.

Open then I threw the back door, when with many a flap and flutter,
Up there stalked a stately rooster, a saintly bird of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he, not a moment stopped or staid he,
But as bold as modern lady, perched outside my kitchen door,
Perched just upon my wood pile, perched outside my kitchen door.
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this silly bird beguiling my wild fancy into smiling,
By the proud, important bearing and the countenance he wore,
"But you're better than a raven, or else I'm badly shaven,
Tall, proud and ancient rooster, wandering from the henroost door,
Tell me what the deuce has sent you here before my door?"
Quoth the rooster, "Coocadoodledoo," and nothing more.

Much I wondered, long I pondered, as my imagination wandered,
On the meaning of this tall bird, as he did these words outpour.
Surely, said I, friends are coming, this is a signal warning,
Soon I'll hear the cars a-humming, bringing friends of days of yore.
Then the bird with ruffled plumes cried louder than before,
Coocadoodledoo, and nothing more.

Then I stood engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the bird, who, with his bill, now snapped up an apple core.
All these things I stood divining, with my head at ease reclining
On an old peajacket lining, which hung beside the door;
But that old peajacket lining, that chicken thief, Bill More,
He shall wear, no, never more.

"Rooster," said I, "art thou evil, for thy action is uncivil?
By the corn up in the garret, by the hinges on the door,
Tell me what thy fowlest name is, lest I thy slender neck twist,
And spoil thy feathered necklace, and thy foul blood do outpour."
Then the bird with neck outstretched, now much longer than before,
Cried, "Coocadoodledoo," and nothing more.

"Prophet," said I, "bird uncivil, prophet still, if good or evil,
Whatever may have sent thee here, to crow before my door,
Tell my mind suspicion filling, and the sheriff should be willing,
He should grasp a thieving villian, whom the neighbors call Bill More,
Grasp the thief who stole my chickens, whom the neighbors call Bill More"—
Said the roooster, "Coocadoodledoo," and nothing more.

"Be that word our sign of parting," said I, "old cock," upstarting.
"Get thee back into the henroost, give me not a sentence more.
Leave no feather as a token that my dinner nap you've broken,
Leave the silence 'gain unbroken, quit the wood pile 'fore my door,
Take thy claws from off my woodpile, take thy form from 'fore my door.
Said the rooster, "Cuttercadapcut," nothing more.

But the fact is, time is flitting, and the cock is daily sitting
On the remnant of the wood pile, quite near my kitchen door.
And his neck is still unbroken, tho' of pot pie oft I've spoken,
For those distant friends a token that I cherish them still more.
And the rooster every morning crows as loud as e'er before,
Coocadoodledoo, ever more.

(From Journal of Horticulture.)

THE EXHIBITION DORKING.—No. 9.

BY T. C. BURNELL.

Prize fowls, to a certain extent, are reared in an artificial manner; the result is that deformities and diseases are more frequently found in them than in hardily-reared farmyard stock, though the latter are often thought to be more perfect than they really are. Not many farmyard fowls would stand being scanned by a critical eye, while, from what I can find out from farmers, they lose very nearly as many fowls from death and disease as we do among our own more highly reared stock. Anyone thinking of becoming an exhibitor will do well to make himself acquainted with the most common defects, so that he may not be taken in when buying, nor waste entry money in sending out birds which he ought not to expect to win.

A Crooked Breast can be easily found out by passing the hand along the breast bone. If the bone is badly curved or indented the specimen should be rejected, as the defect is often hereditary, and will nearly always prevent such a bird from winning in the show pen.

Crooked Back, though sometimes apparent, can often only be ascertained by handling. The best way to proceed is to allow the weight of the bird's body to rest on one hand with the legs hanging down, while the other hand is passed down the back. If the spinal column rises in the middle it is called *hump back;* if the spine is twisted, *wry back;* while if a lump is found on one side of the body higher than the other, the *hip bone projects.* The latter deformity often causes the tail to be held on one side, called *wry tail*; but this latter will in a young bird sometimes proceed from weakness and inability to hold the tail upright, but

it should always be regarded with suspicion. A *squirrel tail* is when the tail is carried right over the back and almost touching the head. The latter is a great eyesore, and, as well as the preceding malformations, is most surely hereditary.

Bumble Foot is an enlargement or inflammation of the feet or toes. It is not peculiar to Dorkings, but is found in all large breeds, and I have seen several cases of it in the yards of one of the largest and most successful Brahma breeders in the south of England. Sometimes it occurs owing to a thorn or stone being driven into the sole of the foot and occasioning inflammation; but these cases are rare, and I am convinced it is generally an hereditary complaint, like gout in the human subject, and the only way to get rid of it is to ruthlessly blot out every specimen diseased this way, or at least not to breed from them. My old Dorking cock, cup at Birmingham and second at Crystal Palace in 1873, up to his death at nearly four years old, never showed the least trace of bumble foot, nor have I ever found it in any of his chickens; while, on the other hand, a fine bird which I bought cheap to breed from, thinking that a bumble foot would be no detriment for the purpose, threw chickens which showed corns on their *upper* toes when many of the birds were not six months old. The mischief generally begins by a corn growing in the pad of the sole of the foot, and this often proceeds no further. To prevent accidents, though, it will be better to pick this out with a blunt penknife, after first soaking the foot in warm water. Occasionally a little blood may appear, when it will be better to apply lunar caustic to the hole, as is frequently done to stop the bleeding from a leech bite. There will be far less chance of blood flowing if the operation be performed in the moulting season, when the blood flows principally into the newly-forming feathers. If a toe should become enlarged from any cause, accidental or otherwise, the swelling may be reduced, if not of too long standing, by the daily application of tincture of iodine with a camel's-hair brush.

Cramp occasionally occurs in damp yards. The sufferer should be placed alone in a dry house or pen, and be bedded down in hay or straw, till he recovers the use of his legs. I do not believe that any physic will do good, and patience is all that is required.

Diarrhœa is occasionally troublesome; it is caused by some irritating substance lodging in the intestine. A large tablespoonful of castor oil is the best remedy, as that will remove the evil. With little chickens a meal or two of boiled rice sprinkled with powdered chalk will prove sufficient in most cases; or small pills may be made up of prepared chalk and chlorodyne, only using sufficient of the latter to consolidate the chalk. Each chicken to receive one twice a-day. This is troublesome, but those who will not endure trouble will not succeed in chicken-rearing.

Gapes—little chickens often fall victims to this disease. A small and tenacious worm is developed in the windpipe, which the chicken endeavors to dislodge by repeatedly gaping or opening the mouth, and this symptom gives the name to the disease. A simple remedy is to administer a small pill of pure camphor to each chicken daily. The best preventive is never to allow young chickens to drink stale or impure water, and always to keep camphor in the water.

Relaxed Crop cannot be cured by any medicine, unless perhaps when it first makes its appearance. It is a great eyesore, but when once established cannot be remedied, and so the only plan is to put up with it. If a fowl swallows any hard substance too large to pass into the gizzard, the proper course is to cut open the crop with a penknife and remove the offending matter; the wound should be made no larger than necessary, will bleed very little, and will rapidly heal. I consider slack crop to be hereditary, and by repeatedly breeding from birds with this defect we could doubtless soon produce crops in fowls relatively as large as those of Pouter Pigeons.

Roup has rightly been called the scourge of the poultry yard. It generally proceeds in the first instance from a bad cold, but when a case is once established in a yard the germs of the disease are carried in the air and breath. The disease generally becomes apparent about the third day of infection; till then it is latent. Preliminary symptoms are sneezing and rattling in the throat, but occasionally one eye will become suddenly closed. When the running at the nose appears the disease is developed, but sometimes birds will run at the nostril without any previous warning. In every large poultry yard there should be a hospital pen in some out-of-the-way corner, where sick birds may be placed on the first appearance of illness, not only for their own comfort, but to prevent contagion. If a roupy bird has once been placed in this pen it should afterwards be kept for roupy birds alone, and should be periodically limewashed. In bad cases of roup, especially in old birds, the eyes close, the head swells, the discharge from the nostril and mouth becomes thick and purulent, and death soon supervenes. If the affected bird is not very valuable it should be killed on the first appearance of the disease, and buried to save the other fowls, as the disease is very contagious. The discharge from the nostrils proceeds from the mucous membrane of the back of the mouth and throat, and the only other disease to which it is analogous is glanders in the horse, the latter being equally infectious. The moment the disease appears Condy's red fluid (principally permanganate of potash) should be added to the drinking water till it becomes of a pinky color, and chloride of lime should be sprinkled about freely; and both precautions should be adopted through the whole yard. The only internal remedy which I have found effective—and I have tried them all—is a mixture of copaiba and oil of cubebs, in the proportion of four parts of the former to one of the latter, the dose to consist for a large fowl of twenty minims of the mixture made up in the form of a gelatine capsule; or copaiba capsules alone will do. A Dorking cock would require at least three capsules, or about sixty minims, in the day, to effect a speedy cure. In addition to this, the bird's throat, mouth, eyes, and nostrils should be sponged out daily with a strong solution of Condy's fluid, to correct the fœtor of the discharge and to promote more healthy action. I have not known the above remedies to fail, and may claim some little experience, as last autumn I bought ten old farmyard fowls purposely to experiment on. I shut them up in an old wood house at a cottager's with a bird in the most advanced state of roup, her eyes being nearly closed, the discharge from her nostrils most offensive. They had no water to drink, but moist meal twice a day, and on the fourth day eight out of the ten had a running at the nose and the others soon followed, and several of them rapidly became worse. I commenced the treatment above recommended on the eighth day, and before a week was over the whole were cured, including the hen which introduced the disease. The shed where these birds were confined was thatched at the top but open at the sides, and consequently the foul air blew away. I think this a better plan than shutting the birds up in a close stuffy pen.

Shell-less eggs with Dorkings are invariably caused by the hens being too fat; starve the birds for a day, and then feed them principally on vegetable food, to reduce the system.

For all slight indispositions I give a large tablespoonful of castor oil. Fowls will stand as large a dose of aperient medicine as a human being, and the reason why medicine is not generally effective with them is, that not sufficient is given.

Zinc ointment is very useful for cuts or wounds.

Remedy for Pip.—Castor oil is called an excellent remedy. Give it every alternate day for a week.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SUPREME SELFISHNESS.—REPLY TO "YOUNG BREEDER."

[During our removal the following article in reply to Young Breeder got mislaid, like many other good things. But it is too valuable to be lost, hence we produce it at this late day.]

The main design in publishing the awards at our exhibitions is to let the public know who are the most reliable or successful breeders. Premiums are chiefly valued by the majority of exhibitors, because they serve as a recommendation of their stock, thus enabling them to sell their surplus to better advantage. But if the premium birds have been purchased for the exhibition they are not specimens, or in any sense representations of stock which the exhibitor has bred and has for sale, and the publication of the awards carries a falsehood on its face. He who advertises his stock by parading before the public premiums won by fowls bought for the purpose, is practicing a deliberate fraud upon his customers.

Yet "Young Breeder" must be very *young* in the poultry business if he is not aware that this is frequently done.

I would have no objection to taking the "one more step" suggested by "Y. B." by requiring exhibitors to state the strain or strains from which their birds originated. This would assist in determining what strain or strains are entitled to the first place in publication.

There are very many breeders however, who now advertise their stock as bred from some of the leading strains, and who would not object to this. I do not object to giving a man who buys and brings into his neighborhood excellent birds, all the credit he is entitled to—but I would not permit him to claim the credit of breeding these birds, as this he has no possible right to.

A large portion of the worthless stock, of which "Y. B." speaks, is palmed off upon the public just in this way. I know men whose names have figured conspicuously for several years past in the published awards of prominent poultry shows, who have rarely won anything on birds of their own breeding, and yet the readers of the poultry papers no doubt supposed they were extensive breeders of first-class fowls.

Sometimes the premium birds were the only ones of this variety that the exhibitor owned, and these were perhaps sold at the close of the show. If a breeder gets his birds mated for him, and by the assistance of "well filled grain bins, and a faithful hired man," raises chickens that can win, this is all right. These winning chicks are supposed to be the best specimens of his flock, and he has more of the same stock to supply to those who favor him with their orders.

I would not enforce the rule strictly, where a dealer hired others to breed fowls for him, or when he purchased a large number of chicks from any one breeder to supply the trade, for in those cases as in that of the "faithful hired man" above referred to, the exhibitor has more of the same stock.

If not more than a dozen men on this continent—as "Young Breeder" asserts—have any other than a bought reputation, let the reading public know who those dozen men are, that they may purchase intelligently.

Any blockhead who has money can buy first-class fowls, and win on them, but he cannot buy the brains and the skill to breed them.

"Y. B." expresses his belief that ninety-nine cases of failure out of every hundred are produced by the worthlessness of the breeding-stock.

I probably know as much from observation and experience of the poultry business as "Y. B.," and I can point to a dozen instances of failure where excellent birds were obtained from thoroughly first-class breeds, to one which can be fairly attributed to the inferior character of the stock. Of course when parties purchase fowls from persons who have little or no reputation as breeders, or only a bought one, they cannot expect to raise thoroughly first-class show birds.

As to poor birds being sent out by old and reliable breeders, you know one eminent breeder asserts that *his scrubs* will breed almost as well as his best.

Because there is so much poor stock in the country is the very reason why I would let the public know where the fine birds come from, that they may not be deceived and defrauded by this "*show hucksteriug.*"

Q.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

AWARDING PRIZES.

No. 2.

Friend Wade:—

In my letter to you last week I intimated that I had more to say on the same subject, and with your kind permission will again urge the same points I then did, and endeavor to make them so plain that I cannot be misunderstood. I shall therefore again say, let the officers of our shows secure competent judges that know what they are doing, and will do it without fear or favor; let them scale every bird in the class—unless it is a disqualified specimen—and place the score card on the coop, that all may know where lie his merits and demerits. As I said before, no man can tell by walking along before a row of twenty or more coops of a class, which bird or three birds are the best, no matter how good a judge he is. If he had them roaming about a lawn that he could see them *well* he might do it, but in an exhibition coop it is impossible. But it has been urged by some, that it takes too much time, costs too much, or that no two judges see alike. In answer to the first let me say, if the time cannot be taken to do it well, do not do it at all, as there is more harm done by doing judging indifferently than most people imagine. And in answer to the last, let me say that *good* judges do see alike or so near it that six of them will not make more than one or two at most points difference in judging almost any specimen, which is near enough to place a premium where it belongs. Now one of my reasons for placing an arbitrary point for the awarding of premiums is this—and I cannot make myself better understood than by giving an illustration of the point before us. Let us suppose a case—*I know where to put my finger on it, so I am not drawing on my imagination.*

A gentleman is invited to judge a show or assist in judging one, and as he is a stranger to all exhibitions, he is met at the depot by some of the ex committee, and shown to the exhibition rooms. In answer to his question as to how they want their judging done, he is told "by the Standard." By and by he comes across one coop in a class with no competition, and though they are very ordinary birds, he is not quite satisfied as to how he will act, and asks what he shall do. He is told that they belong to Squire so and so who has rendered them good service in getting up the show, and he must have first and special on them, "even if it is *a little off.*"

Next he comes across a coop that is similarly situated, containing birds that should be disqualified, but remembering the action of the executive committee in the former case, the judge again asks for advice. He is again told that the birds are the only ones of the class, and belong to Deacon so and so, and that he is an influential member, and must have first and special on them, as he purchased them expressly to win this. So the Deacon's and Squire's disqualified birds get first and special, and elated with their success they go into the fancy (?) poultry business, and their advertisement may be seen alongside of that of Warren, Felch, Williams, &c., who have spent time, money, thought and brains to be able to advertise first and special stock. Just what the Squire and Deacon can *for a five dollar note.* Now gentlemen, is this not true, and if it is true, is it right? think it over and I'll tell you more about it next time.

James M. Lambing.

Parker's Landing, Pa., June 13th, 1876.

TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY A YEAR.

BY SPANGLE.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:—

I saw it stated not long ago in a monthly poultry paper that the breeder of some Brown Leghorn fowls had "runs of two-years-old hens of this breed that had laid 240 eggs each, in a year—or twenty dozen on the average." This same "Leghorn" breeder had pullets (for sale, I suppose!) that he stated "laid 160 eggs each, the first year," and which "began to lay at 3½ months old!"

Mr. Lewis Wright says in one of his late poultry books that "the Hamburgs will lay 220 eggs per year," and another writer avers that he "kept 50 Leghorn hens, old and young, that laid in one year each by actual count, 207 average, during the twelve-month."

I have never seen any such layers as the first mentioned—namely, that would "average 240 eggs each in a year, at two years old." Have you? I have bred many kinds of domestic fowls for several years past, but I never could find this kind of layer, of the small or large varieties.

I have watched my flocks attentively, and counted their product carefully, from day to day. I never could get over 145 to 165 eggs in a year, out of the best of them. And I never knew *any* sort of domestic fowl that began to lay its eggs at 3½ months old, nor do I believe this ever happened; though I may be a Thomas, in chicken matters!

Nevertheless, I cannot but think these stories "too thin," nowadays—for in a long experience with poultry I have never yet chanced to become personally acquainted with such facts as I have quoted above. And so I remain incredulous.

What is the good of such statements? Who is benefited thereby? Can the tales be verified? Or, is it permitted to be published, through personally interested correspondence, whereby the writer simply obtains gratuitous advertising? Did *any*body, (who was ever fooled by such nonsense) who has purchased such stock, ever yet get from the fowls he bought any such product? Or, did any one (except this writer, who was a Leghorn breeder, of course,) ever know a pullet to begin to lay eggs at 3½ months old?

I think this must be the breed that "lays two eggs in a day, frequently, and has been known to lay three, within four and twenty hours," as one notable chicken-author seriously asserts:

"Verily, wonders never cease!"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

In an address recently delivered by W. L. Brown, Esq., of Hyde Park, London, Ont., the speaker, who is described by a "South ern Poultry Journal" as one of the "most accomplished writers on poultry in any country," made the statement that Mr. Burnham of Mass., "presented Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain with some of his finest (Light Brahma) fowls, which Mr. B. maintained were a distinct breed the original stock having been imported by him *from Assam, in India, a territory watered by the river Brahma Poutra, from which river he named his fowls;*" and "Mr. B's birds presented to the Queen are the same as our present Light Brahmas," etc.

Mr. Burnham never named his fowls thus. Dr. Bennett is the author of this *mis*nomer. Mr. Burnham never took any stock in this "India" yarn—because he bred the first of these fine fowls (both the *Light* and *Dark* varieties) commencing in 1849. And he obtained his breeders from Pennsylvania, out of *China* fowls, through Dr. J. J. Kerr, and in 1850 from W. F. Porter of New York—the stock of both coming originally from Shanghai.

Thus Mr. Brown of London, Ont., who may be one of the best authors on poultry, in a general way, is corrected as to the *Brahmas*. They never saw India, they did not come from Assam, they never reveled on the banks of the Brahma Poutra river, Mr. Burnham never said they did, and nobody in the United States ever claimed this except a very stupid person called "Col. Weld," and his English friend Wright, who did not know anything about the matter, except what Weld imposed upon him, regarding their history.

Yours &c.,

MELROSE, June, 1876. G. P. B.

RESPONSE TO "GREENHORN."

Greenhorn makes the query "give the definition of *Game* as applied to this breed," and he awaits the answer of fanciers who breed *for feather* for show purposes I understand. Well, there are a great many definitions for Game.

Young Breeder would describe them as "degenerated Games, whose plumage reminded him of the Home Guards during the war," while *perhaps* A. D. Warren, and some others would describe for them as golden banded, high stationed, *solid* black breast, and *beauty* and courage are unexcelled, excellent eggs, flesh unequaled, and would grace the lawn of any gentleman. While the cocker would simply say "quack! quack! quack!" and pull out a spy glass to see the noble 1st Premium Black Red, leaping over ditches, flying over walls, with pupils enlarged, and tail between legs in heart rending terror, at the sight of those one and one-quarter inch spurs on the legs of the rusty, homely, squatty "pit" Game in chase.

We sometimes see the "fac similes"(?) of noted Game breeders in poultry journals, who breed "for profit," "for pleasure," and yet on the circulars of these gentlemen we see Tartars, Heathwoods, Clippers, Dusty Millers, Claibornes, Brown Reds, Black Reds, Derbys, (sometimes imported *direct* from the yards of Earl Derby, who we all *suppose* is breeding them yet, but I will *guess* not). Now why is this? I can't *guess* "for the life of me." I may have failed herein to give the proper definition, but "Greenhorn"(?) I think you have one of your own, and I presume many others, admirers of the Game fowls, will reply to your question more fully than I have.

MIKE.

WHERE DO THEY COME FROM?

In a late issue of a Boston daily, we find in the periodical statement of the condition of the market supplies in that one city, the following query regarding the weekly receipts of eggs there:—

"Where in the great western country, the Cape, or the state of Maine, the hens live that lay all the enormous quantities of eggs we can scarcely conceive, that are here by the tons; seventy-two dozen to a barrel, and no end of barrels."

This supply of eggs for consumption in Boston market is but a regular thing. Thousands of barrels arrive there every week from the West, from Cape Cod, from away down East, or from New Hampshire and Vermont, aggregating "*tons* of eggs"—but all are sold, at regular remunerative prices; the figures changing only a fraction of a cent per dozen at wholesale from week to week, during the greater part of the year.

In the fall and winter of course they command the highest rates but there is no over supply at any season. Everybody in the cities and suburbs eats eggs when they can be had. The hotels consume large quantities, the confectioners and restaurants other large numbers, but still they come, the hens continue to lay them, the farmers and poulterers continue to supply the demand. And there is very little deviation in the extent of the call for this commodity from month to month, except it be in the way of perceptible increase, from year to year. So at Boston—so at all other leading city markets—so it will continue to increase, as population enlarges at and around these great centers and we shall none of us be likely to live so long as to see any great decline in the demand for fresh eggs and good poultry, at paying rates. No fear of that at all events, whatever may result with the "fancy" stock in the country!

Sportsman's Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

INTERNATIONAL BENCH SHOW.

The programme and classification following is in substance that contemplated by the Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture, of the Centennial Commission, under whose administration will be conducted the bench show of sporting and non-sporting dogs, to be held on the grounds of the Centennial Commission, September 1st to 8th.

Dogs of all breeds will be divided into the following fourteen classes, under nine sets of judges, viz:

Class 1st, *Hounds.*—Fox Hounds, Harriers, Otter Hounds, Beagles and Dachs Hounds.

Class 2d, *Greyhounds.*—English Greyhounds, Persian Greyhounds, Scotch Deer-hounds and Italian Greyhounds.

Classes No. 1 and 2 to be examined by the same board of judges.

Class 3d, *Gordon Setters.*

Class 4th, *Irish Setters.*

Class 5th, *English Setters.*

Russian Setters, and other varieties of Setters to be judged with class fifth.

Class 6th, *Pointers.*

Class 7th, *Retrievers.*—English Retrievers, Chesapeake bay Duck dogs.

Classes 6th and 7th to be examined by same board of judges.

Class 8th, *Spaniels.*—Clumbers, Cockers, Springers, Irish Water Spaniel, King Charles, and Blenheims.

Class 9th, *Terriers.*—Dandie Dinmont, Scotch, Skye, Broken haired, Bedlington, Black and Tans.

Class 10th, *Bull Dogs and Bull Terriers.*

Class 11th, *Mastiffs.*—N. Fonndlands, St. Bernards, Siberian or Ulm dogs.

Classes 10th and 11th to be examined by the same board of judges.

Class 12th, *Shepherd Dogs.*—English and Scotch.

Class 13th, *Miscellaneous.*—Dalmation (or coach dog), Pomeraniom (or Spitz), Pugs, Poodles.

Class 14th, *Toy Dogs.*—Cuban Lap Dogs, Mattese Lion Dogs, Japanese Hairless, Dwarf Black and Tan.

Classes 12th, 13th and 14th to be examined by the same board of judges.

Three graded awards will be made for 1st 2d and 3d best dogs over two years old in each breed, and same for 1st 2d and 3d best bitches, and the next in quality commended.

Three graded awards will be made for 1st, 2d and 3d best dogs over one and under two years old in each breed, and same for 1st, 2d and 3d best bitches, and the next in quality commended.

Three graded awards will be made for 1st, 2d and 3d best male puppies in each breed, and same for 1st, 2d and third female puppies, and the next in quality commended.

A sweepstakes award will be made for the best foreign bred dog of any breed, one year old and over, displayed by any exhibitor, also for the 2d and 3d best; the next in quality to be commended.

A sweepstakes award will be made for the best foreign bred bitch of any breed, one year old and over, displayed by any exhibitor, also for the 2d and 3d best; the next in quality to be commended.

A sweepstakes award will be made for the best home bred dog of any breed, one year old and over, displayed by any exhibitor, also for the 2d and 3d best; the next in quality to be commended.

A sweepstakes award will be made for the best home bred bitch of any breed, one year old and over, displayed by any exhibitor, also for 2d and 3d best; the next in quality to be commended.

The authenticative pedigrees of sire and dam is all that is required in entering dogs.

No charge will be made either for space, or as entry fee.

Those purposing to exhibit will apply for the official forms, which when returned will be registered, and in good time, the exhibitors will receive permits for space, and labels, to be attached to the animals, a necessary requisite to gain admission to the grounds.

All dogs entered for competition will be judged by the standard of excellence adopted by the London Kennel Club.

Independent of the awards that will be made by the Commission, the following is a list of individual prizes offered, which no doubt will be greatly increased in number before the bench show takes place.

"The Chicago *Field*," a silver cup for best setter (dog or bitch) of any breed one year old and over. "Forest and Stream," a valuable prize.

The Philadelphia Sportsman's Club donate $200 for the purchase of two prizes, one for the best setter dogs of any breed, one year old and over, and one for the best pointer dogs, of any weight, one year old and over.

Mr. C. S. Westcott offers a suitable prize, value $50 for the 2d best setter dog of any breed, one year old and over.

Mr. Frank Roan offers a silver cup for the best imported setter dog between one and two years old, and a silver collar for the best Dachshound dog of any age.

Mr. Chas. E. Tucker offers a silver cup for the best Cocker spaniel.

Jno. Kriller offers a silver mounted dog whip for the best American bred setter, one year old or over.

Capt. A. A. Clay offers a silver whistle for the 2d best American bred setter one year old or over.

The Detroit Gun Club, as appeared in the Chicago *Field*, will offer a very handsome prize for sporting dogs.

P. C. DeSauque,
Chas. S. Westcott,
Benjamin Richards.
Com. of the Phil. Sportsmna's Club.

Canine Litigation.—Great interest has attached to a lawsuit which has been going on at Geneva to descide the ownership of a St. Bernard dog, the possession of which was disputed by an hotel keeper and a manufacturer of vermouth, both of whom were equally ready to swear to its identity. It appears that two dogs of the same litter, marked exactly alike, were given by their breeder to the hotel keeper and the vermouth manufacturer; one of the dogs answering to the name of Lion and the other to that of Tiger. Both these dogs were lost at the same time; one disappeared never to return; but the other, after having been missing for a week or two, was found and brought back to the vermouth manufacturer, who was not a little rejoiced to recover possession of his pet. The hotel keeper, however, heard that his dog had been found and had been taken to the vermouth manufacturer, and he lost no time in going to demand its restoration, for it should be added, to make the story more intelligible, neither of the two knew that the other had the brother dog. The vermouth manufacturer refused, of course, to give up what he considered his property, and the hotel keeper at once took proceedings against him. The witnesses upon each side were equally positive in their affirmations, and the judge ordered the dog to be brought into court with a view of seeing which of the parties he would recognize. Unfortunately, both in the interests of justice and for the reputation of the canine race for fidelity to their masters, the dog was equally enthusiastic in his recognition of both claimants, and even of the counsel and the judge himself. The affair seemed to be wrapped in the most impenetrable mystery, until a shoemaker, who had been employed to mend the collar of one of the dogs, came forward to swear that the dog which had been brought into court wore the collar which he had mended, and that he had done the work for the vermouth manufactarer. This evidence was held to be decisive, and the vermouth manufacturer was placed in possession of the dog.

THE

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THERE IS MUCH TO LEARN,

And all the time there are fresh discoveries to be made, of greater or less consequence, in the yearly experience of a live stock breeder. There is a vast deal "that is new under the sun"—the assertion of that wise old man of early time, King Solomon, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

We may even "learn a little every day," if we are close and studious observers of the habits, needs, best comfort and convenience of our stock, raised and kept with a view to a profitable return, through its increase.

And while we watch and study to improve their condition and our own interests thus involved, there is a continuous pleasure in the task—if we duly love our vocation—that goes to form a large part of the ample compensation that follows the rightful methods of this work.

It matters nothing what *kind* of pet stock we may choose to breed, be it poultry, pigeons, dogs, rabbits, birds, guinea-pigs, or otherwise—so far as the point of deriving constant pleasing instruction in its care is concerned. All are interesting, each has its peculiar attractions for the varied tastes of different fanciers. But any and all have their uses, and during the practice, we may continually be gratified with the changes, the improvements, the growth, and the development of our chosen favorites.

THE OUTLOOK AHEAD.

The "dull times" experienced of late in all departments of trade—in manufactures, in commerce, in mechanics—when everybody is "short" of surplus funds, are felt proportionally and naturally among breeders and dealers in fancy live stock; and it is not to be wondered at that more or less complaint is heard that the traffic in this channel is not so thriving and busy this season, as has been the rule for several years past.

There has been no falling off in breeding poultry at all points, so far as we are informed. Sales have not been extensive, for fancy stock and large breeders are accumulating a liberal show of birds for the approaching fall and winter; while those who have raised choice fowls in lesser quantities and who have not made themselves so generally known, in many instances think there are signs that this thing is (or may be) overdone.

Now so far as raising nice poultry for ordinary sales in market is concerned, there is no danger of having too much of it, provided it is *really* good. For the best chickens, that will dress handsome, plump, and fair, will always find a ready demand from the farmers' hands, in any city market contiguous to his premises. At the same time, we are aware that a very general interest has been obtained in this country among amateurs and small fanciers, who have raised considerable numbers of birds for which they have expected to realize high prices, and who do not appreciate the fact that this businesss, like all others, has limlts.

Now, although it may be that at this particular season, during these exceptionally "hard times," there exists a lull in our trade, this state of affairs ought not to prevent fanciers from giving due attention to their stock, and doing their best to keep up the purity of their strains, and the excellence of the varieties they cultivate; since, however, the traffic may slacken, or decline for the time being, in this business it comes about all right after such dullness, and good birds are in demand again as soon as a favorable movement in *any* of the channels of trade is revived.

During seasons of such apathy and depression, it is too commonly the case that poultry men lose courage, and suffer their stock to run down, because their, perhaps too sanguine expectations, are not promptly realized; while the few more judicious breeders husband their stock, keep up its purity, and breed what they breed as carefully and as steadily in dull as in more prosperous times. By pursuing this latter, wiser course—when the demand revives, they are in condition to respond with their standard strains; and *these* are the men who have no cause to complain of the "vicissitudes" of the trade.

Our advice to all who have good stock on hand is to keep it so, and by careful manipulation, continue to sustain its reputation and its real value, whether the demand for fancy stock be active or dull. The time comes round every year when really prime specimens are saleable; and no one, who raises the *best* birds, of any variety, who will not be able sooner or later to obtain amply remunerative prices for such specimens of desirable stock.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA POULTRY SOCIETY.

At a meeting of our society held June 16th, it was resolved to hold the next Exhibition on Wednesday, January 10th, 1877, and to continue until the 17th.

Will you please take some notice of the fact in your JOURNAL.

Our last Exhibition was a decided success, all premiums were promptly paid in full, and leaving a balance in the treasury.

Respectfully yours,

A. H. LANE, *Sec.*

CHALLENGE.

HOBOKEN, June 15th, 1876.

JOS. M. WADE, ESQ.:—

DEAR SIR:—Several matches of pigeon races have taken place this and last year, between New York and Philadelphia fanciers, but very seldom we have seen a race where the birds have been tossed up at the same time and place. When birds are tossed up at two different stations it is very often the case that one bird will be favored by the wind or atmosphere, while the other will have to fly against the wind, and perhaps with bad weather, in which case the race is all together one-sided, but when pigeons all fly from the same place, and at the same time, the chances are very even.

I have therefore the pleasure to challenge any New York or Philadelphia fancier in a friendly match, for $100 in gold a side; the birds to fly from Easton, Pa.; each party to have the right to fly three birds, all belonging to him, and the first bird returned to win the race.

I also offer another match from Scranton, Pa., for the same

amount. Both places are about the same distance from Philadelphia that they are from New York; the first match to come off July 1st, and the 2d July 15th, each party to place the full amount in the hands of Mr. W. H. Kirby, of N. J., from the time the match is accepted.

Respectfully yours,
L. Waefelaer,
Hoboken, N. J.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—"The world is ever as we take it,
And life, dear child, is what we make it."

—A chromo with every egg now.—*Danbury News.*

Is that crow-mo a rooster? *Whitehall Times.*

Guess so, for a rooster can crow mo' than a hen.—*Norristown Herald.*

—He was a rough Yorkshireman, and had wrestled for a long time with a very tough piece of oak on which he had been unable to make any impression, and at last broke out with the imprecation: "Dom they pigs that didn't eat thee when thou wast an acorn."

—"Rambling Botanist."—A lady enquires for a work with the above title, adapted to the United States. If any of our readers know of such, they wiil confer a favor by making it known through the Journal. Articles descriptive of the common plants of our country would be thankfully received at this office.

—One of the features of the Women's Pavilion at Philadelphia is a large collection of stuffed animals and birds killed by Mrs. Maxwell, known as the California huntress. A buffalo, a Rocky Mountain lion, and a grizzly bear are included in the collection, viewing which the sterner sex cannot but admit that woman has some qualifications for the exercise of the right of suffrage.

—Christmas Dinner for the Birds.—One of the prettiest Christmas customs is the Norwegian practice of giving on Christmas day a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway or barn door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasants will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas day remains for them to finish at their leisure during the winter.

—How to Cool a Room.—A writer in Public Health recommends that a dish or basin large enough to present a good surface of water be placed in rooms where the heat is oppressive and the water be changed once or twice in very hot days, to secure a general lowering of the temperature. The hot air of the room takes up the water in the form of atmospheric vapor and diffuses the greater coolness of the water throughout the room, uutil air and water become of the same temperature. When this takes place fresh water should be put in the dish.

—Lapland mothers are not in the habit of staying at home with their babies. The Laps ars a very religious people, and take long journeys to hear their pastors. As soon as the family arrive at the little wooden church, and the reindeer are secured, the father shovels a snug little bed in the snow, and the mother wraps the baby in skins and dep sits it therein. Then the father piles the snow around it, and the dog is set on guard, while the parents go decorously into the church. Often as many as thirty babies may be seen laid away in the snow about a church.

—The toad, so says *Forest & Stream* almost, universally despised and upbraided for his ugliness, is yet a useful, good-natured quiet fellow, who recognizes his friends and those who are kind to him. Like the sparrow the toad has been considered a nuisance, and in some sections has been exterminated; but the exterminators have been only too glad afterwards to get him back by the expenditure of large sums of money. So useful are toads in gardens that they are sold in France by the dozen, for the purpose of stocking gardens to free them from many injurious insects. The toad lives almost entirely on winged insects, and never does harm to plants.

—Trap for Rats.—A subscriber sends us his method, which he thinks "the best out." He takes a flour barrel or a keg, and ties over the top a sheet of very stout, stiff paper, or an untanned sheepskin stripped of the wool. Upon this cover he places corn or meal and feeds the vermin in this way in some secluded place until they become fearless of danger, and quite at home upon the cover. He then smears the cover around the center with glue, and sprinkles corn, wheat, or meal upon it, which, when the glue is dry, adheres firmly to the paper or skin. He then cuts two slits crossing each other, several inches long, by which the central portion of the cover is made very treacherous footing. When the rats run across this center they slip through into the barrel, from which there is no means of escape. The openings instantaneously close up themselves, and other rats follow.—*American Agriculturist.*

—Raising Squabs (*young Pigeons*). B. F. Yates, of Buckmanville, has opened a new and curious source of income. He keeps a large number of pigeons, by which numerous young birds or "squabs" are produced. During the month of March he ships to a commission house in New York over $200 worth of squabs, dressed and packed in boxes. The price obtained is about $4.50 per dozen.

When in good order the squabs will average about one pound weight per pair, and by the time they reach the consumers they probably cost not less than $1 per pound. They are thus a rather dear article of food, but there is a quick demand for all that are sent to market. Probably they are mostly taken by the fancy restaurants and high priced hotels. Mr. Yates does not raise all the squabs himself, but collects some of them from the neighbors who keep pigeons.

—Subterranean Fish.—The Virginia City *Enterprise* (Nevada) is responsible for a report that curious specimens of fish have been found in the water now flooding the Savage and Norcross mines. The fishes are eyeless, and are only about three or four inches in length. They are blood red in color. The temperature of the water in which they are found is 128 degrees Fahrenheit—almost scalding hot. In appearence they somewhat resemble the goldfish. They seem lively and sportive enough while in their native hot water, notwithstanding the fact that they have no eyes or even the rudiments of eyes. The water by which the mines are flooded broke in a depth of 2,200 feet in a drift that was being pushed to the northward in the Savage. It rose in the mines to the height of 400 feet. This would seem to prove that a great subterranean reservior or lake has been tapped, and from this lake doubtless came the fish hoisted from the mine.

—The Opossum (*Dydelphys Virginianus*) was the first marsupial animal known, and was considered a marvelous creature by the early voyagers to America. All the existing species are American, but their fossil remains are found in many parts of the world. The young are born blind, naked and shapeless, and are not larger than a honey bee. The hair of the Opossum is woven into girdles by the Indian women. The chief characteristic of this singular animal is its peculiar mode of defense. In this it manifests no intelligence, and its instinct seems entirely at fault; when it finds ecape from an enemy impossible, it deliberately stretches itself upon the ground, stiffens its limbs and submits to the cruelest tortures without showing a sign of life. This *ruse* is rarely successful and often causes it to fall the prey of an enemy over which it might win an easy victory in actual battle. I have never yet seen mention made in works on Natural History of the exceeding punishment the Opossum can endure, and yet survive, without apparent inconvenience. We are accustomed to hear of the "nine lives of the cat," and yet the opossum will receive with seeming indifference, a blow on the head from a bludgeon that would brain the vampire cat of Japan. I have seen them worried and torn by savage dogs till one would suppose all their bones were crushed; and yet they would as soon as they thought themselves unobserved—

"Fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently *steal* away."

J. M. McCann.

—Catching the Sea Lion.—So far as I can learn, says a correspondent writing from the California coast, the Farallon sea lions are seldom disturbed by men seeking profit from them. In the egging season one or two are shot to supply oil to the lamps of the eggers; and occasionally one is caught for exhibition on the main land. How do they catch a sea lion? Well, they lasso him; and odd as it sounds, it is the best and probably the only way to capture this beast. An adroit Spaniard, to whom the lasso or riata is like a fifth hand, or like the trunk to the elephant, steals up to a sleeping congregation, fastening his eye on the biggest one of the lot, and, biding his time, at the first motion of the animal, with unerring skill flings his loose rawhide noose and then holds on for dear life. It is the weight of an ox and the vigor of half a dozen that he has tugging at the other end of his rope, and if a score of men did not stand ready to help, and if it were not possible to take a turn of the riata around a solid rock, the seal

would surely get away. Moreover, they must handle the beast tenderly, for it is easily injured. Its skin, softened by its life in the water, is quickly cut by the rope; its bones are easily broken; and its huge frame, rudely treated, may be so hurt that the life dies out of it. As quickly as possible the captured sea lion is stuffed into a strong box or cage, and here, in a cell to permit movement, it roars and yelps in its helpless fury, until it is transported to its tank. Wild and fierce as it is, it seems to reconcile itself to the tank life very rapidly. If the narrow space of its big bathtub frets it, you do not perceive this, for hunger is the chief passion, and with a moderately full stomach the animal does well in captivity, of course with sufficient water.

—CALIFORNIA BIRDS—The Water Thrush or American Dipper (*Cinclus Americanus*), is a California bird, remarkable for its partiality to brooks, rivers, shores, ponds and streams of water; wading in the shallows in search of aquatic insects, wagging the tail almost continually, chattering as it flies; and in short, possesses many strong traits of the Water Wagtail. It is also exceedingly shy, darting away on the least attempt to approach it, and uttering a sharp chirp repeatedly, as if greatly alarmed. It breeds in the higher mountainous districts, as do many of our spring visitants that regularly pass a week or two with us in the lower parts, and then retire to the mountains and inland forests to breed.

The voice of the little bird appears so exquisitely sweet and expressive, that one is never tired of listening to it.

The Water Thrush is six inches long and nine and a half in extent; the whole upper parts are of a uniform and very dark olive; the lower parts are white, tinged with yellow ochre; the whole breast and sides are marked with pointed spots, or streaks of black or deep brown; bill, dusky brown; legs, flesh-colored; tail, nearly even; formed almost like the golden-crowned thrush, except in frequenting the water, much resembling it in manners. Male and female nearly alike.

SMALL PET DEPARTMENT

AND YOUNG FOLKES' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending June 18th, 1876.

11 Gray Gophers (*Spermophilus franklinii*). Presented.
1 Screech Owl (*Scops asio*). Presented by Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Phila.
1 Alligator (*A. Mississippiensis*). Presented.
1 Water Snake (*Necodia fasciata*). Presented by Jos. M. Wilson, Washington, D. C.
9 Prairie Dogs (*Cynomys ludovicianus*). Born in the garden.
1 Manatee or Sea Cow (*Manatus americanus*). Purchased.
48 Large Bull-Frogs (*Rana pipiens*). Presented by John H. Dusenbury, Phila.
1 Loon (*Colymbus torquatus*). Presented by Adam Matsinger, Phila.
4 Beavers (*Castor canadensis*). Purchased.

ARTHUR E. BROWN, Gen. Sup't.

PROPER CARE OF BIRDS.

The mysterious visitations of Providence among pet birds generally, and canaries particularly, are simply the result of want of judgment, and an appropriate verdict in such cases would be killed by kindness. If it were more generally known that the cakes, sugar, bon-bons, and other rich and dainty foods served up to them by fair hands, in gratitude for the sweet consolation of their songs are the cause of most of their maladies, and the shortness of their lives, they would be placed on light diet immediately. An article in the Philadelphia *Sunday Transcript*, on "Candy," has some facts which are interesting in this connection, although intended to apply to human beings. Sugar, as a food, is a failure. The chemist tells us that cane sugar contains three elements. The human body has some fourteen elements. Dogs fed on sugar died in forty days. Dogs fed on nothing lived just as long. The system has a natural loathing for food containing nothing but sugar. We pass then to the *occasional use* of sugar. Does it affect the conditions of the organs of the body? Several years ago Dr. S. Weir Mitchell proved that he could produce a cataract of both eyes, in half an hour, by simply injecting a teaspoonful of a saturated solution of sugar between the skin of a frog or guinea pig. Dr. B. W. Richardson of London, has confirmed this, and these results are received by the medical profession as satisfactory. Now if a teaspoonful of sugar solution will make a frog or guinea pig totally blind in half an hour, can sugar be regarded as an innocent substance for young and growing persons? the writer asks; but let us substitute, for birds confined in a small cage, and without opportunity for exercise. This at least is worth thinking about, as almost every canary cage has its lump of loaf sugar, and the death rate among them is certainly excessive. The proper regimen for a canary is simply fresh water every day, canary and rape seed, and plenty of clean fine gravel or coarse beach sand on the bottom of the cage, renewed at least once a week. Hemp seed should never be given, except when the birds are breeding, and then but sparingly, as it is too rich and heating. A piece of apple, lettuce, or a little chickweed once or twice a week instead of every day will be much better for them. All foods which create fat should be avoided. Loss of song is generally occasioned by an accumulation of fat around the glands of the throat, caused by such food and want of exercise. If you have a room where your canary can be let out to spread his wings frequently, the exercise will prove highly beneficial.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE AQUARIUM, NO. 4.

WM. P. SEAL.

Aquaria may be constructed of a variety of materials, but for many reasons I think slate preferable. Although iron is most commonly used in this country, it is open to serious objections, the most prominent of which are, 1st, the necessity of perfectly protecting the iron from the water to prevent oxydation. 2d, the liabilility to leakage if a soft cement be used, and the great danger of breakage of glass if a hard cement be used, from the expansive and contractive force of iron, and 3d, on account of electrical influences which I am quite sure prevail to a greater or less degree at all times, and often disturb the equilibrium of the aquarium. Many instances are on record of the death or partial paralysis of all the fish in iron aquaria during violent thunder-storms. But one case ever came under my own personal observation. In that the fish lost all control of their movements, and hung heads downward, with their tails just reaching the surface of the water. They recovered, so far as their powers of locomotion were concerned, but although they lived for a long time after, they remained stone blind. Such cases are isolated it is true, yet who can say that the same baleful influence is not exerted on the iron aquarium constantly, only in a less degree? I have had the water in an iron aquarium to become quite turbid during a thunder storm though quite clear and brilliant just before. On examination with an ordinary microscope on such occasions I have found no living animalculæ, and the turbidity of the water I found to be due to the presence of myriads of dead animalcules which, though transparent when living, become white and opavue when dead. Very beautiful aquaria tanks may be made by any one out of broken pieces of slate or other stone, cemented together with Portland cement. They can be made to suit one's fancy, and although heavy, they are more pleasing to the lover of nature, as they are rough and irregular, and being devoid of sharp, angles and straight lines, are suggestive of little rocky pools, such as we often see in our rambles. The glass must be set in with an elastic cement. It is very difficult to make a wooden aquarium serviceable. It is only with great patience in their construction that they can be made water-tight. In stocking the aquarium the sand and gravel should be washed thoroughly, to remove all earthy or decaying

matter. Beach sand is best when it can be had. Bar sand which is principally composed of the alluvial deposits of streams should be avoided, as it is almost impossible to rid it of decaying vegetation, and mineral substances. The best plants for the aquarium are the Myriophyllums, Valisneria spiralis, Anacharis, of which we have at least three distinct varieties, although but one is given by botanical works. Aratophyllum demersum, or Mare's-tail, the tricularias or Bladderworts (partlcularly interesting aside from their great beauty, as being classified by Mr. Darwin among the carnivorous plants, the beautiful little vessels or bladders being designed to entrap animalcules). Veronica Americana, Ranunculus aquatilus, Hydrocharis Morsusranæ or Frogbit, Chara vulgaris or Stonewort, Callitriche verna or Broad leaved Starwort, Potomogaton luceus, and many others, but this is sufficient to give variety to the most exacting.

Many aquaria fanciers have settled down to the exclusive use of Myriophyllums as the most satisfactory of all aquatic plants. They will do the best under all circumstances no doubt, and for those to whom the aquarium is no more than a vase of wax flowers would be, they are no doubt the best—but to my mind the flora of our waters is not less interesting than its fauna. As oxygenators the Valisneria spiralis, Anacharis and the Utricularias far surpass the Myriophyllums. To the microscopist they unfold a world of beauty and of wonder not to be described by words of mine. I had the pleasure a few days ago of viewing the circulation in a leaf of Anacharis, through a powerful microscope belonging to Mr. Holman, Actuary of the Franklin Institute, and inventor of the Siphon Slide for microscopes, and I must confess that I was more deeply impressed by the wonderful sight there presented than by all the grandeur of the great Exposition. Ceratophyllum and the Utricularias grow as well floating loosely as when planted. I have found each of them several feet long, but have never been able to find a vestige of a root to them, although I have followed them a foot or more into the mud. To any one who cannot succeed in growing the above named plants in the aquarium, I must say that it is not the fault of the plants, but that there must be something wrong in the management of the aquarium. Two small floating plants, Lemna minor (Duckweed) and another which I call *Staghorn* Duckweed, although it more closely resembles in shape the author of the Moose, should not be forgotten.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE "ENGLISH" SPARROW AGAIN.

We have on a tree at the corner of our house an English or more properly house sparrows' nest. We were very much amused during its construction, at its appearance as it was so large and appeared to be so clumsily constructed. It is built principally of hay with some twine interwoven, and is so large that it would hardly go into a peck measure. As it was commenced in March, and as we had never before seen one built outside of a box, we thought that it was simply an ingenious shelter from the wind, or at all events a first attempt at architecture, but a closer examination revealed a most ingeniously constructed nest. The cavity opens to the south-west, thus sheltering it from the north-west winds which frequently sweep around our corner. In all other directions it is protected by the walls of houses. The cavity of the nest is fully seven inches deep, about three inches in diameter and inclined at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and is nicely lined with feathers throughout. It has become quite the fashion to ridicule this modest little bird because it has been denied that it is insectivorous, and Mr. Carlyle is said to have laughed when told of its introduction here, but sensible people judge by results. and we certainly have the laugh on our side in spite of Mr. Carlyle,

The year before the introduction of the sparrows here in Philadelphia, that disgusting and annoying pest, the measuring worm, created such havoc among our shade trees that it was difficult to find in any part of the city, a tree which was not almost entirely stripped of its foliage. No one who lived there at that time will forget the appearance of Independence Square: the trees were almost bare, and it was impossible to walk through it without having a number of these disgusting creatures crawling over one's clothing, and the same may be said of all parts of the city. Now the sparrows may not have destroyed these disgusting worms by devouring them, and for that I do not blame them, but they do eat their eggs, which is just as effectual a mode of exterminating them. In the same way we note the disappearance of the ugly yellow caterpillar which followed the measuring worm. Apropos of the sparrows and worms it will not hurt to publish again an anecdote which has already gone the rounds of the press, but no doubt there are those who have not heard it. Shortly after the introduction of the sparrows a young gentleman was heard to ask a young lady "which she thought the greatest nuisance, the sparrows or the worms." She innocently replied that she had never *had the sparrows.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS, AND THE FATE OF SOME OF THEM.

NO 2. THE PET CANARY.

"For in the storm and in the rain,
A little bird did sing!
A little bird of sweetest voice,
With love beneath its wing—
Oh! in the wind and in the rain,
A little bird did sing."

The pet canary is so well known, so many heart-breaks have there been over its timely or untimely demise, and so numerous are the stories told of them, that it would seem an almost waste of time to tell another, but here is one which has not been told more than *once* before, and which perhaps may touch the tender heart of some lady bird-fancier.

In the disastrous Bull-run fight, No. 1, the Colonel of a regiment which figured there was struck down by a musket-ball, and in due time was carried to his home in a distant city to die. Before the gallant Colonel went to the war, his especial pet was Beauty, a canary whose color he thought the richest, its song the fullest and sweetest ever heard from canary throat; and which, thinking to please, amuse, and beguile him from his weary, wasting sufferings, his wife now introduced into the sick-room. But the poor Colonel, nervous, pettish, and fretful, from the nature of his wounds, took a sudden dislike to his former pet, and peremptorily ordered his wife to throw poor Beauty out of the window! But Beauty would not be so thrust forth, and though the window was opened, she fluttered about the room or hovered about the bed of her once kind master, seeming to recognize and evincing a most unmistakable attachment for him, and, as it were, pitying his deplorable condition, while he, in a still more peremptory manner, insisted on the bird's expulsion from the room, and in order that the patient should not be further irritated she was finally put out *vi et armis.* The poor discarded pet for a moment perched in the branches of an ailantus tree which stood in the yard, then flew quickly back through the window, which, the weather being warm, had been left open, and forthwith alighted on the sick man's forehead, who seemed so touched by the affecting incident that he ordered no further attempt to be made toward removing the "incumbent," and from that time forth for the few days her master lived, Beauty's perching place, by day and by night, was upon the pillow where rested his dying head.

The Colonel died, and his body was taken to a distant place for interment, that his remains might moulder and mingle with those of his kindred, which caused the family to be absent for several days, during which time, strange to say, even in their

great grief, none seemed to think of the poor bird. When she at last was brought to mind, haste was made home to look after her and her wants, but poor Beauty was dead! dead! stark and stiff was she lying, in the hollow of the pillow where her master's head had so lately lain. Alas! poor dear songstress; she would never sing more. Too beautiful for interment, "her most sweet body" was handed to a certain taxidermist for preservation, from whom I had this sad, but true story of her death. HUON.

A gentleman, dining with a friend, was asked what part of the fowl he preferred. "Oh, only a bone." This request was literally taken, and a bone, well scraped was sent to him. "Half of that, if you please," said he, sending back his plate.

Art received rather an awkward criticism from a free and-easy young man who recently met a sculptor in a social circle, and addressed him thus: "Er—er—so you are the man—er that makes—er—mud heads?" And this was the artist's reply: "Er—er—not all of 'em; I didn't make yours."

Children have a hard time to learn the meaning of words; and what wonder is it? "Ma, what is lanker?" inquired a bright-looking child the other day.

"I'm sure I don't know, my son; where did you hear the word?"

"Why, at Sunday-school. You know they sing, 'We'll stand the storm, it won't be long; we'll lanker by-and by.'"

A letter from Paris to a Philadelphia paper says, "Queer things are occasonally to be seen in Paris, but a queerer sight than that which I witnessed this morning on the Rue da la Paix, it has rarely, if ever, been my lot to behold. In taking my morning walk, I met a large white poodle, shaved and clipped lion fashion, who wore a round, black velvet cap, coquettishly placed on the side of his curly head. In his mouth he carried a basket, to the handle of which a small écru silk parasol had been adroitly attached in such a manner that in carrying the basket the dog held the parasol over his head, and so shaded himself from the rays of the sun. It is impossible to describe the gravity and *aplomb* of his dogship, nor the immense amusement of the street boys and the passers-by at this novel spectacle."

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGES FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

O. F. STACKPOLE, Goodwin's Mills, Lyman, Me., has extra Brown Leghorn year old pullets to exchange for Houdans, G. S. Hamburgs, Dark Brahmas, or B. B. R. Game hens, or year old pullets of good station and size; nothing given or taken of less than 85 points as per new standard.

STARR L. BOOTH, Bristol, R. I., has a nice double-barrel shot gun, made by Manton, London, No. 10 bore, 36-inch barrels, warranted London fine twist, weight 14 lbs, to exchange for nice Light or Dark Brahmas; want only good birds. Write.

WM. J. CHINNICK, Trenton, N. J., will exchange Roses and Flowering plants, a general assortment, for Fancy Pigeons, or Lop-eared Rabbits.

JOSEPH H. REBMEISTER, Batavia, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair of Mottled Tumblers, 1 pair of Red Tumblers, 1 Red Female Tumbler, 1 Feather-legged Tumbler, and 1 single-barrel shot gun, for a good pair of White Pearl-eyed Jacobins.

PHILIP ROGERS, Baltimore, Md., will exchange six or eight Light Brahma cockerels, last June's hatch, first-class birds, for pullets of same variety.

A. C. HELTZELL, 807 North 2d St., St. Louis, Mo., will exchange Gray Foxes, single or in pairs, not akin, and two to four months old, for B. B. R. Games, or a male Black and Tan Terrier pup, or offers. All letters promptly answered.

BOX 489, Middletown, Ct., will exchange a Liver and White Pointer, 16 months old, fairly trained—a staunch dog; for an English Setter, well broke.

IRVIN W. CONRAD, Bernville, Berks Co., Pa., wants to exchange 1 pair Partridge Cochins for Fancy Pigeons.

S. R. HEATON, Monroe, N. Y., has Houdan eggs, 1 pair Light Brahma chicks, (early hatch); chicks and young crows, grown and full feathered, healthy and mischievous, to exchange for Fancy Pigeons, Bronze Turkey's eggs, and Pekin Ducks, or eggs.

BOX 18, Delaware City, Del., has to exchange White Leghorns, Brown Leghorn cockerels, one Dominique Leghorn cockerel, one S. S. Hamburg pullet, one Brown Leghorn cock, Red Irish, Black and Tan, Gordon, Laverack, and English Setter pups, one breech-loading shot-gun, for Brown Leghorn pullets, P. Rocks, or offers.

P. W. CAREW, Toledo, Ohio, wants to exchange a White Game cock, two "pit" hens, (one weighs nearly 6 lbs); one Derby hen, two "pit" cocks, (one Henney,) for Brown, Red, or Red-pile Games, fowls or chicks, or eggs of same. I will ship first, to a reliable party.

A. V. CUMMINGS, Stoneham, Mass., will exchange his Fox Hound, Spot, 14 months old, out of imported bitch, can give full pedigree, for small size English Beagle Harrier, that will run rabbits, or offers.

N. C. MITCHELL, Indianapolis, Ind., Editor Bee Keeper's Directory, will exchange a few tested Italian Queen Bees for first-class poultry.

D. Z. EVANS, JR., Town Point, Cecil Co., Md., will exchange Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Dogs, &c., of diff-rent breeds, and advertising in good rural papers, for A No. 1 Lop-eared Rabbits, Harness, Robe, Blankets, Buggy, or merchandise. Postals not noticed. Speak quick!

S. B. KELLEY, Milltown, Me., will exchange one trio of Plymouth R. chicks, May hatch, or year old fowls, for J. A. Whitman's Fountain Pump, with hose and sprinkler in good order, and ready for use.

GEO. W. DIXON, Worcester, Mass., will exchange imported Lops, Buck, 21x5, value $25.00; Buck, 20x4½, value $20.00; Doe, 20x4½, value $20.00; Doe, 18 x4½, value $12 00. Pair of Himalayans, valued $10.00—6 in all, for $40.00 cash, or merchandise at full value of each animal. White and Colored Guinea Pigs, and 2 pair young Lops, for most anything excepting live stock.

E. KRAUSE, Zanesville, Ohio, wants to exchange extra fine Lop-eared and Angora Rabbits, for a large Zice Aquarium, or a good Talking Parrot.

FRED. T. MARTIN, P. O. Box 87, Owego, N. Y., will exchange one pair Bronze Turkeys, one pair Brown Leghorns (Bonney strain), one White Leghorn cock, and one Buff Cochin hen, for set buggy, harness, or offers.

BOX 1256, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange, to make room for young stock, Buff, Partridge, White and Black Cochin, Light and Dark Brahma, White Sultan Black African Bantam hens, two female Canary birds, French Accordian, Revolver; for carpets, window shades and fixtures, chairs, or any kind of house furniture—anything that will not eat. Hens are all No 1.

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will exchange 2 litters of Shepherd pups, P. Rocks, W. & B. Leghorns eggs, and Fancy Pigeons, for Gold Sebright Bantam cock, Gold or Silver Sebright Bantam eggs or fowls, or W. C. B Polands eggs or fowls.

HOWARD TWINING, Doylestown, Pa., has 8 Golden penciled Hamburgs, (6 hens and 2 cocks,) from Hurst & Tuck's celebrated stock: one pair took 1st premium at all the fairs they were shown last winter. Will exchange the lot for equally good Black Hamburgs, or offers. Speak quick.

JAS. H. PHILLIPS. Coventry, N. Y., will exchange one trio G. P. Hamburgs, pair of Part. Cochin hens, Buff Cochins, or eggs from No. 1 L. B's., or Brown Leghorns, for a lemon and white setter bitch, of good pedigree, not over two years old, or offers.

JNO. M. ROBERTSON, Box 173, Scranton, Pa., will exchange Baldhead and Red Splashed Tumblers, White and Spotted Fantails, Croppers, English Dragons, one trio Houdans, one trio Buff Cochins, one Scotch Terrier dog pup, 3 months old, cropped; one Skye Terrier bitch, a beauty; for Antwerp Carriers. First-class birds wanted, and a liberal exchange given for same.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work State condition and lowest cash price.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

J. S. EDMONDS, Schenectady, N. Y., wants second-hand books on wood turning, Architecture, and wood working in general. Give name of publisher; also a large gold pen, give name of maker and size.

G. C. PEASE, Reading, Pa., wants cast iron Aquarium Frames, new or second-hand—octagon preferred; also bird seed. Will give Fancy Pigeons in exchange.

A. W. McKINSTRY, Chicopee, Mass., wants a Black Spanish cock. A friend wishes me to procure for him a good bird, hatch of '74 or '75. Price must be reasonable.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

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PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D. Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch, Williams, Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.
H. PARHAM, Lima, O.

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, JULY 3, 1876. No. 25.

EDITOR FANCIERS' JOURNAL:

I clip the following beautiful lines from one of my papers as a delicious morsel, too good to be lost as too many newspaper articles are. The Spring, the coming time of the Robin, to be sure is past, but the Fall is coming, when his song is still beautiful, as well as cheering—for has not another poet told us in a beautiful song—

"Robin sings so sweetly in the falling of the year."

H.

WITH THE ROBINS.

Sing, Robin, in the apple tree,
Sing loud your happiest strain,
My lover has come back to me,
And will not roam again.
He left me when the summer's light
Lay over all the land,
And only said, "Sweet love, good night,"
And fondly kissed my hand.

He did not come when morning came,
And days and weeks went by,
And though I fondly call'd his name,
There came back no reply;
But when the earth was white with snow,
And winter winds blew chill,
A letter from afar did show
He was my lover still.

When the first violet came out
To see if spring were come,
And bluebirds made a merry rout
About my quiet home,
I said, when robins sing, I know
His face I sure will see;
This morning you your red breast show,
And he is here with me.

Thomas S. Collier.

FISH-BUILDERS.

THE NESTS OF THE FINNY TRIBE—CURIOUS HABITS OF THE STICKLEBACK.

A writer in *Chambers' Journal* says that one of the most common of our British fishes, the tiny stickleback, has attracted considerable attention on account of its curious habit of building a nest—rivaling in intricacy the homes of our feathered friends—in which it deposits its eggs, and over which it keeps watch and guard till the tiny family are able to enter on the responsibilities of stickleback life. Such precautions are unusual among the finny tribes, whose eggs are generally left to chance, or, in some cases, adhere to friendly weeds till they hatch out, and the young ones face life in the world of waters, without a parent's care to guide them. The lordly salmon makes an apology for a nest by scooping out a hollow or "redd" in the gravel bed of the stream which it ascends for the purpose; but this, compared with the beautiful workmanship of the stickleback, is as the rook's collection of sticks to the mossy ball prepared by Jenny Wren for her bantlings. The instances of nest-building fishes are rare, and it is among tropical species that the majority of them occur. One of these, whose lovely colors have caused it to be christened the "rainbow fish," has lately been introduced in limited numbers into Europe, where its beauty has created quite a furor among the aquarium-keepers, and where it excites additional interest on account of its possessing the peculiarity of building a nest for the reception of the eggs.

Probably the first person who has watched the whole of this operation was Monsieur Carbonnier, a French naturalist, who lately gave an account of his observations before the Paris Acclimatization Society. As in the case of the stickleback, it is the male fish which performs the principal duties of nurse and cradle-keeper; but the nest of the rainbow fish differs from that of the stickleback in the fact that it floats on the surface of the water, whereas the latter is built among the weeds beneath. The approach of breeding time is marked by the increasing beauty of color in the male fish, who dons his best robes in order to find favor in the eyes of his mate. His scales then assume all the varied tints of the rainbow, every movement causing them to scintillate with a metallic lustre and ever-changing hue, now flashing forth with increased splendor, now dying away for a moment, only to appear with greater variety and intensity of color. But his time is not all given to courting. He enters on the duties of his prospective position with vigor; and his instinct, amounting almost to sagacity, is thus exemplified in Monsieur Carbonnier's narrative.

The weeds growing in the aquarium in which some of his specimens were confined were of a kind which would not float. The fish tore off bits of the leaves in his mouth and expelled them toward the surface; but their specific gravity was too great, and his efforts were unavailing. Monsieur Carbonnier, with a quick perception of the fish's wants, replaced the plants with others of a finer texture, and then had the pleasure of seeing the fish renew its attempts with complete success. But the fish was too cunning an architect to trust to the natural flotation of his building materials, and after placing a few pieces together in position, he formed several air-bubbles in a viscid secretion, which he was able to eject from his mouth, and placed them in contact with his floating nest. Just, in fact, as engineers among ourselves have proposed to raise the Vanguard by means of immense air-bags, the rainbow fish, wiser than ourselves, formed his air-bags and attached them to his ship as a precautionary measure, to prevent its sinking from natural instability, collision with piscine Iron Dukes, or other untoward causes. Day by day the work of knitting together the little morsels of weed progresses, till a floating domed island three inches in diameter is formed (the fish itself is not more than half the length); but this is, so to speak, only the foundation of the edifice, the roof being in reality constructed before any other part. Beneath this roof a complete circular nest is built, which the fish welds together with the greatest industry and patience, and not till it is complete does he seek his companion.

All this time the female has kept aloof, neither assisting her companion nor encouraging him by her presence in the work of nidification. But now she is induced to visit the home of her future progeny, and the labors of the exemplary parent are redoubled. When the minute eggs are laid, he collects them in his mouth, and places them carefully within the nest, which he continually supports with fresh bubbles, lest the precious cargo should overweight it. When all is safe, he stations himself on guard before the only opening in the nest, and awaits the course of events, ready to defend his handiwork against all comers, while his better half retires altogether from the scene. In about three days the eggs begin to hatch out. The parent fish then destroys a number of the supporting air-bubbles, causing the nest to sink deeper into the water, so that none of the young ones may be "drowned" for want of water. As long as he can, he prevents them from escaping from the paternal roof—the title is hardly appropriate, however, for neither father nor mother has inhabited the house; but their strength rapidly increases; and, just as boys and girls leave home to better themselves, the young rainbow fish burst from the father's apron-strings and are soon exulting in their new-found freedom.

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

DURING THE LAST TWO YEARS

A vast deal of complaint has been current among the breeders and fanciers in America, that the hatching of eggs was difficult, and that, compared with results in prior years in this respect, the success of poulterers in all directions was noticeably meager—more especially where the Brahmas, Cochins, and other large fowls were being bred.

This state of things we have not failed to observe, and for three or four seasons we have watched for some clear explanation of the *cause* which has brought about this result—so commonly known nowadays, everywhere, among the fraternity in the United States.

We have had theories, and have published in these columns, from time to time, numerous opinions of those who have suffered from this curious, but almost universally occurring, incident among breeders—old and young. But the *real* trouble has not yet been made known, satisfactorily.

This season, so far as we have heard, fanciers have experienced better luck than last year. In many places, however, the results have been disheartening. In England, last year, but slight complaint was noticed; but this spring (1876), thousands of dozens of choice eggs set there, have proved infertile—for reasons as yet clearly unknown or unexplained.

A practical breeder of long experience informs us that last year out of over 1,200 eggs he set in March, April, and early May, he obtained but about three hundred live chicks—or say 25 per cent. from the settings. This year he has done better, getting out of 600 eggs over two hundred good chicks. All these are of the Asiatics.

Hitherto the chief reason for this non-success, has been attributed to the excessively cold and lengthy winter of 1874-75. But the last winter—though severe at times—was not prolonged, and this spring opened fine and promisingly. And now we have from a careful and observant experimenter, the following suggestions—which we consider very reasonable, and to the point.

He writes us that he "has experienced this same ill luck in late years," and adds, "I have sought diligently for the cause of this remarkable falling off in the average hatching of eggs from my own stock, and also from those I have purchased from reliable men in various sections of the country, *all* of which have come out about the same, in my hands. I have sent away, carefully packed as usual, several dozens of eggs for incubation—not more than a third of which have been found fertile. In some cases, not over two or three in the thirteen! And this has been about what I have hatched at home; while from others' eggs (purchased) my success has been little or no better, this or last year. And three years ago, I first observed the beginning of this failure among my own stock—although, so far as I could see, my birds were as healthy as ever; and such chicks as I did hatch, grew as finely with me, or in the hands of others who purchased my stock, as had been usual in my experience.

"Now I am quite convinced that the real difficulty is that we have in this country (and in England, too,) been breeding from the same strains of poultry stock too long. In the case of the *Brahmas* and *Cochins* for instance, (all of which come down to us through a very few original blooded birds of each variety,) we have bred so many thousands upon thousands in the last fifteen or twenty years here, that it is not surprising the stock should weaken, and run out comparatively, by this time. Good birds are still raised, I know—and many more will be raised from these strains. But when we get down to producing from any well-known variety on the average, everywhere, not over two to three chicks from a full dozen eggs set, year after year—it seems to me we ought to look this fact squarely in the face, and make some exertion to effect a remedy for this palpable misfortune!"

We agree with our correspondent. If the reader will remember, it was but a few years ago that, both in England and America, the fine White *Dorkings* were common and were highly prized. The Gray or Colored Dorkings have now taken their place in England quite generally, while in this country, we know of very few flocks, scarcely any of the White variety, at present being bred. With us on this side of the water they have about "run out;" and it was found at the last that their eggs, by degrees, ceased to hatch here almost precisely as have some of the Asiatic varieties, within the past year or two.

We must therefore have fresh blood among our large birds. We hear of no importations from China, or India, *direct*—in late years—into England or America, of any of these favorite varieties. Would it not be well for our leading fanciers to get out from Shanghai or Calcutta some fresh stock, with which to infuse new blood and stamina into the strains we now have here, and which it is very clear are now deteriorating in such large numbers in proportion to the few that are still being successfully bred? We really think this is worth considering. M.

(From Journal of Horticulture.)

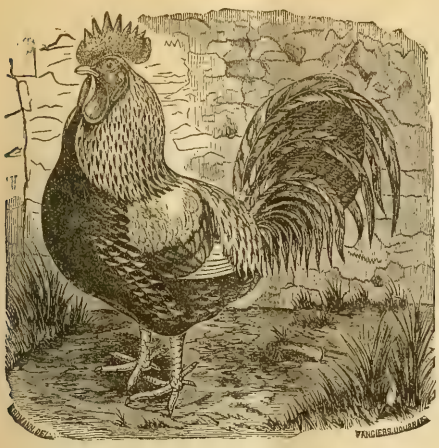
THE EXHIBITION DORKING.—No. 10.

BY T. C. BURNELL.

Amongst the different breeds of Dorkings, the Dark or Colored Dorking, on account of its superior size, has always been the favorite. This variety was originally called the Grey Dorking, then the Colored Dorking, and now is generally known by the name of the Dark Dorking, to distinguish it from the Silver-Grey variety.

The first and most important point in a Dorking is the shape. Most beginners are apt to think that five toes on each foot, and a freedom from leg feathers and crest, are all that are required to make a good bird. Not so; it is the peculiar shape which makes the Dorking—the square, deep, and massive body, and the full chest. The breast bone should be long and deep, to allow plenty of room for putting on flesh, as it is the Dorking's breast which gives it its pre-eminence for the table. The back should be broad and flat at the shoulders, and should gradually narrow to the hips; the legs should be short and stout, and with plenty of bone, as the leg is a good criterion of frame and capacity for putting on flesh; the thighs should lie close to the body, and not be carried stilt-wise, as in the Cochin. The above points apply equally to all Dorkings.

I will now state what is generally considered requisite in a show bird of the Dark variety; and first for the cock. Head of a good size, eye large and dark in color, earlobe red, wattles long and pendulous, comb either single or double. If the comb is single it must be perfectly upright, quite straight, free from any excrescences at the sides, and evenly serrated with about six or seven



Dark Dorking Cock.

sprigs; if rose-shaped (double), it should be close and firmly fixed on the head, square in front, flat at the top with the exception of numerous little sprigs, the sides straight and even, and the whole comb narrowing behind in a distinct point. The comb in either case should be of a good size, but without the least tendency to coarseness. Rose-combs in Colored Dorkings have lately become very scarce in the show pen, and not more than a dozen pens, I think, have been seen at the Crystal Palace Show for the last five years They are evidently not popular, the reasons doubtless being that they are more difficult to find in perfection, that they invariably become coarse and ungainly in the second year, and that they are more open to being tampered with than the single combs; this latter, in my opinion, being a serious objection.

Rose and single-combed birds may be bred together, and a proproportion of both will be found in the chickens; but this plan should be avoided if possible, as coarse and ugly combs are sure to be the result, and neither comb will become fixed in the strain. In a pen of birds for exhibition, of course the combs must match; if a rose combed cock and a single-combed hen were shown together, certain disqualification would be the result. Sometimes we find a bird with a comb something between the two—that is, a single comb in the front part expanding into two combs, as it were, in the middle, and joining again at the back, so as to form a large hollow. These "cup" combs, as they are called, will not now pass muster, and are only fit for the farm-yard. The neck hackle should be very full, and should fall naturally, the feathers not twisting over one another or rising in a hump behind the neck; tail very large and full, with the feathers unusually broad and arching, and the saddle hackles very plentiful; legs short and perfectly straight; toes, five on each foot, the fourth and fifth or hind toes being very distinct, and each growing separately from the leg, the fifth toes turning upwards; the front toes long, straight, and well spread, and the spurs set well inside the leg, in fact almost pointing at one another.

Formerly the color of a Colored Dorking cock was immaterial, but of late years, since a separate class has been made for Silver-Greys, this is not the case. The neck hackle should be clouded or striped with black, and not be white, as in the Silver-Grey. The saddle, too, should be clouded, and the shoulders of a darkish tinge. The accompanying illustration, drawn from a cockerel of my own breeding, gives a very good idea of the color required in a Dorking cock to match the Dark hens, which are now so fashionable. A cock will pass muster if he is not so darkly striped in the neck hackle; but a Colored Dorking Cock with almost white hackle and shoulders is not the proper mate either for the show pen or breeding for a Dark hen, any more than a Silver Duckwing Game cock is a match for a Brown Red Game hen. To a critical eye one is quite as objectionable as the other.

Occasionally we see cocks showing a good deal of red or chestnut on the shoulders. These will pass with a Dark hen and often breed very good pullets, but they are not so suitable in my opinion as cocks only showing black and grey. It is commonly thought that white in the breast or tail is a bad point. This is a mistake, and arises from confusing the colors of the Dark and Silver-Grey varieties. A little white in the breast of a Dark cock, or on the thighs, is no detriment, nor is white in the tail; in fact, I have never seen a really good Dark cock without white in the sickle feather—a "gay" sickle, as it is termed. My first prize cock at the Palace, and first cockerel at Birmingham, this year, both had white in the sickles, as also had my second Palace and cup Birmingham cock the year before, and I have yet to learn that it is any disadvantage. Of course a very white breast or tail is a disadvantage; but it is no disqualification if a bird is good in other respects, and often appears after a moult in a bird which was previously quite free from it.

I have said a good deal about the white in the tail, as the only results of rejecting gay-sickled birds would be to reduce the size of Dorkings by making the choice of show specimens much more difficult, or else to introduce the plucking-and-trimming system, which is such a curse to many other breeds. The color of the legs and feet should be white; the color of the flesh and skin of a fowl is always of the same tinge and color as the feet. So in the Dorking, which is essentially the table fowl, it is very important that this should be white.

I have now mentioned most of the necessary points, and to assist beginners will now state the most common defects. Many Dorkings have undoubtedly been crossed some time with other breeds, such as Cochins or Malays; but such crosses can nearly always be detected. Long legs and deficiency of chest are certain signs of a cross, as also are yellow beaks and too nails. A small tail, too, should be looked upon with suspicion, as a large and flowing tail is inseparable from a pure-bred Dorking. The comb in the cock sometimes falls to one side and lops behind; both these are signs of lack of condition and health, and are ruinous in the show pen, as also is a bad twist or bend in the comb, though a slight turn or "thumb mark" in the front of the comb is not so important as in a Spanish cock. A crooked leg is not at all an uncommon defect, and should be carefully looked to in buying a bird; but the feet, as a rule, are where the most attention is required, as not only are corns found under the feet, but the hind toes are frequently badly set on. The big toes often curve inwards and the front toes are sometimes set too closely together instead of being well spread. These two last are bad defects. Spurs are found outside, too high up, or at the back of the leg; these blemishes are fast becoming common, and require to be looked to. A decided dark tinge or "sootiness" in the feet is certain disqualification, as also are feathered legs.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

WHITE CRESTED BLACK POLISH.

THE EFFECTS OF A VOYAGE.

In the long chain of God's handiwork and wisdom, as developed in the animal race, man stands at the head, alone gifted with a complete language, whereby he can communicate his thoughts, feelings, and impressions, but when we descend in the scale of living beings, we must satisfy ourselves to read, mark, and learn, what they would fain tell us, by their action and glance of the eye.

All domesticated birds and quadrupeds have a power to manifest pain and pleasure, by well-defined signs, which he that runs may read; even symptoms of their manifold diseases are being rapidly learned and remedies provided, in many cases complaints approximating to those of man.

An instance which came under my own observation, demonstrates the fact, that fowls are subject to the same painful sensations of a voyage as we are ourselves. On the 6th of the present month, I received advice from England of the shipping to me a trio of White Crested Black Poland Fowls, from which I judged that they ought to be, if not having arrived, at New York, and through the kind services of Mr. Booth, the superintendent of Adams' Express in this city, they were sought out and promptly delivered to me on the second morning following. I was glad to see the three beauties safely arrive, but at one glance I noticed they looked weary and listless. They had evidently not starved for food and water, judging by the abundance of a good quality of corn in the bottom of the hamper, and the vessel of water at the side. For the delectation of amateurs, we give the items of expense for transit from Liverpool to Hartford, by Baldwin Bros. & Co's American-European Express:

Custom fees, expenses and cartage,	$1.50
Commission, $2.00, freight $10.55,	12.55
To butcher for attendance,	5.00
Collection,	.25
Express, (Adams)	1.00
	$20.30

I took them out of the basket, and carefully examined them one by one: one hen had a slight bruise under its wing; the other had a little cold in one eye, which indicated something worse to follow, if not checked. I therefore took a soft sponge and applied water and castile soap, and gave it a few drops of tincture of nitre on sugar, which had the desired effect. The cock was apparently well, with the exception that it was evidently laboring under great distress and alarm; on being moved by hand, it thrust its head under its breast, and on being but down on the ground, put it flat down, and made a complete somersault, as deftly as any school-boy; it was evidently dizzy. When put on the roost at night, when darkness was setting in, he would scream in great alarm for five or ten minutes, as if anticipating another storm, when he would hide his head under his breast. None of them, on being first put in the yard, could walk steady, but moved about with a hop, skip and jump. These eccentricities, however, gradually wore off in two or three days. I saw they needed rest and quietness, and in a week they were almost restored to their former strength and vigor. I have imported birds before, but never saw the effects of a voyage so marked as in these.

Andrew Sugden.

SHIPPING FOWLS.

At our last show I noted the various ways in which some breeders ship fowls. Some come in very *heavy* rough boxes—boards an inch and a half thick; [some in *lath* boxes, with no protection whatever from the elements. The best coops I have yet seen—or perhaps I might say—the most properly shipped birds I have seen, were some from the yards of J. Y. Bicknell. These coops were made of *thin* boards, *hard* wood with half inch pine bottoms and partitions; they were tight, except on top, so no cold draughts could affect the birds; a place for feed, and cups for water, in each box two seperate trios was transported, at much *less* weight than one trio is generally boxed. If some of those *"Phansiers"* who ship a trio of Bantams in a dry-goods box, would only bear in mind that parties who buy fowls generally have their hen houses built, and don't want *lumber*—especially at *express* ive rates. Let the fanciers ship their fowls in light boxes as possible, and perhaps the extra charges thus saved the purchaser, may possibly find its way into other pockets than that of the Express Co.

G. O. B.

HERRON vs. WARREN.

Worcester, Mass., June 13th, 1876.

J. M. Wade, Esq., Editor:

My Dear Sir:—It is entirely true that in the fall of 1875, I received a bank draft for $25 from Mr. F. M. Herron, Indianapolis, Ind., for a trio of my game birds. I filled the order Sept. 18, 1875, from my Leicester yards, and received from Mr. Herron a very satisfactory letter in praise for the birds. It is also true that on the 7th of Feb. 1876, he wrote me of the death of his cockerel, and wishing my lowest terms for another as good,and desired and urged that on account of his ill success, or loss, that I should furnish him a male bird at a less price. It is true that I replied to him, Feb. 9th, 1876, that I could only send him a late hatched chicken which would be A No. 1, price $12. He replied to this letter still urging that I should sell him a cockerel at a less price than $12, to which I replied Feb. 18, 1876, that the cockerel I should send would be all right for breeding, but I was so short I could not possibly let him have one less than $12. It is also true that Mr. Herron sent me a bank draft for $12 which I received, and on March 6th, 1876, from my Leicester yard, I sent him one of my best Belden Stags, hatched in Sept., 1875, and which Mr. Parker and myself *personally* selected and pronounced an A No. 1 cockerel. On receipt of this bird I received a letter from Mr. Herron stating that I had swindled him, and that he had returned the bird, saying he wanted immediately either the money or another bird and that he wished me to understand that A. D. Warren could not swindle him, and then enumerated the disqualifications which I pronounced in my letter of March 17th, 1876, to be entirely false in one particular at least; that of the wry tail. The letter of Herron annoyed me exceedingly. It made me feel sick to think I was engaged in such a business. It made me think that this man Herron said to himself "Well now I have got this man Warren entirely in my power—I am bound to get from him an old, fully developed bird, for with his reputation, he would make me a present, rather than undergo a controversy." He writes me April 28th, 1876, "I have delayed answering until I could get replies from Jos. M. Wade, and other prominent fanciers, but if you will send me at once, *expressage* paid, a bird that judges here or W. H. Todd of Vermillion, Ohio, pronounces 1st class, I will be satisfied; otherwise, I shall proceed to business," and then follows on a series of *threats*, and concludes the letter by saying "I am very much of the opinion that you do not know me but think you will, unless you do as I say, know me much better in the future than you do now, and further, that you will conclude that that little $12 did more advertising for you than any similar amount you ever before became possessed of." To which I replied that I had sent him a first class bird. He had returned the same at an expense to me of $4.20 with complaints that I declared false and untrue; that the bird was in my possession subject to his order. And May 1st, in answer to a letter from him, dated April 28th, in which he said if I did not at once send him the $12 he should send to each of the poultry papers his story, and would have circulars printed to send to every poultry breeder in the States. Says he should be on hand at the Centennial, Boston, and what large shows there should be; would spend $50 or $100 if necessary, and ends by saying "Doubtless the good people of Worcester would be rejoiced to learn that A. D. Warren was an object of charity."

I say in reply to this, I wrote May 1st that my reply was the same substantially as in my letter of April 21st, with the addition that I shoulld not do as he demanded of me. Said I would remit him $7.80 less the $4.20 paid for express or if he would remit me

$4.20, I would send him another bird, but very *generously* suggested that his best method would be to make good his threats. After beating around for some time, and getting into the position that he had gone so far that he was obliged to do something, he has given the country his story. Since the starting of this, I have laid the subject before some of my friends, all of whom I think are honest men. One says, "Well Warren, if you have got the back bone to stand up to this thing, and challenge Herron to make a statement that shall affect your honor, and if he dares make it you can honestly repel his insinuations, do so, and many a hard working, good, respectable breeder will rise and pay you tribute. Another says, "any man who would say to me that my friend, 'Al. Warren, my boy,' would for the paltry sum of twelve dollars, take advantage of any one, I would tell him he either lied or was mistaken." Another says: "Take no notice of it, it is an old game to make."

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, let me say that the sum of $12 or another of my birds would have silenced this matter, and certainly I desire no publicity, but sir, I do most sincerely think that this man Herron thought he could *frighten* me into his ideas, consequently I do not believe him to be an honest man. The bird I sent was a late hatched, but a perfect bird, so far as tail and health. I have him now, and I am sure that for such a bird this fall, Mr. Belden would charge me $50 gold, and expenses. I have raised better birds, but he will now figure 85 points, I am sure by our standard. Herron alludes to other irregularities, which I shall make him prove outside of any poultry organ. I can say that from the sale of stock amounting to $4,691, I have had *six complaints* only, and I do not think one of them reflected on myself as taking advantage. It is getting harder, and more difficult to suit the tastes of fanciers. They all want fully developed birds that will figure *just* 100 points; that is what it means, and any one shipping birds from Worcester Mass., to Indianapolis, Indiana, in the month of March, should not be held responsible if the chickens catch cold. A wry tail is another question, and unpardonable on the part of a shipper; this accusation I simply deny in toto, and if Mess. Fry and Christain subscribe their statement on the bird I sent, I have my opinion of their knowledge in that line.

This is a good time to make and hear complaints. It is high time reform should be the order of the day. If I am judged guilty in this, say so, and I will give up my clothing entire, which has belonged to honorable bodies. Herron writes in one of his letters that he understands A. D. Warren goes to the A. P. A. with all his complaints. He is right. That is the place to go to in my judgment, and I should go there every time in cases like this. My reputation is to me, of more value than any business I might have. I raise chickens more for the pleasure that others and myself derive, than for the gain. And I probably put out more money every year than any other breeder of a single variety in the world. And it only makes me happy when I know I have pleased a customer or friend. Those who know me best, know whether or not I would be guilty of such charges. And it is a duty incumbent on them to have this matter well weighed. Among the orders I have received for birds for the season of 1876, let me say I am perfectly willing to cancel *all*, if they are in any way influenced by this case. I in the future as in the past *warrant* full and *thoroughly* my stock, and shall never send out *any* but *first-class* Black Breasted Red Game stock.

Begging pardon for the time &c.,

I am very truly yours,

A. D. WARREN.

LEICESTER, MASS., June 16th, 1876.

This is to certify that I have bred Game fowls for Mr. A. D. Warren for the past three years, and I know it has always been his aim to sell nothing but first class birds, and that he would on no account allow one of inferior quality to leave his yards. In regard to the cockerel sent to Mr. Herron *he was a very fine Beldon Stag* but was late hatched and not as old when shipped as Mr. Warren usually requires them to be, but before sending he wrote to Mr. Herron informing him of that fact, and Mr. H. ordered him to be sent, and we selected him as a very fine bird, *he had not a wry tail* nor any deformity whatever. I would not send, nor would Mr. Warren allow a wry-tailed bird to be sent to any one. I consider it the worst kind of a disqualification in any variety of fowl. Any bird in Mr. Warren's yards that showed the least tendency to a wry tail, would be very short lived indeed.

G. F. PARKER.

SHREWSBURY, MASS., June 12th, 1876.

I hereby certify that for the past two years I have bred Game fowls for Mr. A. D. Warren of Worcester, and that I have always found him exceedingly particular in the selection of his birds, and never knew him to send out a poor one, and I believe he would rather lose the sale of a trio at a fancy price than to sell an inferior bird for $100. I know him I think, thoroughly, and know him to be a man above taking advantage of any one.

H. S. BALL.

AMONG THE FANCIERS.

A few days ago I went on a visit to some of our poultry men. C. E. L. Hayward has the largest variety of fowls and pigeons in New England. He lives on a farm in Hancock, but his express and post-office is at Peterboro, N. H. He breeds all the Asiatics, Brown, White, and Black Leghorns, S. S. G. S., and Black Hamburgs, S. S. Polish, B. B. Red and Blue Pile Games, P. Rocks, Dominiques, Black Spanish, B. B. R., and Silver Duckwing, Game Bantams, G. Sebright, S. Sebright Bantams, Black African Bantams, White Booted Bantams, White and Colored Musk, Rouen, Cayuga, White Crested Pekin, Aylesbury, Mallard, White Call Ducks, Bronze Turkeys.

His collection of pigeons is very large, and are nearly all first-class birds. He has nearly all the different colors of Fans, Jacobins, Pouters, Carriers, Trumpeters, Tumblers, Duchess, Barbs, Magpies, Turbits, Swallows, Archangels, Snells, Priests, Ring-neck Doves, and other varieties on the way.

Mr. Hayward lives on a farm of about 400 acres, and is largely engaged in fruit growing and butter making, and keeps Essex swine to eat the sour milk. The fowls are kept in small houses, cheaply built and scattered over his farm. It is quite a job to tramp over his premises. Mr. Hayward told me that his sales of eggs had been very large this spring, and have hatched very well. His stock cost very high, and was obtained from the best breeders in the country. His Black African Bantams from Bicknell are *extra good*.

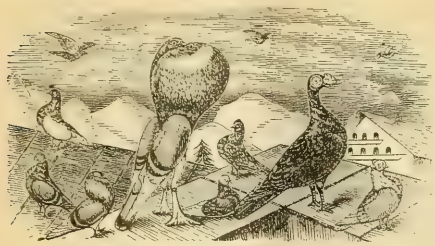
Mr. Hayward has never exhibited at any of our shows, but we hope to get him out next winter. I intended to visit E. R. Spaulding, the "Game Bantam Man," but it was *too hot* (92°). Shall try and look his stock over in Sept.

J. G. MCKEEN.

ARTIFICIAL HATCHING.

The Chinese rear immense numbers of ducks, which are hatched by placing the eggs in a box of sand and they then keep the box of sand at a heat suitable to hatch eggs, when hatched they are fed on craw-fish and crabs (I think they would be "backward" in their growth), cut in small pieces and generally boiled with rice; they (the ducks) are kept in boats, 300 or 400 in each, going out to feed every morning and returning when wanted by call of the master.

TERRÆ FILIUS.



Pigeon Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PIGEON FLYING.

New York, June 15th, 1876.

Prof. A. N. Raub:

Sir:—Knowing that you are a pigeon fancier, and also a friend of the interesting pigeon called "le Voyageur," or homing Antwerp, and wishing to get from you a few references in regard to the distance of your place from Philadelphia, and also from New York, I have thought to write this letter, with the request that you publish your answer in the Fanciers' Journal, of Hartford, Conn. Last year for the first time in the Colombophilic sport of the racing of the Antwerps in the United States, the Philadelphia and New York fanciers had a few races; our New York birds had to fly from Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia fanciers' birds had to fly from New York. Our first race was for a valuable gold medal, known as the champion medal of the Philadelphia and New York flying pigeon fanciers. My bird won the medal, doing the distance from Philadelphia to New York in about 4 hours 30 minutes, while it took Mr. T. Grist's bird 59½ minutes more, and the other birds were ruled out of time, as they came too late to be taken any notice of. As you will see, sir, our birds made bad time, as a distance of 90 miles could be easily flown with clear weather and favorable wind in two hours. It happened that the day of the race was a very foggy day, at least, so in the morning. Here in New York, as is generally the case, like in all large cities, particularly when lying near the sea coast, it was very foggy at 6 o'clock, A. M., and as the conditions were that our birds should be tossed at 7 o'clock, it was very hazy at that time yet, although the fog had cleared off to a great extent. In Philadelphia, it seems, there was also a great cloudiness hanging over the city, but as Mr. Grist wrote me it was considerably cleared away at 7 o'clock. Mr. Grists's bird, who had flown the distance from New York to Philadelphia often, never took so long a time as it did the time of the race. Mr. Grist, although not winning the gold medal, insisted if the weather had been as clear in New York as it was in Philadelphia, that his bird would have made a better record, and might have beaten mine. May this be so or not, there is some irregularity and unfairness in flying birds in different directions and different atmospheres, and therefore I have taken the liberty to address you this letter, so as to see if the direction in which you live, should not be a desirable one to fly both the Philadelphia and New York birds, in case of races.

I think that Lock Haven lies west from Philadelphia, and also from New York; the distance is not much farther from the one place than from the other, and it being inland, and away from the sea coast, I think that the atmosphere must be pure and free from all gases and haziness. You are aware sir, that the best authorities on the pigeon Voyageur attribute their remarkable powers of returning home from great distances to their extraordinary sharp eye-sight aided certainly by superior breed and instinct. All fanciers of the homing bird, who have raced their pigeons know that if they send their pets to voyages in foggy weather they generally get lost, or at least stay away until the weather is cleared up before they can locate themselves, and be able to find their destination. It is then the first duty for a fancier to study the directions where generally the clearest weather prevails. As I said before, and as almost everybody knows, the sea coast is generally foggy, and I think therefore that we should keep away from the sea coast. Certainly we all know that the wind in the summer months generally blows from the south or south-west, and therefore it is not advisable to train toward the north, as in case of training in that direction the birds lose also one great point, which is that they have to fly against the wind, but when they are flying from the west to the east, as I think your town lies from Philadelphia and New York, the inconvenience which the birds might have by not exactly flying with the wind, will more than tenfold compensate by the clear atmosphere they will encounter by flying from the interior towns.

Lock Haven, by looking at the map, must be about 175 miles from New York, and about 155 from Philadelphia. Although in such a race the New York pigeons should have to fly about twenty more miles, this could be arranged by allowing time. A race from such a distance would certainly attract the attention of all the pigeon fanciers in the country, and stimulate the desire to breed and train the homing bird.

I propose then in the name of the New York fanciers a great pigeon match with birds bred in 1876, from the city of Lock Haven, on the 30th of September next; the first prize to consist of a valuable gold watch and chain, and the value thereof to be raised by a subscription of all the participating fanciers. I will lead the list with $15.00, and although I have not spoken to Mr. Waefelaer from Hoboken, N. J., about it, I guarantee at least as much more from him, and if every fancier does according to his desire and means, we will be able to add perhaps another gold watch for a second prize. Now Sir, if every fancier will take care of his young stock, and keep them undisturbed till the half of August before he commences to train any of them, there is no doubt that all will have plenty of birds to participate in the race. Unluckily some young fanciers not accustomed to handle the flying breed, and not understanding the way they train in Belgium, commence to train and race their young birds in May, June and July, in some matches from short distances. This is not the way to do, as in these months the races should be done with old birds. In Belgium we commence to train our old birds about the first of May, and stop with them about the latter part of July. Between this interval all the racing is done with the old birds, and the young birds are left undisturbed. Then only we commence with the young birds, and as it might be of some interest to you, and to show that what I advance is true in every respect, I give you here below the places which are selected in Antwerp to train their birds from, and I will also give as near as I can the distances.

The Antwerp paper, the *Pigeon Fancier* of April the 29th, says:

Public list of the exercises and prize races for the year 1876.

WITH OLD BIRDS:

Sunday,	May	the	7th,	from	Beveren,	5	miles from	Antwerp.
Tuesday,	"	"	9th,	"	St. Nicolas,	12	" "	"
Thursday,	"	"	11th,	"	Lokeren,	18	" "	"
Sunday,	"	"	14th,	"	Ghendt,	30	"	prize race.
Tuesday,	"	"	16th,	"	Ghendt,	30	" "	"
Sunday,	"	"	21st,	"	Valenciennes,	75	"	prize race.
"	"	"	28th,	"	St. Quentin,	140	"	"
"	June	"	4th,	"	Paris,	216	"	"
"	"	"	4th,	"	Blois,	300	"	for prize of honor
"	"	"	25th,	"	Chateaurou',	350	" "	"
"	July	"	9th,	"	St. Sulpice Saur,	500	" "	"

WITH YOUNG BIRDS BRED IN 1876:

Sunday July the	16th,	from Beveren,	5	miles	from	Antwerp.
Tuesday, " "	18th,	" St. Nicolas,	12	"	"	"
Thursday, " "	20th,	" Lokeren,	18	"	"	"
Sunday, " "	23d,	" Ghendt,	30		prize race.	
Tuesday, " "	25th,	" " "			"	"
Sunday, " "	30th,	" Tournay,	50		"	"
" August "	6th,	" Valenciennes	80		"	"
" " "	13th,	" Albert,	140		"	"
" " "	20th,	" Creuil,	200		"	"
" " "	27th,	" Etamps,	240		"	"
" Sept. "	10th,	" Beaugency,	275		"	"

You will see Sir, that the old birds which for the greatest part are experienced birds, that is to say birds who have flown some distances the year before, are not given so many exercises, while young birds are trained with more caution. If I recommend to commence the training of the young birds only in the middle of August, instead of in the middle of July, as they do in Belgium, it is that the heat is generally a great deal stronger here than it is in Belgium and in the north of France, besides the month of September is a favorable month for training pigeons, the weather being generally clear, and very fine in this country.

Trusting Sir, that you will give the desired references, as also the railroad facilities with your plan from New York and Philadelphia, I am Sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN VAN OPSTAL.
4 Lewis St., New York.

LOCK HAVEN, Pa., June 17, 1876.

JOHN VAN OPSTAL, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR:—In answer to your communication of the 15th inst., I would say that in a direct line as nearly as I can ascertain, our city is about 155 miles from Philadelphia, and 185 miles from New York. The town is accessible by rail from either New York or Philadelphia *via* Harrisburg, four times daily: at 9.40 A. M., and 3.15, 7.30 and 10.30 P. M. Our railway distance from Philadelphia is 226 miles, and from Harrisburg 118 miles.

From Philadelphia the towns of Reading, Pottsville, and Northumberland are in almost a direct line to Lock Haven; and from New York, the towns of Easton, Tamaqua, and Northumberland are similarly situated, making good practice points from which to fly while training. At Tamaqua, Col. John Hendricks, and at Northumberland Col. David Taggart, two ardent veteran fanciers, would doubtless be willing to give their assistance in caring for the birds, &c. I am unable to name any fanciers in either Pottsville or Reading, but there are numbers in both places.

At Lock Haven any assistance I might be able to render would be given willingly. I hope your challenge may be accepted, and that a match may be made for the time you mention. Our mornings here are generally beautiful and clear, and I think favorable to a good start. I trust that we may be able to get up a "rousing good" race, and that there may be watches enough to go around. Letters asking such information as may be in my power to give, will be cheerfully answered. Yours,

A. N. RAUB.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE LATE PIGEON RACE.

PHILADELPHIA, June 20, 1876.

In looking over the Journal of June 19, I must confess I was astonished in reading an article from my friend John Van Opstal of New York, on our late pigeon race on May 6th.

When Mr. Van Opstal was in Philadelphia lately, these are the arrangements he agreed to: For Philadelphia fanciers to arrange the race; that he should be perfectly satisfied with the arrangements they made as he knew they would be fair and honourable.

Now, I can assure you Mr. Editor and your readers, that the race was a fair and square one, and Mr. Van Opstal lost the race fair on the merits of his birds. It is true he wrote to me after the race was over that the race ought to be flown over again, as he claimed the weather was not as clear at Trenton where his birds were tossed as it was at Northeast where ours were tossed. This is what I learned from those that took the birds to Northeast, the weather was clear there, and also those that saw his birds tossed at Trenton, and his birds were seen flying in the air very high. His birds were tossed fifteen minutes apart, and they flew around till they all got together and then went out of sight. His birds were tossed shortly after the train arrived at Trenton. It was impossible for us to toss our birds at the same time as his, as the train did not arrive at Northeast till after ten o'clock, and this is the reason our birds were tossed three-quarters of an hour later than his. He also states that I persuaded him not to fly the match over again. This is what I wrote him: that we would not fly over again for the same prizes as we had already won them fair and honorable, but if he was not satisfied with the result of the race he could have another match for anything he chose to name. Then he wrote me he was satisfied with the result of the race. He also states that I have made a mistake, and Newark is eighty miles instead of forty. It is he who makes the mistake and not I, as it is forty miles on Baltimore road. He also states that Philadelphia has not got a pigeon that can fly from Newark to Philadelphia in 1 hour 90 seconds. We did do it on 29th of April, and are willing to back our bird again if he will back his bird to do what he claims; that is, to fly from Trenton to New York in 1 hour and 5 minutes, as the Philadelphia fanciers think his birds cannot do it in that time, and he shall have clear weather and a week's training from the time this is published in the Journal, for $50, and we will back our bird to do what we claim from Newark on the 29th of April. All I can say to my friend Van Opstal, if he is not satisfied with the result of the race on the 6th, we are open to fly again for anything he chooses to mention. We will fly 52 miles on the Baltimore Road, and he to fly 52 miles on New York road. The Grist fanciers will not accept any matches from the New York fanciers until they have settled these.

Hoping they will accept all three of them and prove to the fanciers which is right.

T. GRIST, Philadelphia, Pa.

A MAN who had been nearly talked to death by loquacious barbers went into a shop the other day which he had never patronized before, and handed one of the artists a card bearing the words: "Give me an easy shave." The barber motioned him to a chair, and then, turning around, winked at his fellow-barbers and said: "Here's a deaf and dumb 'un, boys; wants an easy shave." "Well, if you gash him he can't talk back," replied one who was lolling in his chair, waiting for "next." "No, you bet he can't," returned the first. "An easy shave be blowed! Why, he's got bristles on him like a Texas boar, and his skin looks tougher than a canal mule's." The boys laughed, and the operator, who in the meantime had lathered the man's face, indulged in further comments as he urged the razor over the facial territory before him. "What a nose that is," said he. "If he should sneeze where would I be! Well, his cheek is harder than a razor hone." "Do you want us to help hold his nose back while you go over his lips, Johnny?" asked another of the idle razor wielders. "Don't know but I will want a little help." "Be careful, and don't drop your razor down his ear, or you'll lose it," admonished another. "What a dirty head he's got," observed Johnny, as he ran his fingers through the boy's hair. "I say, some of you fellows write a card, and ask him if he don't want a shampoo." The card was written and presented to the man who shook his head at it, and, the job being finished, he rose from the chair. "It's all right, boys," said he, as he laid down his fifteen cents. "I didn't mind your talk any, I could stand it first rate so long as you didn't say anything about base ball, third term, or the whisky-ring frauds." He disappeared, and those barbers sat down and thought about him. —*Chicago Times.*

THE

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE FUTURE OF THE POULTRY INTEREST.

Judging from the past, we are inclined to think that the future of the poultry interests of American breeders may be foretold, in the light of the present day, if we reason from plain analogy.

We gave our views recently upon one important point, in connection with this subject—and urged upon the attention of our readers the necessity of *steadiness in purpose* in this business, because we have found in our experience in this matter that many fanciers are apt to deal altogether superficially with the undertaking, while at the same time they indulge in "great expectations" that cannot be realized through brief or uncertain exertions.

Many young breeders who embark in this enterprise hopefully, and under comparatively favorable auspices—who build capacious houses and procure costly specimens of stock—and who find upon their premises goodly numbers of what they esteem fine birds, after a year or two—also ascertain that, for reasons they cannot comprehend, their fowls are not saleable, or that the demand for what they expected to realize largely upon, does not prove so active as they had anticipated.

At the same time they see that Messrs. Jones, Smith, and Robinson—who have been engaged in the work for ten, fifteen or twenty years, and who have raised and sold hundreds of fowls while they have been getting a few dozens ready for disposal, still sell their choice specimens at good figures, and at the season's close have none to spare. This result discourages the younger fanciers, and they cry out "the business is overdone!" or "there is no sale for fancy chickens, now," or "the bottom is dropping out, evidently!"

We repeat what we have said before, that the business of chicken-raising is a work of time, and there is but one way in which it can be made a successful undertaking—to any considerable extent. And this result involves method at the outset, the culture of good stock from the start, study and application continuously, and the making of the breeder's accomplishments known as widely as possible—when he comes to possess surplus stock—to the hundreds and thousands of would-be purchasers of his supplies, from season to season, through the proper channels of judicious advertising.

But over and above all it is necessary when the dull times come round—as come they will, from one period to another—that breeders should "hold fast to that which is good," in this business. While they should never hide their light beneath a bushel, at any time, especially should they remember that perseverance in *any* laudable undertaking is requisite to success. And because there occurs a slackness in trade, or a dearth in the demand for their stock at a given time, it is no reason that they "give it up so," by any means! *This* plan surely will never lead to success.

And so we feel assured that the future of the fancy poultry interest is quite within the control and shaping of our breeders themselves. If the advice of one who has for years been engaged largely in this calling be useful, it is suggested again that those who have now on hand a surplus stock, should manage their flocks with care and good judgment—adhering to the principle that only the best fowls are worth keeping, nowadays; and looking forward to the time when the demand for good birds will again be active and brisk, as it has been for years, until within a very recent period.

It may be—and we think it is quite likely—that for the next twelvemonth, this successful activity so long enjoyed by the generality of fanciers will be checked. And such a result perhaps will prove healthful to the fancy. Prizes have ruled high, for ten years past. A decline is natural. We can't always expect to be riding upon the top of the wave, surely.

But let us be steady in our aim, and let those who this fall possess good strains of stock hold on to their choice breeds, and improve them, if possible, another year. The tide will turn, perhaps before we are aware of it. Those who have the stock to meet the demand that is certain to be renewed—as it has been over and over again in the past three decades of the history of the fowl trade—will be these fortunate breeders and they will control the near future of American poultry interests; and these, we feel confident, will be the men who will reap the profits hereafter to be realized in this enterprise, if an opinion can be formed upon the precedents that have been furnished by experience in the past.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEPARTURE.

JOS. M. WADE, ESQ., *Ed. Fanciers' Journal*:

DEAR SIR,—Being about quitting "My Maryland," to take up my abode in the far off Orient, and auriferous State of California, I cannot help saying farewell to you and the readers of your interesting JOURNAL. I leave my Pigeons and Fancy Fowls behind me with a regret, that only those who are enthusiastic in the Fancy, can appeeciate. I trust as soon as I get settled in that wonderful clime, I shall again enjoy the *valuable information*, and pleasant reading, found *always* in your columns, and will again indulge my fancy and passion for our pets. It may be, I shall take my favorite Antwerps, John and Bess, along with me.

If the soil of California produces such enormous vegetables and fruits, why should not its climate also stimulate animal growths in like proportion? If I find it so, I shall try and grow monster-fowls, to completely throw in the shade those huge ones now reared on the Atlantic Slope, *and Eastern Shore.* Go where I will, I must have my pet-pigeons, I grow fonder every day of the beautiful and intelligent birds. I hope the present interest in breeding fancy and useful poultry of all kinds will continue to increase, and that your JOURNAL will continue its prosperous career. Au revoir. H. F. WHITMAN.

BALTIMORE, June 23, 1876.

A correspondent of an English farming paper states that one of his tenants placed a pump in the piggery in order to pump the whey out of the cheese room, and adds, "One day I saw an old pig deliberately take the handle of the pump into its mouth and pump itself some whey." There were evidently some brains in that old hog's head.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

FROM SPRING TO FALL.

From Spring to Fall the year makes merry,
With days to days that chant and call,
With hopes to come, and fears to bury,
With crowns of flowers, and flowers for pall,
With bloom, and song, and bird and berry,
That fill the months with festival,
From Spring to Fall.

Who knows if ever the skies were dreary
With storm, and cloud, and waterfall?
While yet the world's good heart is cheery,
Who knows if rains will ever fall?
The storm thinks long, the winds wax weary
Till winter comes to wind up all,
From Spring to Fall. SWINBURNE.

—"RAMBLING BOTANIST."—In answer to Rambling Botanist we are informed that a volume of "Practical Botany," by Dr. Koehler, will be published soon by Henry Holt & Co. It is intended to serve as a summer "handy book" to those who know little of botany, enabling them by an easy key to all the flowering plants of this region [the United States east of the Mississippi] to identify any flowers they may find.

—M. is certainly wrong in supposing the Adder to be armed with a wasp-like sting. No serpent known to naturalists has a poisonous sting at the extremity of the tail. I have often been greatly amused at the marvelous stories told by southern Negroes of the wonderful "Hoop-Snake" which they say will take its tail in its mouth like the great Midgard serpent and roll as rapidly as the swiftest horse can run. It is armed with a great envenomed "horn" near the extremity of the tail, and if it strikes it into a tree the leaves instantly wither and soon the very trunk is dead. Of course this snake is a creature of the imagination, as purely a myth as Griffin or Dragon. J. M. MCCANN.

—CORKS—The material from which corks are made is the thick, spongy bark of a species of oak that grows in the dry mountainous regions of Spain and other countries in the southwestern part of Europe. After the cork tree arrives at a certain degree of maturity it periodically sheds its bark, but the bark when removed artificially is superior for purposes of manufacture. When the tree is from twenty to thirty years old the bark is fit for use and may be removed every eight or ten years thereafter, without injuring the tree. Since the invention of glass bottles, in the 15th century, the manufacture of corks has been a source of great wealth in certain provinces of France and Spain where the cork tree is abundant. Cork is not confined in its uses to the manufacture of stoppers, but is also used to quite an extent in the manufacture of life-boats' buoys, insoles to water-proof shoes, &c.

—STICKLEBACKS.—Upon drawing the hoop of the net out of the water, and allowing only the net itself to remain submerged, we found in it several minnows, small catfish, and sticklebacks. There were several holes in the net, large enough for any one of them to have escaped through. The sticklebacks turned around, and as soon as they spied the hole, wiggled out. The others swam against the net, and tried to break through the sound part. One or two of them got in front of the hole, but stared at it, and then again beat against the net, until it was dipped under, when they all quietly swam out.

This was tried several times, and the Sticklebacks invariably looked for the hole and swam out immediately, while none of the others seemed to recognize it as a means for escape, but blindly dashed into the net, and were only released when the net was dipped under. H. A. S.

HOW THE BIRDS TOOK A TOWN.—Harald Hardrada was besieging a town in Sicily, the walls were so strong that he could make no breach in them, and the inhabitants had an abundant supply of provisions and arms. Harald ordered his fowlers to catch the small birds that nested in the town, and flew away to the forest during the day in quest of food for their young. He caused splinters of inflammable wood smeared with sulphur and wax to be fastened on their backs, and enkindled. The birds, when set at liberty, flew immedeately to their nests under the eaves of the thatched roofs; the town was soon in flames, and the captive citizens were borne away to the frozen regions of the north, far from the vine-clad hills and sunny plains of Sicily, the slaves of the worshipers of Odin, the Raven-king.

J. M. MCCANN.

—THE TARTARIAN LAMB.—The earth is full of mysteries and marvels, the ocean has its gardens strange and beautiful, the flowers, emerald, blue and gold are animate, seek their prey and feel the pain of death, insects assume the form of blossoms, and air-plants, resplendent with the metallic glory of the hummingbird, or the snowy beauty of the dove, have eyes and wings, and seem about to soar away among the purple islands of the sky in search of truant lovers. But to me the strangest of all strange things is the Barometz. It is one of the genus Polypodium; a perfect lamb in form, the legs, the tail, the head, the neck, the ears, *all* are there, and to complete the picture it is covered with a golden fleece, fine and soft as the lambs of Spain! The Tartars say that it eats up all the grass and weeds within its reach, and Loureiro that the "fresh root when cut yields a tenacious gum like the blood of animals."

J. M. MCCANN.

—CRYOLITE.—This mineral is comparatively rare, and consequently is not found very often in private collections throughout the country. The chief (if not the only) locality for it is Greenland, at Arksut, and exported from Ivigteit, from whence it is taken to several of our cities near the coast. It is also shipped from these places to more inland points, as, from Philadelphia, it is sent to Pittsburg, and Cincinnati, where it it is used in the manufacture of soda.

It contains iron, and copper, pyrites, galena, siderite (Hydrous Carbonate of Iron), and pure cryolite, which constitutes the white portion of it, and is a fluoride of sodium and aluminum. Specimens are often found which contain beautiful crystals of the galena and siderite, and fine masses of the copper pyrites; also the characteristic cubical crystals of iron pyrites.

Its name is derived from the Gr. κρύος icy, and λιθος, a stone, and is sometimes called ice-stone, on account of its fusing at a very low temperature. H. A. S.

—AN AMUSEMENT FOR YOUNG BOTANISTS.—A very pretty amusement, especially for those who have just completed the study or botany, is the taking of leaf photographs. One very simple process is this: At any druggist's get a dime's worth of bichromate of potash. Put this in a two ounce bottle of soft water. When the solution becomes saturated—that is, when the water has dissolved as much as it will—pour off some of the liquid into a shallow dish; on this float a piece of ordinary writing paper till it is thoroughly moistened. Let it become nearly dry in the dark. It should be of a bright yellow. On this put the leaf, and under it a piece of soft black cloth and several sheets of newspaper. Put these between two pieces of glass,(all the pieces should be of the same size,) and with spring clothespins fasten them together. Expose to a bright sun, placing the leaf so the rays will fall upon it as nearly perpendicular as possible. In a few minutes it will begin to turn brown, but it requires from half an hour to several hours to produce a perfect print. When it has become dark enough, take it from the frame and put it in clear water, which must be changed every few minutes, till the yellow part becomes perfectly white.

—ANTELOPE IN MAINE.—M. A. Clark, Esq., of Danville Junction, Me., who has a fine collection of animals, writes to Forest & Stream under date of April 22d: "I have just received from the Colorado plains a pair of antelopes (male and female) two years old this spring, and they are as tame as a cosset lamb, and to my surprise the buck is in full horn, as I always supposed they dropped their horns in winter same as deer. I find by placing them beside my young deer of the same age, that the antelopes are a little the largest, but their legs are smaller and more delicate than those of the deer. I am also just in receipt of a tame beaver from Three Rivers, Province of Quebec, and it is a curious sight to see him taking his breakfast from a birch club."

A description of the gigantic mammals known as Brontotheridæ, whose fossil remains are found in abundance on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, in Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, and Colorado, is furnished to the last number of Silliman's Journal, by Professor O. C. Marsh of Yale College. He says these creatures nearly equalled the elephant in size, but the limbs were shorter, being intermediate in proportion between those of the elephant and rhinoceros. They had long slender tails, and the nose was probably flexible as the tapir.

—CHARACTERISTICS OF A BLUE TURBIT.—The standard characteristics of a Blue Turbit I consider to be as follows: A short broad head; beak also short, in fact, the shorter the better. The crown or crest behind the head should taper to a point, if the Turbit is what is termed a point or peak-crested bird; but if a Shell-crested Turbit, the crown or shell should be spread out the whole width of the back of the head. The purle or tuft of feathers on the breast should open and turn back both ways, somewhat like a

frill of a shirt; the larger and more conspicuous the purle the greater the value of the bird. The thighs should be quite clean—*i. e.*, not the slightest shade of blue or any other color except white on them; the wings should be blue, with two narrow black bars across each; brown or rusty feathers are a serious defect; each wing should have ten white flight feathers. The breast, underparts, flight feathers, tail, and back should be white, and quite free from any colored feathers. Both cock and hen should be rather small, and the cock should have a nice gloss around the neck.—F. H. in *Journal of Horticulture*.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKES' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS AND THE FATE OF SOME OF THEM.

BY HUON.

No. 3. The Pet Armadillo (Genus *Cachicama*).

"Be not mindful of high things, but condescend to those of low estate."—*St. Paul.*

There has lately arrived at the zoological garden, Philadelphia, one of those animals strictly belonging to S. America, known as the Armadillo. It forms a link between the Sloth and Ant-eater, created it would seem, purposely for scavenger work, and to clear away all manner of vermin—living or dead. The wonderful little foreigner attracts much attention, he being quaint in all his ways, and dressed in a suit of armor from head to heel, which possesses immense strength, and yet has such pliant flexibility that it permits perfect freedom of motion, and no one can study him for a moment without a feeling of admiration and wonder at the all-wise forethought displayed in adapting the diminutive little animal to the arid waterless wastes, on which it is destined to live. Too feeble to resist if attacked—too slow of motion to resort to flight, and possessing no cunning to escape by concealment, nature has compensated him by giving him a suit of plate armor, in which he can roll himself into a ball after the manner you have seen a wood-louse do, in which shape it is next to impossible for an enemy, be it bird or mammal, to bite, eat or hurt him, nor can he in any way be gobbled up as food, unless he be bolted like a huge pill.

Now it was one of these strange animals that a certain gentleman, "once upon a time" selected for a pet! He (the Armadillo, not the gentleman) belonged to the species called by naturalists *Tatou septemcinctus*, or the "7 banded," but his owner called him "Moxy" "for short." He had the head of a rat, the ears of a rabbit, the tail of a lizzard, and was covered all over by the horny plate armor already spoken of, and his locomotion! Ah! Halchen Mio! talk about the poetry of motion! You should have seen the graceful movements of Moxy! His walk was—

"Not in beauty, like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies,"

yet it was the most extraordinary of all locomotions, and a sight to behold.

"Why, he did not walk off on his ear did he?"

No! but he did on his long, pointed toe nails—a *feat* quite as quaint and curious, as though he had walked on his ear, I assure you. Look at this one in the Zoo—see how he goes wabbleing along. "Going to topple over?" Not a bit of it. He is quite as firm on his pins as you are my dear Pacific, who with your high heeled shoes, are also, Moxy-like, walking on your delicate pointed toes. Don't wait for Moxy to topple over, as he will do that no sooner than you will, my dear lady.

"Yes, yes, do get on with your story."

"Well, Moxy was like all his race, a "night bird." During the day he was not much of a show, except in the manner of his sleeping, and he slept all day. You should have seen the positions he assumed to sleep. He would roll himself into a ball, and rest on his head. Now that is more than any human could do, and though some of us in cold weather, do assume as much of the ball shape as possible, when we sleep, still I do not believe we could stand on our head and do it! I am sure I could not, could you friend McCann? or you my dear Pacific?

Moxy then, as I have said, was merely a "sleeping beauty" through the day, but when night came there was "high jinks" with the young gentleman. Then Moxy was worth seeing! How he would dart along on the tips of the toe nails which adorned his queer looking feet, and thereby producing a kind of rapping noise, beating the Rochester rappers at that work all hollow. Making excursions to all parts of the room, he would stop now and then to think of something he had left undone apparently, or perhaps remembering something he should have done, he would start off in another direction, and as suddenly stop again, altering his mind, away he darts to another corner, moving round as though he had fifty things to do, and under the impression that he ought to do them all at once, and finally he would take to burrowing, this he would endeavor to do anywhere and everywhere. If chased by any one you should have heard the squealing of Moxy! It was unlike any sound ever heard before. He was no fighter—none of this tribe are—but if he got a chance, Moxy would give a sly bite which one would not care to experience a second time. He could not stand the least morsel of cold, therefore a fire had to be kept up for his worship, summer as well as winter. In his captivity Moxy was not allowed to have any of native delicacies, putrid flesh and such, but was obliged to eat good bread and milk like a christian, and he had learned to like that diet so well that he was getting as fat as a butter-ball on it, so well did he look that though not half grown, a gentleman of Philadelphia offered $50 for Moxy, but his owner would not part with him for double the amount. His brothers and sisters can be purchased in Nicaragua for 6 or 8 cents each. "True," said his owner, "but not one of them would have been an *educated* Moxy!"

Moxy's greatest fun was in playing hide and seek, and that seems to be "the humor" of the whole Armadillo family. In his captivity, when he could not burrow any other way, he would gather together all the boxes, great or small, he could find, and piling them in a corner he would thus construct a barricade, behind which he would hide, especially when he wanted to go to dream-land, which, as I have said, was through the whole livelong day, and it was astonishing to see what heavy boxes the scamp could move from point to point. In this "box" and "barricade," business it was that the poor fellow, as well as his master, came to grief. One night he had built his barricade of some heavy and inappropriate furniture, and a piece which could not be made to fit, it was thought afterwards, had toppled over on him. In the morning his kind master was horrified to find poor Moxy with the sharp edge of a heavy box pressed into his neck—just between his ears and his armor—which had choked him to death, and he had been for some hours gathered to his fathers', never more to burrow or barricade, and the place which knew him, was to know him no more.—R. I. P. Moxy.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE FLITTING OF THE BIRDS.

The "Doctor," though neither naturalist nor ornithologist to a great extent, yet having a love for our "poor relations," on going his rounds among his patients one morning, picked up, and brought home, a mite of a sparrow, which, too young to fly, had fallen from its nest in a futile attempt to do so.

Our children took kindly to the little waif and gave it a toy cradle for a house, with a pinch of cotton placed in it for a bed where it rested contented for some forty-eight hours, being fed meanwhile from the lips of a charitable sympathizer. At the expiration of that time Sparrowchen, as the mite of flesh and feathers had been

named, was removed from its cradle home and placed in the garden, at the foot of a rose-bush, where the warm sun of June fell not too hotly upon it. Then followed one of those strange incidents, which though occurring around us every day, yet we have not learned how to call them, or clearly define whether they be of *Reason* or Instinct. Sparrowchen had not been in the garden five minutes before one of its race full grown, flew down to it, twittering and chirping most volubly, and in another moment feeding it with a crumb! Was it the actual father (the visitor was a male) or was it merely a relative? I cannot tell, but there it was and during the day at intervals it came with chirp and food, to cheer and strengthen Sparrowchen.

When night came, and before cats commence their promenade, some friendly hand took up Sparrowchen and put it "in its little bed," only to be let out again in the morning when the visitations of the elder sparrow would be repeated. Thus it went on for several days and Sparrowchen, growing in strength, had put on quite a respectable feathery dress; when a change of conduct took place in the older sparrow. It would not come down to the ground to feed the young one any more, but from the fence-top would chirp and twitter, thus calling the little one to come up there and be fed. For two days we watched this proceeding during which time the call was not a success, as Sparrowchen could not yet fly, or was too timid to attempt to do so; but on the morning of the third day after the first call from the fence, when Sparrowchen was let loose in the garden it flew some ten or twelve feet and then alighted under a scarlet geranium. Soon after this evident trial of strength down came the tempter upon the fence-top, from whence he called Sparrowchen to come up to him. Finding the call not attended to, down he came to the foot of the geranium, and then and there demanded the why and wherefore! Now commenced some earnest conversation. Elder sparrow seemed very urgent and positive—Sparrowchen fluttering and timid—more words of encouragement on the part of sparrow the elder, when all at once the talk ended, and Sparrowchen taking heart and wing, soared upward to the fence-top at one swoop with elder alongside of it! Surprised at its wonderful achievement Sparrowchen, without a single word of encouragement, once more expanded its tiny wings, and into the far beyond of a neighboring garden,—full fifty feet away—it passed from our sight, never more to be recognized by us as an individual sparrow!

Strange coincidence! On that very June morning, and but an hour later, the call came to Bird Halchen,—a bird we had held in our aviary for more than twenty summers—and on the wings of matrimony she flew away, vanished from our sight, and has

"Gone from our gaze like a beautiful dream."

Sparrowchen we may never recognize again, but Bird Halchen we trust, will come back to loving hearts long before those other birds, the swallows, "homeward fly."

EWIN E. HULFISH.

Mr. Kortwright, her Britannic Majesty's Consul in Philadelphia, is a great swell, and represents the Queen with all possible dignity. No one can see him without being impressed with his appearance. The story is told that one day as he was walking down Walnut street, a stranger accosted him as follows: "Will you be kind enough to tell me, sir, the price of that house?" pointing across the road. "Sir!" said the Consul, "do you take me for a real estate agent?" "Oh, no, indeed, sir," replied the other, respectfully, "but I supposed from your appearance that you owned the whole city."

Young man, do not mope. You have no cause of depression. If you drink beer, you will in the next thirty years consume enough to make a lake of 300 square feet surface and three feet deep, on which small steamboats could navigate. Never give up.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

JOHN CUSTER, No. 921, 242d St., Harrisburg, Pa., has one trio of Sultans, good; 1 trio of Brown Leghorns, to exchange for young Mocking birds, or Grey Parrot. What offers?

J. M. SMYSER, P. O. Box 94, York, Pa., will exchange a fine young Pointer Dog, warranted good stock, for Game Bantams and Runts. They must be premium stock. Will send on approval. Communications on the subject solicited.

C. W. BANKS, St. Denis, Baltimore Co., Md., will exchange an old Italian or "Steiner" violin, or any variety of fine Fancy Pigeons, for a good double bird gun, (breech or muzzle loader,) in good repair; also a large single duck gun, No. 5, and a 30 gallon new, heavy copper kettle, for best Pouter, Calcutta Fans, and imported Blue Antwerp pigeons.

W. H. BROOK, Eagle Point, Ill., will exchange extra fine Poland China boar pig, value $25.00; Partridge Cochins, importations of Ellis and Williams; Rouen Ducks, very fine and large; for musical instruments, revolvers, rifles, shot guns, Spencer's carbine. Make me offers.

C. P. IVES, Meriden, Conn., will exchange copies of Davis' Illustrated History of Meriden and Wallingford, 900 pages, for any variety of Leghorns, Turkeys, water fowls, or Rabbits. The book is a standard work; only standard fowls wanted in exchange. What offers?

C. T. G. CHACE, No. 206, Franklin St., N. Y., will exchange P. Cochins, Fowls and Chicks, (Bracket,) D. Brahmas (Felch) hens, W. C. B. Polands, White Bantams; all kinds of Ducks, for L. Brahma chicks or fowls, P. Rock chicks, Bronze Turkeys, Brown Leghorns. What offers.

J. H. NORRIS, 212 Erie St., Buffalo, N. Y., will exchange one four jointed fish pole, with cover for same, cost $4 50; 1 hand bracket saw, cost $6 50, and 3 or 4 pairs Tumblers, for Poultry or offers. All communications answered. Speak quick.

C. S. LINCOLN, Warren, Mass., will exchange Cooper's "Game Fowls," a new copy, for two standard Blue Game hens, one or two years old; light color preferred; no red allowable. Send birds at once, and book will be forwarded promptly.

R. M. CLOSE, Maple Grove Yards, Sullivan, Ohio, will exchange fine Berkshire pigs and fancy poultry, for a good light, silver-mounted double harness, or Davis Sewing Machine.

DR. B. S. TRASK, Alleytown, Newaygo Co., Mich., will exchange a tame Deer, one year old, for breech-loading Shot Gun, Target Rifle, or offers.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 pair D. Brahmas, 3 trios P. Cochins, 7 Light Brahma hens—all '74 and '75 hatch, and very fine large birds, for thorough-bred pigs.

G. W. SEYBOLD, 32 Rowland St., Newark, N. J., offers to exchange a fine Red Setter dog, 2 years old, a liver and white Cocker Spaniel, 14 months old, a white Spitz bitch, and a Black and Tan bitch, (all the above are fine specimens,) for White Leghorns, Common, or Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

W. H. SWAN, Stamp's Landing, Miss., will exchange Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America, Thomas' Fruit Culturist, for Brahmas, Game Bantams, or Hamburgs.

J. H. B., Box 368, North Attleboro, Mass., wants to exchange his folding coops, for young chicks, (value 75 cents each,) for offers.

ROX 1256, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange, for want of room, all of his breeding stock, 1 cock, six hens, Dark Brahma; one cock, three hens, White Sultans; one trio Black African Bantams, one pair White Frizzles, one Trio White Guineas, five Black Cochin hens, two Light Brahma hens, one Jap. Silkie cock, two female Canary birds, for anything that won't eat.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

REV. F. M. GRAY, Seaside, Staten Island, N. Y., wants a Shetland Pony, trained to saddle. Name age, price, and give general description.

W. H. SWAN, Stamp's Landing, Wilkinson Co., Miss., wants two (2) B. B. R. G. Bantam pullets or hens.

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I have shown L. and D. Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.
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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, JULY 10, 1876. No. 26.

EGYPT'S WONDERS.

THE GIGANTIC PYRAMIDS AS SEEN BY RECENT AMERICAN TOURISTS.

A recent letter from an American gentleman, who has been sight seeing in the wonder-land of Egypt, contains these quotable passages:

"We visit the Pyramids. The distance from Cairo is nine miles. Proceeding to Boolah, a section of the city lying on the banks of the Nile, we cross the river on the new iron bridge, a splendid structure, and pursue our course to the ancient village of Gezeerch; little but unsightly ruins now mark the place where once stood the magnificent palaces of the Mamelukes. Thence our route is quite direct by the new and well graded avenue, to the Pyramids. There are lines of thrifty trees on each side of the excellent thoroughfare; the beautiful date palm is often seen. A charming panorama is spread out before us—fields of emerald green extending over thousands of acres, with the great Pyramids and the desert as background; every rood of available soil is cultivated, the little tributaries of the canal conveying water from the Nile and distributing the precious element over and through the soil as desired, assuring richest fertility.

The atmosphere is so clear that we seem to be very near the Pyramids, when the distance is three or four miles; on we go at moderate speed, for full half an hour after it appeared we were within ten minutes' drive of our destination. As we approach the great tombs a feeling of disappointment is experienced; they seem very much smaller than their prodigious measurements had pictured them to the mind's eye. This impression, however, is at once dissipated upon ascending the plateau and taking a position in the center of one side of the great Pyramid; there one fully realizes the immensity of this wonder of the world. As the eye slowly pursues the upward course, step by step, over the layers of great stone blocks, it seems when the height of the tremendous pile is at last reached, that the apex almost touches the sky.

It is a marvelous sight; it startles the mind and awakens a sense of wonder that memory must always retain. And here, at edge of the great desert of Sahara, upon a rocky eminence of many acres, one hundred feet above the plain, stand the mighty Pyramids—monuments of folly if not of wicked tyranny, it may be said, but testimonials nevertheless of amazing human achievement that has been the marvel of ages. There they stand, towering heavenward in sublime proportions, ragged from the assault and desecration of man, but little affected by the work of time. The chief monuments on the plateau are the Great Pyramid or Pyramid of Cheops, the Second Pyramid or Pyramid of Chephren, and the Third Pyramid or Pyramid Mycerenus, several smaller Pyramids, many ordinary tombs and the Sphinx. They are clustered about upon the rocky platform, within a few minutes' walk of each other.

The Pyramids are in quadrangular or square form, and, as represented in pictorial illustrations, running up with regularity of proportions to an apex. The oldest and largest, the Pyramid of Cheops, measures 749 feet on each side of the base; its slant height is 568 feet, and its perpendicular height 450 feet. The area of its base is 61,835 square yards, or 13 acres. According to the computation of engineers, it contains about 6,500,000 tons of solid masonry. There is a subterranean passage to the great vault in the center, which is 90 feet below the base, the sloping passageway thereto being 320 feet in its gradual descent. There are two chambers above the base, known as the queen's and the king's. They are reached by ascending galleries and zig zag passages, the former chamber being 67 and the latter 138 feet above the base; but the upward course traversed is a distance of 124 and 274 feet, respectively.

With Bedouin guides, three for each of us, Judge Batcheller and myself made the toilsome, and, but for the strength and steadiness of our reliable guides, most perilous interior ascent. With lighted candles these lithe and muscular Arabs precede us down a steep subterranean passage some distance, then upward and upward in winding and difficult ways, the men guarding, lifting and almost carrying us in some places, until we reach the queen's chamber, an apartment 17 by 18 feet in length and breadth, and 20 feet high. Here we are glad to take a rest and get breath. The walls are of immense granite blocks, handsomely polished and fitted together with perfect exactness. The flooring is of the same material.

We pass through an aperture to another gallery of forty or fifty feet, running up at an ascent of many degrees. It has the appearance of a marble slideway; it is about five feet in width, and on each side, elevated two feet above, is another and narrow way, running parallel with the main gallery, and finished as if for ornament, and to represent a sort of balcony for the main gallery. The structure is of polished marble, and the purpose of its original construction is not known. It may have been intended as a slideway for the elevation of sarcophagi to the room above. It is now utilized as a sort of ladder, footholds having been roughly cut or rather broken into the center structure, so affording the means of ascent, by the most fatiguing effort, however, and with no little peril to life and limb, if undertaken without efficient assistance from the lusty and supple Arab guides. One is almost carried by them up this steep and dangerous ascent.

Then there is another zig zag passage through an aperture so small that one is obliged to creep on hands and knees a considerable distance; at last the king's chamber is reached, involving much greater fatigue than was endured from the first climbing. Dripping with perspiration and panting for breath in that close atmosphere, charged with the mold of ages, we make our hasty observations. The chamber is 34 feet long, 17 feet broad and 19 feet high. At one end of this room is a sarcophagus of red granite or porphyry, without lid, and bearing no inscription. The walls and flooring are composed of immense blocks of polished granite, eight of them making the floor and sixteen the sides, so closely fitted together that it requires careful inspection to discover the seams or joints where they are united. One of these blocks must weigh hundreds of tons. How they were raised to this great altitude and placed in position so perfectly is a secret among the lost arts which we may never know.

To be Continued.

Poultry Department.

A LITTLE COMFORTER.

Hie, Chickabiddy, to cover, to cover;
Cuddle your yellow brood under your wing;
Above, in blue heaven, the harpy hawks hover,
Below you the cruel cat crouches to spring.

Even the merry north wind is a foe to you,
Over your ruffled back turning your tail,
Rousing your fussy cluck, bringing but woe to you,
Worry and hurry, and cackle and wail.

Poor Chickabiddy, now what can I do for you?
Build you a cosey coop, sunny and safe?
Feed you, and set our old Bose to cry "Boo!" for you,
When the cats frighten you, poor little waif?

Why, 'twas last spring you were one of the chickens,
Pecking and chirping, so happy and free;
But time has wrought changes, and as trouble thickens,
The care of your family falls upon me.

Well, I'm a boy that has leave to go fishing;
But then, the wind blows, and the sky is too clear,
So I'll just stay at home, and put off what I'm wishing,
To attend to your wants, Chickabiddy, my dear.

Anna Boynton.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

AWARDING PRIZES.

No. 3.

In my last letter I endeavored to show how premiums are sometimes given at some of the smaller shows of the country, and although some may think the picture overdrawn, I can assure you it is not, and I think some of your readers will bear me out in what I have said. Now I would ask, could this be done were the American Standard of Excellence used as the inflexible guide of the Executive Committees of these shows, or of the judges who are called upon to decide the awards? And do you think a judge or an executive committee could hide behind their favoritisms were the specimens all scaled, and the score cards placed upon the coops for the inspection and information of exhibitors, and the public? Or if the merits and demerits of each bird were placed upon a score card do you think the same opportunities would be open to unscrupulous judges to favor their friends? Certainly not. But so long as birds are judged at our shows by comparison only, so long will this injustice and unjust discrimination be made in favor of friends, and leave the judge the opportunity of hiding behind *his idea* (?) of which is the best bird, and who can successfully contradict him? Now I do not wish to be understood as saying that all judges, or all judging is included in this class, for I know it is not. But I *do know* that too much of this kind of judging is done for the good of the poultry fancy, and I also know that something must be done to put a stop to it if we want the business to flourish, and poultry breeders be respected as they should be. But some may say it takes too much time and expense to judge an exhibition if every bird is scaled. I will admit it will take a little more time but not so much as is supposed by many for an expert judge will scale half the birds in a class while a comparison judge is making up his mind—in many instances—not which bird is entitled to first premium *but which he will give it to.* And again an argument in favor of scoring each bird is, that poultry raising is a very important branch of American industry, and much of its future usefulness depends upon its exhibitions, and hence they should be honestly and honorably conducted, that purchasers may not be misled in the purchase of their breeding stock. Another point in this connection is the manner in which birds are exhibited—whether by single birds, pairs or trios, and also whether or not the name of exhibitors should not be placed on the exhibition coops. Of these I may have something to say in the future.

James M. Lambing.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE SHOW PRIZE QUESTION.

Editor of Fanciers' Journal:

The interesting proposals broached a few weeks ago in your paper relating to the prizes offered by poultry societies at their annual exhibitions, seem to be a matter of common interest among American fanciers, and the several articles which have succeeded your first allusion to this subject, each has its commendatory suggestions in furtherance of your views.

There are points in the *details* of your proposed improvement in this matter, which associations might find it requisite to adopt from time to time; but in the main, the reduction of the *number* of premiums, and the increase of the amounts or *value* of the three advised prizes—first, second and third—seem to me to be the chief features that appear in your suggested method of offering prizes at our shows in the future.

As you hinted in a late number, we are now educated up to a much higher standard of breeding fowls in this country than formerly. The time has been (in the past) when a trivial "commendation," a paper "diploma," a fourth, fifth, or sixth premium was availed of with satisfaction by novices and amateurs, but all this is now gone by. There are too many good breeders among us at present, and though all can not be the *best*, there is a compensation, amidst the strong competition nowadays current at American shows, if a contributor finds himself justly awarded a "second" or a "third" prize, and it pays him in the end, in more ways than one, to be thus fortunate. It does *not* pay him to do his best for a whole year, to find on his cages in the exhibition the words "commended" only, "hon. mention," or to receive a printed "diploma," six weeks after the fair is over! With others of your correspondents, I really hope the improvement you suggest will be adopted—at least in all our leading large shows, hereafter.

In connection with this subject, it seems pertinent to allude to a matter which may not be general in practice, but which has come under my observation in two or three instances, at which I have been surprised; and this is the use that is made of bogus prize cards—after the shows have been closed. One of your late correspondents says he had four hundred clean, bright prize-cards pasted up in his fowl house, at one time. I hope he came honestly by them, and doubtless he did.

But I *do* know of two or three fowl houses and pigeon-lofts, upon the walls of which were posted some dozens of similar illuminated cards, as "dumb evidence" of the triumphs of the proprietors at certain exhibitions—"first" and "second" prizes being thus indicated as having been awarded them, not half of which they ever received, *officially*. Still, they find this to the eyes of visitors to their premises a very taking style of advertising, and a very cheap mode, as well!

At the last show of the Maryland Poultry Association (at Baltimore) a very neatly designed premium card was got up by the

secretary of that society, G. O. Brown, which was not only attractive in form, but by being filled up clearly in writing, by the officials, (instead of merely being printed) is not so readily counterfeited as most of these ordinary premium cards may be.

Something of this character it would be well for societies generally to adopt. The groundwork in tint is a very pretty combination, and the general form of the design is a novelty. Over this, upon the face of the card is officially *written* the award, whi h is signed in full by the secretary of the society. The possessors of *this* kind of evidence, may "post" such cards upon their premises, without fear of question as to their *genuineness*. And I mention this specimen, because it is the neatest and prettiest arrangement for this purpose that I have yet met with.

This idea of displaying the *real* premium cards side by side in the neatly kept fowl house, at home, is a good one. Yet, to my mind, the exhibition of such evidences of superior merit, "got up for the occasion," under false pretences, is altogether reprehensible, and unworthy, in any man's case.

Yours, &c.,

NEWARK, N. J., June, 1876. PREMIUM.

EGGS FOR BRAHMAS.

Why is it that the thoroughbred or fancy Brahma lays a smaller egg than the common Brahma found on many farmers' premises? It is because they have been bred for size and external appearances without regard to the internal or really valuable qualities. Now I believe in large Brahmas, but would it not be well if breeders would discard all indifferent layers even if they do excel in size? I think it would. If breeders would only try to increase the disposition to egg production, our Brahmas could, in a few years, be made to equal the small breeds in the number of their eggs. Before the "hen fever" struck me with much severity, I kept and still keep a few common or farmers' Brahmas, and I can truly say that in point of size of their eggs they far surpass the immense Brahmas which I now keep. It certainly seems reasonable to suppose that such large fowls should lay eggs proportionate to their size. I remember well how disappointed I was when the box containing my first five-dollar-a-setting eggs was opened and found to contain Brahma eggs no larger than those of the Hamburgs which we then kept. I always thought the dealer of whom they were ordered had picked out the very smallest eggs to send to his Jersey customer. But I find that the hens which hatched out of those eggs lay eggs fully as small. In every flock a few hens will be noticed to lay uniformly large eggs, and many of them. If the eggs laid by such hens were always set and the course persevered in for several years, I have no doubt that as much progress could be made in this direction as has been made in size. D.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

NODES ABOUD NUMBER PACK ARDICLES.

BY "HANS SCHNEIDER."

I nodice mit bleasure dot dose ardicles mit de Shournals vas gotten bedder efry dime. I vas mooch dickled mit Misder Grands ardicle apoud ret ear-lopes mit Howdings; now *I* vas for a long dime avare dot no *goot* Howdings vas cot ret ear-lopes, and my imported Howdings vas all cot mit 'em *binkish* vite vons, and by shimming, dot seddles id ride away. *Who-on* earth vas *Huon?* he vas shuck full mit nadure ony vay, vot he dond know about animaded nadure, dont vas vorth knowing.

Vy dond you have "Ed. P. B." and "Young Preeder," come in mit a flag of *druce*. I notice dot Y. B. in a lade article is gedding *oudside* mit his *kwesdion*, vot a pidy dot a liddle condroversy dont could be gone ahead mit, mitoud so "*much adoo aboud noding*."

"*Spangle*" says he is acsdonished, dot I dond dook a moozle mit me ven I byed dot pull doc—vell! how I no I goin do puy dot feller. Never muzzle anyding undil der lasd exdremidy. "*Fellowship among fanciers*"—*vell* dots good doctrin—pud of I done know of some fanciers dot need moozlin more as tid my deparded pull bup, you can use my food for a hot ball ride away, *dots so.* "Beppercorn" I nodice vas afder dat feller on "*Pridge streed.*" I like do see a "*gopher*" *go for* any ding dot is lifely. I dole you vat neddles mit laying hens aboud as vell as givin chesnud purs to mules do make 'em lifely, bud more peobles are already on neddles because their hens dond come down mit hen-fruid, and dots vot der madder mid *henner.* "*Bacific*" vas confoosed mit der paradoxical air in the ece pizziness. I dole him (?) vy dos vos dot vay dot needles, nod only led in air bud benedrates de mempranes or lin- and dot desdroys der widalidy, and prevends der *heir* from gedding oud. Dot proken ece pizness shuds of dose bores and quincycontly der ece vas soon ready do pust mit padness tell he—in dot I dond vould swear do id bud id vos my brivate obinion, bublicly exbressed.

I cot me a goot yoke on der shudge—my fader-by-law next week. I med him ond he say "vell Hans, vere you pen for a week back?" I said: I don't pen any veres for a *weak back,* and I dont vos cot me a veak back of you blease."

"Vel I mean how you vas since next veek?"

Vell dot's business; I vas bedder.

Of I vas Varrens, I ped you I vould Jim Blained dat gorresbondence purty kwick.

Purdy mooch yours,

HANS SCHNEIDER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"TRIPS AMONG THE FANCIERS."

BY W. E. FLOWER.

Early the following morning after our arrival home, our friend W. G. Blake drove up to the door with his sorrel trotter and invited us to take a ride; nothing loath,

"We jumped into the waggin,
Whilst Blakey held the nag in,"

and away we sped at pace a *leetle* above 2.30; a drive of some four miles brought us to Frankford, Pa., and we drew rein before the home of Mr. John Clapp. Mr. C. is one of "ye olde tyme" Fanciers, and one of the pioneer breeders of Dark Brahmas, he still retains a few of his old favorites, but of late years his "Fancy" inclines to dogs and gunning. Mr. C. showed us a very fine imported setter dog, a beautiful white with lemon colored ears; entering the house we were shown numerous stuffed specimens of Snipe, Woodcock, Partridges, &c., which had at different times fallen victims to the unerring aim of our friend; one specimen of the Virginia Quail or Partridge we deemed worthy of especial note, it being the largest and most exquisitely marked of this variety that we have ever seen, the penciling upon its breast, being almost equal to that of a well bred Dark Brahma Pullet; as Mr. C. makes frequent trips to Maryland, Delaware, and other localities in pursuit of game in season, he could doubtless contribute some very interesting items to the "Sportsman's Department" of the JOURNAL.

Leaving Mr. C's, our next halting place was at the residence of Mr. James Lightfoot. Mr. L. makes a specialty of Houdans, deeming them the best fowl for use or show; he is a very enthusiastic admirer of this variety, and showed us some very fine specimens; one of his imported hens being particularly fine in crest and beard as well as size. Having viewed them to our satisfaction, we signified our readiness to depart, and the question where next? was decided in favor of "The Zoo."

So with our weather eye open for the tall (police) man dressed in blue, Blake eased up on the lines, and we were soon speeding out Girard Avenue. Leaving our horse in charge of an attendant,

we entered the garden and spent several hours very pleasantly wandering through the different buildings and enclosures; many animals, birds, etc., were quite familiar to us, made doubly so from the many pleasant and interesting contributions to the "Journal," by "Huon." While looking at the Owls, Hawks, and Eagles, we remarked what a fine thing it would be if a house similar to that occupied by them were built and stocked with "Fancy Pigeons," such as Barbs, Carriers, Pouters, Owls, Turbits and other high class birds. What an endless source of amusement it would afford to visitors to watch them in their graceful evolutions, and especially during the spring and summer when building their nests and rearing their young. Will not "Huon" broach the subject to "the powers that be?" Another attraction, we think, would be a number of small houses or sheds with covered wire yards or runs for the accommodation of pure bred fowls; with proper care and management, this department might be made self-sustaining, and who can tell the number of new varieties that might be propagated there. Having gone the rounds and "seen the Elephants," as well as "the Lions," we called for our steed and were soon traveling for home.

To be continued.

DEATH TO INSECT PESTS.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

Since I sent you two weeks ago the account of the "wonderful discovery" I think I have accidentally made by the application of which to garden plants and tender vines, the pestiferous *insects* that so annoy us may be readily destroyed,—I met with this following paragraph in a city paper:

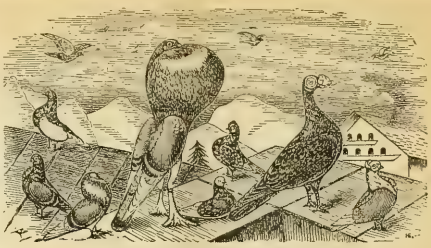
"A new and destructive pest, the nature of which has not yet been learned, has lately been injuring the orange and lemon trees in southern California, attacking the roots near the surface, and causing the decay of the trees. Whether the pest is an insect or a disease is not known."

Now I recommend to those who may be troubled with the above, to scrape away the top earth around the tree trunk, and apply the liquid I described in your issue of June 19th. This pest is a *parasite*, and liquid hen manure generously applied upon the bared surface roots, half a dozen times every other day, will destroy this nuisance, I have not a doubt. I repeat that in my own experience (in various ways) in the garden, upon currant and rose bushes, or vines, etc., its effect has been wondrously beneficial towards ridding us of insects. H.

Value of Poultry Manure.—Fifty fowls will make, in the roosting house alone, one-half ton per annum of the best manure in the world, or more than enough to manure an acre of land, 700 lbs of guano being the usual quantity applied per acre, and poultry manure is known to be still richer in ammonia and fertilizing salts. No other stock will give an equal return in this way; and the figures will demand careful attention from the farmer.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Food for Young Goslings.—The *Cottage Gardener* says that nothing is so good for goslings as grass; that is probably why so many are kept where there are commons. Oatmeal put in a pan of water is excellent food for them, and it is often wise to add some bran to it. Chickens should have bread and milk, chopped egg, cooked meat cut up fine, crumbs, sods of growing grass, fresh earth, and, in bad weather, beer.

"I am apt *Toulouse* those geese, before the season is over," said a farmer to a friend; "why," replied the the other, "I am also troubled about my ducks, as they will certainly *Rouen* me, if I keep them longer, as they have a habit of Pekin up my melon seeds, as soon as planted (a *melon*choly fact), of which they are exceedingly fond." Terræ Filius.



Pigeon Department.

A PROPOSITION FOR PIGEON RACE.

Mr. Editor:

Your number of this day contains a challenge from Mr. Louis Waefelaer of Hoboken, N. J., in which he proposes to fly a match with any Philadelphia or New York fancier for $100 in gold, a side, the birds to fly from Easton, Pa. Also another match for same amount, the birds to fly from Scranton, Pa., each fancier to fly three birds each, and the first returned bird to win the race.

I will not accept exactly Mr. Waefelaer's challenge, but I will make him another proposition, that is, to fly one bird each from Easton, and one bird each from Scranton, the bird winning both races to win the $100. Should each bird win one race then they should fly again from Lock Haven, Pa., and the bird winning from this place to win the match.

Times being dull, and to stake $100 gold on one match is rather too much, I think. Should I lose the races, I should like to have at least a little more amusement for my money.

I would rather see a race though, with four birds, one of Mr. Waefelaer, one of mine, and, if possible, two of two different Philadelphia fanciers, to fly from one of the two named cities, Easton or Scranton, the entry fee to be $25 for each bird, and the bird coming in first to win the race. This would be a nice race, and a good chance to win $100, with 25 dollars only.

Trusting that either of my propositions will be accepted, I remain, Sir, Yours truly,

John Van Opstal.

4 Lewis St., New York.

PIGEON FLY.

Mr. Editor:

Five of Mr. Waefelaer's birds and two of mine flew this day at Tobyhanna, Pa., on the Scranton Road, 122 miles from New York, and our birds made splendid time, three of Mr. Waefelaer's birds arriving at 10.28, and my two arriving at 10.40, Mr. Waefelaer's two other birds also arriving shortly after his three others.

Next Thursday our birds will fly at 8 o'clock from the office of the Republican at Scranton, and Mr. Jno. M. Robertson, the well-known Antwerp fancier, will have the kindness to attend to the letting loose of the birds.

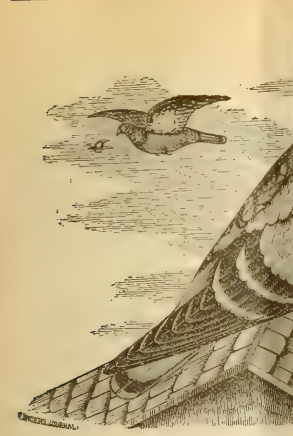
A great many Scranton fanciers will be invited to see the departure of our aerial messengers.

It is astonishing, Mr. Editor, how favorable this inland road is for the racing of the Antwerps, Mr. Waefelaer having lost only one pigeon out of his twelve, and I did not lose one out of my five. We intend to fight it out on this line, and expect to have a 200 mile flight shortly after our race from Scranton.

Be so kind as to publish the above, so as to give your numerous readers, and particularly the Antwerp fanciers, a glance of the performances of our favorites, the Antwerp Carriers.

Yours truly, John Van Opstal.

New York, July 1st, 1876.



(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE CARRIER.

POWER OF WING AND COMPASS.

"I hear a voice you cannot hear
Which bids me not to stay;
I see a hand you cannot see
Which beckons me away."

There has been much interesting writing on the powers of the Carrier Pigeon, the length and rapidity of their flights and modes of training, along with speculations as to their guide for their homeward course. The latter points to the theory of this bird flying by sight alone. I find that the Rev. E. S. Dixon in his very interesting work, "The Dovecote and Aviary," takes this same view; and though I always hesitate to place my opinion against that of such men of letters as Mr. Dixon, still on this point (the guide of the Carrier on the wing) I beg most respectfully to differ. It is pretty well known that I am not an Antwerp-Carrier fancier, and do not encourage the Antwerp as a bird that ought to be in the fancy for several reasons which I shall not discuss at present. But Antwerps I keep for two purposes: first, as feeders for my young Pouters, and second for table use. For both these purposes I find them most suitable. First, then, as to the power of wing possessed by this bird. I do not think this point is yet fully developed in this country; but so far as my personal experience goes I shall give it. The plain narrative I think may answer the purpose best. It may be interesting, and I hope will not weary readers.

Several years ago, when in Manchester, I called on Mr. W. Millward, bird dealer, from whom I had all my Belgian Canaries. He had lately arrived from the Continent, and brought with him a stock of Antwerp Carriers, which he then found to be most unprofitable. Not having before seen such birds, which I could be sure of having been imported, I purchased three pairs. The stock consisted of mostly blues, some mealies, and some nameless colors; but all were self-colored, and all showing a cross of the Owl, a slight division of the feathers on the breast. Some of them had the breast feathers slightly turned, indicating the frill. They were wild as newly-caught Hawks, and strong enough to carry before them a pane of window glass, as one of them did when in my possession. After much care and caution I found them to be hardy birds, breeders almost the year round—indeed, I am never without some few young ones. During the season when early light they take two flights per day, the cocks and unoccupied hens at about 7 A. M., the hens and unoccupied cocks about 1 P. M. The flock invariably fly southward, and are away for about an hour and a half each time. I have seen them fully ten miles south, still holding in that direction. When first noticed on their return they are always at a very great height; but should it be blowing hard (the weather seems of little consequence to them) they often return from the northward, having no doubt been carried to the east or west beyond their home. Three years passed when a friend came on a visit from Ledbury, Herefordshire. This friend saw my Antwerps, and expressed a wish for a pair or two to breed for table use. After his leaving for home I caught three pairs all bred in my loft (Antwerp loft, for with them I have nothing else). They were put into a box (not a basket or cage), and addressed to a mutual friend in Manchester, as they could not reach Ledbury in one day from Glasgow. They reached Manchester in the evening, were rebooked for Ledbury next morning, and reached their destination that evening; but until then were not taken out of the box in which I had placed them. Before sending the birds away I pulled the flight feathers out of the right wing of each bird, and my instructions were, "keep them confined with such a netting as will let them see the locality, till they have each a nest of young ones, and are sitting upon their second eggs." Those instructions were rigidly adhered to. One night the netting was removed according to instructions, and the birds were at liberty the next morning. A man was set to watch. The cocks took sundry short flights, and by-and-by relieved their mates occupied in incubation; the hens came out, and at once took wing. The date I cannot now give precisely—let me call it the 18th of July. On the morning of the 20th I had a letter from my friend dated the day before (the 19th) saying, "the birds were yesterday morning let out, but two of them have not returned. I am afraid they are lost." While in the act of reading my friend's letter my man who attends to those birds, came into my office saying, "I think two of Mr. ———'s birds are back." Scarcely believing him I went out into the yard, and there certainly were two of the hens I had sent to Ledbury.

Now, I can tell to a mile the distance between Glasgow and Ledbury, Herefordshire, by railway; but I will let our readers measure the distance as the crow flies, and decide whether or not this is a very long flight. Mark first, those birds had never been trained; second, they had never been in the hands of anyone till caught by me, when I pulled the flight feathers from one wing of each bird. These birds would leave their cote at Ledbury about 10 or 11 A. M., on the 18th, and as I did not know what day or week they were to be set at liberty, of course I did not expect them, and at all events I certainly did not expect they would at any time return to Glasgow on the wing. For all I know, they may have reached on the evening of the 18th or during the day of the 19th. Two months after this I gave a pair to a friend in Paisley—a pair of young ones. They had only been two days outside the loft, and never had left it beyond a hundred yards. They were taken away squeakers, and confined with a netting in front for three weeks. When let out they were at their birthplace in ten or twelve minutes. It is only seven miles to Paisley by road. Those birds had never been flown. J. H.

A wild pigeon roost has been discovered in Pike county, Pa., five miles long and two miles wide, and the number of pigeons which nightly assemble there is estimated at millions. A party of lumbermen raided on them a few nights since, and with long poles succeeded in killing over 10,000. Each one brought away as many as he could carry, which was a small portion compared with the number left on the ground to feed the foxes and wolves.

A San Francisco parrot has military qualities of a high order. It has brought a flock of pigeons to obey its orders and follow its lead.

Sportsman's Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

BREEDING DOGS FOR SPECIAL PURPOSES.

BY M. VON CULIN.

Delaware City, June, 1876.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

Dear Sir:—Until recently the breeding of dogs so as to develope disposition, size, shape, color, &c., &c., fitting them for different grades of usefulness and ornament, seems to have been considered (if it was considered at all) as a singular exception to scientific principles. I will venture the assertion that nine out of ten Americans suppose each particular strain of dogs to have been accidental, when many of the most valuable breeds, among them the setter, pointer, spaniel and greyhound, have been bred by scientific men, upon scientific principles, for a score of generations. It is just as much a science as is Chemistry, Astronomy, Geology, &c., the principles applied are just as positive and uniform in their results, and a single departure in one crossing will often cause trouble which ten proper crosses can't rectify. I wish to speak more particularly of breeds used in field sports. The intellect of the dog, usually called instinct, is cultivated exactly as it is in a child, by tuition and imitation, with this difference, that the dog (to a certain extent) inherits the cultivated mind of the parent. The life of the dog is too short to acquire all that is required of the educated dog of the period by tuition and imitation, consequently, an all wise Providence through the principle of hérédité has given us the power otherwise impossible, to make of him an almost human companion, assistant, and protector. We don't mean to say that educated parents will beget educated puppies, and transmit all of their virtues, with none of their vices, but that either virtues or vices in which the parents take most delight, and understand most thoroughly, these are the characteristics which will be most prominently transmitted (cæteris paribus). As an example, cultivate unsociableness, gluttony, ferocity and antagonism, in other words, the brutal, through a series of generations and we get the bull-dog; cultivate sociability, gentleness, submissive affection on the mind, and you have an animal who will understand and obey your words, and actions, and often times obey in anticipation of your wishes, and in the setter and pointer, through the same principle (when properly and strictly applied). We have whelps which before they are weaned from the dam will point each other in their play, and when taken into the field, will point as staunch as a rock, the first thing with feathers on which they smell. Not only do they inherit the disposition to hunt, point and retrieve, but they are pre-disposed to feathers. In Europe this principal of hérédité as applied to the breeding of dogs is not new; in America, if it is old we have not profited by it as the Europeans have, consequently the long figures paid for dogs imported from the most noted kennels in Europe, such figures as the uninitiated would require proofs of before crediting. £100 and £10 for passage and care, making $532.40 in gold, is among the figures paid for some of the best importations. These are facts the proofs of which, I will furnish any one upon application. More sport, and a fuller bag can be had with a superior dog, and an ordinary gun, than with an inferior dog, and the best gun money can buy.

DOES A DOG THINK?

If the following story about "Colonel," a dog owned by Charles Kestler, a hotel proprietor of Denver, Col., is true we should answer the question in the affirmative. The story is told by the Denver *Tribune* of April 26, and runs thus:

"The animal is about five years of age, and has been with his present master from his (the dog's) birth. One of Colonel's amusements is the play of 'ball.' From some cause or other no one of the reasoning human family saw fit to pay any attention to Colonel's wishes and feelings in regard to the ball business during all of yesterday forenoon, and the ball itself was laid away in a drawer that occupies the center of a writing desk in the main office of the hotel. The Colonel stood this with canine dignity for several hours, but finally concluded on making an attempt to secure his ball, without regard to the human race. He spent the better portion of an hour in trying to open the drawer by pressing his feet against it. As this only made matters worse, he next endeavored to secure the 'open sesame' by pulling the knob in the center. This knob, however, was both small and round, and the Colonel could secure no grip with his teeth. His next effort was a 'rear' attack, and was perfectly successful. Going under the desk he manifestly observed the location of the back of the drawer, and also saw (and reasoned) that by standing on his hind legs he could insert his front paws between the back of the drawer and the back of the desk, and so press the former forward, and thus secure his much coveted treasure, the ball. To think, with such a dog as Colonel, was to act, and almost sooner than it can be told, and in the presence of a number of parties interested in the matter, the drawer of the desk was pressed out. Colonel at once appeared in front, from under the desk, and leaping upon it he saw and eagerly clutched his plaything. The efforts made by Colonel, his temporary confusion and distrust, his perseverance and final triumph, were all witnessed by a number of gentlemen."

STAMFORD IN FRONT.

Plunket Pups in Stamford, Ct.—three beauties. Mr. R. H. Gillespie of Stamford, Ct., has added to his already well stocked kennel, a red Irish Setter Pup, out of Hudson's (No. Manchester, Ct.,) Stella by Plunket. For full pedigree of Stella, see No. 170 Burges' book. Mr. W. C. Harding of the same place has added to his kennel, two pups out of the same litter. Stamford may well be proud of this addition, as there is nothing better in America. Mr. Wadsworth says, that Stella is the finest bitch that Plunket has served in this country. She was imported by Mr. Hudson, when four months old, and is now about two and a half years old, is a deep red with some white on breast, and is an excellent field performer.

A short time ago a small black dog, belonging to Mr. George Wilson of Milestown, Pa., walked deliberately into the race near Clapp's mill, and held his head under the water until he was drowned. The dog was in good health and able to appear to three meals and a lunch daily. No cause is assigned for the rash act.

In Switzerland, a milkmaid, who is a good singer, gets more salary than others, because under the influence of music cows "give down" better and give more milk. An Orange county farmer is trying to hire Kellogg and Nilsson to sing round his pump.

ITEMS.

What a fountain of blessing is a cow! She is the mother of beef, the source of butter, the original cause of cheese, to say nothing of shoes, horns, hair, combs and upper leather. A gentle, amiable, ever-yielding creature, who has no joy in her family affairs which she does not share with man. We rob her of her milk, and we only care for her that the robbery may be perpetuated.

Here is a Boston boy's composition on "The Horse:"—"The horse is the most useful animal in the World. So is the Cow I once had thirteen ducks and wastwo drakes and a Skunk killed One. he smeldt Orful. I know a boy which had 7 chickens but His father would not let him rais Them so he got mad and so he bored a Hole in his mothers wash tub. I wish I Had a horse—a horse weighs 1,000 pounds."

An ornithologist observes that in the northern countries of Europe, when the storks, after the breeding season, prepare to migrate southward, they make flights to test the capabilities of the young birds to accomplish the journey. When any one is found not to possess the requisite strength, it is deliberately put to death by the others. Storks feed principally on frogs, and the mothers know that the weak would die of hunger if left behind.

How is this for cats? If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, O need they both to squall? Every Tommy has a Tabby waiting on the wall, and yet he welcomes her approach always with a yawl. And if a kitten wish to court upon the garden wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile, and not stand up and bawl; lift his precious back up high, and show his teeth and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love that made that fellow groan?

During the winter of '67, Harry McN., of Baltimore, while acting in the capacity of commercial tourist, *i. e.* drummer, visited Wilmington, N. C., and stopped at one of the "first-class" hotels. At the breakfast table he gave an elaborate order to the waiter, and included in it "two soft-boiled eggs." Sambo went to the kitchen, but soon returned and asked, "Mass Boss, did you want dem eggs scrambled?" "No," said Harry, "I want them soft-boiled." "All right, sir," and off he trotted again. In a few moments he loomed in again, and remarked in a most persuasive tone, "Mass Boss, you better have dem eggs scrambled." "What the d—l do you mean?" roared Harry. "Well," said Sambo, "Mass Boss, I'll tell you; dem eggs aint very fresh, and dey'll *look better* scrambled." Harry canceled the order for hen fruit in toto.

"A CONTRARY MULE.—A farmer in this county, says a North Carolina paper, has a mule so awfully contrary that he can do nothing with it. Put him in harness and it is hard to say which way he will travel. Put a saddle on him and he appears to doze, but try to mount him and he will all of a sudden begin to kick every way—straight out, straddling, with all four legs at once. As to eating, he will eat anything, from his feed trough up to a wooden saddle. The owner took a notion to have him shod; but he kicked out the blacksmith shop and returned home. The owner tried to kill him, some time back, so he tied his ears with a trace chain and rode him for six consecutive days and nights as hard as he could under whip and spur. The fact is, that he nearly killed himself in the effort, and had to be carried up stairs to bed, and his firm belief was that the mule would die that night; but, to his astonishment, the next morning he found that the mule had kicked to death a Chester sow weighing 300 pounds, bit a piece out of his horse's shoulder, ate up a saddle, blanket, and bridle, tore down the fence, and was splurging about, more devilish than ever, to find something else meaner to do."

A PENDING GERMAN BATTLE.—The other day a simple-minded German called on a grocer to pay a bill, giving him a $10 note. The grocer examined it closely and said: "Hullo, where did you get this note?" "Vot is de reason mit dose note?" replied the honest Teuton; "don't she vash good, hein?" "Good?" answered the grocer; "why, you're a lucky man—that note is worth $10.50." "Ish dat so? Why for?" "You see the signature over here, don't you?" "Dose things like a corkscrew mit de worms? Yah." "Well, that's Spinner's signature." "Vell." "Well, Mr. New is now Treasurer of the United States." "You don't tole me so! Vell?" "Well, and notes signed by Spinner are getting scarce, and people pay five per cent. more for them than for the new issue." "By shiminy, ish dot so?" "Yes. Lemme see your bills. Why every one of them is a Spinner. Man alive, your fortune is made." In pursuance of the grocer's advice Mr. Schneider called at the Subtreasury Saturday afternoon to get the premium on his bills; what success he had it is impossible to state, but he was seen later in the evening lurking round the street by which the grocer must go home and on being accosted by an acquaintance, the following conversation took place: "Der peebles von Sharmany fights well, hein?" "O yes; the Germans are unquestionably a military nation of the first-class." "Some big fights, hein? Leipsic?" "Yes." "Und Sadowa?" "Yes." "Und Koniggratz?" "Certainly." "Und Worth und Mars-la-four, und Gravelotte und Sedan?" "Of course, of course!" "Dose was all big battles, und der Deutsch licked?" "Yes." "Vell, you joost wait till dat grocery store shuts himself und you saw Deutsch victory vot makes you forget all dem little ones."—*Chicago Tribune.*

LONG LIFE.

A great many people are worrying about this and that as being injurious to health, and living in dread lest they should do something to shorten their days. It is a question whether the world would be much the loser if such timid people should have their fears realized, and be translated in a hurry, for the world needs brave folks, and such as worry lest they shall not live at all.

But, leaving this point without discussion, it may do us all good to remember that longevity is largely a matter of inheritance, and depends very little on what we do or do not do, provided we do not commit suicide. Whether we live long or briefly on the earth is a matter that was largely settled before we were born. Our ancestors and yours, reader, had more to do with the solution of that problem than we can have.

The truth is, as science teaches, longevity is a family trait. Sobriety, and a regard for the principles of hygiene, will not necessarily insure long life. These may maintain a condition of health and vigor, but length of life is largely determined by inheritance. Longevity is a talent. It may be improved like any other talent, or it may be wasted; but no amount of cultivation will create it. In spite of intemperance and exposure, a man who has this talent for long life may become a centenarian. A saddler, aged 113, whose grandfather died at 112, and his father at 113, was asked by Louis XIV, what he had done to attain to such length of days; he replied: "Sire, since I was 50, I have acted upon two principles; I have shut my heart and opened my wine cellar." Again, Golomdrewski, a Pole, notwithstanding the hardships of eighty years of service as a common soldier, the fatigues of thirty-five campaigns under Napoleon, the sufferings of the terrible Russian campaign, the effects of five wounds, and the recklessness of a soldier's life, survived, and in 1846 was still living at the age of 102. But, it is to be observed, his father attained the age of 121, and his grandfather 130. A well-known literary character, M. Quersonnieres, was living at five score in the full possession of all his power. He said: "My family descends from Methuselah; we must be killed to die; my grandfather was killed by accident at 125 years of age, and I," he added, smiling, "invite you to my burial in the next century."

THE

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

OUR ARTICLE ON PRIZES

To be awarded at exhibitions of poultry in the future has drawn forth several replies, some of which we have printed as evincing a coincidence in our views, generally.

What we aimed to suggest was a reduction in the *multiplicity* of awards that should be made, in these latter days. We have outgrown the old rules, and we have come to breeding much higher grades of fowls all over the country. Our Standard calls for much better classes of birds to be placed in competition at our American shows, nowadays, than formerly; and the premium lists have been very largely increased in value and numbers, for grades.

We still think that *three* kinds of premiums—for first, second, and third, in both adults and young stock—amply sufficient. The "highly commended" amounts to nothing. This, or *any* additional prizes (except *specials*) only complicate matters, and are of no earthly use to breeders or fanciers towards selling such stock, as compared with the reputation obtained by carrying off 1st, 2d, or 3d premiums.

As to giving some kind of an award to every body, any how, we need only observe that judges could never get through with a large show if they were obliged critically to scale *all* the fowls of *all* varieties (whether good, bad, or indifferent) that are now every year exhibited at the principal or leading shows. This is highly impracticable.

If we can come down to the three premium rule, we can save a great deal of trouble to the judges, and this will aid towards inducing every man to breed his *best* for the shows. Any judge who is competent to act at all, can very soon determine where and which the birds are in an exhibition-room which fall *below* the three grades each of adults and chickens to which we have referred.

These can be passed, and the others can be sorted and pronounced upon, readily, but if, as one correspondent suggests, we are to have *all* the birds scaled, and a fourth or fifth society prize awarded to each variety of old and young—the *last* portion of this duty will never be performed with any degree of satisfaction to any body, and the amount of labor thus entailed is beyond endurance, ordinarily, at our large shows.

For ourselves we trust that a reform will be made, this year, in the respect we have mentioned. At least let us try the experiment fairly, and ascertain results. We seriously think this is the best thing we can do, in justice to all concerned.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INQUIRY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:

Can you, or one of your many readers, tell me through the JOURNAL, if there is any cure for blindness in a mocking-bird. My bird, for this last three weeks, has grown entirely blind. I feed nothing but Rich's Prepared Bird-food. He is an excellent singer, notwithstanding his blindness.

Yours, &c. X. O. P.

PLAINFIELD, June 29, 1876.

CENTENNIAL POULTRY SHOW.

JOS. M. WADE, ESQ.:

DEAR SIR,—Having been appointed Superintendent of the Poultry Department of the International Exhibition, it is my earnest desire to have the display of both American and Foreign-bred fowls the largest and best that has ever taken place in the United States, if not in the world. In order to do which I respectfully ask your co-operation by not only exhibiting the best birds of your own well-known strains, but by inducing others to do likewise. The Centennial Commission through the Chief of the Agricultural Bureau, is disposed to extend every facility to all exhibits of fowls, pigeons, and birds, that may be entered, either for competition or exhibition. Entries are now coming in, and will be received until Sept. 1st. Let us make the event one of the greatest features of the Centennial Exposition, and one that all fanciers may feel proud of.

For particulars regulating the display, I would refer you to the revised circulars and entry-blanks, which will be mailed, upon application to this department.

Any other information that you may desire will be cheerfully furnished by

Yours fraternally,

JOHN E. DIEHL,

Supt. Poultry Dept.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—The cats of the Isle of Man are without tails.—*N. Y. Sun.*
Why re-tail such an old tale?

—What did a blind sawyer do to have his sight restored?
He took his horse—and saw! H.

—Moody and Sankey have been invited to hold meetings in New Haven, and 1,000 people signed the invitation.—*Phila. Times.*
It has been reported that the "fools are not all dead yet."

—A Maine cow swallowed $50, and they gave her emetics all in vain.—*Boston Post.*
Why give it to her in vein—would it not have been more effectual in her stomach?

—A disconsolate girl stood up to her neck in a pond near Sacramento for an hour, deciding whether to drown herself. Then she concluded to live, and waded out.
She should be engaged at the Zoo as a wader-bird.

—The editor of a Western paper observes:
"The poem which we publish in this week's *Herald* was written by an esteemed friend, who has lain many years in the grave for his own amusement."
He must have been a regular dead-head.

—A dog ran into a garden in Waterford, N. Y., after being poisoned with arsenic, and saliva from its mouth flew on some lettuce. An entire family was made almost fatally sick by eating the lettuce.—*N. Y. Sun.*
Served them right, the chief cook especially. Any one so careless or filthy as to place lettuce on the table without first washing it deserves to be poisoned.

—My friend Huon, *usually* so accurate, and *always so* interesting, speaking of the tiger in "Zoo Notes," No. 21, says: "Standing

in fear of but one enemy, the *Bison*, and monarch over every description of locality, roams the savage and powerful Bengal tiger." Surely Huon means the Buffalo (*Bos Bubalus*), and not the Bison. The geographical range of the tiger extends on the North into Siberia. J. M. McCANN.

—DOGS WITH WHITE POINTS.—Your correspondent, Mr. McCann, is right in stating that "Dogs with white points invariably have white tipped tails." I have bred setters for a number of years, and am constantly thrown in the society of breeders and sportsmen; these are all unanimous in this point. The reason setters with white feet are often seen with solid tails is from the simple fact of the white tips having been pinched off. I do not mean *docked* as we understand *docking*, but the little white tip pinched when the dog is grown; this cannot be noticed and the tail appears of a natural length, and properly feathered, which is not the case in a regularly docked animal. O. D. F.

—A PEACE LOVING DOG.—The Reading *Times* tells this of a Quaker dog in that county:

Solomon Lesher, of Perry township, who resides near Shoemakersville, is the owner of a large black dog, which is called "the peacemaker." The dog will allow no fighting in his presence; will not allow members of the family to take hold of each other roughly; nor does he allow cock-fighting, the squealing of pigs or anything upon the premises suggestive of quarreling. Should such a thing take place he immediately punishes the wrong-doer. If a cow horns another he promptly bites the offending beast. If the pigs become restive he leaps into the pen and settles them in short order. Moreover he is bitter in his opposition to tramps, and will allow none to come on the premises. Mr. Lesher says no money would induce him to part with the dog.

—A MONKEY IN A CHINA STORE.—Yesterday morning, about nine o'clock, a large, whitefaced monkey, owned and kept by an Italian at his fruit-stand, corner of Ninth and Arch streets, escaped from a box in which he was confined, and got into the street. A crowd of boys at once started after the animal and chased him about the street, and during the excitement, the monkey ran into the china store of Metz & Madden, No. 910 Arch street, and at once commenced the work of destruction. He jumped from shelf to shelf to escape his pursuers, and at each jump he threw to the ground valuable articles of glass and china wear, and even went so far as to pick up pieces of ware and throw them about the store and at those in pursuit of him. He got, eventually, into the window of the store, and broke nearly every article in it, and, before he was captured, he destroyed between $300 and $400 worth of goods.—*Phila. Ledger.*

—BALTIMORE ORIOLE—Speaking of the oriole, its habits, songs, and tractableness, the Ogdensburg Journal says, "An old bird which should happen to be trapped would probably quit singing on being deprived of liberty, but one caught young and fed from the human hand will make a most delightful and tractable pet, and happiest when closely surrounded by people, will sing marvelously sweet notes and trills. We know one of this sort, that when liberated from its cage will go to the hand of its owner, assist in threading a needle or ripping a seam, nestle on her shoulder, stand on her hand, and bathe in a bowl of water, and when it has had its liberty of the premises to its heart's content it will go back into its cage and sing its merry tune. It will eat fruit, cake, bread and milk, potatoes, and sugar, lean meat, nuts and eggs, and is especially fond of house flies and small angle worms and insects, and will catch anything tossed to it just as a smart dog will a cracker. Talk about that bird being mournful!"

—THE BEECH TREE AND LIGHTHING.—The question asked by me in weekly gossip—"Is the beech tree, *Fagus ferruginea*, ever struck by lightning?" has been answered in the affirmative, by Dr. Hickey, and Mrs. Stephenson, for which information they will please accept thanks. I have often been told there was a tradition among the North American Indians that this tree is exempt from injury by lightning, and that whenever possible they seek its shelter during thunder storms. A writer in London "Science Gossip," states that *Fagus sylvatica* is *never* struck by lightning, and that assertion has never been contradicted. The bark and wood of these two trees are not distinguishable. The only difference seems to be that the European variety has larger foliage and is more compact in habit. It is the principal wood used in France for making *sabo's*, or the wooden shoes of the peasantry, being preferred for this purpose to every other wood except walnut, on account of its property of not absorbing water.

The beech tree is universally admired for its elegant habit and beautiful foliage, varieties of it being found in most parts of the world—those in southern latitudes being evergreen. The covering, enclosing the kernel, contains a volatile, narcotic, poisonous principle, called *Fagine*—though beech oil is used as food in France and other countries, the oil cake which remains being considered excellent for poultry, and in Switzerland the leaves are used for filling mattresses. That the beech-tree is less liable to injury from "the fire horses of the fairies, and the shining chariots of the genii," than *any* other of equal height is certain—but J. A. S. suggests the brilliant idea, that for this reason it should be rejected, and that we should plant around our dwellings *only* those trees known to be good conductors—the tulip-tree, *Quercus alba*, &c.—thus ignoring the sublime invention of Franklin, and rearing *wooden* lightning-rods to Thor! What effect would be produced by an immense *Liriodendron*, riven by a thunder bolt, crashing upon the rooftree of an average country cottage.

J. M. McCANN.

—THE origin of the terms "6 penny," "10 penny," etc., as applied to nails, though not commonly known, is involved in no mystery whatever. Nails have been made a certain number of pounds to the 1000 for many years, and are still reckoned in that way in England, a 10d. being 1000 nails to ten pounds, and 6d. being 1000 to 6 pounds, a twenty penny weighing 20 pounds to the 1000 and having just one-half the number of nails to the ten pounds of the 10 penny, and in ordering the buyer calls for 3 pound, 6 pound or 10 pound variety, etc., until by the Englishman's abbreviation of pun for pound the abbreviation has been made to stand for penny instead of pound, as originally intended; and when it comes to less than one pound to the 1000, such as tacks, brads, etc., they are reckoned 6 oz., 8 oz., 12 oz., etc., and the manufacturer who would make less than 1000 nails to ten pounds for a 10d. nail, would be looked upon as a cheat, as in former times the difference in the cost of the manufacture of one pound of the small nails over the larger sizes was much greater than now. As nails are now made and sold, the dealer only asks for the sizes needed, by the usual designation, and the fact that there are now but about two thirds of the number of nails formerly called for in the pound does not lessen the value.

—WHAT IS MEERSCHAUM?—A great many persons have asked this question and have been answered "Sea foam" and judging from its light specific gravity and pure color, have believed it and looked upon it with wondering eyes, regarding it as a great curiosity, miraculously changed by Nature from the common sea-foam to the beautiful article which constitutes it.

Now it is not to be denied that Nature *does* bring about many wonderful changes, but in this case the aforesaid explanation is entirely amiss.

Meerschaum is a species of clay, being a Hydrous Silicate of Magnesia consisting of one part each of Silica, Magnesia, and water. It is found in both America and Europe, especially at Natolid.

When first taken from the earth it is soft, and, when rubbed with a little water, will give a lather similar to soap. When desired to be made into fancy articles it is first boiled in oil or wax, and then baked, by which latter process it is converted into an Anhydrous Silicate.

There exists some controversy in regard to the derivation of its name, some writers claiming it to be from the German Meer, the sea, and schaum, foam, suggested no doubt by its appearance, while others assert that is a corruption of its Tartar name Myrsen; but it is more than probable that the former one is the correct one. It is known in Persia under the name of Kiefekle, from—keff, foam or scum, and—gill, clay or mud. Its mineralogical name is Sepiolite. HARRY A. SLOCUM.

—A NATURAL FISH POND.—Rev. Robert Wilson, in the Popular Science Monthly, describes a natural basin on the "Woodboo" plantation, about forty miles from Charlestown. Walking toward a clump of tall cypresses, you suddenly find yourself on the brink of a miniature lake, the ground being firm up to the water's edge. An irregular basin, about fifty yards long by a dozen wide, is hollowed out in the blue limestone rock which underlies the soil but a few inches from the surface, and this is filled to the brim with slightly opaline yet perfectly clear water. The bottom slopes adruptly from either side to the middle, where it is fully twelve feet deep, and there exists an irregular fissure extending the whole length of the basin, and varying from two to six inches (apparently) in width. The basin swarms with fish of every variety common to the waters of the region, and of every size. Schools of fry keep near the edges, hundreds in number, while in the deep waters may be seen full grown perch and bream, catfish, black bass, pike and alewives. Watch the bottom for awhile, and you will see these fish issuing from the fissure in the rock, the larger bass (four to eight pounders) never venturing far from it, and darting into it at the least alarm. I well remember a pike nearly three feet long, which I have often struck with a fishing cane, but which I

never could capture. The largest fish will not take the hook, on account of exposure to view; but the smaller bream, perch and bass bite with great eagerness, and I have often caught from twenty to sixty in an afternoon, selecting the best fish by sight, and placing the bait at their very mouths. Sometimes the basin is almost empty of fish; an hour afterwards enough will be visible to overstock a dozen ponds of equal size. By day, eels are rarely visible, and you may stir up all the patches of grass along the bed without discovering one; at night they are frequently caught, the negroes sometimes "gigging" them of the largest size. The temperature of the water is the same winter and summer—about 62° —and the fish bite best in the coldest weather.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending June 27th, 1876.

1 Woodchuck (*Arctonys monax*). Presented by Wm. R. Strievy, Phila
1 Woodchuck (*A. monax*). Presented by McCadden & Sevan, Phila.
3 Barn Owls (*Strix flammea*). Purchased.
1 Chaparral Cock (*Geococcyx californianus*). Purchased.
2 Screech Owls (*Scops asio*). Presented by Frank Mowrey, Phila.
26 Horned Toads (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). Presented.
2 Peafowls (*Pavo cristatus*). Bred in Garden.
1 Horned Toad (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). Presented by Mrs. Paschall, Paschallville, Pa.
1 Red Fox (*Vulpes fulous*). Presented by W. W. Whildin, Phila.
1 Woodchuck (*Arctonys monax*). Presented by Martin Goldsmith, Camden, N. J.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen. Sup't.

(For Fancier's Journal.)

ZOO NOTES NO. 24.

The Sea cow—(*Manatee latriostris.*)

In the northern end of the Carnivora house and in that particular room where once dwelt the beautiful eland, will now be found a tank formed of glass and wood, 12 feet square and 3 feet deep, with capacity to hold some six and a half tons of water, where sport and apparently enjoy existence a sea-cow, in which you behold (Halchen mio) the veritable triton of heathen mythology, the siren of the Argonauts, and the mermaid of Purchas, and ancient mariners and travelers by the sea in general.

Naturalists do not agree as to where in the animal kingdom the sea-cows have place. Some have set them among the pachyderms (thick skins), between the elephant and hippopotamus. Others, from their fish-like form and aquatic habits, have placed them as intermediate between pachyderms and true cetacea (the whale and its kind).

There are several species of the sea-cow, two of which are found in America, another in Africa, and though all are tropical, strange to say, none are found in the Pacific or Indian Oceans, nor on any shores which are not washed by the waters of the Atlantic. Thus we find the home of the sea-cow in the Gulf of Mexico, along the Florida coast, around the West India Islands, the shallow bays of the Antilles and the quiet creeks of South America. It is at the mouths of rivers, or in the rivers themselves, that the sea-cows find their food which consists of sea weed, floating scum, and the aquatic plants which abound in the shallow waters and along the banks. Being gregarious, they are found in troops, and keeping near the shore, always in shallow water, they are easily captured, the only difficulty being caused by their thick skin, and therefore harpoons, sharp lances and iron arrows are employed. Thousands of them are thus captured yearly, the sea-cow being quite an important item of commerce, as the flesh salted and dried is a very wholesome and palatable food—while from the skin is made leather of most remarkable strength and durability, as well as "cowhides," which are said to be superior to the best "hippopotamus" stock, and from the fat most excellent oil, purer than any other animal oil known. No wonder the poor sea cow is fast being exterminated (as is known to be the case), and now comes another demand for them—Zoos want them, and already has the London got its show of them, and our Cincinnati sister is likewise prepared with its specimen sea-cows.

Halchen.—Why call them cows? they have neither legs nor horns, and in no way resemble a cow.

Grampy.—Well, every thing must have a name, and as with a new play or novel, a "taking" one is very important, but you are mistaken as to there being no resemblance to the cow. The fleshy nose, with the nostrils opening on the end of the snout, much resembles that of a cow, but if you do not like this name, there is one or two more for you to choose from—Manatee, for instance, which comes from the creature's flippers looking so much like hands (*manus*) hence the name. If this does not suit you, you may call it Lamantin, as Buffon does, which comes to the same thing in French. Both these are good in zoology, and you therefore need not be afraid of misnomers.

Halchen.—Whence the stories of their being "nereids," tritons," or "mermen," and "maids?"

Grampy.—The sea-cows have a habit of congregating in the shallow places, or on the rocks and there standing upright, with bodies half out of the water. At a distance, with their thin lips (whiskers on the upper lip of the male, and woman's breasts on the female) they much resemble human beings, which resemblance, doubtless, gave to the lively imaginations of the ancient sea-travelers the wonderful stories of the fabulous beings you mention, especially the "mermaid," who

"On the rocks do sit with comb and glass in hand,"

to warn jolly Jack to sheer off. In "Purcnas Pilgrimage" you will find a full description of the "woman-fish," which may have helped Barnum in his manufacture of one.

Halchen.—Then there never were such things as "mermaids," and so forth?

Grampy.—Never—though Pliny and a host of writers give descriptions of them—though Aristotle and others maintained the existence of them—though a mermaid was actually seen in Epirus in the time of Alexander, and a record made of it—though one was seen in Poland in 1554—another in Antwerp, by Aldrovandus—another in the reign of King Roger in Sicily, and still another by Captain Whitbourn off Newfoundland in 1610. Yet they never existed, and science, through the lips of Sir Humphrey Davy, declares that a "human head, human hands, and human mammæ are wholly incompatible in the same creature with a fish's tail." Therefore put not your trust in these ancients, Halchen mio, for there is no end to the wonderful and impossible in their stories of what they have seen—in their paintings and in their sculptures. I remember to have seen an account of a picture (which was praised, too, as an "old master") representing Abraham about to sacrifice his son by shooting him with a blunderbuss, and we all have seen the Greek sculptor's Laocoon where the python or boa, not content with crushing the miserable priest to death, must increase his dying agonies with a bite. Now had the sculptor possessed any knowledge of snakes he would have known that the tribe which *crushes* never *bites*.

Halchen.—Do you know you are discussing art? Let us come back to nature. Tell me on what food are these sea-cows now living?

Grampy.—Grass taken from the Schuylkill, and though there seems an abundance of it in the river, yet such voracious maws have they, that the commissariat may have to go over to the Delaware for a future supply. It is even under consideration

whether sea-weed from the New Jersey coast of the Atlantic will not be wanted, as preserved food for the winter.

Halchen.—How large do they generally grow, and what of their natures; are they fierce or dangerous in any way?

Grampy.—They have been found to measure twenty feet in length, but the average is about twelve. They are of gentle disposition, perfectly harmless, even when attacked; of man they are not afraid, and very rarely—if ever—quarrel with each other. Having very strong affection for their young, when danger approaches, a whole troop will unite for their general protection, and placing the "small fry" in the center, the older ones form a ring for the common safety. It is said that if one is struck by a harpoon its companion will tear the weapon out, and if a "calf" be taken prisoner, the captors are sure of the mother, as her maternal affection will not allow her to go far away from her unfortunate offspring. I wish we could say as much for all human mothers.

Halchen.—One word more. Where did these sea cows come from?

Grampy.—Demarara, one of the three countries of British Guiana, S. A., for which see map, and "when found make a note on't."

HUON.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

MR. DOZY, GOLDFISHING.

BY SPERMACETI.

"What are you doing there?"

"Oh, me an' pap is a ketchin' goldfish."

This question was propounded by yours truly, while walking near a pond in the neighborhood of Mr. Dozy's old fashioned store. On reaching it my attention was attracted and my curiosity excited by seeing Mr. Dozy and his son Solomon in the water, with their pantaloons rolled up as far as the law allows, and tugging earnestly at what appeared to be the end lanyards of a large net, fully fifty feet in length. My question referred to their occupation, and it was Solomon who, being nearest the shore, elucidated the mystery.

After a short interval of hard dragging, during which I waited with considerable interest to see the result of the haul, the two fisherman got the net up on the beach. As it made its appearance the rapid flashes of gold and silver light told that it contained at least some booty. But when spread out on the ground and opened, the net disclosed a heap of beautiful fish, numbering at least three or four hundred. But they were not all goldfish, fully one-half were silver fish, so named from their color. These silver fish are worthless to sell and "tarnal pests," as Mr. Dozy pettishly remarked as he and Solomon heartlessly threw them out on the ground to die.

The goldfish ran in size from the length of your little finger to fish of a pound or a pound and a half in weight. The larger and smaller ones were put back in the water and those of about three inches in length were carried up in pails to the house, where they were transferred to a tank kept in readiness for them.

I found Mr. Dozy in a good humor with the success of his haul and perfectly willing to give all the facts he knew about goldfish.

"Goldfish," said he, "ain't a salt-water fish, like the whale, Jeemes, but he likes to live in fresh water. I reckon Long Island was the fust place anybody ever seed goldfish. They hev been in this pond as long as I kin remember. Air you goin' to publish this, Jeemes? Ef so be you air, you'd better not be too sartin they was found on Long Island fust, for I ain't dead sure."

I took the old gentleman's advice and didn't make "dead sure" until I made inquiries, and I found that he was right in having misgivings about his opinion. The goldfish is of the carp family and native to the Celestial empire, which supplies us with firecrackers and tea and much-abused emigrants.

It is a curious fact that one may stock a pond which has previously had nothing in, with goldfish and in the course of a few years silver fish will also appear in that pond in large quantities. Mr. Dozy told me this curious fact, but could advance no theory which threw any light upon it, and at last appealed to me as a newspaper man, who necessarily knew everything, to explain the matter.

I promptly suggested, my reputation as a newspaper man and a pisciculturist being at stake, that the gold and silver fish being similar in form, though different in color, the probability was that the male fish was silver-colored while the female is golden.

Now I don't want any scientist who happens to read these lines to take up my opinion, above delivered, and knock it into "smithereens" with his learning. Let him be considerate, for I feel very proud of it and think it worthy of Seth Green, the man who always has his pockets full of fish spawn.

Mr. Dozy says he used to get $12.00 per hundred for his fish, but like every other business it has become less profitable in these hard times and now he only receives $8.00. By inquiry at the places where they are sold in New York, we find the retail price is anything from $5.00 per pair to ten cents a fish, the price varying according to the greenness of the customer.

I don't imagine I have given my readers any vast amount of information in the foregoing account about goldfish, but we can't be always bothering ourselves about adulteration and monopolies and Cincinnati conventions, and it is sometimes a relief to read something which does not necessitate a strain on one's faculties, and it is my idea that this article exactly fills that bill.—*American Grocer.*

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

CARPENTER, Box 108. Mt. Kisco, N. Y., has a Carpenter's Chest of Tools, 75 pieces; also Brass Drum Music Box, in good order. Will exchange for Cabinet Organ, or offers.

JOSEPH REBMEISTER, Batavia, N. Y., has for exchange a Cut Rifle, valued at $10.00, for Fancy Pigeons.

A. G. MILES, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange a thoroughbred Setter dog pup, 4 months old, second to none in the United States; also a full blood Heathwood B. R. cock, 6½ lbs. weight, for Fancy Pigeons. If not as represented, I will return goods and pay expenses.

WARREN BECK, York, Pa., will exchange 3 hens and one cock, fine; 1 very fine white-faced Black Spanish cock, 1 pair Splashed Tumblers, 2 pair Black Tumblers, 1 yellow cap Magpie cock, 1 pair Quakers, 1 pair White Fans, 1 Turbit cock, for one foot-power scroll saw, or Black-wing Swallow hen, or Silver Dun Carrier cock, or Mottled Fan hen. Make offers.

WILLIAM HUNT, Tivoli, N. Y., wants to exchange three very fine Aylesbury drakes, for ducks, or one pair of Toulouse geese; Drakes are Bicknell's best stock; geese must be fine. Will also give White Leghorn roosters, Smith stock, for geese or duckwing bantams. No half breeds.

JOHN F. MYERLE, JR., 229 Church St., Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange a thoroughbred Beagle Hound, well broken for hunting, for a solid Blue Turbit hen, or Antwerps, Carriers, &c. Speak quick. All letters answered.

E. F. SMITH, Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., has one pair of Maltese kittens, and one Chinese dog, to exchange for Chickens or Pigeons, or offers. This stock is good, and want the same. Dog is a good watch dog, and well broken to perform or do anything.

HARRY K. WELSH, York, Pa., will exchange, for Fancy Pigeons of any variety, as fine a Light Brahma cockerel of Comey, Churchman, and Carpenter strain, hatched late last season, as is to be found in Pennsylvania, or eggs of same variety for Pigeons. Expect good specimens, as cockerel is; also Tumblers and Fans for other varieties. Write.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 pair D. Brahmas, 3 trios P. Cochins, 7 Light Brahma hens—all '74 and '75 hatch, and very fine large birds, for thorough-bred pigs.

ROOM 7, P. O. Building, Hartford, Conn., would like some fine American Song Birds, or Canaries, with cages, in exchange for choice selected eggs of most any variety. Write on Postal Cards, or any other cards. Double quick.

J. F. FERRIS, Hartford, Conn., would like to exchange a policy of Life Insurance in one of the best companies in the country, for a good horse and buggy. Write for particulars.

FANCIER, Room 7, P. O. Building, Hartford, Conn., would like a nice sitting of Duckwing Game Bantam eggs, in exchange for other eggs of Leghorns, Cochins or Brahmas.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange young Fancy Pigeons, White, Red, and Yellow Barbs, Black, Red, and Mottled Jacobins, Archangels, Tumblers, White Fans, and many other varieties, for Poland, China, or good Chester White Pigs. Must be A No. 1, from 6 to 10 weeks old.

J. W. TATUM, Wilmington, Delaware, has a Learner's Telegraph Machine, Key, Sounder, (and Battery, if desired) complete; is nearly new and in perfect order; also a fine pair American Rose-comb Dominique Cocks. Will exchange for first-class pure-bred Brown Leghorns, either fowls or eggs.

LOYD B. PHILLIPS, Norwalk, Conn., has for exchange 1 trio of Partridge Cochins, or White Leghorn Chicks, for 1 trio of S. S. Polish; also, 1 trio Breeding Stock of Partridge Cochins for a Printing Press, or offers. Stock A No. 1.

W. J. HOLDEN, Hudson, Ill., will exchange small black and tan male Pup, three months old, pure bred, for Light Brahma Cockerels, or other fancy poultry.

HERBERT LODER, Box 638, Stamford, Conn., would like to exchange a few good White Leghorn hens, for Plymouth Rock hens of same quality.

G. R. HAY, West Laurens, Otsego Co., N. Y., will exchange one pair Blue Games, one pair Houdans, one trio Partridge Cochins, for Watch, Harness, Gun, Books, or offers.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

IRVING M. BARKER, Middletown, Newport Co., R. I., wants a first-class Red-wing Turbit hen, for which I will give a good bargain.

GEORGE STRANGE, Ransom, Hillsdale Co., Michigan, wants a pair of Lop-eared and a pair of Dutch Rabbits; all must be of the best breeds or be returned. Do not want to pay a fancy price.

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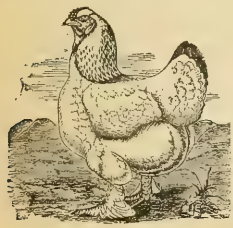
have something that you do not "want," offer it "for exchange" in our column.

TRY IT ONCE!!!



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See D. B. advertisement elsewhere.

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Breeder of

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AND

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, JULY 17, 1876. No. 27.

EGYPT'S WONDERS.

THE GIGANTIC PYRAMIDS AS SEEN BY RECENT AMERICAN TOURISTS.

[*Continued from No.* 26.]

There is a perpendicular shaft of 155 feet from the queen's chamber down to the entrance passage below the base of the Pyramid. It is believed this shaft was sunk by the masons, after finishing the room, to afford them the means of egress, the opening into the gallery and sloping a cent having been most effectually barred with masses of granite on the inside, by which the existence of the upper apartments referred to were concealed for ages. One of our Bedouin guides proposed to work his way out by going down this dark well and through the passage into the outside opening below, but we could not "see it" fifty cents worth, and did not consider it worth while to contribute at all for the performance of a feat in the dark.

Emerging from the great monument, we did not care to undertake the less difficult and fatiguing performance of ascending the Pyramid, nor did we even respond to the Arab cry, "hip-'arrah—six franc and run up top and down ten minute"—"hip-'arrah, say go?" We contribute two English shillings each to the old sheikh having charge of the guides, and a shilling backsheesh to each one of those attending us, and that seemed sufficient without investment in the "hip-'arrah" business. We again view the Pyramid from the outside. The great stone blocks furnish steps upon which the ascent is made. They vary in size from two to four and five feet square. The Arab guides, two and three for one person, almost lift one from step to step. There is a space about thirty feet square at the summit.

When was this stupendous Pyramid constructed? Authorities differ as to the time. There is little doubt that it was built under the direction of the tyrant ruler, Cheops, who reigned some 2,500 years before Christ. The work was probably completed about 4,300 years ago. It is said by both Diodorus and Pliny that 360,000 men were employed twenty years in its construction. Herodotus wrote 2,300 years ago that 100,000 men were employed in the quarries of the Arabian hills in cutting the stone and transporting it to and across the river; thousands more were occupied in dragging the material to the Lybian hills. "Of the time," he says, "passed in this arduous undertaking, ten years were taken up in the construction of the causeway for the transport of the stones, a work scarcely less wonderful, in my opinion, than the Pyramid itself."

This causeway was 3,000 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 75 to 100 feet high. Some remains of the great work are now visible. The second and third Pyramids were not built till many years after the first. These two have subterranean vaults only, there being no chambers above. The second Pyramid is nearly as large as the first; some of the smooth casing which originally constituted the exterior of all these Pyramids still remains on this one, 130 to 150 feet from the top. Upon this surface it is said that hieroglyphics had been cut to such an extent that if those upon the two larger Pyramids were copied upon paper, "more than ten thousand books would be filled with them."

The stones originally constituting the surface of the Pyramids were so precisely adjusted, as a writer in the twelfth century declared, that "not even a needle or a hair can be inserted between any two of them." Now the Pyramids are ragged and bare; layers of the great stones have been taken off; the Pyramids for centuries furnished quarries out of which modern Egyptians have built cities. And yet their outline remains the same; they have been reduced only twenty to forty feet in length of sides, and fifteen to twenty feet in height—hardly appreciable in comparison with the immensity of the whole.

We visit the ruins of old tombs near by. The great sepulchral chamber is cut out of the solid rock. The external structure embraces a temple, from one of the apartments of which a vertical well leads to a sepulchral chamber, in which was buried the mummy. Here are exhibited the results of an immensity of labor as well as marvelous mechanism in the work of excavation through solid rock, and in the fitting into walls of polished granite, slabs or blocks, of size varying from ten to twelve feet in length, six and eight breadth, and a foot or more in thickness—the pieces being so nicely adjusted that a pen-knife cannot now be inserted between them. The mason-work of these temple tombs, which are of large dimensions, now stands perfectly and "is plumb" as when completed with such mechanical exactness, thousands of years ago. Forced or voluntary labor, one fact comes to us in tangible and unmistakable forms down the ages, namely, that men knew how to work, and they did work upon honor in those days whereof we have the history, now possessed mainly from such monuments as these, with accompanying hieroglyphic inscriptions.

Our next observation is the Sphinx. It is located on the east side of the platform or plateau of Gizah, about one-fourth of a mile from the Great Pyramid. The idea of the Sphinx is said to have originated in Thebes. Its name, as given in the hieroglyphics, is translated as meaning "the sun god, the type of all kings." The Sphinx is a monster in proportions as well as in the figure presented; it is the bust of a man, with the body and legs of a lion, designed, it is supposed, to represent the union of intellect and power required in a king. Only the head, shoulders and back are now visible; the rest is buried in the sand. The head measures thirty feet from the top of the forehead to the bottom of the chin, and fourteen feet across. The face is considerably broken, but enough is preserved to indicate the general features and their expression. The Sphinx does present, in rough portraiture it is true, but still very distinctly, a marked resemblance to the likeness of Washington. It is an amiable, tranquil countenance, yet bearing an expression of majestic power. The body is 140 feet long, with hands protruding fifty feet more; nearly all concealed, however, by the accumulations of sand. What it was in its unmutilated condition, and when fully exposed to view, is described by Pliny and others. The monster was cut out of solid rock; the face looks out toward the Nile. The height from the crown of the head to the floor between the paws, is seventy feet. Between

the paws was a temple where sacrifices were performed. From this temple a flight of four steps ascended to a platform; thence an inclined plane led to the top of the rock in front of the Sphinx. These excavations required not only prodigious labor, but great mechanical skill and art ability. One who had carefully studied this remarkable monument, wrote that "nothing could be grander than the appearance of this mysterious creation fronting the worshipers, and rising more and more above their heads as they descend the long flight of steps to lay their offerings at his feet." There is, indeed, something very sublime it this expression of religious sentiment. Dean Stanley says of the Sphinx: "We may well wonder what it must have been when on its head there was the royal helmet of Egypt, on its chin the royal beard; when the stone pavement by which men approached the Pyramids ran up between its paws; when immediately under its paws an altar stood, from which the smoke went up into the gigantic nostrils of that nose now vanished from the face. Its situation and significance are worthy of its grandeur; if it was the grand representation of royalty, then it fitly guards the greatest of royal sepulchres; and, with its half-human, half-animal form, is the best welcome and the best farewell to the history and religion of Egypt."

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"PRINCIPLES, NOT MEN."

Anonymous writers may be "mudflingers," but it has not seemed to me that the mudflingers of the Journal have been the anonyma:—Vide last year's siege of Todd, Van Winkle & Co., or, call it if you will, one "battle of Waterloo!" or, that the anonymous was because they were *afraid* to express their views over their own signature.

In the first place, our worthy chief says in italics: "*Anonymous communications not noticed,*" so it is to be supposed that he, knowing the writers, does not permit those a place in the Journal's columns, whom he may not, if he desires, or necessity demands, hold responsible for the articles.

In the second place, the Journal is for the promulgation of ideas, the advancement of every interest pertaining to the fanciers. It is not dealing with men, but ideas; so an article is not given to the public from the *man*, but the *mind*. I think it the true way, and must confess it one of my likings in the Journal's management.

We all of us are but human, and in spite of our better judgment do worship at the altar of fame. If an article is signed by a name that has gained notoriety, or by a name we know, or whose owner is endeared to us, we are apt to read that first, and but few of us can read it with a single mind: an old prejudice will warp our judgment, or favoritism will make us lenient. If an article on the contrary be anonymous, we must be content to seize the idea and judge of it according to *its* merit, as we can know nothing of the writer's practice, profession, or honor.

Let us take for instance this battle for the Standard. If we did not know a little of the "Ed. P. B's" history, might we not feel a little differently? and were "Young Breeder" to write over his cognomen, would we not have a respect for his judgment from the knowledge we have of his experience and success?

There is still another thought. The best of us when we are worsted in an argument are apt, when arguments fail, to fall back upon personalities, and one leads to another, until what began in all friendliness, ends in a general recrimination; all of which may be pleasant to participants and partisans, but not especially promotive of the fancier's interests.

And still another thought. Let us suppose that by thought, and untiring patience, a fancier has originated a breed, or brought them to the highest perfection. In the pride of his success he wishes others to share with him his knowledge. He does not wish alone that others should see *what* he has *done*, but in the true fancier's spirit, he wishes all to know by what slow steps the success was attained. He does not wish it known for personal aggrandizement," an axe to grind;" "do not believe in him," and the cry is, but for the profit of others. He tells the world over his own signature, he has "an axe to grind;" so given is this pusillanimous world to the seeking of motives. So he must submit to having his motives misjudged, he must keep his success to himself, or *use the anonymous*. So I think it is not that the writer's *fear* to sign their names, but because they would wish their views to be commented upon independent of themselves.

I have reason to think that sometimes our worthy chief has suppressed the names of the writers of different communications, that the mind of the reader might not be biased by knowledge of the writer's previous experience.

I wish we might all meet in the Journal's columns in a pleasanter spirit, united in a common interest: the gaining of fresh knowledge, the enlargement of ideas, and the attaining to higher culture. When we have successes, record them in detail upon our Journal's pages, that others may profit by our efforts. In our failures, not be disheartened, but seek advice and help from those who have trod the road before, and maybe stumbling over the same rough places, having found a helping hand, are ready in their turn to give all the assistance in their power.

Anonymous.

A Natural Fish Pond.—Rev. Robert Wilson, in the Popular Science Monthly, describes a natural basin on the "Woodboo" plantation, about forty miles from Charlestown. Walking toward a clump of tall cypresses, you suddenly find yourself on the brink of a miniature lake, the ground being firm up to the water's edge. An irregular basin, about fifty yards long by a dozen wide, is hollowed out in the blue limestone rock which underlies the soil but a few inches from the surface, and this is filled to the brim with opaline yet perfectly clear water. The bottom slopes abruptly from either side to the middle, where it is fully twelve feet deep, and there exists an irregular fissure extending the whole length of the basin, and varying from two to six inches (apparently) in width. The basin swarms with fish of every variety common to the waters of the region, and of every size. Schools of fry keep near the edges, hundreds in number, while in the deep waters may be seen full-grown perch and bream, catfish, black bass, pike and alewives. Watch the bottom for awhile, and you will see these fish issuing from the fissure in the rock, the larger bass (four to eight pounders) never venturing far from it, and darting into it at the least alarm. I well remember a pike nearly three feet long, which I have often struck with a fishing cane, but which I never could capture. The largest fish will not take the hook, on account of the exposure to view; but the smaller bream, perch, and bass bite with great eagerness, and I have often caught from twenty to sixty in an afternoon, selecting the best fish by sight, and placing the bait at their very mouths. Sometimes the basin is almost empty of fish; an hour afterwards enough will be visible to overstock a dozen ponds of equal size. By day, eels are rarely visible, and you may stir up all the patches of grass along the bed without discovering one; at night they are frequently caught, the negroes sometimes "gigging" them of the largest size. The temperature of the water is the same winter and summer—about 62°—and the fish bite best in the coldest weather.

A countryman, strolling through New London recently, hand in hand, with his rural Phillis, impatient to visit the circus, exclaimed, on seeing a bunch of bananas suspended in front of one of the fruit stores: "I'll be moved if them ain't the biggest beans I ever seen, Sophrony."

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

A NEW VARIETY.

TO THE ED. OF THE JOURNAL:

In the spring of 1874, I purchased of a gentleman prominent in the "Fancy," a sitting of Brown Leghorn eggs, which yielded me 9 chicks, 3 of which were as "black as Egypt." On asking for an explanation, the gentleman informed me that he was not acquainted with the stock of the sire; that he was an imported bird, &c., &c. One of the Blacks died and the other two I raised; the cockerel had an "uncertain" comb and plumage, and a dull disposition, and I sent him to fat. The pullet was a shy, quiet creature, somewhat larger than her "Brown" sisters, and had a magnificent crown-comb. She commenced laying early in the fall, laying 22 eggs in November. (I would give something to know how many times she laid six eggs, skip a day and then six more.) I had her in a yard poorly sheltered from the sun, with some hens I was not breeding in season of 1875, and one excessively hot day I found her dying at the side of the water-pot. On opening and examining her, nothing could be discovered amiss. She contained a large number of embryo eggs.

Three genuine Brown Leghorn pullets—to all appearance—that hatched with her, I kept and bred from, mated with a cockerel bird from a Bonney cock and a Kinney hen. Among the chicks I noticed some crown-combs, and wrote those to whom I had sold eggs, offering to exchange if they had any; but received no reply. I raised a trio of these Crown-Combs in 1875, and I think all who have seen them will bear me out in the assertion that they are as unique and handsome as any domestic fowl that scratches American earth. They are plumper than the Brown Leghorn; as perfect in form as those *pictured*; the pullets are of a dark green shade, penciled throughout, (a gentleman said he should describe them as green or dark velvet ground,) the comb runs from the beak three or four serrats single and lone, then assumes a higher and circular form, the serrats appearing like antlers, the cup spreading out and lying flat on the heads of the pullets since they commenced laying. They were rather late chicks; commenced laying in January, and have kept it up to this time, without any sign of brooding. They have surprised me during the late dry and exhausting "spell." I have not kept a strict record, your everlasting "Pencil" is almost always a "Miss Nancy,"—but I feel pretty certain the trio have yielded 10 and 12 eggs a week for several weeks past. I *know* they have laid 2 a day for a number of days last past. The eggs are larger than the Brown Leghorn's, are pure white, and in my exprience they are better layers than the B. L., and are more docile. The cock is a most superb figure, resembling the Brown Leghorn in feather more than the pullets; the comb is large, erect, antlered, and crown or cup; a wonderfully abundant hackle, bright golden striped with black; neck long and beautifully arched; breast very full, and penciled in red, golden, and black down to the shanks; wattles very long and thin.

Have managed to get four chicks fairly started from this trio. The truthful recital of the haps and mishaps through which they have come thus far, would equal anything ever related in wierd or fairy tale. I positively began to grow superstitious over them, and when the last hen had finished the 9 I gave her, I wouldn't have "sot" another with the chance of getting a red crown of gold from each egg. I carried the load buyers of eggs expect all of us to carry.

The gentleman I bought the eggs of undoubtedly believed he was selling the genuine article; I certainly should not hesitate to sell eggs sired from a bird bought of a reputable breeder; although an immense amount of the dissatisfaction at present prevailing is owing to the breeding birds not having been *proved* before being put upon the market. When this is done different results from the present will be seen.

One of the finest pair of Light Brahmas I ever saw exhibited, the purchaser was *forced* to discard after examining them *through their stock*. If this had been his rule in breeding, it is plain to be seen that if he affected the poultry interest at all, it would be for the better; whereas he has probably injured it, and to an extent it would be hard to tell.

One of the noblest *appearing* stock horses that ever appeared at a fair was owned several years since in Vermont; all his stock were defective in the spine, some so bad that they never stood upon their feet. Yet just such a "rooster" will come from under Messrs. Felch & Co's hands so decked out that one is led to believe he is celebrating the event, Burnham and the rest of 'em is so *certain* almost. "By their fruits ye shall know them." When are we to have a standard that is not a delusion and a snare?

But what are my Crown-Combs? Their real manner of breeding I think is past finding out. P. WELSH.

LINDEN, July 6, 1876.

WILD AND MONGREL GEESE.

The Wild Goose (*Branta Canadensis*) which we are accustomed to see on its passage every spring and fall, is as well worthy of domestication as any variety of water fowl that we have upon our farms. To the great majority of our people they are only known as they see them in flight. They have never seen them in the poultry yard, and never enjoyed them as a delicacy upon the table. In a few districts their value has been discovered, both for ornament and for use, and the raising of wild geese has become a regular and profitable business. They are more generally raised in Rhode Island, about the shores of Narragansett Bay, and in Eastern Connecticut, near the Sound, than in any other district with which we are acquainted. The bird is thus described by naturalists: "The head, two-thirds of the neck, the greater quills, the rump and tail are pitch black; the back and wings broccoli-brown, edged with wood-brown; the base of the neck anteriorly, and the under plumage generally, brownish-gray; a few white feathers are scattered about the eye, and a white cravat of a kidney shape forms a conspicuous mark on the throat; upper and under tail coverts, pure white; bill and feet black." They do not walk so gracefully as the common goose, but are entirely at home on the water, and are beautiful objects upon any pond or stream in cultivated grounds. They make a pleasing contrast with white swans, common geese, or ducks, upon any lawn or woodland park. To the farmer they are of chief value for their flesh, and for crossing with other varieties to raise mongrel geese, which are an article of luxury in city markets, and command very high prices. The wild goose has been so little domesticated that there has been no departure, in the color of the plumage, or habits, from the original type. They are strictly monogamous, and the old gander, when mated with the goose for the season, rarely leaves her, unless it be for some former mate, who unexpectedly returns to him. In breeding the pure birds, it is usual to have not more than two or three pairs upon the same premises, and if each pair could have a separate

breeding place, it would be likely to save quarreling among ganders, and disturbance among the goslings. The breeding birds are pinioned at the first joint of the wing, to prevent them from flying, an operation is usually performed while they are young. When first brought to a new location, they should be kept in a pen or hurdle near the spot where they are to breed. They will soon become accustomed to their keeper, and if regularly supplied with food, will give no more trouble than common geese. Abundant feeding, especially during the first season, is essential to the highest success. The young are strong and hardy, and soon learn to shift for themselves. The wild birds are not nearly so prolific as the tame varieties. Each goose lays six or seven eggs at the first litter, and if these are set under other birds, she will lay a second time. The birds increase in size for several years, and their weight will depend very much upon the abundance of their food.

Mongrel Geese, with which the market of large cities are scantily supplied, are the delight of epicures; they are a cross of the wild goose upon some domestic variety. The mongrel goose is usually larger than either parent, and the flesh is held in the highest esteem, either because of its excellent flavor, or of its very high price. The early birds are most desirable, as they can be marketed in August at the watering places at the highest price. The wild ganders is usually mated with a domestic goose, because she will produce two or three times as many eggs as a wild goose—thirty and forty eggs are secured by the skillful poultryman, and are hatched under hens or other geese. The young birds are hardy, and easily raised. They should have a good pasture, with a pond or brook, and be regularly and bountifully fed. The object is to secure early maturity, and sell while there is the greatest demand. The business pays well.—*Ex.*

NON-SITTERS.

Hamburgs and Leghorns are non-sitters—so said—now I would like to know how they get the name, for I have a Brown Leghorn now with young chicks; and a Black Hamburg hen, (from J. Y. B.,) sitting. How is this? has change of climate anything to do with it? I would like to know. Every and all kinds of chickens I have used are disposed to sit, except pure Houdans.

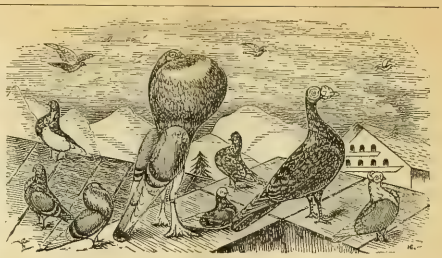
Will you or J. Y. B., answer? Johnne Ret.

Pacolett, S. C.

Ostrich Farming—Parties in California have commenced the work of ostrich farming and the conditions appear to be favorable for success. A gentleman in the Cape Colony had a stock of four hens and two cocks, and finding the old birds unreliable for hatching he devised an incubator which has been used to great advantage. It consists of a box about three feet square and holding about twenty-five eggs. This rests upon a copper or zinc pan, filled with hot water, and has four or five openings, through which the vapor ascends to the box. The eggs are first kept at a temperature of 102 degrees, but in four weeks is reduced to 98 degrees. The period of incubation is 42 days, at the end of which time the eggs are punctured to enable the chicks to break the shell easily. When hatched they are allowed to run about like ordinary fowls. In natural hatching the average number of birds raised is eighteen out of twenty eggs; in artificial, not more than one in twelve fails. At the last accounts 85 birds had been sold, with 280 on hand. The profits of the sale of the feathers of 20 old birds and their progeny, in four years, amounted to $100,000.

Hard to beat—A boiled egg.

If you're asked to take an egg and won't, is that an-egg-ative reply?



Pigeon Department.

FLYING MATCH.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

I have come to an arrangement with Mr. John Van Opstal, to fly three matches for one hundred dollars; the bird winning two out of the three to win the stakes. Our first race will be on the 15th from Scranton; the second from a place between Easton and Lock Haven, and the third from Lock Haven. I would have seen with pleasure some of our Philadelphia friends if they would have joined us, but did not hear from them yet.

Yours respectfully,

Louis Waefelaer.

Hoboken, N. J., July 12th, 1876.

THE HOMING PIGEON.

On the 8th of June, at the Zoological Society's Gardens, London, Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier gave a very interesting and instructive lecture on homing pigeons. The lecture was illustrated by a number of maps, charts, pigeon whistles used by the Chinese, several specimens of homers, blue rocks, dragons, photographs, and many other appliances connected with the subject.

The lecture commenced by stating that near the coast in many parts of the world, living among the rocks and cliffs, was to be found the common blue rock dove, the parent of all the races of domesticated pigeons.* There are only forty specimens of wild animals capable of domestication, and amongst this number is the wild blue rock, which is possessed of the faculty of taking long journeys in pursuit of food, and of then returning home. From this love of home and their quickness of flight they have for many ages been used as messengers both in this and other countries. The introduction of the telegraph almost entirely superseded their being used as formerly, especially in this country; and to the Belgians must be given the credit of breeding the homing pigeon up to its present high standard of perfection.

In Belgium pigeon racing is now the national sport of the country; it is under the patronage of the king, who annually gives the first prize in the great National Concour. The Belgians have two papers exclusively devoted to homing or voyageur pigeons. The manner in which the Belgians train their birds is very different to the plan which used to be adopted in this country, when frequently only a single bird was started; there they commence training the young birds short distances of five, ten, and twenty miles, and as they get older and stronger the distances are gradually increased, until they often fly as many as 400 or 500 miles in a day. The birds are sent in large flat hampers, each capable of containing about forty birds; and during the racing season as many as 400 or 500 of these baskets may be occasionally seen at some of the railway stations in France. After the birds have been entered in any race they are stamped and placed in the baskets, which are

* Darwin and Tegetmeier have both written this, but the origin of the high class fancy pigeons has never been proved. J. H. C.

all sealed and despatched under the care of a properly appointed attendant or convoyeur, who looks after their wants. On their arrival at the town from whence the race is to take place, the baskets are carefully inspected by the maire to see that the lead seals have not been tampered with. The whole are liberated at the same time, generally between four and five o'clock in the morning. By this system all the bad birds are lost, only the good ones reaching their homes, and the best of these are used for breeding purposes; so that for many years an artificial selection of the strongest and best adapted birds for flying purposes has been carried on in Belgium.

The blue rock is well known from its wildness, but it has not the power of flight possessed by the homing Antwerps, and it is more irregular. The feathers of the wing are narrower, and the whole plumage softer. That of the homer is much harder, the feathers appearing as if they were glued together; the wings overlapping one another, being broader and shorter, mere length of wing not conducing to rapid flight. These Belgian homers in some instances fly at the rate of from forty-five to fifty or even sixty miles an hour. In the race from the Crystal Palace to Brussels the telegram announcing the liberation of the birds was received in Brussels after the arrival of the first birds. In the long 400 or 500 mile races from the South of France the birds usually returned the same day. The longest race on record was from Rome to Brussels, a distance of 900 miles. Eighty birds were despatched, and it was twelve days before any of them returned, only fourteen ever returning.

Mr. Tegetmeier then touched upon the question as to whether it was by instinct or by sight that the birds were enabled to fly long distances, his own opinion being the birds went by observation. In support of this view, he stated some years ago he offered to give £10 (at that time a very large sum for flyers) for a pair of birds that would fly eighty miles without having been previously trained, but no one accepted the offer. Other people affirmed birds would fly by night; but this was also fallacy; and it was found in Belgium the birds never returned after half-past eight at night, neither would they fly during a fog. Only a few days ago a bird of his was liberated in Surrey, the day being beautifully fine there, while in London there was a dense yellow fog, and the bird, not being able to see any of the objects with which it was familiar, started off in another direction, and was caught the same night on the lighthouse at Dover. He next explained the various modes in which pigeons have been utilized; how, by means of relays of pigeons, the late Baron Rothschild was able to inform the British Government of the result of the battle of Waterloo; how useful they were in carrying letters into Paris during the time of the siege, and he gave a very interesting account of the way in which this was accomplished. The letters were not to exceed twenty words each, the charge from England was 5d. for each word, and 6d. for registration; the letters were opened, copied, printed, and photographed in a very small space, 200 communications weighing only one-eight of a grain, the postage on which amounted to £50, so that one pigeon could carry letters the postage on which amounted to several thousand pounds. During the siege of Paris sixty-four balloons came out, containing ninety-one passengers and 900 kilometres of despatches, and 363 pigeons; out of that number only fifty-seven returned. At the present time in Germany all the forts are provided with flights of pigeons.

Mr. Tegetmeier concluded by stating that he was making some experiments with pigeons for lightships, to be used in cases of wrecks, as recently happened to the Deutschland; the birds to be started from the lightship announcing to those on shore any accident which might happen at sea. It appears that some of these lightships are only visited once a month, and to keep birds in close confinement for so long would nearly incapacitate them for flying; but to prevent this as much as possible, large cages were to be made in which they could fly, and by stamping their wings with different letters, according to the recognized code of signals, the desired information would be conveyed to those on shore, and to make the birds conveying messages more easily discernible, they might be dyed any required color by means of aniline dyes.

ITEMS.

Ballet girl and geese are the animals that can stand the longest on one leg.

When a chicken has the toothache she always expects a chicken will come to pullet.

Cattle are dumb beasts, but by getting together in large numbers they make themselves herd.

"A white *beerde*d Tumbler," remarked a friend of mine as he drank down a glass of beer. TERRÆ FILIUS.

Pass along your hot weather items. It is so hot in Iowa City that the cat fish come out under the trees and fan themselves with their tails.

Two irate cooks of New Orleans threw eggs at a policeman who endeavored to separate them, until he strongly resembled an omelet, and appeared disgusted in the egg stream.

A wit was dreadfully bored by a stupid fellow who persisted in talking to him on natural history. "There's the oyster," at last said the bore; "what's your notion as to the idea that the oyster is possessed of reason?" "I think it may be true," said the wit, "because the oyster knows enough to shut its mouth."

Somebody, who considers fishing a scaly business, thus apostrophizes the finny tribe:

And when an angler for his dish,
Through gluttony's vile sin,
Attempts—the wretch!—to pull thee out,
Heaven give thee strength, thou little trout,
To pull the rascal in!

He came from the country seven years ago, and is now a well-to-do merchant. Last week he wrote to the old folks, telling them he had married a lady with a very fine voice—a "mezzo-soprano of quite extraordinary compass." Yesterday he received an answer from the maternal side of the house, informing him that his lamented aunt was afflicted with something of that sort during her life, but had always found relief in placing a mustard plaster on the sole of each foot, and drinking a pint of dandelion tea.

There came to visit the poet Longfellow an Englishman who, like Sir Charles Coldstream, had "traveled everywhere, seen everything, and done everything," and yet was terribly ennuied. "Haw! yes, Mr. Longfellow, thought I ought to see the great American poet, 'n' sent in ma card." The poet asked the visitor to be seated, when he resumed: "Yes, see Mr. Longfellow; I've been great traveller, Sir; been all over the Continent, been to Iceland, Sweden, Norway." "Indeed; you must have found much to interest you?" "Well, something, but it's getting to be an awful bwar. I've just come from Egypt; old country—antiquities, you know." "Yes," replied the poet, "many interesting remains of past ages." "Ah, yes just so, exactly; heaps of old ruins. I like ruins. Now everything's new in America, you know—can't find any old ruins so thought I'd come an' see you."

The Eureka (Nev.) *Sentinel* of May 10th says: Capt. Roach, the Deputy Assessor, don't fool much with the Chinese in the matter of assessing them for real and personal property. When he goes into a store and sees a stock of goods therein, and the owner greets him with a smile "childlike and bland," saying: "Me no sabe sesse, no sabe store, no got a bloberty, no Chinaman

keepee store," the Captain does not get into a rage, but looks around for what can be construed as personal property; then he hies himself to Main street, procures a dray and is soon loading it up with goods from the store that no one owns, and sends it away to the auctioneer for sale. Charlie Ah Kow was thus treated yesterday, and bets were even that when the dray was loaded Charlie would fork over the money; but he didn't, and only said; "I don't care, me go see 'um lawyer."

An Elysium for Lazy Men.—A North Carolina letter says; Well, we are lazy in Norfolk, that's a fact. But there is no need of working here. If a man has energy enough to dig a worm he can take a pinhook and sit down on the wharf and catch fish enough in one day to last him two. If he is too lazy to dig a worm he can tie a piece of flannel rag on a string and catch enough crabs to last him a day or two, and if he is too lazy to tie a piece of flannel to a string he lays down on his back on the sand at ebb tide, opens his mouth, and when the tide comes in the crabs run into it. What need is there of work in a country for which nature has done so much?

New Food for Silk Worms.—Californians interested in the silk-worm business are very much gratified with the result of some experiments in Würtenberg, which seems to prove that these useful creatures thrive as well on lettuce as on famous mulberry leaves. The great drawback to the successful culture of silk in California has been the lack of food for the worms. If time justifies the decision that lettuce will serve as good a purpose as mulberry trees, then there will be no reason why that State should not count its silk crop as one of its most valuable products. The experiments made on this lettuce diet, accidental at first and then purposely, seemed to show that if the lettuce leaves were perfectly freed from moisture, they were as eagerly eaten by the young brood of worms, and the resulting cocoons were of as good quality, as those fed on the traditional diet.

A Small Boy's Essay on Tobacco.—Tobaco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars, which is glued in the Injun's hands, and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco; neither do I. I tried to smoke a cigar once and it made me feel like epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat, and as they never saw a steamboat they were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named LeRoy who comes to see her. He was standing on the steps one night, with a cigar in his mouth, and he said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said, "LeRoy, the perfume is agreeable." But when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said, "Get out of the house you horrid creature; the smell of tobacco makes me sick."

A Monkey's Memory.—A few months ago, says a foreign paper, a lady who is well known in the French fashionable world happened to see in the streets of London a monkey begging pence from the public in the prettiest manner for the benefit of his master, an organ grinder. The marquise took a fancy to it, bought it, dressed it in the gaudiest of raiment, and made it a pet. The lady the other day had in Paris a fashionable reception, and of course he was the wonder of the room. In the course of the evening a young lady sat down at the piano, and accompanying herself, sang with exquisite taste a little drawing room song. As soon as the lady had finished, the monkey, who though now partially civilized, had not forgotten his former duties, seeing something near him that reminded him of his old occupation, seized it and transferred it into a temporary hat and commenced a collection. The vocalist laughed, the marquise looked vexed; but to the amusement of everybody, the animal went the rounds and collected a large sum. His task ended he jumped upon the knee of the singer, amid shouts of laughter, and deposited the contents of his hat in the lady's lap. The collection was devoted to a charitable fund.

Piety and Goose.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* is responsible for this yarn:

I recently heard this amusing story of a very "pious" old colored woman, who was cook for the gentleman to whom she formerly belonged. During a "big meetin" in her church, Aunt Sally appropriated one of her employer's geese, and had it nicely roasted for the preacher and some of his invited guests. The gentleman of the house discovered the theft, but said nothing about it until the next day, when he called up Aunt Sally to give her a lecture about it. In the course of the conversation he said:

"I did not care about the goose; I would cheerfully have given you that if you had asked me for it; but I am mortified that you should have stolen it, and that you should have feasted your preacher on stolen meat, and have afterward gone to church to shout as loud as ever."

The old woman indignantly replied:

"Well, you say you wud hab gub me de goose! What de use, den, to make such a fuss about it? And as fur my stayin' away from church on dat account, do you s'pose I'se gwine to neglect my blessed Jesus for one old goose?"

Feeding Hens.—On a second return home, I found a second complaint from the best read poultry man in these parts—who had charge of my hens—that they had made poor returns for the care given them. I found reasons enough in the fact that they had not been watered. "Why, I never water mine!" exclaimed my model poultry grower. Faithful biddies! No wonder they welcomed their mistress, and flew straight to the watering trough. No wonder, after pining for shells, that they risked their necks in the attempt to get them, as they were being pounded up. It does one's heart good to see them crowd around for their hot wheat bran, stirred either with scraps or wetted with skim milk, and partly baked in the oven. On the fourth day, they rose up to sixteen eggs from seventeen hens; after this last cold wave passed over us, from seven to ten eggs—whereas they were reported as having laid from one to five daily. I have reason to know that water helped more than any other one thing. If, next to fresh meat, there is anything I enjoy giving the hens, it is clear water; also a hot bran mash made in the "pot liquor" saved from a boiled dinner; potato parings can be saved to boil tender before adding their bran for their morning dish. The *Country Gentleman* taught me to bake all feed for my young chickens. I have never had a case of gapes since.—Mrs. Farmer, in *Country Gentleman.*

Ventriloquism Easily Learned.—According to a writer in the Chicago *Advocate*, the ventriloquist's art is as easily learned as falling off a log. He maintains that there is no difficulty in acquiring the power. In the first place, he says, speak any word or sentence in your own natural tone, then open your mouth and fix your jaws fast, as though trying to hinder any one from opening them further or shutting them, draw the tongue back in a ball, speak the same word, and the sound, instead of being formed in the mouth, will be formed in the pharynx. Great attention must be paid to holding the jaws rigid. The sound will then be found to imitate a voice from the other side of the door when it is closed, or under a floor, or through a wall. To imitate a sound behind a door partly open, the voice must not be altered from the original note or pitch, but be made in another part of the mouth. This is done by closing the lips tight, and drawing one corner of the mouth downwards or towards the ear. Then let the lips open at the corner only, the other part to remain

closed. Next breathe, as it were, the words out of the orifice formed. Do not speak the words distinctly, but expel the breath in short puffs at each word, and as loud as possible. By so doing you produce the illusion in the minds of your listeners that they hear the same voice which they heard when the door was closed, but more distinctly and nearer on account of the door being open. The lips must always be used when the ventriloquist wishes it to appear that the sound comes through an obstacle, but from some one close at hand.

MIRAGES IN COLORADO.

A correspondent of the Denver *News* writes, "During our rides among the farmers and stockmen in different sections of Saguache and San Luis valleys, we have several times been treated to unequalled views of those most wonderful of landscape phenomena—mirage. On one occasion, a bright, cool morning, while on the opposite side of the valley from Saguache, and eighteen miles distant, we saw distinctly outlined, between the hills in the neighborhood of the town mentioned, the broad, unruffled surface of a lake. So perfect was the illusion, and so wonderfully transparent, that even at the great distance named we could plainly distinguish two prominent buildings upon the rocky shore opposite, and their full outlines distinctly mirrored in the translucent depths. Other objects overhanging the bright bosom of the lake cast shadows beneath which were as perfect and plain to the naked eye as though we were within a stone's throw of the spot. And another time bunches of hay-stacks and strings of fences seemed suspended in mid-air at a distance of two or three miles. Beneath them could be seen the sharply-outlined horizon, and above the bluest of ether alone filled space. 'An unconscious journey to dreamland,' some incredulous reader may exclaim, but such a one can see enough in a week's visit here at this season to convince him of a queer reality. The experience of a prominent ranchman in the upper end of the valley, though of a different nature, is quite remarkable and apropos here. He was out hunting cattle a short time ago, and was suddenly enveloped in a severe rain-storm, with the wind blowing directly toward him. He rode in this manner for quite a distance, when the rain turned to snow, and the current of the air as brisk as before, with the wind still in its original direction. Then, in again proceeding on his way, he was afforded any amount of food for speculation by the storm of snow still persisting in its travel toward that of the rain. Believing the gentleman to be thoroughly reliable, I give this for what it is worth, and if one scientist be influenced to rack his brain in regard to the whys and wherefores of the singular freak of the storm-king, a worthy object will have been attained.

ORNAMENTAL FEATHERS.

"Fine feathers make fine birds," says the proverb. Yes, that is true, but it requires much labor and skill to make the feathers so fine that the "birds" will desire to wear them. Few who jauntily wear an ornamental feather realize how deftly the hands of women have worked to give to it the graceful curve of beauty. In Vienna, Austria, about two hundred and forty women and apprentices are employed in the manufacture of ornamental feathers. The following account of the method is taken from an English journal:

The coloring is done by men, the other process mostly by women. African ostrich feathers are most usually manufactured These are white, black, gray and dapple, and are classified according to quality, as "prima," "secunda," &c. Other feathers frequently worked are those of the white heron, bird of paradise and maraboo (there are genuine maraboo feathers and false). The white prima ostrich feather is the finest of all.

The feather is cleaned first by a cold soap bath, well washed twice or thrice, and then put into warm soap baths, afterwards well washed in cold water, then blued a little, pressed, and swung to and fro in the air until the hairs have spread and the feather is quite dry.

Next, with a small sharp knife, the strong rib at the back is cut away. The feather loses its stiffness, and acquires pliability. With small feathers this is attained by scraping the rib with glass. Then the hairs on each side of the rib are made to curl in, with a blunt knife, and the requisite uniformity of shape is given them by combing them over a slightly-warmed iron.

Next, in order to hide the rib, the worker with a blunt knife twists here and there some hairs of the feather spirally over the rib until it is completely concealed by them. The feather is then threaded with a wire, folded in paper, and so completed.

The same process is followed with gray and black ostrich feathers, except that the gray are generally, and the black always colored. White feathers are only colored for some particular fashion of color, as blue, rose, violet, &c.

If the hair on a feather is not dense enough, or the feather is defective, then two or three feathers are sewn together and curled. This is done with both short and long feathers.

Long feathers are called "leaf feathers," "Amazons;" short feathers, generally three of a bundle, are called "panache." Single and sewn feathers are distinguished in both.

The hair of the ostrich feather is also much used for the manufacture of fancy feathers; cockades, fringes, &c., are made of these. The feathers are twined by a machine, and then joined to the hairs of other feathers. These combinations are called "pleureuses," and pieces of ostrich feather are sewn together to a length of some ells, and called "bordures," and are used to decorate dresses.

There is an American ostrich feather called "vulture," which is worked like the African, but is inferior to it in quality. Tempting white feathers, called maraboo, are much worked. They are used for fancy feathers, the points of small white or colored pigeon feathers, and very small fragments of silk and the like are joined onto them. "Bordures," for ball dresses, are made of them. It is evident, from this account, that "to show the white feather" is a process which entails some trouble and expense.

Editor of Fanciers' Journal;

SIR:—Had I been aware that Tennyson had taken out a "*patent right*" for all the Brooks in creation, and that Wm. Gardner Barton as agent had assumed the responsibility, I should certainly have hesitated before infringing on so sacred a right, notwithstanding the *prior claim* of Robert Burns and *others*; however, as the past cannot be recalled, and as Wm. Gardner Barton formerly of 88 Bridge street, thinks my *small* stream "would look well" beside Tennyson's *large* brook, "of course," I submit to his superior judgment. But,

It's strange, says Swift, and so say I,
The smallest scribbler cannot try
His hand at verse or prose,
But what some upstart critic will
Like carrion-crow thrust in his bill,
And meanly interpose.

Although the puny scribbler's theme
Is nothing but a mountain stream,
Mill-pond or shady nook,
The would-be critic is surprised,
And swears the stream is plagiarized
From some one else's brook.

And then on mischief fully bent,
He madly rushes into print,
And loudly blows his horn,
Proclaiming to his friends around,
Behold a *hero* who has *ground*
Up a whole

PEPPERCORN.

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

WE PLEAD GUILTY

For any delinquency in getting out The Journal this week—With our editor absent—and the mercury denoting 100 degrees and upwards, a great part of the time, we crave a little indulgence for the delay, and really think it may be our due. It may seem to some who patiently wait each week for the appearance of The Journal, that it is a very easy and trifling matter to issue a *Weekly* devoted to the specialties of Poultry and Pet-Stock, but to those who know a tithe of the labor to be performed in getting out a large edition each week in the style and shape of The Fanciers' Journal, it presents a very different aspect.

WITH THIS NUMBER (27)

We enter upon the last half of the third year of the Fanciers' Journal. We look over the past two and a half years spent in hard work, in placing before the Fanciers of this country a Weekly Journal devoted to their interests—with feelings of pleasure and pride. We realize that The Journal must continue to grow, that its scope is wide enough, its field large, its duty plain, and that in the future, as in the past, its growth will be gradual and brought about by hard and persistent labor. We shall endeavor to do our whole duty, with "Malice toward none—with charity for all."

Mrs. Southworth's new story, *Ishmael; or, In the Depths*, has passed to the *eighth* edition, and its sequel, *Self-Raised; or, From the Depths*, is already in the *sixth* edition. Mrs. Southworth is, without doubt, one of the most popular American writers of fiction, and her books are always in demand, and command a large sale. T. B. Peterson & Brothers publish a fine new edition of silver works, numbering forty-one volumes in all, in uniform style with "Ishmael," and "Self-Raised."

CORRESPONDENCE.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Do any readers of the Fanciers' Journal receive the *Poultryman's Advertiser* of New Albany, Ind., given by Goodbub & Kraft? If so, will some one please answer through the columns of the Journal.

In last April I sent the amount asked for subscription, and the week following 25 cents for an advertisement in exchange column. I have never heard anything from, nor received the *Advertiser*. Is it a humbug? Can some one explain, so that no others may be humbugged, and oblige, Yours truly,

J. A. Landenslager.

Pillow, Pa.

IMPORTATION.

Warren, Mass., July 13th, 1876.

Dear Sir:—

I have to-day received from J. C. Cooper, Cooper Hill, Limerick, Ireland, two magnificent pairs Yellow Duckwing Games. One pair won cap and first prize at Cork. They came on steamship City of Chester, in fine health and condition.

Yours very truly,

Charles S. Lincoln.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

PSYCHE.

(To the Greeks Psyche was a butterfly and was also the soul.)

I spoke last evening to a doubting lady,
Of the moth Luna, of its size and beauty;
"Find me this wonder in some woodland shady,"
She said; and I went forth unto my duty.

Yet had her light behest passed from me wholly,
When sauntering townyard through a forest way,
I saw upon a shrub that blossomed lowly,
The lovely Luna in her green array.

Like some sweet soul but newly passed the portal,
Her early chrysalis she had disdained,
And with the impulse of a thing immortal,
She strove to use the wings she had attained.

But may be new-born spirits lack the power
Of flight at once, within that better sphere,
Nor can they free themselves within the hour
From things that bind them to existence here.

"'Tis Psyche! 'tis the Soul!" I said, "Eureka!
It is a spirit from the shadowy land.
That doubting lady, I'll arise and seek her,
That she may be convinced and understand."

I went; she saw, and at it marvelled duly,
Nor wonders now at my triumphant praise;
She frankly owns that I had spoken truly,
And God is great in His mysterious ways.

June, 1876. W. Whitman Bailey.

—A fish dealer in the Fulton market, New York, was arrested for the alleged inhuman treatment of thirty-nine turtles. The arrested asserted that turtles were insensible to pain; and that they suffered less on their backs, dry shod, than they would were they free to crawl about in tanks of water. Prof. Agassiz has said, that turtles are the most sensitive of animals.

—Geese killed by Lightning.—A flash of lightning was seen to strike a flock of wild geese at St. Louis the other day, and one of them fell to the ground. On being picked up the goose was found to have a scarred and burnt hole extending from the back down through the body, there being no question but that the electric bolt passed through the flying bird. The feathers were somewhat singed.

—Deer Horns.—A friend just returned from a visit to his farm in the mountains, informs me that he saw while there, the head of a buck having *three* perfectly developed horns—two being on the right side, and all of equal size and beauty. During numerous hunting expeditions to the Alleghanies I have seen the horns of many deer—all differing from each other, but never any-

thing like this. At the beginning of winter the bucks engage in furious combats, and sometimes the tines become so intricately entangled that the animals are unable to release themselves, and die a lingering death from starvation, or fall an easy prey to the Puma. The horns are shed annually, and during early summer are "in the velvet," being soft, easily injured, and covered with hair; later in the season they harden, and every year after the first, a new tine is added, so that the age of a buck may be readily known. Females are sometimes seen with horns like those of the male.

J. M. McCANN.

—HISTORY OF MULES.—Mr. Anthony Kilgore, in the *National Live Stock Journal*, gives the following interesting history of jacks and mules in the United States:

The first pure-blooded Catalan jack ever brought to Kentucky was in 1832, by the Hon. Henry Clay. His sire and dam had been imported from Spain into Maryland, where Manmoth Warrior was foaled. Warrior, as he was called, was fifteen hands high, and young when imported from Maryland. Kentucky, at that time, had no jennets but mongrels, mostly a light shade of blue, with gray, buff, and grizzly hair, nearly as stiff as hog bristles, generally with a colored stripe across the shoulders and down the back, ewe necked, flat in the rib, low carriage and heavy-headed, entirely destitute of any good quality except hardihood and ability to get a living where any other animal save a goat would have starved to death. With such jennets began the first effort to improve the race in Kentucky, and to Warrior they flocked in droves. He seemed to cross advantageously with them, just as the Cashmere goat crosses off the common hairy goat. His progeny seemed rapidly to lose the leading traits of their dams, and to inherit in a remarkable degree the color and outward characteristics of their sire. Four years thereafter, Dr. Davis, of South Carolina, imported direct from Spain the second pure jack, Manmoth by name, sixteen hands high, and of great weight to his height. To Manmoth was bred the young Warrior jennets, then just maturing, this making the second cross of pure-blood; and upon these two crossed rest to-day the breeding of the race of jacks known throughout the United States as the Kentucky jack. It will thus readily be seen that Kentucky owes her position and character as a mule and jack breeding State to this direct infusion of Catalan blood. In fact I risk nothing when I attest that no jack in America has acquired celebrity as a mule-breeder unless more or less partaking of Catalan blood, and that there is not one large, smooth, active mule on the continent, not indebted to the same infusion of this potent and powerful blood.—*State Register.*

—The royal striped Ichthyopthalmite, on exhibition in the Agricultural building at the Centennial, was severely bitten by the wild Psittacoglossum of Borneo yesterday, and in endeavoring to separate them the keeper struck the gray-nosed Angoimonospermous on the head with an iron bar, instantly killing it. The Acanthopterygious has been sold, because it is so difficult for the Commissioners to obtain the Hypotracheliums, which constitutes its only food."—*Iowa Hawkeye.*

Clear as mud! and so true!

—"THE TWO DOGS."—A neighbor and relative of mine—a breeder of fancy sheep, has two dogs; a cross between the bull and the greyhound—large, fleet and fierce, and filled with a consuming hatred of the whole canine race. Let them only hear the yelp of a cur anywhere upon the farm, its doom is sealed, be it large or small, male or female it matters little, it is hunted as a pack of beagles would a hare. Dogs may pass along the highway with impunity, let them cross the fence into the field, and they will taste of South Down mutton—nevermore. Trained to this sport from an early age, it seems to afford them all the delight to destroy their brothers, that it does an English fox hound to be "in at the death" of his cousin Reynard. One sleeps at the house, the other at the barn, if during the night the younger one gives the alarm, the other goes immediately to ascertain the cause—if there seems to be no occasion for it, the son is severely chastised, as a warning not again to disturb the repose of his parent without a cause.

J. M. McCANN.

—THE SCORPIONS OF EGYPT—That indefatigable naturalist, Mr. Frank Buckland, has recently published the following account of a fight between a mouse and a scorpion, the illustration (representing the thick of the combat) having been drawn on the spot by a spectator:

"In February, 1868, I received a box by post containing two live scorpions, kindly presented to me by my friend, the late lamented J. Keast Lord, who had caught them under a stone at Heliopolis, in Egypt. Wishing to test the power of the scorpion's sting, I got a glass globe and turned in one of the scorpions. A mouse having been caught in the trap, I thought I might just as well let the scorpion try his powers upon it as the cat. I therefore shook the mouse into the glass with the scorpion. The scorpion, an average-sized one, immediately resisted the affront; and the mouse,

who had never evidently seen a scorpion before, did not know whether he was his friend or his enemy. Not liking the continued jumpings of the mouse, the scorpion twisted and began brandishing about his sting. The mouse shortly crossed his path. The scorpion instantly lunged his sting into him. This challenge woke up the mouse, who began to jump up and down like a jack in the box. When he became quiet, the scorpion again attacked the enemy, with his claws extended like the pictures of the scorpion in the zodiac. He made another shot at the mouse, but missed him. I then called 'Time!' to give both combatants a rest. When the mouse had got his wind, I stirred up the scorpion once more, and, as 'the fancy' say, 'he came up smiling.' The mouse during the interval had evidently made up his mind that he would have to fight, and not strike his colors to a scorpion as he would to a cat. When, therefore, the scorpion came within range, the mouse gave a squeak and bit him on the back; the scorpion at the same moment planted his sting well between the mouse's ears on the top of his head (see engraving). The scorpion then tried to retreat, but could not, for one claw had got entangled in the fur of the mouse. The mouse and scorpion then closed, and rolled over each other like two cats fighting, the scorpion continually stabbing the mouse with his sting, his tail going with the velocity of a needle in a sewing machine. When the scorpion got tired, the mouse got hold of his tail with his teeth and gave it a sharp nip. The mouse seized the opportunity, and immediately bit off two of the scorpion's side legs. He then retired, and began to wash his face. I had expected, of course, that the poison of the scorpion would have killed the mouse, but he didn't seem a bit the worse for it. When I examined him the next morning, he was quite lively and well; and had nearly eaten up the whole of the scorpion for his breakfast. Of course I rewarded the mouse for his plucky conduct by giving him some milk, and by letting him go in a place where it was not likely the cat would find him.

"Scorpions are inhabitants of hot climates; they live among stones, logs of wood, etc., in such places, in fact, as those inhabited in England by wood lice and centipedes, etc. They are said to attain the length of twelve inches in Batavia; and along the Gold Coast, I have heard (but hardly believe it) they are found as big as a good sized lobster; the general size is about three inches long. It not unfrequently happens that scorpions are brought to England in timber, ships, etc., and I have seen more than one scorpion thus brought over."—*Scientific American.*

—Lichens.—How, I wonder, does the Florida moss differ from the growth that makes picturesque every live-oak in California! sometimes tiny handfuls cling to the branches, sometimes long garlands that the passer by can grasp in passing, are pendant.

In summer they are dry, crisp and elastic, returning to their shape though you crush them in your hand, but in winter, when rain soaked and opened by the breeze, they are like great sails some coarse in texture, others lacelike fronds, pendent from a apothecia covered coriaceous base. Is it a growth of the same species that covers the southern and western exposure of every tree, unpainted house, fence and rock? Sometimes a clump of delicate tissues, sometimes an oval patch of light grayish green coriaceous membrane, sometimes a circle of green or black or brown or yellow, that placed in the water expands into a moss-like beauty.

Nothing in California has interested me more than these, that I have called, ignorantly I suppose, lichens. Will some correct me if I have named them incorrectly?—*Pacific.*

—Teaching Birds to Sing Tunes.—This is done in the town of Fulda, where they keep regular educational institutions for bull-finches. They place the young birds into classes of six to ten each, and keep them in the dark, turning a little hand-organ for them when they are fed. Finally, the birds commence to associate the music with the feeding, and when hungry they commence to sing a few notes of the tune they hear daily. Those who do this are at once placed in a more cheerful room, when light is admitted. This encourages them and makes them more lively. Then they like to sing, and are taught more. The most difficult part is the first starting of the birds, some of which have to be kept a long time in the dark, and on starvation rations, before their obstinacy is overcome. In order to teach them several tunes they receive (after being first taught in classes) private instruction from the little boys of Fulda, each of whom has a few private pupils of this sort. Their education lasts nine months, when it is completed, and the birds sent into the world as accomplished performers. The principal markets are London, Paris and New York. They are valued in Europe at $20 for every tune they sing, so one who can sing three tunes costs $60. In New York they bring even more than that.

—Reply to Mr. M'Cann's Queries.—Though not a "New England" reader of The Journal, I think I can offer some suggestions, which may enable your correspondent Mr. M'Cann, to solve the mystery concerning the "Mysterious sounds" which perplexed Mr. Gosse, the Author of the "Romance of Natural History." The Acadian owl or sparrow owl, in Massachusetts called the saw-whet owl, is, with perhaps one exception, the most diminutive member of that class of birds, so far as our knowledge extends. It measures but six inches in length, and about eighteen inches in spread of wings. It affects the solitude of pine forests, is nocturnal in its habits, scarce ever moving in the day unless disturbed, but all life and activity after dark, when it seeks its food. It generally builds its nest half way up a pine tree and lays two eggs. This bird is often heard, but seldom seen. It is well known in Europe, and is there known as the Tengmalnis owl, or the Death owl—deriving this latter appellation from the tradition, which says that "when an Indian hears one of these birds uttering its melancholy cry, he whistles towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and if the bird does not answer him he expects a speedy death. How the English (for Mr. Wood is my authority) came in possession of this tradition to our exclusion, I cannot say. I have never heard this bird, but have conversed with those who have, and am fully satisfied that it is the proprietor of the sounds which so perplexed Mr. Gosse. A friend of mine, an experienced ornithologist and taxidermist, and who for the past fifteen years has spent the greater part of his time among the birds, was unable during that period of securing a single specimen. The winter before last, being very severe, a number of them made their appearance in this vicinity. I was fortunate enough to secure the first specimen the same winter, and the following spring five or six other specimens were obtained by different persons, all of which are now preserved in the Academy of Natural Sciences of Allentown, where Mr. M'Cann can see them any day, but where he cannot hear them. E. J. More.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending July 3d, 1876.

1 Green Monkey (*Cercopithecus callitrichus*).
1 White-throated Capuchin (*Cebres hypoleucus*).
1 Himalayan Bear (*Ursus tibetanus*).
1 Black Iguana (*Metopocerox cornutus*).
1 Albino Squirrel (*Sciurus carolinensis*). Purchased.
2 Wild Geese (*Branta canadensis*). Presented by Maxwell's Point Ducking Club.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen. Sup't.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS AND THE FATE OF SOME OF THEM.

BY HUON.

No. 4. The Pet Cat (*Felis domestica*).

"Over the heart in the years that have flown,
No love like mother's love, ever was shown."

Old Song.

About the pet cat there hangs a great many tales; indeed there is no end to them nor of them. All of the wild ones are made pets of in the Zoological Gardens and menagerie, and all the domestic ones are the pets of the household from the cat of old Egypt (*Felis maculata*) to the Manx cats without tails, the Kilkenny cats about which there is a great tale, the Angora or Angola cats with their long, silky hair, down to Tortoise-shell tabby, and lead-colored Malteaser.

There seems to be no animal which asks so much of human sympathy as the cat—none more capable of giving sympathy in return, nor one more treacherous or ungrateful. On a cat of the two former qualities and the non-belief in the latter, there seems to be no quadruped so well adapted for being a pet of the ladies, to which persuasion of humanity they generally fall. A friend who heard I was under exercise of mind about the "fate of pets" has imparted to me the following tale of a cat with its cat-astrophe, which tale I hope will not prove too long for Fancier's readers, for fear of which however I have cur-tailed said tale as much as possible.

Once upon a time in a certain household there was a pet cat who was the mother of one kitten, and both mother and child were very beautiful. Like Jeptha, Judge of Israel, this one daughter pussy dearly loved, and never was mother cat so well pleased in all cat land, than when some one was noticing her little one.

When kitty grew old enough both it and its mother were allowed the use of the parlor, where a nice little mat was spread for their especial use. One day mother cat had an idea that kitty was old enough to have a change of diet, and having made up her mind as to what would be best for her darling she went forth in search of it. She soon returned with the head of a young chicken, which cook had just chopped off in the kitchen, and this the mother laid down close by kitty's mat, and then withdrew a short distance to watch the result.

Kitty was too young and tender however, to be thus tempted; still preferring the "milky way" she remained passive on the mat. The mother waited awhile, when thinking perhaps the young lady was bashful and therefore would not make her first attempt on carnivorous food in her presence, left the room. All this had been observed by Tabby's mistress, who closed the door upon that worthy feline, and at once threw the chicken-head out of the window, and gave kitty in lieu thereof a nice saucer of bread and milk which was at once devoured. When the mother was again admitted to the room, seeing no remains of the head she concluded that

it had been eaten, especially as kitty was full of play; so a game of romps or hide and seek was started, and for a time "all went merry as a marriage bell."

Two days after mother cat was fortunate enough to capture another chicken-head which she as before took to kitty, with the same results however, that is, her leaving the room, the casting out of the chicken-head, and the substitution of bread and milk; nothing of which however was dreamed of in the mother's philosophy. In due time kitty learned to eat, and then—O! woe is me for the poor mother—she was to be sent from home and in accordance with a promise, made before her birth, she was given away to a friend who wanted a pet, and who lived a considerable distance off. Her departure took place during a temporary absence of her parent, who upon her return immediately noticed the vacant mat whereon her darling was wont to repose, but whose lithe form with its silky coat was to rest thereon no more! She must have thought that kitty was playing her a trick as she at once hid herself behind the end of a sofa thinking thus to draw her out! But no kitty came forth, and after vainly waiting she became uneasy and ran up to the mat as though it were to make a personal inspection. She seemed to know that the mat was *cold*! then kitty must have been gone some time. Now she was evidently excited, running to every hole and corner of the room and even into the entries leading to it. Finally she ran in despair, it would seem, to two of the household who were watching her motions, and looking them in the face, first one and then the other, she moaned and moaned most piteously, saying as clearly as a cat can say—"give me back my child, Oh! give kitty back to me, or my heart will surely break." Poor mother! She and her darling had forever parted!

The first impulse of Tabby's mistress, was to undo what she had so innocently done, and yet which was so cruel in its result; that was, to bring kitty home again to her mother, but a circumstance just then prevented; the matter was in a measure forgotten, and the claim of the bereaved mother deferred to a more convenient season. She was allowed however to remain in the parlor, holding her place on the little mat which still remained for her occupation.

How Tabby spent her first lonely night could not be told exactly; but in deep trouble, and without sleep as indicated by her low, smothered moan, heard at intervals until the household were once more taking up the cares and burthens of the day, when poor Tabby's burthen was found to be in sitting near her once favorite corner, with her eyes riveted on the now vacant mat; from which spot she could not be persuaded to move. In vain was her breakfast set in her sight! She could not eat but, like Isaac of York, seemed to say—"bring me back my daughter, and you may do what you will with me!" She did not seem inclined even to move, save when some shadow—might it not be kitty's?—flitted across her vision. The family supposing she would soon get over her loss, done every thing except the right one, to alleviate her sorrow, but there was nothing to encourage them in the actions of Tabby through the whole of that day or the next, but the morning of the third day brought a change at all events. When the marketing was brought home Tabby went to the kitchen, where she was soon in possession of her favorite morsel—a chicken-head. Forthwith she carried it to the parlor and carefully placed it on the mat; and then quietly waited, and watched from her usual corner! Watched and waited, for her who was to come never more—that mother's darling who was lost to her forever! In a state of doubt and despair, she kept her post of watch for weary hours. There she was during the long tedious hours of the day. There she was when twilight came on; and there she was when night dropped her mantle of darkness upon the earth and closed the scene. Through the early hours of the night there might have been heard a low complaining from the cat's corner of the closed parlor, but when the morning came and the shutters were opened, all was quiet, for the sunlight fell upon the mother cat, with her fore feet resting on the mat,—dead! Did her life go out in the delicious dream that she was playing with her kitty? or that in her velvety paws she was carrying her beloved to the house-tops of cat-paradise? Perhaps:—let us hope so. *Requies-cat-in pace.*

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

LEGHORN, care of "Fanciers' Journal," Hartford, Ct., has Brown Leghorn fowls or chicks to exchange for Black Breasted Red Games, fowls or chicks.

JNO. F. HOUSER. Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 pair D. Brahmas, 3 trios P. Cochins, 7 Light Brahma hens—all '74 and '75 hatch, and very fine large birds, for thorough bred pigs.

JOHN F. MYERLY, JR., 229 Church St., Lancaster, Pa., will exchange a fine pair of mated Trumpeters, good breeders, for pouters or Barbs; also a fine Terrier Bitch, cannot be excelled, for offers of Fancy Pigeons. All communications answered at once Speak quick.

E. R. BLOOMER, 659 Main St., Elmira, N. Y., will exchange two Lop eared Bucks, 9 weeks old, ears now 14½ long, for two Lop-eared Does. Must be good ones.

JOHN E. SCHUM, 150 South Water St., Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange a fine pair of Muscovy Ducks, a good Rifle; also lot of Rabbits, and some Fancy Pigeons, such as Shells, Tumblers, Turbits, Nuns, Trumpeters, Bald Heads, Jacobins, &c. Make me offers. Speak quick.

CYRUS McCULLY, Hubbard, Ohio, will exchange a few extra fine Black and Tan pups, parents first-class ratters. Duckwing game preferred. Make offers.

G. C. WILSON, Millbury, Mass., will exchange a pure Spitz dog, about nine months old, for Golden Sebright Bantams, or Brown Red Game Bantam hens. Write immediately, describing fowls. The dog is trained to do a number of tricks, and is a splendid pet. Silence a respectful negative.

W. M. T.—Forest & Stream, 17 Chatham St., New York, wishes to exchange Red Irish Setter puppy, with fashionable pedigree, for fowls of any description.

BOX 17, Foxburg, Clarion Co., Pa., wants to exchange a B. B. Red Cock, a Ginger Red Stag, a Derby hen, and several hens, pit stock, for Brown Brested Reds bred to feather.

E. R. KRAUSE, Box 508, Zanesville, Ohio, wants to exchange extra fine Lop eared, and same of Angora Rabbits, for a large Zice Aquarium, or a good talking Parrot, or a good pocket Rifle, or offers.

J. H. NORRIS, 212 Erie St., Buffalo, N. Y., will exchange 1 tin box, with lock and key, cost $2.75; 1 brass fishing pole reel, cost $2.00; 7 small fishing lines, 3-80 foot braided lines; 14 sinkers; 16 hooks, assorted, cost $5.30; 1 hand bracket saw, cost $6.50, for Houdan, Dominique Leghorn pullets, or offers. All communications answered. Speak quick.

M. HART, Room 2½ Seaton House, Washington, D. C., will exchange one pair Pea fowl, cock two and hen three years old, for W. C. B. or G. S. Polands, Partridge Cochins, or Sebright Bantams, or offers. Stock must be good, as mine are. Write.

CHARLES W. HOITT, P. O. Box 425, Nashua, N. H., has two Silver Dun Homing Antwerps, *males*; 1 pair Blue-winged Turbits, 1 pair Blue Antwerps, 1 pair Splashed Tumblers, (now breeding), to exchange for colored Fans, or Belgian Canaries; also 1 Bloodhound and 1 Setter, for offers. Both dogs well bred.

E. A. BRANDEL, 119 N. William St., Buffalo, N. Y., will exchange 1 White Turbit cock for a Black tail Turbit hen, and 1 pair White Jacobins, and 1 White Turbit cock, for a pair of Owls, any color, (yellow preferred), or anything in Owls, Turbits, or Barbs. Must be good.

J. L. PFLUGER, Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., has for exchange one pair Duckwing Game Bantams, 1 White Leghorn hen, 2 Partridge Cochin hens, for Black B. R. Game Bantam hens, or Fancy Pigeons.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

THE POLAR AND TROPICAL WORLDS—by Dr. Hartwig. Illustrated, leather, 810 pages, new, cost $5.50. J. H. Cummings, Winsboro, S. C., wants to exchange the above for Doyle's Poultry Book, Cooper's Game Fowl, or Field Glass, (army size,) or Bantams. State condition of books.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

UNITED STATES BONDS—by Rev. Isaac W. K. Handy, new, 670 pages, gilt cloth, cost $4.50. J H. Cummings, Winsboro, S. C., wants to exchange the above for Doyle's Poultry Book, Cooper's Game Fowl, Field Glass, or Bantams.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

C. G. WILSON, Millbury, Mass., wants a Brown Red Game Bantam hen or pullet. I do not want a duck-legged, parrot-toed, squatty bird, but a symetrical, good stationed bird. Silence a respectful negative.

LEGHORN, care of Fanciers' Journal, wants an offer for 15 Brown Leghorn Cockerels—large and small. Speak quick!

BLACK ROSE-COMB BANTAMS,

MY SPECIALTY.

Black African Bantams.

Fine Light Brahmas.

During the show season of 1876 my stock won ten first premiums. Having exhibited them myself at four exhibitions, winning six first premiums on old and young, some figuring as high as 97 points, this fact alone should be a sufficient guarantee of the purity of stock and perfections of markings. No birds to dispose of at present. C. B. ELBEN, Pittsburg, Pa.

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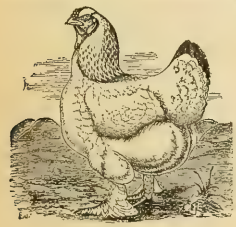

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AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, JULY 24, 1876. No. 28.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

KATYDID.

Sultry was the Summer evening,
And the weather hot and dry;
Here and there a small cloud lingered
In the crimson western sky.

But when night had spread her mantle
Over woodland, vale and hill,
Not a zephyr was then wafting,
E'en the aspen leaf was still.

Languidly I sat reposing,
Half asleep, within the glade,
When methought I heard a murmuring
Voice amidst the maple shade.

Silently I sat and listened,
Wondering if there could be
Dryad, sylvan elf, or fairy,
Hiding in the maple tree;

Not a leaf to me seemed moving,
But amidst the branches hid,
Something in a voice mysterious,
Softly whispered "Katydid."

What? But not another sentence
Fell upon my anxious ear;
Could some disembodied spirit
From another world be near?

Half ashamed, I asked the question,
Is it friend or foe that's hid?
Or is there a spirit present?
Still the answer "Katydid."

Who was Kate and where her dwelling?
Was there any one could tell?
Was she some lone Indian maiden,
And the fairest, of the dell?

Seriously I put the query,
To what seemed so strangely hid,
"*Can a woman keep a secret?*"
Still the answer "Katydid."

What could be the solemn mystery,
So religiously concerned?
Katydid, but what? who knew it?
Would it ever be revealed?

Stranger still, a woman's secret,
From the babbling world is hid;
For the wisest village gossip
Cannot tell what "Katydid."

PETER PEPPERCORN.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

GLEANINGS FROM A COUNTRY LIBRARY.

The skeleton of an elephant in the museum at St. Petersburg, which was sent to Peter the Great by the Shah of Persia, measures sixteen feet and a half in height; and probably this is the highest authentic instance on record.

William IV., when residing in Bushy Park, had a part of the mizen-mast of the Victory, against which Lord Nelson was standing when he received his fatal wound, deposited in a small temple in the grounds of Bushy House. A large shot had passed completely through this part of the mast; and in the hole a pair of robins had built their nest and reared a brood of young ones. It was impossible to look at this without reflecting on the scene of blood which had occurred to produce so snug and peaceable a retreat for a nest of harmless robins.

It is generally well known that birds are very active agents in the extension of vegetation, and that fruit and flowers are, to a great extent, rendered prolific by the insects which visit their blossoms; but few people are aware of the means through which fish are formed in lakes and ponds which are not connected with other waters. Here, too, an insect is the principal agent. The large water-beetle, which is in the habit of feeding upon the spawn of fish, occasionally in the evening climbs upon the stems of rushes &c., out of the water sufficiently high to enable it to take wing; in these circumstances it has been caught, and, putting it into the water, has been seen to give out the spawn with which it had gorged itself previous to taking flight, both in a digested and undigested state; so that, on trial, it has been found that it produces fish of various kinds.

THE LENGTH OF SERPENTS.

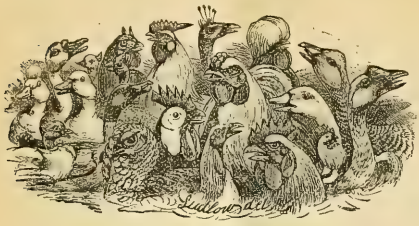
The old Roman historians report that the army of Regulus while attacking Carthage, was assaulted by an enormous serpent, which was destroyed only by the aid of the military engines. The skin of this monster measuring 120 feet in length was sent to Rome, and preserved in a temple till the time of the Numantian war. Diodorus Siculus mentions a serpent which was captured, not without loss of human life, in Egypt, and which was taken to Alexandria; it measured forty-five feet in length. Sutonius records one that was exhibited in front of the Comitium at Rome, which was seventy-five feet in length. A well-known picture by Daniell represents an enormous serpent attacking a boat's crew in one of the creeks of the Ganges. The monster was killed and is said to have measured sixty-two feet in length.

Thirty-six feet is the longest serpent ever measured in modern times, that may be considered reliable.

THE VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR.

The moth from whose eggs are produced this caterpillar is of the genus Spinx, and is named by the New Zealanders *pepe*. Its period of life is from November to December—the commencement of summer in their country. About the end of the eighth or the beginning of the ninth month, this caterpillar buries itself in the ground to the depth of five or six inches, previous to assuming the chrysalis form; and it is a singular fact, that the insect descends into its subterraneous hiding-place with its hind-part downwards. In the second month of the following year small reed-like plants, about three or four inches high, may be seen growing in great numbers from the ground under the shade of the *rata* trees; this plant being dug up carefully is found to grow out of the head of the caterpillar just described, which, however, no longer possesses any vitality; for cutting into its body, it is found to consist of a tough whitish substance, similar to a fungus. In the tenth month the reed like plant dies away, but springs up again the following year, dying away again in the tenth month, and sending out a fresh shoot yearly for three or four years, probably till all the animal matter supplied by the caterpillar has been consumed.

J. M. McCANN.



Poultry Department.

UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION.

Bureau of Agriculture.
Philadelphia, July 10th, 1876.

Sir:

The Exhibition of Poultry will be open on Oct. 27th, and close on Nov. 6th.

The display will be made in coops provided by the Commission, and located under the shelter of the cattle stalls, which will be prepared for their reception.

Transportation charges must all be paid in advance. Express Companies will deliver specimens on the Exhibition grounds, when addressed with official labels.

Each coop used in the transportation of birds must be of sufficient strength to serve for their return, and must be marked with the propper shipping directions.

Numbers alone will distinguish birds in the show yard, preceding the award of prizes; afterwards full opportunity will be given to exhibitors to display their cards and trophies. All specimens except Games and Game Bantams must be exhibited in natural condition; pulling, splicing, or inserting feathers, coloring or otherwise altering the appearance of birds, will bar them from receiving awards.

Misstatements as to age, or breed, will cause the exclusion of birds from competition.

Birds of evident inferiority will be denied admittance, even though the owners may have received a permit.

Birds may be sold at private sale at any time during their exhibition, but no bird in the event of being sold, will be allowed to be removed prior to Nov. 7th.

Birds possessing points of excellence will be reported upon according to their inherent and comparative merit.

Exhibitors whose stock is recommended by the judges for an award, will receive a special report, and the diploma and bronze medal of the United States Centennial Commission.

The judges in each group will also make a general report upon the development and present characteristics of each breed, especial reference being made to birds of superlative merit.

Awards will be made in the Gallinaceous division on pairs of both fowls and chickens.

They may be entered in pairs, trios, or quartettes.

In the Aquatic and Columbarian divisions, awards will be made in pairs, consisting of male and female, regardless of age. In the Song and Ornamental division awards will be made on single specimens.

Exhibitors of song and ornamental birds will furnish their own cages.

Special premiums from societies and individuals must be awarded through the hands of the Centennial Commission.

Entries will remain open until September 1st.

Applicants for space, will, when their stock is accepted, be furnished with permits and official labels, without which, entry to the yard cannot be had.

All specimens must be on the ground previous to 6 o'clock P. M., on the 26th day of October.

Entry blanks will be furnished upon application to this office.

Respectfully,

Burnet Landreth,
Chief of Bureau.

John E. Diehl,
Supt. Poultry Dep.

WHICH IS THE MOST PROFITABLE BREED OF HENS TO KEEP.

This seems to be a difficult problem to solve. After ten years' experience, with a number of different breeds and an almost endless variety of crosses, I have come to the conclusion that there is more in the proper management than in the breed. For five or six years, the Brahmas were my first choice but I have finally decided that some of the smaller breeds—as for instance the "Leghorns," "Houdans," or "Polands"—will pay best.

A hen weighing three or four pounds can lay one egg in a day, while a hen weighing twelve pounds can do no more. The amount of feed required to grow one chicken to twelve pounds should raise two or three smaller ones. When full grown the difference in food is less, but there is still a difference.

A laying hen will lay her weight in eggs in a very short time, and requires food accordingly. A miller cannot run his mill without grain, neither can a hen, a part which some people seem to overlook.

When a person is sufficiently interested in the poultry business to pay extravagant prices for eggs of—to him at least—new breeds, he is very likely to give them extra care and attention—at least while they are a new thing—and the result is a good margin of profit, for hens will pay every time if well taken care of and the profit corresponds with the care taken.

Pleased at the result, the next step he will probably send an article to the papers saying that the "Brahmas," "Leghorns," "Houdans," or whatever the variety may be, are, all things considered, the most profitable breed to keep, little thinking that the hens rejected would probably have given as good results under the same improved management.

I have kept the Bolton Grays, Polands, Dorkings, Black Spanish, Light and Dark Brahmas, Buff and Partridge Cochins, Dominiques, and White Leghorns. Each and all have their strong point, also their demerits.

One breed are good layers but unfit for the table, another takes on flesh rapidly but lay sparingly. One kind will allow you to almost step on them and another are as wild as hawks. One bears confinement well, others not at all. And so it goes. I have not yet found the breed that is perfect in all respects.

It is perfectly proper for persons to have their pet kinds, but overstrained statements, and fixed up figures to sustain their choice should be avoided.

My average number of hens has been about one hundred, and I have kept an exact account of all moneys received or expended, and am not obliged to depend upon what my neighbors say, or to guess at results, for the figures are before me. Feed raised has been put down as feed bought. Eggs and poultry used in the family have been reckoned as sold.

Now it is not my intention to inflict all these figures upon the *Rural* readers, suffice it to say that after allowing for all mishaps and losses—that have been considerable—and for all mistakes—which have been many—the net cash profit figures up to something over nine hundred (900) dollars for the ten years. To be sure this is not as good a showing as we often read about, but is very satisfactory to me.

The manure made is also worth considering. Then the service the hens have done by destroying worms, bugs, insects, etc., is beyond estimate, as is also the great pleasure in taking care of them, and the satisfaction of testing different breeds. On the whole I am well pleased with poultry keeping.

NELSON RITTER.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

AYLESBURY DUCKS.

Last September I had forty-three Aylesbury ducks, young and old. Two years ago this spring I procured two dozen eggs from a party in Rye, N. Y., I forget his name, from which I got seven ducks. Not the fault of the eggs, however, but one hen got sick under which I had put half of them. The forty-three spoken of above came from that start.

I cannot give any account of the profit and loss but I can state some facts.

They commenced to lay about the 1st September and continued through that month and October and until the 10th of November. We obtained fifty two eggs in September and ninety-six in October but only twenty in November. They commenced again the 2d of February in which month they only laid fifteen eggs. In March I got one hundred and forty-nine and in April two hundred and eighty-six, and in May two hundred and ninety-five, and so far in June (the 18th) one hundred and thirty-four.

I have however forgotten to say that our spring number is only twenty-two for we have had some very fine eating during the winter from our fall flock. I can assure you that it was very toothsome eating.

Of the twenty two we have lost two, and seven are drakes. These are the facts and "we *want* facts young man." Let me recapitulate—In September, we got 52 eggs; October, 96; November, 20; February, 15; March, 149; April, 286; May, 295; June 18, 134. Total 1,047.

I don't think this a very bad showing, but as I have said before, I cannot state anything in regard to the profit because my fowls and ducks are all fed in common.

I have no pond of water for them to resort to, but I have some low land through which there is a wide drain to which they resort when permitted, and where we have sometimes to deny them, as our garden is in that neighborhood and they are very fond of "garden sass." I see that Mr. Bicknell in the June number of the Poultry Bulletin, says that from two to four ducks are allowable to one drake. I think I have had too many drakes this spring and shall hereafter have only one drake for three ducks.

Young ducks are very tender and require peculiar feeding and much care. In the article above alluded to, Mr. Bicknell says that they should be fed only cooked food, composed of the meal of corn and oats ground together in which by measure add an equal quantity of wheat bran with which mix some finely-chopped cooked meat of a cheap kind. I have not had very excellent luck this spring with my ducklings, but hope to have better now that I have adopted Mr. Bicknell's plan of feeding,

RIDGEWOOD, N. J. B. Z.

HOUDANS.

The English Ag. Gazette while speaking a good word for the Houdan, is quite averse to placing it first in the list:

"We are frequently asked what breed of poultry is considered the best—a very puzzling question to answer without a statement of circumstances, by which we mean situation and size of run, whether eggs or chicks are the chief consideration, if beauty of plumage or a quiet easy-going disposition is of consequence. When informed on these points, it is comparatively easy to name two or three varieties of fowls which if properly tended, will satisfy the demand for "profitable poultry." At present there is a strong endeavor to force Houdans to the top of the list, and there leave them permanent among fowls. We are of those who dispute their right to that position. We know, and readily allow, that their merits are great, that under trying circumstances they hold their ground, and that, if considered on the table as well as producers of eggs, they will hold their own. Hardy, weighing well for their size, consequently compact and plump, quiet, and with flesh of a good color, they are in the first class but not at the top of it. Some people admire them in the yard or pen, others dislike their appearance, though "massed" or seen in large numbers they would please the eye of many who are not partial to a solitary bird. Some good judges consider that no bird looks better alone in the competition pen than a good Houdan. That is a matter of taste, and we must leave every one to consult and please his own eye. Our object now is to resist the efforts of Houdan fanciers to place their favorites at the top of the list, while, as we have said, we are quite alive to their just claims upon the favor of poultry keepers.—*R. N. Y.*

HERRON vs. WARREN.

JOS. M. WADE, ESQ.:

Dear Sir,—I would apologize for again annoying you, by answering Warren, were it not that I consider it my duty to present the matter fairly to your readers, and feel, that from your relation to Fanciers, it is your duty to protect their interests to the best of your ability. The question at issue is one of facts, and one which it would seem that all poultrymen would be interested in. Those who are, I request to read again, carefully, my statement, &c., in your paper of June 12th. Therein I present verbatim, all of Warren's letters relating to the transaction in which he agrees to send me "a chicken which will be A, No. 1." He receives my money and sends me a bird with a wry hen tail whose secondaries are black where they should be bay; who has the roup, and who is so weak he can hardly stand up. I present three affidavits properly sworn to, giving accurate description of bird—one of my own, and one from each of two of the most prominent officers of our State Poultry Association, who are disinterested, and not connected with me in any manner whatever.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 29th, 1876.

Andrew Linneman, being duly sworn, says that from the 28th day of June, 1875, to the 10th day of June, 1876, he was in the employ of F. M. Herron, during which time he had charge of said Herron's chickens; that about the 11th day of March last, said Herron received from A. D. Warren, one black breasted red Game Cockerel; that said Cockerel was so weak in the legs he could hardly stand up, and had the roup; that he had a wry hen tail; that the outside web of his secondaries were black with faint bay streaks, and that he considered said bird unfit to breed from and worthless; that said bird was received on Saturday; that he, said Linneman, gave him some roup pills, and shipped the bird back, Monday, two days after.

ANDREW LINNEMAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1876.

WM. B. BURFORD,
Notary Public.

Warren in his reply does not deny any part of the description, excepting as to health and wry tail. He also presents certificates of character from Messrs. Parker and Ball, who are either his employés or interested in the spoils. A total absence of affidavits is noticeable. Warren says that on receiving the bird he also received a letter from me stating that he had swindled me, &c. It is false.

Why does he not produce my letters; When I received the bird from him, I thought the fault was with some of Warren's

employees—that he had not seen him, and when he did see him, would either send me such a bird as he agreed to or return my money. I said nothing about swindling in my first letter, and the only approach to a threat or anything objectionable that was in it was that if that was the best bird he could furnish for $12, I wanted my money back. After writing three times, drawing on him through the bank, and waiting five weeks without hearing any thing from him, I concluded it was an intentional and premeditated swindle, and since he has refused to do anything which others say he ought, I am satisfied that he knew what was done from the start. He still has my money, and I think the same of him that I would of any thief or burglar who might rob me of the same amount, except that I think the thief or burglar would be the most honorable of the two, he sailing under true colors.

Warren has made false quotations from my letters, and endeavored to place me in a false position thereby. I call upon him to produce them entire in regular order. If he thought, as he must have done, that I would pocket his swindle, as his other victims have, and not take the trouble to expose him, he did *not* know me, and if he thinks I am to be frightened off by his misrepresentations in his published article, or his sneering manner, he still does not know me. He says he *offered* to *remit* me $7.80, which is false. (See his letter of May 1st.) I leave it to the public to judge whether or not I was warranted in threatening to publish him, and whether I have kept my word. His friends, from whom he quotes, I do not know, and if they uphold him in swindling, I do not want to know them. They are in every way qualified to be his friends all around.

I believe the bird was, as Warren wrote, late hatched. He weighed less than 4½ pounds. He says he was hatched in Sept. I have one of my own raising, hatched Oct. 1st, that weighed over a pound more at the time Warren's bird was received. Warren says he will figure 85 points. He might if Warren would put gold bands on his legs, and the gold bands would overbalance a wry hen tail, &c. Of course a first-class bird which he agreed to send me, or my money at the proper time, would have silenced the matter. I asked for nothing but what was right, but when he charges me with trying to frighten him into sending me one of his old, fully developed birds, he makes a false charge. I never intimated anything of the kind to him, nor did I ever think of it. You, Mr. Editor, can judge from my letters to you whether such was my idea. I cannot imagine what could have put such a thought into Warren's head, unless it was because I required first premium birds last fall, and his ideas of such are so closely connected with his old, fully developed birds, with gold bands around their legs, with which he took his premiums at Buffalo.

I am satisfied that Warren overrates his reputation, when he thinks that it will enable him to sell a bird with a wry hen tail for a first-class one, and then make the public believe that the bird had a perfect tail, with four affidavits to the contrary. I have seen judges puzzled to decide whether or not a bird had a wry tail when it carried it first on one side and then on the other, but this one from Warren carried his, all the time he was here, in one position, viz., dropping over to one side two inches or more. Warren may have shown another bird to his friends, for I believe the man who would perpetrate the swindle he has, and stick to it, would do worse. Let Warren preserve his patience—the matter shall go to the A. P. A., at the earliest opportunity. A bird might catch cold in March in going to Indianapolis from Worcester, but it could not get the roup, as this bird had it, in that time, had it been in proper condition when sent. Had Warren been the man I supposed him to be, from his advertisement in *The World*, his opinion of me would have been of consequence; now, I value it as I would that of any scalawag I had brought to justice. As to his alleged other irregularities, which he says he is going to make me prove, any of your readers may post themselves by writing to Geo. C. Barker, Esq., of Newport, R. I., and E. Hindekoper, Esq., Meadville, Pa.

And I would advise all who have sent Warren orders for birds, for the season of 1876, or who may contemplate doing so at any time, to write these parties, asking for their experience, and also to keep my experience in mind. Warren's warrantee has been worthless to me.

I have two pullets to show for $37 I have sent him, besides expressage paid, and I did not get any "gold bands," either. *Remember* if you send Warren your money without seeing the birds, and get served as I did, you neglected your warning. It does no good to lock the stable after the horse is stolen.

Any one who has been similarly treated by Warren, will confer a favor by advising me of it. Trusting that I have not taxed your good nature too much, I remain,

Very truly yours,

F. M. HERRON.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 6th, 1876.

COCHINS AND BRAHMAS

At this season of the year give fanciers a deal of trouble, oftentimes, through their persistent desire to set. In almost any man's yards, this month, where the Brahma or Cochin fowls are kept, the bulk of these mature birds will show broodiness, and adhere to the nests with a pertinacity quite discouraging, frequently.

We are entirely opposed to the numerous cruel devices that are resorted to by impatient or inconsiderate breeders to "break up" the fowls at such a time, who are thus merely following the natural maternal instinct—and ducking in cold water, driving them about, thrusting them to fast in a dark empty barrel, and other foolish modes adopted too often, are simply of no use, and are inhuman, as well.

Let them rest. Put a few glass or wooden eggs under them and let them sit two weeks, quietly. Then break up the nest, and remove them to new quarters. They will thus quickly get over the inclination to brood longer—as a rule—and if placed with a young crower, for a few days, they will give you no further trouble. This is the best mode we have found to break up these late summer-inclined setters.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

I send you another newspaper cutting, which, in these days, when the centennial is paramount in every song and story, I think is too good to be lost. E. E. H.

Where, where will be the birds that sing
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lip, the lofty brow,
The hearts that beat so gayly now?
O, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smiles, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come!

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth—
The rich, the poor, on land and sea;
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep,
A hundred years to come.
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands will till,
And other men our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
As bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come!

Sportsman's Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A HUNTER IN THE ALLEGHANIES.

J. M. M'CANN.

Oct. 24th, 1874—Started with Hal on a hunting expedition to the mountains. The weather delightful, the trees crowned with more than regal splendor—glorious in emerald, crimson, gold and russet—the crystal streams murmuring musically over shells and pebbles, or falling in a shower of silver over mossy rocks, and gliding away under the arch of the laurel. The mountain scenery grand and beautiful—here the roaring river winds its way around the hills—then glides in silent beauty through the fertile valleys. Cedar and pine reach down their arms and play lovingly with its waters—little islands of reed look out from its bosom,—and the crested kingfisher dips his wings in its waves. In a wild gorge where the foaming river had torn its path through the hills, as the sun was sinking into his couch of waters—trailing glories over cloud and mountain, we saw our first *painter*. Our horses reared and plunged so that we could not use our rifles, but the animal showed not the slightest sign of fear, only looked at us quietly from under a *white umbrella*. As he was not a large specimen we did not try to kill him, but rode on up the mountain and passed the night with a veteran hunter, on whose breast the puma had cut his initials, and the bear had done some "picture writing."

Oct. 25th—Morning cloudy and cold; the only road a bridle-path over the mountains. Met a native clad in homespun, mounted on a miserable looking pony, and provided with an immense pair of saddle-bags—"Doctor or preacher?" asked Hal. Seng-digger, replied I. But on entering into conversation with the "great unknown," we made the discovery that he was indeed a disciple of Æsculapius. On Hal's inquiring where he attended lectures—"Why, you see, boys," he replied, "I don't use none of your strong medicine, I doctors with roots and yarbs." "Doctor," said Hal, "my friend here is interested in the study of anatomy, would you be good enough to tell him in what part of the body is the tendon of Achilles?" The doctor was dumb, and I replied, Hal, doesn't it unite the *patella* to the *humerus*?—"Why in course," said the doctor, as he turned down a path leading to the river. "Oh I see!" Hal shouted after him, "unites the *patella* to the *humerus* and is lubricated by the gastric juices.—Man is indeed "fearfully and wonderfully made!" In the evening we entered the beautiful valley of Canayne, high up among the mountains. It is more than twenty miles in length and from two to eight in width, and level as any Texas prairie. Surrounded on every side by lofty mountains, it is an amphitheater in which wild beasts display their strength, their courage, and their cunning. The Black Water flows slowly and silently down the valley, and falls in one unbroken sheet a distance of fifty feet at its southern border. Every thing tells us that here is the bed of a mountain lake whose waters have escaped to the sea in the distant eld. The streams are full of trout, and parties from the Eastern cities pitch their tents here in summer and enjoy the sport that old Izaak loved. The bark of trees shows the marks of the claws of bear and puma, and the paths of the deer the impress of many feet.

Oct. 28th.—Hal killed a large buck this morning, and in the evening I followed a wild turkey up the mountain until sunset—Coming down saw a fine gobbler reposing in a hemlock, and interrupted his dreams with a ball from my Henry rifle—murdered him there in his sleep with the drapery of his couch around him. The power of vision in these birds is marvelous, and their sense of hearing wonderfully acute. A deer may crash through the thickets and bound over the laurel, and they are not disturbed—if *you* only crush a fallen twig under your foot, you see only a metallic glimmer of gold and emerald flashing under the pines, and they are off on flying feet, like the bird of the desert. There are only two known species—*Meleagris gallo-paro*, and *M. ocellata*, a native of the warmest parts of North America, a smaller but far more beautiful bird than the former. Its plumage rivals that of the peacock in metallic brilliancy; blue, green, bronze, red and golden hues are finely mingled, forming *eyes* on the tail; whence the specific name. The mode of trapping the wild turkey in the Alleghanies is to build a covered pen, and then commencing a trench some distance away, leading it into the prison. Corn is then drilled along the bottom of the ditch, and the pen covered over with the branches of hemlock or pine. The turkeys gathering up the grain, pass into the pen, and always seeking for an opening at the top, never think of looking *down* for the aperture by which they entered.

We piled the pine knots on the fire in the hut that night, and told strange stories, while our dogs answered the howl of the gray wolf on the mountain. In the middle of the night when our fire was only a bed of smouldering embers, the dogs became furious, some wild animal no doubt was prowling round our camp.

Arising from our bed of hemlock boughs, rifles in hand, we stept outside the hut—and there he stood in the pale moonlight—a strange, savage looking creature, six feet from "tip to tip,"—leaning on a rifle longer than himself. He was a hunter from the North Fork, had followed a wounded deer until late, and had lost his reckoning in the darkness. Rude and uncultivated as the bear he hunted, he was nevertheless an interesting companion. He could find his way, he said, anywhere through the forest, by the bark on the trees, that on the north side being thicker than the rest, and covered with moss. The horns of deer differ greatly in size and form in the largest specimens. On some they stand out far and free, and on others they droop low over the eyes—had once killed a ten-tined buck. Saw a huge wild cat once, lying dead in the snow; he had mounted a deer for a ride, but had lost his seat and his life by his steed passing under the trunk of an uprooted pine. Watched a deer lick one night concealed among the foliage of a birch tree that leaned over the water. Soon a *painter* appeared on the scene, and selecting this very tree as suited to *his* purpose, commenced to climb it; but becoming alarmed before he could bring his rifle to bear, on it bounded off into the forest, but prowled around all night screaming and lashing the ground with its tail. Had never known but one man to be killed by a Puma—Neice Flanagan of the Otter Den. He wounded it in the laurel thicket on the mountain, when it sprang upon him and tore him to pieces. It was followed by its tracks and blood in the snow, and killed; was a very large male nearly eleven feet in entire length. Several children on Cheet river, straying away into the forest at various times, had been killed, remnants of bloody clothing being found where the Puma held his feast. Thus we talked until long past the "noon of night," and when we awoke next morning the sun had turned the mountain tops to gold, and was throwing long lines of light adown the valley. The hunter went

his way, and Hal and I started in different directions, he going up the mountain and I down the river.

We had each a pair of dogs tied to our belts, and it is really marvellous, how when thoroughly trained, they will follow you through the thickest laurel and never get entangled. A deer might come within twenty feet of you and they would not think of giving tongue. Saw several during the morning, but too far away for a shot. They are graceful, beautiful animals, seen in their native wilds, bounding over the laurel, or drinking at the streams—very different from those seen in city parks. After hunting several hours along the Black-Water, I became fatigued and sat down under a pine to rest. Suddenly a low whine from my dogs attracted my attention, and there not fifty yards away, in an opening in the forest, stood the finest buck I ever saw. Noiselessly I raised my rifle, glanced hurriedly along the barrel, and the report rang clear and loud over the water, and died into an echo among the mountains. The deer, free of wounds as a militia Colonel, bounded along the paths of the forest, waving a white plume in the face of the foe, as proudly as ever did Henry of Navarre. How often, thought I, by our excessive eagerness to grasp the prizes, or to enjoy the pleasures of life do we lose them forever! Disgusted by this want of success I returned to camp, and in the evening went trout fishing—caught all I wanted with my hands in the shallow streams. At this season of the year they leave the deeper waters and come into the brooks in shoals.

It was now almost dark and Hal had not come in. I was becoming alarmed, when I heard the faint report of his rifle up the river. I piled on the pine knots, discharged my gun at intervals, and uncoupled my dogs and sent them to him. Nearer and more distinct became the reports of his rifle, and in about an hour he came in. He had become bewildered in the rhodendron thickets, and had lost his way in the gathering gloom. He killed a "spike" duck at the foot of the mountain early in the morning. We had a splendid supper—wild turkey, venison, and trout, with roasted potatoes and bread purchased from the only settler in the valley, living some miles up the river.

Lighting our pipes and seating ourselves before the light wood fire, Hal commenced the conversation with—"you knew Cameron McDonald, Mac, he came to this valley two years ago to hunt, and never returned. It was supposed that he lost his way and was frozen in the snow. Well, to day I found his skeleton lying beside a log on the mountain. Poor Mary Morris always said he would come back, you know, and could never be made to believe that he was dead. It must have been a terrible death—alone on the wild mountain, in the roar of the storm. I knew the gun by the silver deer and golden dogs that had ornamented the stock." All night I heard the groans of the dying hunter, or saw him struggling through the blinding snow.

October 30.—With the assistance of our neighbor we buried the bones of the hunter this morning, under a beautiful pine tree and placed a large stone over his grave, and carved his name upon it with our hunting knives. Though that lone grave on the mountain-summit will be seen by few, yet He who led the chosen children through the walk of the wilderness, may have found here a jewel for his crown.

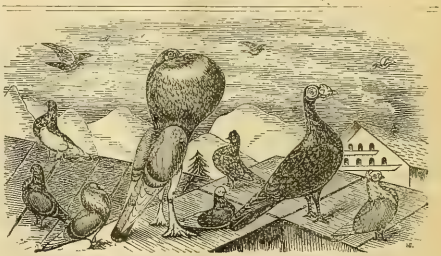
November 5.—Our neighbor, Mr. Freeland, came down to camp this morning, saying he had a large bear in his trap on the mountain. Hal and I went with him and found an unusually large specimen exerting his strength on the logs of his prison, and foaming with rage. I maddened him with a ball from the Henry through the brain. The black bear is a very powerful and savage animal, a single blow of his paw will crush a man's skull, and his embrace is said to be most affectionate. They are only dormant during exceedingly cold weather when the ground is covered with snow; if the winter is mild and warm and food abundant, they are active all the year.

November 8.—Wounded a fine doe on the mountain this morning. Released Vipe and Vep, and they caught and killed her, after a lively chase of half a mile. Did not tie them, but allowed them to hunt back to camp—soon heard them fighting furiously down by the river, and on going to them found they had just killed a large otter (*Lutza Canadensis.*) Belonging to the *Mustelidae*, the Otter is of aquatic habits, web-footed, and like all the weasel family kills every living animal that it can conquer—even though it does not require it for food. Its principal food is fish, and its fur is valuable and beautiful.

November 16.—Commenced the homeward journey this morning; the sun shining brightly through the flying clouds, though the mountains are covered with snow—cedar and pine are decked with pearls, and the frost gems are sparkling everywhere—beautiful as Sinbad's Valley of Diamonds.

November 19.—Arrived at home this evening, Hal singing his favorite hunting song—

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go."



Pigeon Department.

PIGEON FLYING.

New York, July 9, 1876.

Editor Journal:

As there has been said so much lately in your Journal about betting and racing, and as Mr. Thomas Grist did not seem to have been satisfied with my remarks about our Trenton race, and about my remarks also that Newark is not forty, but eighty miles from Philadelphia, which he sustains is right, by meaning Newark on the Baltimore road, while I was ignorant that there was such a town in that direction, as I never heard of any other Newark than the one nine miles from New York in New Jersey.

Mr. Grist also says if my friend Van Opstal is not satisfied with the result of the race of the 6th of May, we are open to fly again for anything he chooses to mention. We will fly our bird 52 miles on the Baltimore road, and he to fly 52 miles on the New York road. This proposition is good enough for Mr. Grist's interest, as he perfectly knows that in such a race, as a general thing, he has the advantage over me. The road to Philadelphia from New York lays in a low country, not far away from the sea coast, and is nearly always hazy or cloudy, while the further you go from Philadelphia towards Baltimore, the further you go away from the sea coast, and the clearer the weather gets. I will not then, let myself be let in an ambush, as the Indians generally do to trap our Union soldiers, but I will be on my guard to fight the battle at least on a square footing.

If I did not answer Mr. Grist's proposition in last number, your readers must not suppose that I was keeping silent on account of being afraid to meet my honorable antagonist; not at all sir; I have made Mr. Grist several propositions since, to fly our match over again, not from the same places though as they flew from

before, as I consider it unjust to fly birds 80 miles apart, as it must always be more favorable for one bird than for another, but I have proposed to fly my bird half way to Philadelphia, and Mr. Grist's bird also half way from Philadelphia to New York, or to fly our birds each 50 miles on the Easton road, or both our birds from Easton, or to fly my bird 10 miles above Philadelphia and Mr. Grist's bird from Baltimore. Although in this last named race our birds would not fly in the same atmosphere, at least I should consider it to be far enough away from the sea cost to have a fair show. I also proposed to fly my bird from Baltimore, and Mr. Grist's bird also from Baltimore, the bird doing the mile in the shortest time to win the race, or Mr. Grist to fly 90 miles above Baltimore, and my bird from Baltimore.

Neither of those races seemed to be agreeable to Mr. Grist, and hence our inability to make a match. I am not willing to fly for any amount Mr. Grist might choose, but for a reasonable sum no matter how small, as I intend to race more for pleasure than for great amounts.

Now, sir, seeing that the prospects for a race were very meagre, I in company with my friend Mr. Waefelaer, of Hoboken, went on from Easton, Pa., towards Scranton. Our birds, seven in number, flew from Tobyhanna, on the Scranton road in fine style, some of them flying the 122 miles in 2 hours 28 minutes, and all seven coming back in a short time thereafter. But our race from Scranton, about 150 miles from New York, came off on the 6th, and our birds, the same seven who flew from Tobyhanna, a few days before, performed a task which if it was not substantiated by positive proofs, would be believed as a mythological dream.

On the morning of said day, our seven birds were set free from the roof of the Morning Republican, at five minutes past nine, and one of my birds, named after the hero of New Orleans, Andrew Jackson, did the herculean task to fly the distance of 150 miles in 140 minutes, which is certainly one of the fastest races ever flown in any country, having arrived at 11.32, New York time, which would make 11.25 Scranton time. I send you herewith the accounts of the race as published in the New York Evening Telegram, and also the account of the Morning Republican of Scranton, Pa.

Yours Respectfully,

JOHN VAN OPSTAL.

THE COURIER OF THE CLOUDS.

TRIAL TRIP OF ANTWERP CARRIER PIGEONS—FROM SCRANTON TO NEW YORK IN TWO HOURS AND TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES—THE START FROM THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE.

The trial trip of the Antwerp carrier pigeons from this city to New York, yesterday morning, was attended with a good deal of interest and proved eminently satisfactory, the homing qualities of the couriers of the clouds having been demonstrated most successfully.

The birds, seven in number, were released from the *Republican* building at five minutes past 9 o'clock, in the presence of a large assemblage, who watched their circling flight with an eager interest. The roofs of the adjoining buildings were thronged with spectators, as were also all windows coming in view of the starting point, while Wyoming avenue was filled with persons wishing to catch a glimpse of the ærial *voyageurs*. Mr. John M. Robertson, of this city, to whom the birds were consigned on the day previous, assisted by a few friends, marked the several pigeons previous to their flight. Mr. Waefelaer's birds were marked as follows:

Leopold 2d, B; Counte De Flanders, D; Princess Charlotte, P; Duc De Brabrant, G; Francois Louis, A. Mr. Van Opstal's birds Jupiter, No. 2, E; Andrew Jackson, C.

A message of 207 words, written on fine tissue paper, was attached to the last named bird, and a briefer *billet* fixed to Mr. Waefelaer's Princess Charlotte. The morning was clear and bright, when the *voyageurs* were tossed to their journey, a circumstance calculated to aid them materially, as they depend entirely on observation, and not on instinct as so many suppose. The three first tossed up, ascended rapidly, and striking out swiftly in a southerly direction, were soon lost to sight. The other four hovered around the starting place for nearly fifteen minutes, circling higher and higher until they were nearly lost to view, when they too were seen wending their way to the southeast, leaving the spectators to conjecture as to what time they would reach New York, and if they would ever find their way home. At ten minutes past twelve o'clock yesterday noon, Mr. Robertson received the following telegram from Mr. Van Opstal:

NEW YORK, July 5th.—Eleven thirty-two A. M., "C" home with message. JOHN VAN OPSTAL.

This shows that the bird performed the journey, 150 miles, in two hours and twenty-seven minutes, and carried the message of 207 words all right—making about a mile a minute. The second telegram received was from Mr. Waefelaer of Hoboken, who stated that his bird Leopold 2d, marked B, arrived home at 11:55 A. M., making the trip in two hours and fifty minutes.

A telegram received at the *Republican* office last evening from Mr. Van Opstal of New York stated that Princess Charlotte P. and Duc de Brabant G, belonging to Mr. Waefelaer; and Jupiter No. 2, belonging to Mr. Van Opstal, arrived home at 12:38, and the other two at one o'clock. The success of the fleet-winged voyagers was eagerly inquired after yesterday throughout the city, many of them being of the opinion that some of them would be lost on the way, and the telegrams announcing their arrival home were discussed with as much avidity as though they were announcing the result of some political convention.

PIGEON RACE.

NEW YORK, July 18th, 1876.

MR. EDITOR:

According to arrangement with Mr. Waefelaer of Hoboken, N. J., to fly three matches for one hundred dollars, the bird winning two out of the three to win the stakes, we had our first trial on Saturday last from Scranton, Pa.

In the first trial my bird, Andrew Jackson, won the first race, doing the distance of 149 miles in about three hours.

Andrew Jackson is a small, blue checquer cock, which I bred in the spring of last year, out of my imported birds, from Antwerp, and flew only as far as Trenton, N. J., last year.

This year he has been traveling quite lively, as the following will prove.

Newark, Rahway, New Brunswick twice, Trenton, Bristol, Dover and Washington, N. J., twice, Easton, Tobyhanna, and Scranton, Pa., twice.

Our next flight will be to a place between Easton and Lock Haven, and finally from Lock Haven. The last named place must be about 250 miles by rail from New York.

Yours truly,

JOHN VAN OPSTAL.

WALKING FISH.—William W. Wilcox, who has just returned to Middletown, Conn., from California, brought from Sherman, Colorado, on the line of the Rocky Mountains, 8,200 feet above the level of the sea, 2,000 miles, in a tin pail, two fish of a species called by the boys out there the walking fish. It has four legs, which it uses when on land, and its skin is as smooth as an eel's. When in the water, the legs double up, and a ring of fins around the neck stands out like a ruffle and is used by the fish in swimming.—*Evening Post.*

True affection grows stronger as it grows older—the same may be said of an egg.

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

An Australian letter, dated June 2d, contains the following: "About a fortnight since, a party of well-sinkers in search of water in the Darling district, struck a hard substance at a depth of 200 feet from the surface. On digging round it, they found it to be the petrified remains of an aboriginal. Whether pre-adamite, prehistoric, or how they came there, they cannot say; all they know is that they found them in the position stated."

During the recent session of legislature a bill was introduced to encourage the destruction of certain wild animals in Humboldt and Mendocino counties, California.

The first section provides that

$10	be paid for the scalp of each panther or Cal. lion.				
10	"	"	"	"	Grizzly bear.
5	"	"	"	"	Cinnamon or black bear.
3	"	"	"	"	wild-cat—

When by proper oaths and affirmations the justice of the peace has become assured that the animals have been killed within the counties named.

But no bounty is to be paid unless the scalp has both ears attached. And from the bounty, the justice may retain 50 cents as his fee.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INQUIRY.

Will the writer on the Carrier Pigeon signing himself J. H., be so kind as to let us know the distance by rail, from Glasgow, and Ledbury, Herefordshire.

J. VAN OPSTAL.

New York, July 9, 1876.

CORRECTION.

I am just in receipt of your paper No. 26, of July 10th, and see in the account of our race from Tobyhanna, Pa., 122 miles from New York, that I forgot to mention that our birds were set free at 8 o'clock, A. M.

J. VAN OPSTAL.

NEW YORK, July 9, 1876.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—A lady in Bedford, N. H., has met a watery grave by being run over by a milk train.

And being in the *Milky* way must now be one of the stars!

—Within a year seven members of the Boston bar have been convicted of various crimes.

"Turn about" is fair play.

—Thirty millions of rabbits are consumed annually in England.

That's what they called them; "Hare pie" said Mr. Weller—"is werry good—when they'r not made o' *kittens.*"

—A Mr. E. M. York of Lodi, California, keeps a large patch of mulberry trees for his chickens to run in. The trees, though but three years old, are some ten feet high—and bearing full—furnishing for his poultry both food and shade.

—LOONS CAUGHT WITH FISH HOOKS.—Two loons were recently caught in Lake Winnipesaukee, near the Weirs, on hooks set in forty feet of water, to which depth these strange birds descend in pursuit of food. One magnificent specimen was taken alive, and is now on exhibition at the engine house of Niagara 1, at Lake Village.

—Two pretty girls dressed as nuns, have been collecting money in Baltimore ostensibly for a charitable institution. They used their beauty and adroitness so successfully upon men that a large amount was given to them.

"Beauty and adroitness!"—For fooling men there are *nun-such* powers!

—A REASONING MONKEY.—Mr. Darwin tells a story, as an example of the reasoning powers of a monkey that was scratched by a pet kitten. At first Jocko was immensely amazed. Recovering from his surprise, he set at work to discover the location of the claws. After a severe tussel he got the four feet of the kitten within his clutches, saw the nails thrust from their guards, and with the broadest grin of satisfaction he proceeded deliberately to bite the points off of each one.

—A picture of the British Royal Academy has the inscription;

"Journeys end in lovers' meeting;
Every wise man's son doth know."

The London *Times* says, "We earnestly hope that this quotation, with which we candidly confess our unfamiliarity, is not by any famous poet; since logically considered, it is little less than idiotic."

The Times is rather hard on one William Shakespeare—supposed by some to be a famous poet—The "idiotic" lines occur in "Twelfth Night" clown's song, Act II.

—One of the strangest coincidences occurred on White street, at midnight of Sunday, June 4th, at the time of the death of James Carrigan.

The upper sash of one of the windows had been lowered to give the patient more air. His daughter, Mrs. Seavey, and Mr. J. L. Lucas, a friend of the family, were both present. Just before midnight, when Mr. Carrigan gave unmistakable signs of sinking, a robin flew in and resting on the lowered sash, gave forth in clearest tones its well-known song; and the moment death claimed its sufferer as its own, the bird flew out into the darkness of the night whence it came.—*Saratogian.*

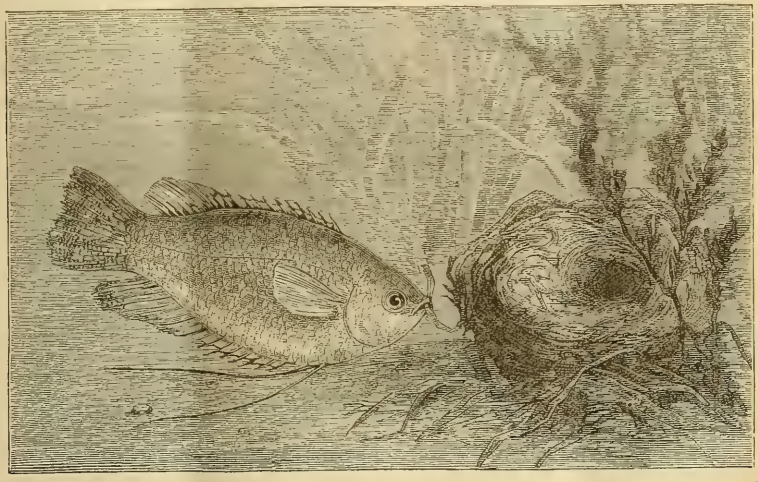
—In the midst of the eggs of the lobster, there lives an animal of extreme agility, which one author considers the most extraordinary ever subjected to the eyes of a zoologist. "Let us," he says, "imagine a clown in a circus, with his limbs as far dislocated as possible, displaying tricks of strength and agility on a heap of monster cannon balls, which he struggles to surmount; placing one foot formed like an air bubble on one ball, the other foot on another, alternately balancing, and extending his body, folding his limbs on each other, or bending his body upwards like a caterpillar; and then we shall have but an imperfect idea of the attitudes which it assumes, and which it varies incessantly.—*Scientific American.*

—THE WORSHIP OF ANIMALS.—Man in his search after Deity, has given his adoration to almost every living creature—from the mouse to the elephant—from the royal eagle to the golden bee—called upon them in time of danger and trouble, and reared many of his proudest temples in their honor in the olden times. The first pagodas of the Orient were the homes of the sacred insects, birds and reptiles that the people of these strange lands adored.

The hooded snake with its eyes of fire was a god, the hideous crocodile by the golden sand of the Ganges, or the waters of the Nile, a deity loved and honored with the blood of the fairest in the land. Pigs were adored in the isle of Crete, the weasel at Thebes of the hundred gates, rats and mice in Troas, the porcupine in Persia, ants and flies in Thessaly, the eagle in Malabar, the white elephant in Siam, the raven in the Sandwich Islands, the lapwing in Mexico, the stork in Morocco, the bull in Egypt and Benares, the owl in some of the islands of the South Sea—it was the emblem of wisdom among the Greeks. In Madura they venerate the ass, and suppose the whole race to be animated by the souls of their nobility. Sometimes they are worshiped here.

J. M. McCANN.

—NEST-BUILDING FISHES.—The *Anabatidæ* form one of the most remarkable of all species of fishes, owing to their capability of living for a long time out of water, a power which has formed in them some curious habits. The *Anabas scandens*, or climbing perch, of India, has been known to live for six days out of its appropriate element; and some will sometimes quit the water and wander over the land, so far from any stream, or pond, that they were formerly supposed to have dropped from the clouds. The German naturalist Daldorff states that he once saw one of these species which had climbed a tree to a hight of five feet; but this is stated by other observers to be an impossibility. This power is due to the peculiar structure of the pharyngeal bones, which, in a cavity in the base of the skull, are dilated into voluminous *lammæ*, forming cells in which a supply of water may be carried for the purpose of keeping the gills moist.



But the gourami's instinct is more peculiar than that of any other member of the tribe. By their united labors, the male and female construct a well built nest, in which the ova are deposited, and which protects the young fry from the thousand enemies by whom infantile fish are pursued and tormented.

The body of the gourami is of a brownish color, varied with some golden tints on its sides; the belly is of a silvery brown. The conformation of the fish is high from its belly to back, and the body is narrow; the head is short, the mouth small and protractile. The scales large and round. The fish is properly herbiverous, but will eat insects and earth worms; and it is so voracious that, says M. Dabry de Thiersant, the Creoles of the Mauritus call it the hog of the river.

The gourami, like most other *Anabatidæ*, is found throughout the East Indies, and is a valuable food fish of delicious flavor, resembling that of the European carp.

Many attempts have been made by the French to acclimatize it on this continent, especially in Cayenne; but little success has been met with. In Algiers, other attempts have been made, and greater encouragement followed. At the Cape of Good Hope and in Australia, the experiments were entirely successful.—*Scientific American.*

—AN AMBITIOUS DAHLIA.—Mr. John H. Sharer, of Saratoga Springs, is the happy possessor of a dahlia that has now reached the height of six feet three inches, and is still a-growing. It was planted last January, in a quart can, and has never been removed. The greatest diameter of the stalk being not over a quarter of an inch, it rests for support against a frame work, one end of which finds room in the can. The plant has record of one blossom and is developing another.

The growth of this dahlia has been remarkable. In seven days it grew five inches, in fourteen days, eight inches, and in twenty-seven days, twenty-eight and a half inches.

Mr. Sharer is anxious to know "where it has started for, and when it is going to get there."

—THE BLACK BEAR (*Ursus Americanus*).—In the mountainous districts of West Virginia during the summer season, the cattle are allowed to run at large; the only attention they receive from the herdsmen is an occasional salting. These men, living in the wild mountains near the haunts of the Bear, the Puma, and the Deer, have fine opportunities of observing their habits; and I have passed many a pleasant evening in lonely mountain cabins, listening to their anecdotes of these animals. As all these men are hunters, as well as herdsmen, they often "find themselves the hero of the story." One of these men told me he was once out on the mountains looking for cattle that had strayed away from the "range," when he came suddenly upon a large bear and two cubs. They all took to flight, but one of the young ones fell considerably behind the others, when the old one came back, caught it up in her arms and *spanked* it just as a mother would a child. He says that the scene was so strangely human that he laughed immoderately, and made no effort to use his rifle. The cub when released ran with great rapidity, and soon all were concealed in the laurel thickets. Hunters frequently enter caves known to be occupied by bears. They are provided with a burning pine torch, and armed with hunting knife and rifle. When they see the bear they endeavor to kill it instantly by a bullet through the brain. I saw a hunter who had been frightfully mutilated by a bear into whose den he had penetrated. His light went out, and Bruin becoming alarmed, attempted to escape from the cave, which he could only do by passing directly over the hunter's body. The aperture was too small to allow him a ready exit, and the man was fearfully mangled and torn before the bear succeeded in forcing a passage over him.

When the chestnut fruit is ripe, the bears ascend the trees and bend the limbs toward them until the burs are within their reach, then pull them off and throw them to the ground; there they afterwards collect them into piles, break open the burs and feed upon the nuts.

They also rob the wild bees of their honey, and are sublimely indifferent to the venom of their stings.

J. M. McCANN.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending July 10, 1876.

5 Daubenton's Curassows (*Crax daubentons*).
7 Trumpeters (*Psophia crepitans*).
12 Love-birds (*Agaporius pullaria*).
1 Gallinule (*Gallinula*).
2 Red-breasted Guans (*Penelope pileata*).
4 Greey's Guans (*P. greeyi*).
3 Parrakeets.
1 Dove.
3 Finches.
1 Troupial.
1 Crow-Blackbird (*Quiscalus purpureces*).
1 Marmoset (*Hypale jacchus*).
2 Macaque monkeys (*Macacus cynomolgus*).
2 Pig-tailed monkeys (*M. menestrinus*). Purchased.
1 Screech Owl (*Scops asio*).
1 Red-bellied Terrapin (*Enuys rubrioentris*). Presented.
2 Gray Foxes (*Vulpus Virginianus*). Presented by A. R. McHenry, Jr., Philadelphia.

For the week ending July 16th, 1876.

8 Burrowing Owls (*Athene cunicularia*).
3 Swift Foxes (*Vulpes velox*).
2 Whip Snakes (*Masticophis flavigularis*). Purchased.
2 Prairie Wolves (*Canis latrans*). Presented by Chas. Noble, Phila.
1 Young Alligator (*A. Mississippiensis*). Presented by John Schneider, Phila.
2 Rattlesnakes (*Crotalus durissus*). Presented by S. W. Hudson, Hudsondale, Pa.
1 Bittern (*Botaurus lentiginous*). Presented by R. McClinton, Philadelphia.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen'l. Sup't.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES NO. 25.

THE SKUNK.—(*Mephitis Mephitica.*)

The Skunks in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden comprise but a single family. Perhaps the reader will think *one* quite enough; or even one too many. The visitor, however, will find the entire family *harmless*, and quite safe to be acquainted with, the glands, from which such a terribly offensive effluvia can be ejected, having been removed from each and every one.

America, with its many other points of greatness, is the only country which can boast of a skunk! No other continent has a genuine one. The Zorilla of Africa, and the Mydaus of the glands of Asia, though claimed as skunks, are now conceded by all naturalists as belonging to other and distinct genera.

Besides the common skunk which will form the subject of the present "note," there is the white backed skunk, *Mephitis Mesoleuca*, which is found in the regions about Hudson's Bay—the Texas skunk, and the Californian resembling one another very much, and inhabiting the same tract of country. [The Texas skunk, by the way, is the animal about which Audubon, in his "Quadrupeds of North America," gives us such an amusing story—much more amusing to us is the adventure than it was to him, I think.] Lastly, there is the pretty little Zorilla (*M. Bicolor*) the handsomest of the genus, which is also found in Texas and California. These are the only skunks found in the United States. Mexico has four varieties, Peru, Chili, and the more southern portions of South America boast about as many more. Return we now to our skunks of the Zoo.

This species is widely distributed through the states—is most abundant in the northern and middle, but may be found from 57° N. to Florida and Louisiana, and W. to the Mississippi river; and is probably the most notoriously detested quadruped that ever set foot on the continent of North America.

Intensely offensive as he is, "Mephitis Mephitica" or the common skunk, is quite a handsome beast nevertheless—standing no higher on his pins than a good sized cat. He is about 17 inches in length, with a tail 12 inches long, tipped with white. Black he is in color with a narrow line of white on his forehead, a broad triangular patch of white on his neck, and a continuous fine white line on each side of his spine. This description, however, will not do for all of the same family even, for there will be found considerable variation in the marking of each. When the parents happen to be marked exactly alike, their offspring will be of the same pattern, but if there be a diversity of pattern in the parents then their offspring seem to be marked all sorts; the white marks being very prominent in some, while they will be quite wanting in others.

Mother skunk is a very prolific animal; she will present her spouse with from four to eight at a birth—indeed as many as fifteen skunks have been found in one burrow. To his hole in the ground the skunk retires when winter sets in; he does not lay up any food, but being in excellent condition at the time he stows himself away, he lives on his own fat, dozes out his life till the warm sun of spring calls him forth, much like the genuine hibernators, though he is not classed among them. Cleanly in his person and habits is Sir Mephitis, never soiling his delicate fur with his offensive effluvia any more than the rattle snake poisons himself by his own venom. Properly skinned, his flesh is no way tainted by his secretion, and proves delightful to the taste of the red-man and even to the white, in many parts of our far distant land.

The fearfully offensive oil-glands, two in number, are situated at the base of the tail, and from those the animal can eject the offensive liquid with a force sufficient to hit an enemy ten yards distant. When the Indian wants to cook and eat his skunk, he takes his carcass to a running stream of water, and under the surface he dissects the glands and skins him—the water washes all offenses away, and your skunk is ready for the roast.

It is lucky for the perfumer's trade that his skill in essences has not, as yet, attained the powers of concocting a perfume equal in persistance to that secreted in the oil glands of the skunk. If such were the case the sale of one vial would supply you or me, my dear Pacific, a whole life time. A handkerchief odorized with any scent so permanent would resist the combined powers of soda, Babbitt, and Sam Ling's Chinese Laundry as long as the good Belfast threads would hold together. The trap in which the skunk has been caught, the clothing which the catcher wore, and which received the skunk's *special attention* have been buried deep in the earth for weeks but in vain—in vain all other remedies—No,

Bury, or wash, or rub as you will,
The scent of the *skunk* will cling to you still.

The habits of the skunk are strictly nocturnal, hence you will seldom see him to good advantage in the Zoo, unless you happen to be in the garden after, or at least, near dusk.

A more predatory, thievish, treacherous, blood thirsty poacher, you could not scare up, than is the skunk. His home, which is built with an eye to murder, consists of a horizontal hole, always dug near a pond or still pool of water, and if you will take a glance at his powerful claws which seem to have been given him for the special purpose, you can see how easy it is for him to establish such a homestead. A well worn path down to the water's edge, marks this hole, the entrance to which is usually strewed with ducks' feathers, tips of wings, heads, beaks, and feet of fowls, together with a good collection of well picked bones. Ducks are the skunk's sweet morsel.

"How does he catch them?"

Why my dear madame—in this way—I have told you that he has his home near a pond or pool, and that he placed it there with an eye to murder, kill, and devour. He knows that on that pond the water-birds come to pass the night. During the day he lies asleep in his burrow, but when the shades of night have come down, and all is quiet around, and the unsuspecting birds are floating on the water, with their heads beneath their wings, then out from his hole in the ground steals crafty Sir Mephitis, and noiselessly creeps he down his well beaten path to the water's edge. Does he dive? does he go in with a splash? not he. As smooth as would a pound of butter, or a link of sausage *glides* he in, and in perfect silence skims he towards the sleeping birds, marks a plump one for his own, seizes it by the breast and in spite of all the flapping, quacking, and struggling, draws his victim to the bank where it is killed and eaten without salt, remorse, fear, or any other seasoning. Seldom can he get more than one of a night (which is quite enough you think, but suppose he has a wife and thirteen little ones to look after?) for the other birds on the pond take warning and flee to some safer place—"To be caught by some other skunk?"—Perhaps, such is nature's law.

"But he cannot always get water fowl! what is he going to do then?"

Well, my dear Pacific, he is not going to starve. Not he. He will visit your habitation, and he will enter your barn, if you have one. If its doors are all fast, he will creep under it, and perhaps be rewarded by a nest full of eggs which one of your hens laid there when she stole away—if he don't succeed on the first night he will mark your hen-roost and come again the next night, when both hens, eggs and chickens may suffer. Indeed, it is upon record how one of the poaching rascals entered a cellar one night where the "help" found him, and thinking him, she said, "nuthin" but a black cat she made war upon him and became the victor, as she killed him, but poor girl, another such victory might have killed her, for so great was the stench created by the "pesky varmint," as she called it, that she was violently sick for more than a week afterward, while everything in the cellar, bread, meat, vegetables, and all kinds of provisions were entirely spoiled!

"Is the secretion so powerful and disagreeable as all that?"

Yes, Madame. Mix the scent of the worst mud taken from the city docks (San Francisco, or Philadelphia), at dead low water, on one of our last hot July days—Thermometer 104°—with the refuse and smell of the gas-works—a bone boiling furnace, a knacker's yard, a tallow-trying house, and a currier's shop—mix them I say altogether, and I will venture to assert that the resulting odor produced would be as the "attar of roses," or that other special perfume of yours, my dear young lady, (which makes your presence remind one of the gardens of the Hesperides), compared to that abominable effluvia the especial property of the skunk.

I have often wondered why this terribly offensive secretion was given to any animal. Nearly every book on Natural History tells us that it is a protection against its enemies. I think not. The badger has no such weapon, nor the pine-marten, the weasel, the ermine, or the fisher, and yet they all live in the same localities, feed in the same robber fashion and have exactly the same enemies to contend with, yet none of these are armed in that fearfully offensive manner! No, it must be for some other than defensive purposes. What if it was for doctor's stuff? Let us see, what place it fills in the *Materia Medica.* Asthma first, then hysterics and several other nervous disorders. It is not pleasant medicine dear reader, and if you must take "skunk," take it through your nose. I once heard of a man who took three drops liquid, through the mouth; he was benefited, but he was for days and days such a nuisance to the entire household, his friends and himself, that he declared he would sooner die than become so offensive again. The remedy was worse than the disease.

"Then beyond the filthy medicine it furnishes, you have not a single good word for the skunk?"

O yes; I have several. It is very fond of its young, and always takes very good care of them. It possesses considerable courage, and yet does not intrude upon mankind unless driven to do so by hunger. Keep out of his way, and his skunkship will do you no personal injury—and finally—of what skin, Halchen mio, was that beautiful set of furs which, during the cold days of last winter, both adorned and kept your graceful person warm?

"Why, of pine-marten to be sure." Yes; that's what your furrier called it, but it was skunk, my dear young lady, and let me tell you that many thousands of skunk skins are yearly manufactured into "sets," and sold as "mink," "marten," "sable," or under any other name the dealers may choose to impose upon you. By cutting out the white stripes and re-joining the black fur, these handsome "sets" are made. The furrier says he has managed to get clear of all unpleasant scents, but you know, by experience, that you must never venture to keep your "set" on, not even for a moment, if you can help it, in a warm room, for the perfume it then and there gives out, you find is not quite as refreshing as that which is wafted from "India's coral strand," the "bower of roses on Bendemeer's stream," or the groves of "Araby blessed."

In some future "Zoo Note," I may give a short history of the fur-bearing animals now in the Zoo Garden, that is, if Fanciers' space will allow, and your patience, kind reader, is not exhausted.

HUON.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

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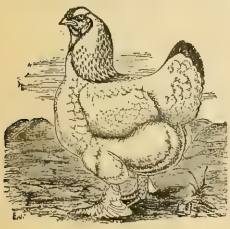

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, JULY 31, 1876. No. 29.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear—
Speak gently—Let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here!

Speak gently! Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild—
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear—
Pass through this life as best they may
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the careworn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring—know
They may have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently! He who gave his life
To bend man's stubborn will,
When elements were in fierce strife,
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

DAVID BATES.

THE DISPLAY OF AQUARIA AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Among the many attractive displays is that of the Department of Aquaria on the west side of the Agricultural building. It is in charge of Prof. Fred. Mather, who is thoroughly posted in fish culture, and it has been arranged not only for the interest of the fish-breeder, but for the gratification of the people and the study of the naturalist. The display is contained in thirty-five large tanks and aquaria, one tank alone being twenty-three feet long by seven wide and four deep. They are divided into three classes—those for salt water specimens, those for fresh water, and the third for cold water fish. To supply salt water, a tank, capable of holding some ten thousand gallons, has been built outside the building, and water brought from the Atlantic by way of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad. Fresh water, of course, is plentiful, but to keep cold water fishes properly, the water before reaching the aquarium passes through a coil of lead pipe packed in a box of ice.

The specimens of fish include not only the edible but other specimens, and some of them quite singular looking. The water in the tanks, etc., is kept properly replenished by means of a small steam engine, while several of the aquaria contain plants in such quantities as to preserve a perfect adjustment of the relations between the animal and vegetable kingdom, so that there is no need of replenishing the water.

The collection of fish is not quite complete, but will be in a short time. The British Commission have despatched a large tank to Bermuda to bring back some of the curious fishes and corals found there. Among them will be angel sharks, brainstones, madrepores, and other corals, etc. A tank has also been sent to the Atlantic coast, and will return with specimens of sharks and other sea-water fish. Beside these it is expected shortly to have a specimen of a cat-fish weighing over one hundred pounds, and other fish from the Mississippi basin, to be furnished by Messrs. J. W. Peters & Co., of St. Louis, while the local (Delaware) fishes will be furnished by Mr. Rutan, of Gloucester.

Later in the season the hatching process will be illustrated, when trout and salmon begin to spawn. Several of the forcing machines are already on exhibition.

Among the specimens now on exhibition is an aquarium containing about a dozen crabs, and the creatures seem to skip around as if there were no cares nor Centennials in the world. Then come specimens of the big king crab, or horse foot, so called from its resemblance to the horse's hoof. Its movements can be easily seen through the glass, and its habits well studied.

After these come numerous specimens of terrapin, one aquarium alone containing about twenty-five, who from their lazy movements seem to take the world easy. In the largest tank are kept a number of green turtles, the heaviest weighing over three hundred pounds—an immense fellow, with a big thick head, and long, wide flappers. In the line of toad-fish there are about a dozen specimens. They are curious enough looking and yet seem just as contented at the Centennial as when taken from their homes.

Of the fresh water eels, some very fine specimens are shown; also, of lake sheepshead or fresh water drum, and rock bass. Then come specimens of Graylings in large numbers from Michigan, and Oswego bass or Southern chub.

Perhaps the most curious-looking creature is a specimen of the hell-bender, an ugly, repulsive-looking establishment belonging to the family of salamandridæ. The one on exhibition is about twelve or fifteen inches long and has no sternum. The ribs are rudimentary, the legs or fins are four in number, with four fingers each. The salamandridæ have wonderful recuperative powers. The limbs may be removed and in less than a year they will grow again.

There are shown long-finned chub-suckers, black gill sun-fish, large black bass and moon-eye fish or lake herring. In one aquarium are gathered hundreds of small specimens of California salmon, the eggs of which were sent from California to the United States Commissioner and hatched at Marietta, in Pennsylvania.

In addition to those named, there will soon be exhibited specimens of sturgeon; also trout from the great lakes, and a lot of fresh water fish, to be furnished by the Ohio and Michigan Fish Commissioners. An assistant of the Aquaria Department of the Exhibition is now in Ohio in connection with the matter.

Prof. Mather also has in charge a number of bottles containing the spawn of shad, young lobsters, and a number of specimens of fresh water insects injurious to fish culture.

The exhibit already attracts large numbers of visitors, and when it is completed it will be one of the most interesting features of the Agricultural Building.

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

AWARDING PRIZES.

No. 4.

Parker's Landing, Pa, July 20th, 1876.

Friend Wade:

Those articles which I have written on judging and awarding premiums, have had the effect of calling out several of our best fanciers in private letters to me, some suggesting a slight modification—which I shall herein notice—but all commending the course I have taken. There is no doubt but that a little reformation is needed, and by the aid of those most interested in the matter, we will certainly accomplish all that is necessary. But it will not be done if we do not see to it in time, and I notice so far as I have heard that all societies are making arrangements with A. P. A. judges to judge their shows. This is a step in the right direction, and one that will lend confidence to exhibitors, for they will have a guarantee that the work will be done right when the judge has his reputation at stake. And I would say to all societies, whether poultry exclusively, or agricultural societies, where poultry is to be exhibited, let nothing but A. P. A. judges be appointed, and you will give better satisfaction to all concerned.

Now I will notice one or two suggestions made to me by the correspondents before mentioned. One suggests that three premiums are not enough for such shows as Boston, Buffalo, Chicago and Pittsburgh. I grant that these four places may be exceptions and perhaps more than three will be necessary. Again the same writer says: "Suppose the three best pairs—or birds, as the case may be—all score over 90 points, and there are still several that score over 85 points; what will you do with them?" I will tell you. When I fixed 90, 85 and 80 as the points *above* which I would award the three premiums, I had several things to consider. In the first place perfection, or 100 points, is what we are all aiming at, and the Light Brahma cock, that three years ago would score 90 points, will not score 80 now, and consequently is not as near perfection as a 90 point bird of 1876. In other words we are improving our stock, and the standard must consequently come up with our ideas. Again, 90 points is deserving of a first premium now, but I hope will not be in 1878, and when that time comes we can raise the standard to 95 for first premium. But we will never have to raise it to 100, as nature never makes anything perfect, not in domestic poultry at least. As an instance that 90 points is high enough, I might cite the case of the National show at Chicago, where the first premium, Lt. Brahma cock only scored 88½—I believe. And if, as my correspondent suggested, all three premium birds or pairs should score over 90 points, and still there should be more left scoring over 85, I should be happy to think we were making such rapid strides toward perfection, and say to the owners of the 85 point birds "go on in your good work, try, try again, and next year may be you can reach 95 instead of 85, and make some one else take a back seat." Therefore the gentleman's argument does not affect my position, as mine are *short stakes* set to go as *far beyond* as breeders can, but below which they *must not* fall and expect honors.

My reasons, as I have before stated, for writing these articles is to fix as it were *a standard of values*, that is to make first premium mean 90 points or more, second premium 85 points or over, and so on. So that when John Smith advertises first premium stock the world will know that his stock is first premium stock—*i. e.*—it scored over 90 points. This is my sole object and I think by advocating it I am trying to improve the poultry business and make it *what it really is*, one of the greatest industries of our country. Swindles are perpetrated every day—if I may believe the statements I see in poultry journals, and those made in letters which I receive—and many of them are caused by advertisers stating their stock as first and special premium. Let me just here give you an instance of a friend's investment of $3 for 26 first-premium Lt. Brahma eggs—12 chicks—one black as a raven, two white as snow, nine hocks, four single combs, one wry tail, one five toes, and three almost without hackle. A happy family certainly, and one that made my friend cuss poultry, poultry men, and himself. Yet the counterpart of this can be found almost in every county in the country. This kind of thing is what makes the complaints we hear about, and this is what places the poultry business in the repute it is held in by many, and can we blame people that have been thus used? Scarcely, and yet blaming a fraternity for the actions of the individual, is like blaming a church or secret society for the short comings of a member, and is the exception instead of the rule.

But let us weed out the exceptions, and in this Centennial year let us inaugurate some new rules that will single it out in the future from other years. I predict for all poultry societies a better list of entries with better stock, and better patronage than ever before, and in return for this increase, let them make some improvements that will recommend them to the public patronage. And I tell you again, nothing will go so far towards this as appointing good and responsible A. P. A. judges and scoring all birds, placing the score cards on the coops that all may see how and when the judge found material for the decision he has given. There is more in this than most people imagine, for exhibitors who know their business when selecting birds for a show take the standard of excellence in their hand, and pick out the birds they mean to show by its teachings. Now if they do this and take their birds and pay their money, is it fair to them to put in some *comparison* judge that can only see feathers on the legs, a good comb or hackle, or tail, or dead weight to the detriment of all other qualities combined. I tell you it is not fair, and you cannot do *justice*, not to say, give *satisfaction* by such work, and we *must* have a reformation in this matter to meet the demands of the times.

James M. Lambing.

A LACK OF POULTRY LITERATURE.

Whereas, There is at the present time, no work on poultry, of a late issue, to meet the wants and needs of the great mass of breeders and fanciers, that is at the same time within the means of a man of ordinary purse.

Whereas, In the present hard times, in which dollars are likened unto cart-wheels, a man with only the usual number of wheels can not afford to purchase "Wright's Illustrated," and yet feels the need of a work nearly, or quite as explicit, but not as expensive.

Resolved, That the times demand that some good friend of the "chicken man" ought to give us a publication of that kind. Now we would not refer to the numerous poultry journals in the country when we mention "a lack of poultry literature" for surely we have enough of them, full as many as fanciers are able, or willing to heartily, and substantially support, but we do need

a work on domestic poultry—not to begin back to the days of Adam, or even to date back as far as the Flood—but something for the present generation. Let us have something that does not represent the exclusive ideas of one single man, but rather let us have a complete encyclopedia of poultry—their breeding, management, &c., of the different varieties. Let it be gotten up, if need be, in a cheap, popular style, a work that the masses could afford to purchase, and we predict that it would meet with a large sale. If need be, let some publisher of repute, procure sound, substantial articles from breeders well-known as fanciers of long experience and sound sense, on the specialties with which they are familiar, the breeds that they "*know*" and can write about understandingly, and if properly edited, it would make a valuable work that would find its way into the hands of every fancier.

HOSEA.

HOW TO MAKE IT PAY.

Not a few engage in the rearing of fine fowls from pure love of such pets, and a desire to improve them, and others combine these qualities with a desire to make them, profitable. If, my friend, you combine the first two traits, the last will be sure to follow, and in that way, and that only, can you "make it pay." In starting out with a new variety, do not scan the columns of your poultry paper to see who offers that variety for the smallest possible consideration, or who will send you a nest of eggs for half the price for which reliable breeders can afford to dispose of them, but rather ascertain by careful inquiry where the very best birds, or eggs, can be found of the variety you are in want of. At the same time prepare yourself with a careful and distinct knowledge of the particular variety you wish to try, and then by care in breeding and mating your stock you may make your mark in the poultry fraternity of our country. If managed properly, and above all *commenced right*, IT DOES PAY. Do not try to do too much with too little room, and less means. Do not over crowd. Remember "cleanliness is next to godliness," and it equally applies to your hennery, your parlor, or your person. Do not expect TOO MUCH. Too many are led to believe that by a system of mathematics they are to make their investments in fowls pay 200 to 1000 per cent. They are led away by the "claptraps" of many would-be poultry men, who see a fortune in figures, but who never live to possess one.

One word to fanciers. In my travels among poultry men, generally about the first question I am asked is, "Does it pay you to advertise?" YES, IT DOES PAY ME. Careful, judicious advertising will pay under any circumstances. It is my rule in business, (and I am largely engaged in mercantile pursuits, though I always devote a portion of every day to recreation, and that recreation I take in caring for my poultry) to carefully compute my business each month and devote a certain per cent. of the month's receipts to defray advertising expenses of the month ensuing. In my poultry business I devote ten per cent. of each month's receipts to advertising. For instance, my sales for one month this year were upwards of five hundred dollars, and at the end of the month the publishers, *my friends*, were just as sure of their ten per cent. (fifty dollars) as though it had been paid to them. By this means I have progressed thus far, and MY MARK is yet a long way ahead. It is a rule in my business not to patronize a man who does not advertise. I am *afraid* to do it, for an advertiser has a reputation to protect. The extent and growth of advertising proves its popularity. I never knew a man who tried it faithfully to refuse to repeat it or ever discontinue it. Steady, uniform, and persistent advertising benefits every business man under any and all circumstances. Breed well, feed well, care well, love well, advertise well, you must and will succeed.—*Exchange.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

*THE DUCK QUESTION.—NO. 2.

BY J. Y. BICKNELL.

The highest authorities in ornithology claim that all the varieties of domestic ducks have a common origin in the wild Mallard. This question we feel neither able nor anxious to discuss, but shall dwell on such facts as we consider of most importance. No class of domestic fowls stands higher with us than ducks. They require little room by comparison, are easily kept, and if properly fed, free from tendency to disease. A stream of water or a pond is generally considered indispensable to their success; but, although with proper care either is of advantage, neither is a necessity. With those who desire to keep ducks the only question is "have you room for them?" If you have a small yard you can keep one pair, and the number may be increased according to the size of your range. If they have their liberty and have access to a stream or pond a large number may be kept. In such a case the breeding stock should have their liberty, and when laying, fed *only once* a day, and that at night, when they will invariably return for their evening meal, and can be housed and the eggs, which are deposited at about daybreak, can be secured. *Never overfeed.* If they have access to streams and marshy fields where natural food abounds, very little other food is required. Better not feed at all in this case, than feed too much, for they easily put on fat and become unfertile. Always give them their liberty as early in the morning as possible, for then is their best time to procure food. In case the number of eggs is not equal to the number of ducks, each duck should be caught and an external examination of the lower part of the body by carefully passing upward where the perfect egg should be, will show whether the egg is there or not. All that are minus the eggs should be let out, and the others retained till they have laid. While ducks are furnishing eggs, when they are moulting and *especially* when they are confined in yards, the principal amount of food furnished them should be cooked mush, the same as will be recommended hereafter for ducklings. Insect or animal food is of vast importance to both ducks and ducklings. If this is furnished them in the shape of refuse meat, worms, or insects, it will increase the supply of eggs in the former and produce astonishing growth in the latter.

If the above rules are observed, success may be expected whether water is abundant or not. Domestic ducks do not pair off like wild ones, and only one kind can be kept on the same run without danger of crossing. It is not safe to keep two kinds within a mile of each other on the same stream, unless some obstruction will prevent them from coming together. If a neighbor keeps mongrel or common ducks, furnish him with a drake like your own, or you will be in danger. A very low fence is all that is required to keep them within bounds, for, although they are great foragers, they are clumsy and not inclined to scale a fence if only two feet in height.

We never allow more than from two to four ducks with one drake, yet we are not certain but that twice that number may be safely given him, never having risked it.

To be continued.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

RAMBLES IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

During the past few weeks business has called us into many of the great centres of chickendom in New England, and we are pleased to note the genial warmth and hospitality with which we are received by the "men who raise chickens" in every part of the country. By the way, speaking of raising chickens, we recent-

* Absence from home, and procrastination on account of other business, are the causes of delay since our first.

ly called on our friend Rogers, at Wethersfield, Conn. We found him putting his original ideas into practice—for on a small yard not forty feet square, he had over five hundred Light Brahma chicks of all ages, from five days to five months old—*in perfect health*—rearing them by his new method—taking them from the hen when forty-eight hours old—and placing them in his "artificial mothers," and as they grow larger, changing them into coops of greater size; rearing them, and successfully too, in these confined quarters until they are large enough to use for broilers, or at the age of three or four months to turn out with the full grown fowls. Mr. Rogers' theory is, that they *thrive better in confinement* than if allowed to run at large; of course he provides every possible variety of food for them—green grass and vegetables, chopped meat and bones—and everything the appetite of a chicken could wish. When we were shown his yard of early chickens, *two hundred* in a coop ten feet square, and a yard only a trifle larger, with its "five story feeding trough" (a curiosity of itself) built with a platform in front of a long trough, or feed box, and one above the other so that the whole two hundred chickens could eat at one time, and not get into each others way, or crowd away the weak ones. We really thought he was practically demonstrating that his theory was a decided success. Mr. Rogers is quite an inventor, having brought out many well-known agricultural implements that have been in use for years. We left him with an impression on our mind that his idea if carried out as he does it, with the same amount of time and attention, the same rigid adherence to order and cleanliness, might under similar circumstances be made equally successful.

In our travels about the country we are led to believe that the interest in improved fowls is steadily growing. On every side we find that farmers as well as fanciers are giving more attention to it, and this season are raising a much larger number of chickens than in any previous year. We are pleased to note this steady improvement, and healthy growth; it indicates that the poultry journals of the country are doing their allotted duty in educating the people in this most pleasant of out door occupations.

We note the fact that new societies are being formed in every section, and there are very few large towns that has not their local "Poultry Club." The present indications are that the coming exhibition season is to be a very successful one. Fanciers generally throughout the country have been very successful in securing fine early chickens, and are already selecting the would-be prize-winners for Buffalo, Boston, Hartford, and other large shows to be held the coming season.

One word to those who have choice fowls to dispose of, and yet do not find a ready sale. The cause is easily ascertained: They do not advertise. We meet parties every day who say, "our sales are few," why? Their advertising is confined to some local paper, or "half and half" agricultural sheet. If you wish to *increase sales*, patronize those papers devoted to *your specialties*, and in doing so, remember the Fanciers' Journal.

NON-SITTERS.

ANSWER TO JOHNNE RET.

Our non-sitters are varieties of fowls that seldom or never show any inclination to sit. For instance, we may have yards containing from ten to twenty fowls each of non-sitters, viz.: Hamburgs, Leghorns, Polands, Spanish, and the French breeds, and it is only occasionally that one will become broody. Some yards may have from one to half a dozen during the season, and others none. I find occasionally a broody one in every variety of non-sitters from a Hamburg to a Houdan, and that is no evidence of impurity or that any cross has been introduced. We have had uncommon warm weather here this season and I find more broody non-sitters than ever before. Perhaps warm weather has some effect on them. I am sure I have more of an inclination to *sit* (in the shade) when the thermometer runs from eight to ten above 90 than at other times.

I never dare trust one of these fowls with a clutch of eggs, for, although she *may* prove to be a good mother, she is more likely to quit her nest prematurely and apt to be nervous and a very poor mother.

J. Y. B.

A PREVALENT DISEASE AMONG POULTRY.

I have just been reading some interesting articles in "The Feathered World"* (*Die Gefiederte Welt*), and take the liberty to send you a translation of some communications on a disease which has given serious trouble to many breeders in our own land. I apprehend that what the German writers here call disease of the eyes (Augenkrankheit) is the same as, or similar to, what we call roup. I will send you the first and last of these communications only, as the others are not specially important. The first appeared in "The Feathered World" of Sept. 16th, and is as follows:

SICKNESS IN THE POULTRY YARD.

FROM F. ESSMANN.

In my yards, which are stocked with somewhat valuable fowls, there has lately appeared a disease which was previously unknown to me, and by which I have suffered considerable loss. It appears as follows:

At first the fowl is attacked by a catarrhal cold, the nostrils become closed, then loss of appetite and weakness ensues, accompanied by a rattling in the throat. In the mean time the eyes have become much swollen, generally closing so as to entirely exclude the light, and when this stage of the disease is reached the fowl soon dies. At first I feared that some good neighbor had a hand in this play, or that the sickness had entered my yard by a Bantam cock which I had recently bought, and which died soon after. But after having guarded the rest of my fowls from any possibility of being tampered with, and, in warm rooms, protected them from all liability to sudden colds, I still find that the trouble has not abated, but rather increased.

Can you in any way inform me as to the origin of this disease, or its remedy? Unless I can receive some aid, I fear the loss of my whole stock.

The editor of "The Feathered World" called the attention of its readers to this article, and in some following numbers, a few answers were given; but none which threw sufficient light on the subject to warrant my sending them to you. In mean time, Herr Essmann had been treating his fowls by the advice of a friend, with what success, his next communication, appearing in "The Feathered World" of November 11th, will show.

THE DISEASE OF THE EYES IN POULTRY.

BY F. ESSMANN.

Please allow me to give you more in detail the progress of the disease among my fowls. The sickness is that described in "Oettel's Poultry Yard," as disease of the eyes. Immediately after the appearance of my former communication in your paper, an apothecary in Newstadt, C. Gaedcke, was so kind as to send me several preparations for its cure, consisting of oil, salve, and pills. Of the oil, each patient received a tea-spoonful daily; the salve was used for anointing the nostrils and eyes, and the pills were given to the worst fowls every day. The latter appeared to be chiefly intended to work upon the digestion. Besides this treatment, the fowls received plenty of grain, chiefly barley, and fresh water several times a day. In the course of eight days,

* "Die Gefiederte Welt" is a weekly paper published in Berlin, by Dr. Karl Russ, and devoted to the interests of breeding and selling poultry, birds, and other pet stock.

I was able to allow five of my diseased hens to run at liberty; in fourteen days the evil had nearly all disappeared, and now all my fowls are in as good condition as before. I wish further to add that during all this time, I kept the sick birds apart from the well ones.

To this letter was appended the following article by the editor of "The Feathered World."

In consideration of the fact that this disease to which our notice has been called appears only too often in our poultry yards, we give here the following account of it, with remedies, taken from Oettel's noted work.

"The disease of the eyes is a new and unpleasant phenomenon entirely unknown until within the past few years. It originates chiefly in taking a sudden cold, changed water, and damp or musty food. At first, a light white foam appears within the eyelids, which daily increases in consistency; then the parts around the eye become much swollen, the lids are closed, frequently ulcerated and discharge a thick matter. All the juices of the body are now drawn to this center, the consequences of which are emaciation and death. According to homeopathic treatment, simple aconite is given with good results, and the earlier the better. As an external remedy, white salve of zinc* may be used at the same time by rubbing it into the eyes and nostrils. A weak solution of white vitrol (Schwefelsaurem Zinkoxyd) is also a good wash, especially if applied at an early stage of the disease.

Besides these, the following is well recommended: After thoroughly cleansing the swollen eyes with fresh water (soft water is the best), use a solution of culpri sulfurici $0._{05}$. Aqua destill. $25._{0}$. This is applied to the edges of the eyelids with a small brush, and also a little is dropped into the eyes and allowed to operate for a few minutes, when they are well washed out again with pure water. A poultry breeder of much experience in France recommends the following, which he has found effective in nearly every case, whether applied in earlier or later stages of the disease:

White vitriol, - - - -	1 gramme.†
Opium (tinct. opii. spl.), - - -	2 "
Blue vitriol, - - - - -	$0._{50}$ "
Quince and rose water, - - -	30 "
Camphor water, - - - -	15 "

And where solid matter was formed in the bill or throat:

Honey of roses, - - - -	30 gramm.
Mauriate, - - - - -	4 drops.
Pulverized borax, - - - -	1 gramm.

Still another simple remedy is:

$30._{0}$ Aqua destill.

$0._{06}$ Argent. nitr.

Quite recently an experienced pigeon breeder has recommended herring pickle, one tea-spoonful every other day. This he has given to pigeons afflicted with a similar disease, with the best results. Fowls would probably need the same, given every day and in larger doses."

I hope if any of my readers have fowls troubled with this disease they will make a trial of some of these remedies offered in Oettel's work referred to as authority by Dr. Russ, and communicate to you the results. I confess that the medical terminology in the above article is somewhat frightful to those unacquainted with it, but I think that any skillful apothecary would gladly come to their relief, if applied to. The Latin terminology I have allowed to stand as in the original article, only translating German names, which would sound somewhat strange to most of our dealers in medicines.

Very truly yours, W. G. TODD,
Poultry Review.

* Zinc-salve, probably what is called, in English nomenclature, butter of zinc.

† The French gramme is equal to 15.4325 grains troy

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

MORE ABOUT PRIZE AWARDS.

JULY 21, 1876.

MR. J. M. WADE:

DEAR SIR:—I wish to add my mite to the already strong effort that is being made for reform in the number of prizes offered by our poultry societies, and the manner of awarding them. I quite agree with you when you say that three prizes in each class at our poultry shows are sufficient; indeed, in my opinion, two prizes in each class at some of the smaller shows are all that should be awarded, unless there are more good birds shown than is generally the case. There are, no doubt, many exhibitors who would rather carry home a third premium, or even high commendation, than receive no notice whatever, but I fail to find anyone who is benefited by receiving a third or lower prize. We do not find in our poultry periodicals any advertisements of third premium owls, and in these days of great rivalry between amateur as well as professional breeders, there are few who are willing to purchase a third premium bird when first or second premium stock may be had for a very little more money; and the purchaser of eggs for hatching will, in all cases, send his orders to the owners, *or advertisers*, of first premium stock, when the prices charged are the same, and they generally are.

We need reform in the manner of awarding prizes. The revised Standard has some defects, but nevertheless it is the best guide breeders have ever had, and if we all try to follow it we ought to have our birds judged conscientiously by it, and our progress honestly reported. It is also necessary that the judging of fowls at our shows should be done with as much uniformity as possible, to the end that winning a premium should mean the same thing in one section that it does elsewhere. The truth is, that in many shows prizes are altogether too cheap, and to illustrate this point I will give a bit of my experience:

Early this season I had need of a cock for one of my yards, having lost a very good stock bird, and I corresponded with several advertisers of "first premium" fowls of the breed in which I am the most interested. One party offered to sell me a cock which had won second prize at ———, second prize at ———, and first prize at ———, &c. I was of course tempted by this grand display, especially when I found that the published reports of those shows tallied with my correspondent's statement. I next inquired how many points the bird scored, and the reply opened my eyes some: "I do not know *exactly*, but he figured *about* 70 points." I had a cockerel in my own yard at the time that would crawl a good deal further up the scale than that, but he was not good enough to suit me, and I did not want to breed from him, neither did I, yet here was a man advertising "first premium" stock, and no doubt selling eggs from it, whose first premium bird scored "*about* 70 points." It seems to me that no bird should be awarded first, second, or third premium, unless it figures 90, 85, or 80 points respectively. It might sometimes happen, if this rule was put in operation, that the winners of all three prizes would score more than 90 points each, with, perhaps, only a point's difference between any two. Or, the specimens shown in a class might be so poor that no bird could be found to score 80 points. In the latter case, of course, no premium would be awarded, and it would be far better for a society to keep its premiums, than to throw them away on fowls that cannot score 80 points.

The old system of scoring by the Standard, and awarding prizes by comparison, is vicious, and it fills some yards with first premium birds when they do not merit the distinction. By adopting a single rule, any poultry association can make a premium awarded at one of its shows mean something more than a heading for an advertisement, and a snare for the inexperienced purchaser of fowls, or eggs for hatching.

Yours truly, FANWOOD.

THE EXHIBITION DORKING.—NO. 11.

BY T. C. BURNELL.

The Dark Dorking Hen should be similar in shape to the cock, with a square, broad, and lengthy body set on short legs. The comb, if single, should be large and falling to one side, a small upright comb being a great eyesore. By some it was thought impossible to breed cocks with upright combs from hens whose combs fell over, but this fallacy was contradicted by Mr. Hewitt in the *Journal of Horticulture* for June, 1867, and I copy his notes, which will be interesting and instructive to many. Mr. Hewitt says:—"In giving my opinion as to the formation of the comb of a Grey Dorking hen, I quite agree that the comb should be of moderate size, well serrated, and hanging over the face on one side. The theory propounded of breeding from what is commonly known as a 'prick-combed' Grey Dorking hen has been again and again attempted, but I never yet knew a single individual who persisted in the experiment a second year, for disappointment was the invariable issue, and the chickens thus produced proved utterly useless for exhibition. Anyone purposing to breed Dorkings I would strongly advise to mate together a cock having a perfectly upright comb with hens whose combs fold and then turn over the face, it matters not on which side. He will then find, if well-bred stock birds, that all his chickens will have combs exactly of the some formation as the parent birds. In Spanish fowls the same rule again holds good. It is only great age or want of health and condition that will cause the combs of either Spanish or Dorking cocks to fall over if they are truly-bred birds. In the latter case it very frequently happens that restored constitution causes the comb to become again as exact and firmly fixed as ever. The different formation of the comb is in the breeds referred to simply characteristic of sex, as in the mane of a lion or the antlers of a buck."

As regards the color of a Dark Dorking hen a good deal of latitude is allowed, provided the general appearance of the bird is of a rich dark color. Whatever a few may say to the contrary, it is impossible to ignore the fact that the old Brown and Light Grey birds do not now meet with favor either from judges or exhibitors; partly owing to the fact that the Dark hens handle the best from being more tightly feathered, and partly because they present a more attractive appearance to the eye. My taste inclines in the hen to a jet-black neck hackle and tail, the back and wings being of a dark gray color, and each feather spangled at the ends with a darker marking, the shaft of each feather being distinctly white.

This latter feature is invariably found in all good Dorking hens, and adds very much to the general appearance by contrasting with the dark feathers. With a black hackle I like to see a salmon-colored breast, but the hackle is often striped with white, and the breast color may be of any tinge from light salmon to dark chocolate, as long as it does not present a washed-out appearance.

Color is far more difficult to obtain than size. The latter may be obtained by good and judicious feeding and breeding from large-sized birds not too nearly related; but nothing will bring color unless it is in the strain. Beginners are apt to think that all they have to do is to buy a couple of good hens and a highly-commended cockerel at a large show, and to breed from them; but this will nine times out of ten end in failure, unless the cock comes from a good strain; as, no matter how dark and good the hens are, if the cock be not also bred from dark-colored birds it is impossible to say what the chickens will turn out. Before buying a cockerel to breed from, I like to see what the stock hens of the yard are like. It is very bad policy to take the show birds as a sample, as these have very likely been bred by some one else. Though the darker-colored cocks as a rule are most likely to breed dark chickens, this is by no means a certainty, and we shall never know what our chickens are to be like unless we know for certain that the cock comes of a good strain.

The principal defects to avoid in a Dark Dorking hen, in addition to what I have alluded to when speaking of the cock, are upright comb and "sooty" feet, the latter being much commoner in the hens than in the cocks, as also are white earlobes. A red or rusty color on the wings is also to be avoided.

Dorking eggs are white and unusually large. The chickens when hatched are very pretty, and should be uniform in appearance, with a broad dark band down the center of the back, and with two narrow white stripes on each side of it. As a rule the little chickens with the broad band of color down the back of a sound dark tinge are more likely to make dark chickens; and even from the very best birds it will be futile to expect more than two or three in a brood to reach the required standard of shape, size, comb, color, and feet, while not one bird in a thousand is perfect in every respect.

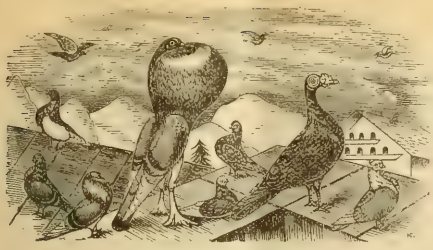
The best of rearing a number of Dorking chickens is, that the "wasters"—birds which can never pass muster—are at the very best for the table when at about ten weeks old, and should then weigh from 2½ to 3 lbs. each. I constantly weigh my chickens, and find that cockerels at two months old should weigh from 2¼ to 2½ lbs. if they are ever to be the heroes of a show pen. At four and a half months old 7 lbs. is a fair weight, and at six months many weigh 9 lbs., and some 10 lbs. I, of course, allude to show specimens; but a cock weighing 10 lbs., if dark and perfect, is likely to win many prizes, as is a hen of 8½ lbs. These weights are mentioned only for the sake of comparison, and birds may generally be made 2 or 3 lbs. heavier by fattening; but this would be worse than useless, as birds now are never weighed, and it is frame and bone which carry the day.

It is impossible to give a standard of points of any real use, as judges will always differ as to the amount to be allowed for condition, nor will they agree as to the relative value of shape, size, and color; but the following scale gives my own idea on the subject. Allowing one hundred marks for a bird perfect in size and every fancy point, I would deduct the following marks for the following defects:—

Want of shape,	from	5 to 25 points.
Want of size,	"	5 to 25 "
Bad color,	"	5 to 15 "
Badly-formed feet and toes,	"	2 to 15 "
Defective comb in hen,	"	1 to 5 "
Defective comb in cock,	"	2 to 10 "
Sooty feet,	"	2 to 15 "
Slight bumble foot,	"	10 to 20 "
Spur rather outside (cock),	"	15 to 20 "
Absence of white shaft from the hen's feathers,	"	5 to 10 "
Want of condition,	"	15 to 25 "
White ear lobe,	"	1 to 3 "

All deformities, bad bumble feet, spurs RIGHT outside, and very dark feet are fatal disqualifications, and I think badly-crooked breastbones should be so too.

A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps, as rare as perfect personal beauty. Men and women are married fractionally, now a small fraction, then a large fraction. Very few are married totally, and they are only after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment. Such a long and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that it needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season in. But a really happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and woman is one of the things so very handsome that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes with such a spectacle.—*Theodore Parker.*



PIGEON DEPARTMENT.

DESPATCHES BY CARRIER PIGEON.

THE BIRD ANDREW JACKSON MAKES 149 MILES IN TWO HOURS AND THIRTY-TWO MINUTES.

A preliminary trial of speed between carrier pigeons was commenced to-day (July 6th) from Scranton, Pa., in view of the great contest which is to take place this month, within a distance of 190 miles from this city. Scranton is 149 miles from this city. The first pigeon, Andrew Jackson, arrived here at 11.32 A. M., having left Scranton at nine o'clock. The following statement tells its own story :—

Special Despatch by Carrier Pigeon to the Telegram.

OFFICE OF THE REPUBLICAN,
SCRANTON, Pa., July 6, 1876.

A thrilling affair occurred at Dunmore, a short distance from this city, on the morning of the Fourth, when a young woman named Jennie Dorman, eighteen years of age, was blown to death at the mouth of a cannon with which her brother, a small boy, was celebrating the day. The lad filled the weapon with a heavy charge of powder, broken bricks, pieces of tin, &c., and just as he touched a match to it his sister happened to pass in front of it, and received the entire charge in the side. The charge produced a ghastly wound, exposing the unfortunate girl's entrails. She lingered in great agony for three hours, when death relieved her of her suffering. J. E. BARRETT.

This dispatch was sent by a carrier-pigeon named "Andrew Jackson," belonging to Mr. Van Opstal, of No. 4 Lewis street, of New York, who transmitted it at once to the *Telegram*. Mr. Van Opstal's bird was released with the message at nine o'clock this morning from the tower of the *Republican* building in company with five other birds of the Antwerp breed, belonging to Mr. Waefelaer, of Hoboken, N. J.—*N. Y. Telegram.*

JOTTINGS.

INSTINCT OF YOUNG PIGEONS.

Sometimes when a young pigeon gets old enough to feel an inclination to mate, he may be observed picking up sticks and straws, holding his head back as he tries to get a firmer hold of one, and perhaps, even flying with it from the ground to the roof, or from the floor of the loft to a roost, where, after apparently playing with it for a moment, he drops it. His actions are similar to those of a bird who is building a nest, though he has no use whatever for his burden but to drop it. This is almost comical, and is interesting as being an act prompted by instinct, and of the utmost importance when usually practiced, but of no use in certain individual instances. A hen scratching a board for worms, is another example. It would seem as if there were a connection between the desire for a mate and family, and the act of picking up sticks, and shows that the act itself is gratifying to the bird.

TOBACCO-STEMS AS A REMEDY FOR VERMIN.

Some one has recommended that tobacco-stems be provided for pigeons to use in building their nests. The suggestion is not a new one, and I believe I half-tried them a few years ago. But this year, after some of my young birds had become very lousey, I threw into the loft tobacco-stems cut into pieces four or five inches in length. They were immediately made use of by the pigeons, and the result was, that, though there may be lice upon the old birds and about the loft, none of the nestlings have appeared to be in the least annoyed. I advise all to try it whose lofts are infested. P. B.

SHIFTING YOUNG PIGEONS.

JOS. M. WADE :

DEAR SIR.—I will relate an incident that I think is not common among fanciers. I have a pair of Blue wing Turbits that I prize very highly, and in my absence from home they left the loft and built their nest in the crib, being there exposed to danger in various ways, with no place in the loft that I could shift the eggs. I put them under a Turtle dove that had built on an apple tree in my orchard, and threw their (the doves') eggs away. They sat on them twelve days, and one egg hatched, the other was addled. The young bird grew very nicely till it was six days old, then it began to require more food than the doves gave it. Not wishing to lose it, I then took it to the loft and placed it under a pair of black barbs that had been sitting on eggs two weeks, and by shifting it is doing finely.

JNO. W. WAMPLER.

ITEMS.

Some one asked the elder Dumas for his autograph. "My autograph !" he cried ; "you can find plenty of them floating about in the shape of notes, and you will know that they are genuine by their being all protested."

RED INK.—The following recipe for a beautiful red ink is given by Metra, of Paris : Dissolve 25 parts, by weight, of saffranin in 500 parts warm glycerine, then stir in carefully 500 parts alcohol and an equal quantity of acetic acid. It is then diluted with 9,000 parts water, in which is dissolved a little gum arabic.—*Scientific American.*

ONE of the boy reformers, in a speech a few evenings since, made this remark : "I have three good reasons for keeping the pledge not to use tobacco : First because I am to have $5 at the end of the year ; second because I have pledged myself not to use it, and third—the strongest motive of all—because I'll get a whiping if I don't keep it !" It is unnecessary to say that the speech was applauded.

"EDDYKASHUN.—Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlanta colored university :

"Look hyar, boy, you goes ter school, don't yer ?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gittin' eddykashun aint yer ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Larnin' rithmetick and figgerin' on a slate, eh ?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make a hour, do it ?"

"W'y, no !" exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring dat hatchit back in an hour warn't ye ?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's been two days sence yer borrowed it. Now what good's eddykashun gwine to do you thick-skulled niggers when yer go to school a whole year and den can't tell how long it takes to fotch back a hatchit."

THE

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THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

ADVERTISING.

We recently reduced our advertising rates to ten cents per line, each insertion, and we trust that with the opening of the fall season, to see our advertising columns well filled. We are repeatedly assured by our patrons that in no other way do they reap so great a benefit as they do in the use of the columns of the FANCIERS' JOURNAL. We are gratified to know this, and intend to make it in the future doubly so.

We make no extravagant assertions, but are willing the past should speak for itself. Our advertising columns during the busy season, show who the "live men" of the fancy are; and our "exchange columns," clearly prove that this, too, is a popular means of advertising at a very low rate. We have recently added a "book exchange," where for the trifling sum of ten cents anybody can exchange any book he has, or secure any book he may wish to, and "all for ten cents."

We are in daily receipt of letters from every part of the country, mentioning the unusual good success that Fanciers have experienced this season in getting out fine flocks of chickens. We predict that they will be heard from during the coming exhibition season, and that a greater number of really meritorious birds will be shown than in any previous year. A large number of early broods have been successfully reared, and these birds are now in such a state of maturity as to render it an easy matter to select a few extra choice ones, on which to expend a little care in further developing them for the show pen. Fanciers who give their time and personal attention to it will surely be well repaid, and every appearance now indicates that new life and energy is to be infused into the business (or rather pleasure) of raising fine fowls and improving them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IRISH SETTERS.

CENTREVILLE, Q. A. Co., MD., July 20th, 1876.

DEAR SIR:—Will you do me the favor to give the information I am about to request. I wish to know if you can give me any authority of a true Irish setter being black. I have a dog of that color, which was represented to me as being of the Irish strain; it has been suggested to me that I am deceived, on account of the color. H. D. G.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—The steamer Bessemer, built with the view of preventing seasickness, has proven a gigantic failure. It has been purchased by an iron merchant of Leeds, who will take out the engines and "dispose of the rest of the vessel"—for "old iron," we presume. Considering what a vast sum of money it cost to build this vessel, its fate is indeed ignominious. As a naval architect, Bessemer is not a success.

—GLASS COVERED LEAD.—The Chinese are masters of a process which so far as we know, is not practised by any other people, for covering plates of sheet lead with thin layers of colored glass. With these sheets the domes and sides of their temples are plated, giving them a singularly lustrous and gorgeous appearance. Specimens of this glass-covered lead are in the hands of French manufacturers, who hope to discover the secret of the process.

—THE WEAVER BIRD'S NEST.—This pretty creature thus contrives to elude its enemy, the squirrel: It weaves its nest of hay, closely entwined, and in form like a steeple hive, with many winding passages, round the various mouths of which are formed pent-houses, or rims, to carry off the rain. This structure is suspended by a thread so slender that the squirrel, how ever wistfully he may gaze on his prey within, dare not put his nose into it for fear of a tumble, while at the same time, the little bird pops in and out, perfectly secure.

The compensations of nature show reason. It is not reason in the brute creation. It must be the reason of the Creator.

—A PUZZLED PIKE.—In the great aquarium at Brighton, England, a pike was introduced among the trout and other fish. At first its behavior was quiet and commendable, but after a while the discovery was made that it had a great fondness for the trout—such an extreme liking, indeed, that it did not hesitate to chase, catch and eat them. Various plans were tried to stop the havoc it made, all of which failing, a plate glass partition was inserted in the aquarium between it and the trout. The trout watched its former companion swimming around on the other side of the glass, and darting at them with great velocity, succeeded in bumping its nose violently against the thick plate. Evidently wondering what was the matter, it repeated the experiment several times, until, convinced that there must be something wrong, it reluctantly ceased its efforts.

—A CANARY BIRD SAVES A HOUSE FROM FIRE.—A few nights since, Mrs. George Bockius, Little Britain, Lancaster county, was awakened by unusually loud screams and cries from her canary bird, whose cage hung in the kitchen. Arousing her husband they both listened for a few moments when a noise was heard as of the fall of the cage to the floor and Mr. Bockius hastened down stairs. On arriving at the kitchen he found the room on fire, the flames having spread around the ceiling and burned off the string that secured the bird cage. By the application of water Mr. Bockius succeeded in subduing the fire which is supposed to have originated from a lingering spark from the previous day's ironing fire, lodged somewhere about the ironed clothing. Considerable clothing was destroyed. The house was undoubtedly saved from destruction by the expiring cry of the pet bird.—*Oxford Press.*

—A PARADISE FOR LOVERS OF FISH.—St. Augustine, Florida, the oldest city in the United States, is remarkable for the variety and beauty of its fish. Every description of salt water fish is caught there, from the Jew fish, which supplies the place of our Northern halibut, and the grouper, like our cod, to the whipray, with a body like a flounder and a tail seven feet long, tapering from an inch in diameter to less than an eighth at the small end. The mutton or hog fish is a delicate, fine-grained fish, and is considered the best fish for boiling; in weight it runs from five to twenty-five pounds. The grouper is generally used for baking, stewing or chowders. The dolphin, king fish, Spanish mackerel, bonito and rock-fish are the largest, running from fifty to one hundred pounds. The Jew is cut into steaks and fried like halibut, and in weight often reaches 600 pounds. Turtles are caught weighing as much as 500 pounds, the price being generally five to six cents per pound—*American Grocer.*

—A discovery, the importance of which cannot at present be fully estimated, was made a few weeks since, on the river bank, not far below the city. Deposits of native mercury were found and the fact communicated to Dr. Armand Merceir, President of the Atheneum, who appointed a commission to make an investigation of the matter. This commission is still at work and has not yet rendered a report of their proceedings. Deposits of the metal in its globular form have been detected in St. James and St.

Charles parishes, noticeably on the Drouet plantation in the latter parish, and in every instance, both in the clayey soil of the river bank and in the interior, only a few feet below the surface.

These developments have led to the belief that mercury exists in large quantities in the State, and its collection and purification may become an important branch of industry. Loam containing mercury may be worked to advantage when the percentage amounts to three or four pounds per ton.

Although the metal is usually found in the shales of the Silurian period, and in talcose and argillaceous slates, it is frequently obtained from alluvial deposits, as in the case of Huancavelica, in Peru, where it has been found to the amount of 600 pounds in digging a ditch six feet in depth, and in the tertiary marls and conglomerates, as at Montpelier, France.

The metal has a high value in medicine and the arts, and where it is gathered in a native form the operations of purification are comparatively simple.—*N. O. Picayune, June* 24, 1876.

—What a Spider Taught the Bruce.—Robert Bruce, the hero king of Scotland, wearied by the toils of many battles, and disheartened by disaster and defeat, lay one night in the barn of a loyal cottager.

In the morning, his head still reclining on the pillow of straw, he beheld a spider climbing up a beam of the roof. It fell to the ground, but immediately re-commenced the ascent. The hero becoming interested in the movements of the insect, observed it attentively.

Again and again it fell to the floor, only to renew its attempts immediately after each succeeding failure. Twelve times the insect was baffled in its endeavor, but the thirteenth trial was crowned with success. The king starting from his couch exclaimed, "This poor insect has taught me perseverance! I will imitate its example; have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemies of my country? On one fight more hangs the independence of Scotland." In a few days the thirteenth trial was made; it was the glorious battle of Bannockburn. The thistle had saved Scotland from the Dane, the spider from the English.

J. M. McCann.

—Story of a Robin.—Pretty stories are told of robins. The following, from *Our Dumb Animals*, is true, and shows how little robins are trained and educated to fly:

The poor little robin looked so miserable and helpless that, out of pure compassion, we bought the bird, and put it into a cage to keep it out of the way of cats, intending, so soon as it should be able to fly, to let it loose. It was just able to hop about. It ate a little, but seemed drooping and melancholy, and no doubt missed the diet of worms which its parents had hitherto provided for it. After we had had it two or three days, the cage was placed outside upon the terrace, with the door open, and we watched to see what Robby would do; but, almost before he had time to do anything, a large robin lit upon the terrace at some distance from the cage, and then advanced cautiously towards it. The little one presently hopped out, and then the old one began to fly a very short distance, waiting for the little one to come up with it, and then starting again for another short fly.

Robby improved perceptibly after a few attempts. We supposed that that was the last we should see of him, but when after noon came, he returned to his cage and the old bird departed. The following day the cage was again placed outside; the old robin made his appearance and gave Robby another lesson in rather longer flights, but he was not able to get as high as the boughs of the trees, and he returned to his cage in the afternoon. The next day, and the next, the same thing occurred, the flights becoming longer and bolder. At last one bright day, Robby's education being completed, I suppose, he flew away.

—Paraffin as a Manure and Insecticide.—An interesting discovery has been made by a Scotch farmer, which promises to be of immense importance to agriculturists and horticulturists generally. During some attempts to destroy various pests of the garden, the gentleman in question, who records his experiences in a Scotch paper, hit upon petroleum or paraffin with the following valuable results. Finding his peas and beans, when sown, devoured by rats and mice, he soaked the seed, prior to planting, in paraffin, and was rewarded by seeing them untouched by the vermin and uninjured by the novel treatment; on the contrary, every pea and bean germinated, and the crop was enormous. Stakes 5ft. and 6ft. high were insufficient to support the abundant growth, and other measures had to be adopted to keep up the plants. Onions and turnips were secured against the attacks of maggot and fly by watering between the rows with a mixture of two ounces of paraffin to six gallons of water. This had the effect of destroying and keeping off these destructive pests, and at the same time of greatly stimulating the growth of the roots, the quality and quantity of which were immensely increased by this treatment.

The writer suggests that paraffin might be mixed with dry earth and subsequently sprinkled over the soil, as guano, which would render its application more easy on a large scale than by watering with a diluted mixture of oil and water. Its fertilizing properties, he thinks, would be found to be equally well developed, and its uses as a destroyer of insects, beetles, wireworm, rats and mice, and other pests would be just as great. For watering plants affected with blight, or vines with phylloxera, and similar purposes, a very weak solution should be used, and will be found perfectly effectual.

To protect seeds about to be sown it is simply necessary to soak them for twelve hours in paraffin; they are not injured by the oil, and the flavor and smell imparted to them are such as to effectually prevent birds as well as animals and insects from touching them.

The proportion of two wineglassfuls of paraffin to six gallons of water is recommended for application as a manure to green vegetables of all kinds. Onions and carrots should be watered with it when one inch long.

How flowers are affected we are not told. I shall certainly make some experiments in this direction, and see if such beneficial effects cannot be secured in the rearing of plants. There seems no reason why this should not be the case. For the present I will quote the following instance of the effects of the manure on peas: "A friend tells me that, hearing of my experiment, he sowed four rows of peas, in contiguous rows; before sowing the seed, he divided it, sprinkling one half with paraffin oil, and soaking the other part for a night in paraffin oil, when those that were sprinkled grew to 15in. high, the soaked peas were 4ft. in hight."—C. E. F. *In the Country.*

—The Cruelty to Animals Bill.—According to the "British Medical Journal," the following important memorandum has been prepared by some of our most competent authorities with reference to Clause 5 of the Cruelty to Animals Bill now before Parliament, by which cats and dogs are exempt from experiments: 1. Cats and dogs are the only flesh-eating, warm-blooded animals available for the purposes of experiment in England. Agreeing in this respect with man, these animals (and especially the dog) resemble him also in the functions of digestion, assimilation, secretion, and generally in the chemical processes of life. For instance, inhalation of carbonic oxide produces diabetes in the dog, but has no such effect on the rabbit. Again, the bile in the dog differs in composition from that in vegetable feeders; and without experiments on this animal it is useless to attempt to extend our knowledge of the action of the liver by direct observation, so as to apply it to human physiology and medicine. Moreover, the brain in cats and dogs is constructed on the same (convoluted) type as in man. This is not the case with rabbits and guinea pigs, the only other small mammals which can be readily procured. II. Morbid processes in cats and dogs resemble those of man far more closely than do those of rabbits or any other animal available for experiment. Thus: 1. Tuberculosis is so readily excited in rodents that experiments with a view to the prevention or cure of this disease must be made on other animals, by way of check, before application to the case of man. 2. Cancer, on the other hand, unknown in many animals, is common in dogs, and upon them observations and experiments must be made, with a view to ascertaining its true nature and treatment both in dogs and in men. 3. The process of fever is excited with difficulty in many animals; but in cats and dogs it is easily produced, and closely resembles the same process in man in its relation to temperature, circulation, &c. 4. Hydrophobia must be studied in dogs and cats, with a view to its prevention in these animals, and so removing this terrible disease from the list of human maladies. 5. The same remark applies to various parasitic diseases—cutaneous eruptions (favus and ringworm), and internal parasites (hydatids and tapeworms), which are transmitted from dogs or cats to other domestic animals, and to man himself. The experiments by which the connection between tapeworms and bladder worms was established, and so the means of preventing these diseases in man ascertained, depended entirely on the possibility of performing them on dogs. III. Cats and dogs are necessary for many experiments on the action of remedies and poisons. Belladonna can be eaten by rabbits with impunity; opium has little effect on pigeons; and morphia has a very different effect in rabbits and in frogs from that which it has in man. In these and many other cases cats and dogs approach much more closely to man in their susceptibility to drugs. IV. Chloroform and chloral act efficiently, and for an almost indefinite time, on cats; and although chloroform is apt to be fatal when fully given to dogs, they take ether exceedingly well.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS AND THE FATE OF SOME OF THEM.

BY HUON.

No. 5. The Dog.

He that has nature in him must be grateful;
'Tis the Creator's primary great law,
That links the chain of beings to each ether."

It has been said somewhere in these papers that the pet loving characteristic is shared by individuals of other races than man. A story has been told of a horse becoming so attached to a stable-cat as to be restless and uneasy during pussy's absence! The house dog has been known to become on quite friendly, and even *loving* terms with Tabby the cat, and a modern naturalist has found in an ant's nest some well cared-for beetles which latter he tries to make us believe were the *pets* of the former! Perhaps, but may not the beetles be scavengers? Or may not the ants, like men, be superstitious, and, as with the ancient Egyptians, venerate and worship a coleopterous insect? Be it how it may, I will leave the matter with my readers, and beg their patience while I relate the fate of a Dog who was the pet of a Lion.

Twenty-five years ago there was a menagerie on Walnut St., near Ninth St., Philadelphia. The collection of animals was very large and valuable. Among other objects of interest there, were the two Elephants, Virginius and Pizarro, who were, a season or two later drowned in their keeper's endeavor to make them swim across the Delaware river. There also was the Lion "Julius," the finest specimen of the African species at that time in the country.* There too was a dog, and this is how the lion made a pet of him as well as made an *end* of him.

One dark, cold, November morning an under-keeper on opening a door found on the outside of it, rolled up like a ball, the most miserable looking specimen of dog-hood he had ever set eyes upon —a poor shivering, starving cur that hardly resembled any animal, whatever. The keeper's first impulse was to toss the cur into the street; his second was to hand it over to the tender mercies of some lion, tiger, or wild-cat, and finally into the cage of the terrible Julius it went. Now Julius had done his *share* of "contrived murder." Having killed one keeper in Europe, and another one here, it was supposed he would make quick work of doggy. Not so! He merely smelt of him by way of finding out what the *thing* was, and for a time took no further notice of him; after several hours had passed away, the keeper finding the dog still safe, concluded he was in no more danger than Daniel was when with the lions in the Zoo of Darius the Mede, in the good old city of Babylon! It was noticed indeed, that the tail of Julius now and then as time wore on, wagged an apparent welcome to the dog. It seemed a case of "love at first sight," and that Julius had taken him to his heart as a pet, which appeared the more probable when feeding time came round. Then it was noticed that the lion allowed the dog to nibble a morsel from the meat given him, and indeed, seemed to invite him in brute fashion to help himself, which the dog, being hungry, did quite freely. Thus passed the first day, which the keeper thought would surely be the dog's last, but on the next morning to his great astonishment lay the two, fast asleep, the dog curled up at the lion's feet, directly under his terrible jaws!

At grub-time the action of the previous day was repeated, and thus it went on from day to day, until the dog became as much an object of interest, almost as the lion, to the numerous visitors of the menagerie.

But now comes the tragedy act. The dog from being petted had grown proud, arrogant, in fact, actually insulting! He had been pampered to such an extent that he now began to think he ought to have a table to himself, and not be dependent, not even upon a lion for his food! "Was he not *one* of the show? was he not admired too by all that gaping crowd?" So one day the cur had the temerity—when invited by the lion in the usual way to dine with him—to throw up his pug nose, and disdainfully walk off in a sulk, without anythimg more than a sniff at the fresh beef his friend the lion had offered him.

Julius observed it, and seemed to think with Lear, "how sharper than a serpents tooth it is to have a thankless child," and gave a growl which seemed to say, "see here, my boy, don't do *that* too often. I was your friend when you had no other. I spared you when you were at my mercy. Don't play off your ingratitude on me, or you may be some day suddenly taken with *a disease* of the spine." The pampered cur however heeded not the warning note, and in a few days repeated his ungracious and insulting manner. Then Julius with both eye and tail said, "Just do *that* once more." Once more it was done, and—so was the dog—for as he turned up his pug nose as though in contempt of the lion's invitation to dine, and was about to walk away and sulk again in his corner, Julius, as quick a lightning flung out his paw, with all its terrible *razors* expanded, and drawing the miserable cur to him, gave him one crunch of the spine just behind the ears, and the "dog had had his day." For a moment Julius gazed at what was once his pet, then with a long low growl, which seemed to say as plainly as a lion can say anything—"Justice is satisfied—*sic semper ingratus*"—and lay him down to sleep as though he was not in the least on the "ragged edge of remorse and despair" for what he had done. The skeleton of Julius now adorns the Central Park Museum, and that of the ingrate cur is one of the curiosities of a barber's shop in an interior town of Pennsylvania.

* Julius had been raised from a whelp as a pet of one of the small Princes of Africa, from whom he was purchased for Mr. Jamrach, animal dealer, of London, who sold him to a showman who had him trained for cage performances, in his traveling menagerie.

One of his "cage performances" was, while in Edinburg, to tear his keeper into shreds before any one could interfere in the poor man's behalf! The next we hear of Julius he was a member of Van Amburg's traveling troup, and in due time was performing in Philadelphia.

About 1860 he was the property of Adam Forepaugh, and was again shown in Philadelphia, when one day his trainer very foolishly undertook to put his head in the animal's mouth. The brute did not seem to care about that kind of work, and refused to open his mouth, when the trainer gave him a heavy slap in the face. Julius opened his mouth now, but he was very angry, and when the daring keeper had inserted his head between the brute's ponderous jaws they closed on it with a force that crushed it as though it had been an egg-shell! This terrible performance, not on the bills, was and is, the only instance of a lion having killed a man in this country. After this, Julius was only shown—not acted with—and in August, 1874, while passing through New Jersey on the way to New York, he died quite suddenly. His age was at least thirty-one years. He was the largest lion ever brought to the United States.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ANOMALY IN NEST BUILDING OF THE ROBIN.

BY THOS. G. GENTRY.

The ornithologist seldom wearies of his voluntarily imposed task, although never done. New facts are constantly appearing as his scope of observation widens. By slow and steady increments, his stock of information grows and expands. Scarcely a year passes that he is not called upon to chronicle some new event that he has stumbled upon, unawares, or that has opened up to his mind only by dint of the closest study and the most protracted perseverance.

As facts accumulate, new editions of standard works are necessitated. But a few months have elapsed since the introduction of the writer's works on the birds of eastern Pennsylvania; yet these months have been pregnant with interest, and rendered valuable for the information which they have brought; partly, the free-will offerings of friends, but, mainly, the results of personal observations. To record a few of the many facts which have crowded this brief period, is now his happy privilege.

Few species of birds have a more pliable organization, and can

better adapt themselves to the conditions of their *environment*, than our ordinary robin. This truth is particularly exemplified in its habits of nidification. Almost any available spot serves as an appropriate building place. The hole of an upright post, a window-ledge, the inside of an unoccupied out-house, the deserted cavity of a wood-pecker, &c., have been favorite places, in individual cases. Until recently, I have never known a nest to be built upon *terra firma*. Ordinarily, the structure is placed at distances varying from two and a half to about seventy feet above the ground.

Mr. Russell Hill of Germantown, while returning from his daily business, during the latter part of May, had his attention arrested by a pair of robins which had nidificated upon an embankment along the Germantown and Chestnut Hill Railroad. The ground had an inclination of forty-five degrees. To construct a nest in such a position, with the requisite security, would necessitate no little planning and skill upon the part of the architects. Nothing short of the purest reason would enable the birds to grasp the position of affairs, and to plan with the view of a successful accomplishment of the almost herculean task. It is evident that they were equal to the performance. The nest was discovered *in sited* by Mr. Hill, and deposited with the writer, after its desertion.

It is well known that a typical nest of this species is furnished internally with a cup-shaped fabric of mud, which serves to bind the composing materials securely together. In the present instance, this inner structure was an unnoticeable feature. To give the nest a sure foundation, a semi-circular wall of mud was built, projecting outwardly from the embankment, to a certain height. Within the enclosure thus formed, the various leaves, roots, and grasses, constituting the nest proper, were posited with but little regard to taste and symmetry.

Having stated the facts, let us inquire for a few moments into the causes which have probably conduced to this change of habits. In primitive times, such situations may have been chosen for purposes of nidification, as is now observed in the case of Wilson's Thrush, for certain advantages which they afforded. But with the spread of mankind, accustomed sites were abandoned, and the present nesting habits acquired, as offering better security and protection against enemies of man's introduction. As both the Hermit Thrush and Fancy Thrush are now known to build upon the ground, perhaps this anomalous habit in the case of the robin may be explained by Darwin's principle of reversion.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.

J. M. M'CANN.

Widely different are the habitations of men—some are only the rudest huts, others splendid palaces adorned everywhere with objects elegant and beautiful. So it is with the homes of the birds; some are wrought carelessly, and without design, others are fashioned with artistic skill, and swung like a sailor's hammock—"Where winds of summer night rock gently to and fro the green wood nest." The female is the architect—all the beauty of design and perfection of finish is due to her—the male is only a laborer, collecting the materials, and filling the air around her with the glory of song.

The purple Bower Bird of Australia (*Ptilonorhynchus holosericeus*) builds a "stately pleasure dome," of reeds, covers the floor with a carpet, and decorates the airy chambers with ornaments bright and beautiful—the painted ocean shell, the sparkling pebble, the fragrant flower, the gaudy feather from the wing of tropic bird, all are there under that arch of beauty. It is not a nest, but only an assembly room for pleasure where the artist receives his friends, and spreads before them his treasures.

The Tailor bird of India, (*Orthotomous longicaudus*,) was the inventor of needle and thread, and was "doing her own sewing," ages before old mother Eve had commenced her famous patchwork of fig leaves. This beautiful little seamstress selects a leaf which hangs from the extremity of a slender twig, pierces a row of holes along each edge, using its beak for a needle, and when this labor is finished the bird procures the long fibre of some plant and passing this through the holes draws the sides of the leaf together, thus forming a hollow cone in which it arranges a quantity of soft white down, and the beautiful nest is finished, and the young are rocked to sleep in their airy home by every breeze.

The Fan-tailed Warbler (*Salicaria cisticola*,) builds its home among the reeds, sewing together a number of the leaves, thus forming a receptacle where the nest may be concealed; but the method which it employes is different from that which is used by the tailor bird. Instead of passing its thread continuously through the holes and thus sewing the leaves together, it has a number of threads, and ties a *knot* at the end of each in order that it may not be pulled through the hole. Thus with little labor an elegant home is formed for the baby warblers, and this beautiful order of bird architecture has excited the admiration of the lovers of nature in every land.

The Brush Turkey (*Tallegalla Lathami*). Ages ago a strange, long forgotten people built their mounds over all the prairies of the West, and along the banks of the beautiful river. The Brush Turkey of New South Wales is a mound-builder too—uniting many together, they accumulate a great heap of vegetable substances, give it a circular form, and enlarge and improve it year by year. This is the largest bird's nest in the world, and the eggs are hatched by the heat given out during the process of fermentation. The mounds are built by the hens, and the males watch over the eggs, and know by wonderful instinct, the proper temperature for them, sometimes laying them almost bare, sometimes covering them over deeply with leaves, often repeating these operations many times a day. The young on escaping from the shell do not immediately leave the nest, but often after having enjoyed the open air return again to the mound, and are covered up like the eggs only not to so great a depth. A cylindrical hole is formed in the middle of the mound—a chimney by which the heat may be moderated, and through which the gases produced by fermentation may escape.

The Loxia suspends its nest from the branches of the Indian fig tree in a manner that secures it from all injury from storms. The nest is divided into several chambers in some of which fire-flies are sometimes found, and the Hindoos believe that the bird cherishes them for the purpose of illuminating its home.

Beautiful is the song and elegant the nest of the bird—each differing from all the others—inexhaustible the study of nature.

"For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

GEO. BROWN, 31 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange Game cocks and hens, foreign and domestic; also heels, all sizes, for silver watch or double barrel shot gun. Weight of cocks, from 4½ to 7½ lbs., and warrant them dead game and fast fighters.

O. S. KEENE, Box 16, Auburn, Me., will exchange 1 pair young Blue and White Dutch Rabbits, one Trio White Angora Rabbits, and three dozen stereoscopic views, worth $9.00, for one pair Pekins, duck and drake, Palmer's stock. Rabbits, all kinds, for Fancy Pigeons. Write.

B. E. SMITH, Pottsgrove, Pa., has D. Brahma fowls, (Herstein's), to exchange for Red male Cardinal and cage, Stonehenge on the Dog, or offers.

E. K. MEYERS, 224 Chestnut St., Harrisburg, Pa., has for exchange 3 Light Brahma hens, 1 Dark Brahma pullet, 1 short-faced Bull Dog, 1 year old. Will trade for almost anything, for want of room.

E. G. FLANDERS & CO., Manchester, N. H., have to exchange two horse pistols, for Brown Leghorns, or offers. Speak quick. Write on Postal cards, or any other kind of cards.

A. K. CHAPMAN, West Hampton, Mass., will exchange pure White Cochins for a good double-barreled shot-gun. What offers.

W. B. ATHERTON, Newton Lower Falls, Mass., will exchange one Rob Roy Canoe, cost $10; also White Polish cockerels, (Jennings' strain,) for White Polish of some other strain. Must be first-class.

FANCIER, Box 233, Tamaqua, Pa., wants to exchange a 10-key Accordeon, 2 good Violins, 1 Show Case, 2 Parrot Cages, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Electric Battery, 1 Rifle, 3 triple Fowl Coops, 4 Single Turkey or Geese Coops, 2 Double Bantam Coops, wire fronts, 6 Light Brahma hens, 1 pair Earl Derby Games, "pit stock," 1 Red Bird and Cage, White Carriers, Red Barbs, White, and Colored Fans, Tumblers, and other Fancy Pigeons, for Grey or Fox Squirrels, Talking Parrot, or offers.

BOX 368, North Attleboro, Mass., has for exchange one Rose-comb Black African Bantam cock, 1875 hatch. He is a fair bird. Somebody make me an offer for him.

J. W. MAYFIELD, Ursa, Ill., will exchange thoroughbred Poland China Pigs, two months old, for Light or Dark Brahmas, or offers. Birds must be A No 1. Write.

H. M. FRENCH, Holbrook, Mass., wants to exchange a Lop-eared Doe for Yellow Fans, or a Lop-eared Buck for Black or Yellow Fans. Make some offer for one or both.

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Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

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AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work State condition and lowest cash price.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

JNO. W. SHEY, New Albany, Ind., wants several pairs of Ferrets. State price, color and age.

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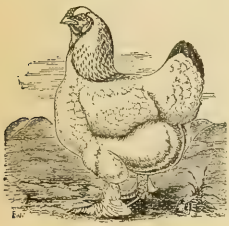

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, AUGUST 7, 1876. No. 30.

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble
Would break like a bubble,
And into the waters of Lethe depart,
Did not we rehearse it,
And tenderly nurse it,
And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow
Would vanish to-morrow,
Were we not willing to furnish the wings;
So sadly intruding
And quietly brooding,
It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

How welcome the seeming
Of looks that are beaming,
Whether one's wealthy or whether one's poor;
Eyes bright as a berry,
Cheeks red as a cherry,
The groan and the curse and the heartache can cure.

Resolved to be merry
All worry to ferry
Across the famed waters that bid us forget,
And no longer fearful,
But happy and cheerful,
We feel life has much that's worth living for yet.

Germantown Telegraph.

JAVA AND THE JAVANESE.

LIFE IN THE TROPICAL ISLANDS OF ASIA—A PLEASANT PLACE TO VISIT.

In this wonderful clime I am trying to describe, just on the verge of the equator, the soil and air alike seem to be provocative of fruits, and flowers, and verdure—verdure the greenest, fruits of mammoth proportions and of exquisite flavor, and flowers of the most captivating and gorgeous colors; though, with few exceptions, the latter lack the full perfume of our Northern roses.

I shall essay the pleasant task of attempting to give my readers some faint idea of the most luscious and delectable Java fruits, according to my estimate; and first upon the list I place the Mangusteen, which, for delicacy and richness of flavor, cannot be surpassed. It is, in color and shape and size, like a green lemon, with a thick rind, beneath which lies the creamy substance, whose luscious qualities have placed it among the most delicious of all fruits. Two, and sometimes three, large ebony pits compose the center of this most palatable delicacy.

Next in order, my gastric susceptibilities induce me to rank the Pomolo; and I think the most refined epicurean jury would endorse my verdict in this matter. Some of the Java species of this most delicious fruit are very large. I have seen those that measured 30 inches in circumference, with the cherry-red pulp almost bursting with its juicy, cool, and nectarean load. They resemble the West Indian Shaddeck, and are doubtless of the same genus (*Citrus decumara*); but with their external resemblance all comparison must end.

Oranges, limes, and lemons are in great abundance here; and the eyes roam around the market-place, enjoying a feast over which the Goddess Pomona might have well gloried to preside.

The consignee of my ship, Mr. Alfred Reed of Boston, sent me a pressing invitation to spend a week with his delightful family at Wettevreden, the Javan Saratoga, and the "invite" was most joyfully accepted, for, as the rice crop had not been harvested, I had an abundance of leisure time—time that hangs heavily upon a home-loving voyager in these distant climes, where no Booth or Clara Morris can while away the tedium of the long, hot days, and the equally long and hot equatorial nights; where no Beecher and Tilton scandal has ever yet aroused the quiet-loving natives or adopted citizens from their unbroken apathy.

Breakfasting at the Hotel of the Netherlands, at 11 o'clock A. M., I spent an hour in a pleasant ramble through the adjacent groves of nutmeg and cocoa, beguiling the moments in interesting converse with Minna Von Hogezand, the pretty and very accomplished daughter of the landlord, after which all retired to enjoy the "siesta"—one of the greatest, as well as most necessary, luxuries of these torrid climes.

A necessary appendage to a well-appointed bed in Java is the "Dutch wife"—a stick of bamboo, or other light and highly-polished wood, five feet in length, and about two feet in circumference. This is placed in every bed, and the relief afforded to the limbs of a tired sleeper in these long, hot nights, by the presence of this innocent and unsophisticated bedfellow is almost incredible. Waking in the night, you throw your arm over it; then, moving it up, you place it beneath your neck, lifting your head from the heated pillows, and at every change you feel inclined to bless the peculiar institution, while in the morning you arise with a hearty benediction on the consoling "Dutch wife."

The siesta, the delicious interlude to a day's performance on the busy stage of life in Java, has reached its ultimatum of human enjoyment, and nowhere else have I experienced such perfect enjoyment of this midday rest as here. The siesta occupies the time from tiffin, or lunch hour (about noon) till 4 P. M., when you seek the marble bath rooms, and take out a fresh lease of life and its enjoyments.

Dressing myself soon after my bath (one day's routine will suffice for all), I called a carriage and rode throughout the shady groves—the fragrant palm trees waving over me, and the sharp leaves of the cocoa-nut trees whispering their secrets to the evening breeze.

After an hour devoted to this exquisite enjoyment, I drew up on the green plaza, close by the palace of Wettevreden, to listen to the Dutch military band which there performed each evening for an hour or two.

Many equippages were gathered on the square, containing beautiful and elegantly dressed women; numbers of equestrians swelled the throng; while the richly uniformed officers added animation to a scene that was in itself delightful.

In the center of the square is a granite column thirty feet in height, surmounted by a lion, exquisitely sculptured, from whose knotty head a green bush was growing; for, in this prolific clime, a thin layer of dust soon teems with vegetable life.

The music, which was of the highest order, having ceased, I drove to the palatial structure of my friends, the brothers Reed; and there I stood before it, completely entranced with its exquisite construction, and the magnificence and taste of its adornments.

The lofty halls and spacious verandahs; the furniture so peculiarly Oriental in its elegance and convenience; the beautifully frescoed walls and ceilings; the delightful arrangement of the grounds—the garden plot teeming with delicate flowers—the front yard filled with trees whose lofty structure and peculiar freshness of foliage made the grateful shade still more bewitching, all combined to yield the most exquisite pleasure.

I shall not attempt to describe in detail the array of exquisitely cooked meats, the soups—those pleasant avant couriers of an Eastern dinner—but will simply testify that it was perfect. Course after course of most delicate viands followed each other in proper succession, the wines and cordials were of the finest quality and flavor, while the desert and fruits I may not hope to describe. The mangosteen, so kindly prepared for me by the lady of the mansion (a beautiful Boston blonde), seemed to possess an additional flavor; and the coffee and tea which followed finished a repast which will long be coupled with delightful reminiscences of Java.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HOME.

That word *home* always sounds like poetry to me. It rings like a peal of bells at a wedding, only more soft and sweet, and it chimes deeper into the ears of my heart. It does not matter whether it means thatched cottage or manor house, home is home be it ever so homely there's no place like it. Green grow the houseleek on the roof forever, and let the moss flourish on the thatch. Sweetly the sparrows chirrup and the swallows twitter around the chosen spot which is my joy and rest. Every bird loves its own nest; the owls think the old ruins the fairest spot under the moon, and the fox is of opinion that his hole in the hill is remarkably cosy. When my master's nag knows that his head is towards home he wants no whip, but thinks it best to put on all steam; and I am always of the same mind, for the way home, to me, is the best bit of road in the country. I like to see the blue smoke out of my own chimney better than the fire on another man's hearth; there is something so beautiful in the way in which it curls up among the trees. Cold potatoes on my own table taste better than roast meat at my neighbor's, and the honeysuckle at my own door is the sweetest I ever smell. When you are out, friends do their best, but still it is not home. "Make yourself at home," they say, because everybody knows that to feel at home is to feel at ease.

"East and West,
Home is best."

Why, at home you are at home, and what more do you want? Nobody grudges you, whatever your appetite may be; and you don't get put into a damp bed. Safe in his own castle, like a king in his palace, a man feels himself somebody, and is not afraid of being thought proud for thinking so. Every cock may crow on his own dunghill; and a dog is a lion when he is at home. A sweep is master inside his own door. No need to guard every word because some enemy is on the watch, no keeping the heart under lock and key; but as soon as the door is shut, it is liberty hall, and none to peep and pry. There is a glorious view from the top of Leith hill, in our dear old Surrey, and Hindhead and Martha's chapel and Boxhill are not to be sneezed at, but I could show you something which to my mind beats them all to nothing for real beauty; I mean John Ploughman's cottage, with the kettle boiling on the hob, singing like an unfallen black angel, while the cat is lying asleep in front of the fire, and the wife in her chair mending stockings, and the children cutting about the room, as full of fun as young lambs. It is a singular fact, and perhaps some of you will doubt it, but that is your unbelieving nature, your little ones are real beauties, always a pound or two plumper than others of their age, and yet it don't tire you half so much to nurse them as it does other peoples' babies. Why, bless you, my wife would give out in half the time, if her neighbor had asked her to see to a strange youngster, but her own children don't seem to tire her at all; now my belief is that it all comes of their having been born at home. Just so it is with everything else; our lane is the most beautiful for 20 miles around, because our home is in it; and my garden is a perfect paradise, for no other particular reason than this very good one, that it belongs to the old house at home.

I cannot make out why so many working men spend their evenings at the public house, when their own firesides would be so much better and cheaper too. There they sit, hour after hour, boozing and talking nonsense, and forgetting the dear good souls at home who are half starved and weary with waiting for them.

Husbands should try to make home happy and holy. It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, a bad man who makes his home wretched. Our house ought to be a little church, with holiness to the Lord over the door, but it ought never to be a prison where there is plenty of rule and order, but little love and no pleasure. Married life is not all sugar, but grace in the heart will keep away most of the sours. Godliness and love can make a man like a bird in a hedge, sing among thorns and briers and set others a singing too. It should be the husband's pleasure to please his wife, and the wife's care to care for her husband. He is kind to himself who is kind to his wife. I am afraid some men live by the rule of self, and when that is the case home happiness is a mere sham. When husbands and wives are well yoked, how light their load becomes! It is not every couple that is a pair, and the more's the pity. In a true home all the strife is which can do the most to make the family happy. A home should be a Bethel, not a Babel. The husband should be the houseband, binding all together like a corner-stone, but not crushing everything like a millstone. Unkind and domineering husbands ought not to pretend to be Christians, for they act clean contrary to Christ's commands. Yet a home must be well ordered, or it will become a Bedlam, and be a scandal to the parish. If the father drops the reins, the family coach will soon be in the ditch. A wise mixture of love and firmness will do it but neither harshness nor softness alone will keep home in happy order.—*Spurgeon.*

Another pet and its fate.—A. L. King, of Suffield, caught a young crow with some white feathers on it, some time ago, and successfully tamed it. The crow was in the habit of always accompanying Mr. King from home to the depot, and then flying home again. The other day the crow perched on the sill of an open window, and pecking at the stick supporting it until he dislodged it, the heavy sash came down upon him and finished his career.—*New Haven Palladium.*

"Bathe every day!" exclaimed the widow Smashpipes, as she dropped the flat-iron upon the horse-shoe with a bang, and looked her neighbor Snubs right in the eye; "why, you don't say so. I never used to think of stripping my Jeems, and giving him a right good wash, but four times a year—onst in the Spring, onst in the Summer, onst in the Fall, and onst in the Winter. Howsomedever, some children ketch dirt sooner than others."

An Irishman being tried for assault and battery in Virginia City, Nevada, when asked by the judge if he had anything to say by way of defense, replied: "Well, your honor, I saw but little of the fight, as I was underneath most of the time.

Poultry Department.

NAMING THE CHICKENS.

There were two little chickens hatched out by one hen,
And the owner of both was our little boy Ben;
So he set him to work, as soon as they came,
To make them a house and find them a name.

As for building a house, Benny knew very well
That he couldn't do that; but his big brother Phil
Must be handy at tools for he'd been to college,
Where boys are supposed to learn all sorts of knowledge.

Phil was very good-natured, and soon his small brother
Had a nice cosy home for his chicks and their mother;
And a happier boy in the country just then
Could not have been found than our dear little Ben.

But a name for his pets it was harder to find,
At least such as suited exactly his mind;
No mother of twins was ever more haunted
With trouble to find just the ones that she wanted.

There were plenty of names, no doubt about that,
But a name that would do for a dog or a cat
Would not answer for chickens so pretty as these;
Or else our dear boy was not easy to please.

These two tiny chickens looked just like each other;
To name them so young would be only a bother.
But with one in each hand, said queer little Ben,
"I want this one a rooster and that one a hen."

Benny knew them apart by a little brown spot
On the head of the one that the other had not;
They grew up like magic, each fat feathered chick,
One at length was named Peggy and the other named Dick.

Benny watched them so closely not a feather could grow
In the dress of those chickens that he did not know;
And he taught them so well they would march at command.
Fly up on his shoulder, or eat from his hand.

But a funny thing happened concerning their names.
Rushing into the house one day, Benny exclaims,
"Oh, mother! Oh, Phil! such a blunder there's been,
For Peggy's the rooster and Dick is the hen!"

—*Christian Union.*

FOWLS PLUCKING FEATHERS.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

I noticed in a recent number of the *Country Gentleman* a little item about fowls plucking feathers from each other, in which the writer claimed that the fowls were after the salt contained in the minute globule of blood at the end of the quill, and that the proper, and *certain remedy* was to feed a small portion of salt in their food occasionally, in the following proportions: "In four parts of wheat bran to one of corn meal, by measure, a tablespoonful of salt in every eight quarts of this mixture scalded and cooled. The salt should be dissolved in hot water before mixing with the food." And as I have frequently had my attention called to fowls which had disfigured themselves in this way, and often been asked for a remedy, I will give you this for the benefit of any readers of the Journal who may happen to be troubled in this way, for what it is worth, and would also like to enquire through the Journal, if any of its readers have ever experimented in this way, and with what success, and if the best fanciers consider this the true theory and solution of the trouble.

Will some experienced fancier please explain.

"Dirigo."

A NOVEL ARTIFICIAL MOTHER.

Mr. J. J. Scott, writing from Llanstephen, Carmarthenshire, to the *Live Stock Journal*, says: "Should you think that the following expedient, which proved successful in rearing a brood of chickens, may be interesting to any of your readers, who might find occasion to resort to something of the same kind under similar circumstances, I place it at your disposal for publication if you see fit. A Cochin hen, that had hatched a brood of my Golden Polish chickens, suddenly died when the chicks were very young, and I fully expected to lose them all, they being with their mother in the coop about two and one-half feet square, in the open air night and day, when an idea struck me that I thought might give just a chance of saving them, viz.: in the corner of the coop farthest from the wired front I placed a little box without a lid, about nine inches wide, inverted, resting on the floor of the coop, with an opening made in one side large enough to admit the little 'orphans' one at a time; about three inches of perfectly dry warmed sea-sand was placed on the floor, inside the box, for them to nestle in, and a few grains of canary seed to tempt them inside. First one, then another, ventured in, till all were huddled together, closely packed, embedded in the warm sand. After the first experience of the nest no inducement was required, they regularly toddled in to sleep, and at intervals during the day, burrowing in the sand, leaving nothing visible but eight or nine little heads peeping out of the sand and each other's fluffy feathers. The sand was not warmed a second time, and the brood, with one exception, throve well, this simple artificial mother proving all that could be required. As they began to get too large to be able to get into the little box altogether, some took to roosting on the top of it, turning out at intervals others from the inside, who were then forced to change places. For a week or so I had the front of the coop at night covered with a piece of matting; in all other respects the birds were treated exactly as if the hen had been with them, except that till six or seven weeks old they were not allowed to roam beyond a small run wired off in front of their coop. After this I think Golden Polish must be admitted not only to be pretty hardy, but to set an admirable example of making the best of things under adverse circumstances, though possibly from a moral point of view their total disregard to the loss of their mother might be objectionable."

OUT WITH IT.

Since it is the nature of man to rebel, or to oppose, for the sake of argument, gain, or principle, we are not surprised to read the several controversies in this valuable Journal.

The exposures made therein, have had a tendency to protect the uninitiated, but there are *several* names which have been omitted from that list, who are *fully* entitled to be there; one Philadelphia "purp" has practiced quite extensively, and those who have been bitten will recognize the biter as a "youth of about nineteen."

The "Paris Houdan" even has had his say with "Todd," while at present we are interested in "Herron vs. Warren."

The Chicago exposure did us no hurt, and still we are not happy.

These controversies are productive of good to the general public, for an unbiassed mind readily forms an opinion, whether a redundancy of words proves the symmetry of a fowl by the Grecian, Ionic, Doric, Corinthian or Composite order of architecture or not.

The battle of the "Standard" has played an important part in the history of the "hen fever," and "Young Breeder," not content with "puffing" his graceful (?) Brahmas, must give the ball another push, to encounter "Ed. P. B."

Stick to *argument* "Y. B.," and you may win the day.

This controversy has recalled to my mind a little history of "Ed. P. B."

"A few years since a "Standard" was issued, said to be unauthorized; Lewis Wright speaks of it, and we all know "who he is." An action taken by the Am. P. Ass'n in regard to one of its prominent members, his reinstatement, and final withdrawal by a notice in *Poultry Bulletin,* which was accepted by the Ass'n when in Chicago, has a strong tendency to point to *other* than an "independent" motive for the course taken. Was not "Ed. P. B." *one* of the "Young Breeders" who assisted in the construction of the new "Standard?"

Does he desire to cast a slur at the editorial management of said Standard? or my dear sir, does his bosom heave with jealousy? Does he harbor any revengeful feelings towards any members of Am. P. Ass'n?

It would strike the average mind, that a Poultry Magazine, controlled by Am. P. Ass'n, who chose an Editor from their ranks for said organ, should withdraw because he desired to act "independent," that there was sharp play somewhere. Doesn't the *Bulletin pay*? and *who* are responsible should any irregularity occur? There may be two sides to this question, if so we should like to hear them. Write this as the book-keeper says, E. &. O. E.

Quiliber.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

United States Centennial Commission,
Philadelphia, July 17th, 1876.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

The Centennial Commission will make awards on broods of fowls, of each variety, consisting of twenty-five specimens, no charge will be made for entrance, the specimens must be bred by the exhibitor, of which he must furnish satisfactory evidence to the Commission at the time of entry.

Very respectfully,

John E. Diehl, Sup't. Poultry Dep.
Burnet Landreth, Chief of Bureau.

AN EXPERIMENT.

Friend Wade:

I have a few facts which seem rather confusing to those who contend eggs will not hatch well after one is broken in the nest, and as you kindly requested me to contribute the results of my experience in hen-culture, will state what has been accomplished with a hen turkey.

Gave her a few lessons in the art of sitting, as the Dutchman did his hen—in December last, and got her settled down to business the first week of January. Put twenty-four hen's eggs under her, and she broke four the first day, and continued to break until they were reduced to eight: from these, five chicks came, and one was smothered, leaving two rotten.

Her next sitting consisted of twenty eggs, of which eight were smashed in the nest; eight gave me living chicks; two smothered and the rest rotted.

Her third sitting contained twenty-five eggs, five of which I removed because unimpregnated. Sixteen developed living chicks, two were broken in the nest, and two chicks smothered.

Having satisfied myself (although but few of my neighbors) that turkeys could be brought to sit upon hen's eggs and bring forth chicks successfully, threw her off the nest. After a few weeks' resting she laid a sitting of eggs, and became broody the *old way;* gave her twenty hen's eggs, from which came fifteen living chicks, one chick smothered, two eggs were broken in the nest, and two were rotten.

My experiment seems to prove that breaking eggs in the nest does not prevent hatching when covered by a turkey.

Hans Schneider, vat you dinks pout "dem bores" now, eh?

J. H.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

REPORTED BY YOUNG BREEDER.

Pedagogue. Editor of Bulletin stand up. What are your specialties?

Editor. Jackass rabbits, snow water, and Brown Leghorns.

Ped. Why do you place rabbits first?

Ed. Wall! I feel a sort of brotherly affection for 'em.

Ped. Correct! Why do you use snow water?

Ed. 'Cos it's *handy* in winter.

Ped. What do you know about Blue Games?

Ed. I dunno much about 'em myself, but that sore-headed feller who sits 'round the Bulletin office does, and says the Standard is out ev jint on em, but he isn't here to-day, so I can't tell nothin' about 'em *now.*

Ped. Why do you persist in fighting the Standard.

Ed. Oh, I had a personal row with one of the fellers who got it up, and thought I'd bust that said Standard in about a couple of weeks, but somehow it didn't bust, and that's what's the matter with Hannah! (so to speak). Them Standard fellers don't seem to care what I say, so I'm having my annual Summer's quarrel with that imp of kussedness, Young Breeder. For such biz, a monthly aint no account. Ef I let him monopolize the Journal he'd get *four licks to my one.* So I've mounted the Journal too, and am entertaining its subscribers with my weakly wisdom on Standards. I once heard a clown man in a circus tell a feller (who was a spectater, and at the same time actin' like Sam Hill, and makin' considerable noise,) "that there were some object in bein' a fool, pervidin' a feller was well paid for it, but there was so many fools ready to act without pay that it worked a great injury to the perfesshion. Of course this wouldn't affect *me,* but the clown man hadn't no business to make such a remark.

Ped. If you do not enjoy the present Standard, why not construct one on your own hook.

Ed. That's jest what I'm doin. In the first place I'd change that outrageous clause on Brahma's and Cochin's shanks. I'd have it "shanks NOT feathered down the outer sides, and the outer toes NOT feathered to the extremities."

Ped. Hum! Ah! You would have them *without any* feathers on the legs would you?

Ed. Yes sir-e-e! Haven't I always bred 'em that way, and don't I know, 'n didn't Burnham originerlly *have 'em so some.* I'm a goin' to have these things fixed to suit me.

Ped. Have you a copy of the Standard?

Ed. I had one last winter, but some feller stole my thick overcoat which I wore to shows, and I haven't seen the feller, nor the overcoat, nor the Standard since.

Ped. How do you expect to answer questions regarding poultry, without the Standard?

Ed. Them soreheaded fellers know all the pints I care about for present use, ginerally.

Ped. Are the Brown Leghorns you advertise bred to Standard or otherwise?

Ed. I guess I'll pass, for in this partickler case I "accept it faithfully, 'n abide by it loyally." Stamps in that box mister, which I don't wish just now to go back on. You see my folks thinks it's about time for a small dividend.

Ped. Which they now vainly hope to receive.

Ed. While I'm striking out for a little 'sessment.

Ped. Which don't you wish you may get?

Unicorn! What's the matter with you?

U. Got the cholera. Ate too much game 'n barnyard sass.

Ped. You may *go out*. Miner! What is your definition of pluck?

M. A Game lickin' an old Buff.

Ped. Why are you so down on Y. B.?

M. I offered him some eggs for his good name, and he said he wouldn't give a dam—

Ped. Stop sir, no such language is tolerated in this school—Is Zero here? (both Zero and the Ed. stand up).

To be continued.

BROWN LEGHORNS.

Ed. Fanciers' Journal:

As your issue of July 17 contains an article headed "A New Variety," and also has Brown Leghorns considerably mixed therein, I am uncommonly interested, because I have bred nothing but B. L. fowls for several years, *i. e.*, on my farm, but have been aiding the cause, espoused by a neighboring farmer, of originating a new breed, and as the readers of this paper know, had a "clash at pens" in regard to the foolhardiness of attempting such a thing. Now first, I think I have seen very many just such cross-bred fowls as brother Welsh has, produced by natives with B. L's.; for instance, put a B. L. cock with a native double comb hen and you will get therefrom single, double, "cup," and various shaped combs. I have seen them with three single combs united at the base, viz: one upright middle comb approaching the Leghorn, and one on either side drooping to each eye, giving to the head a very red appearance. I have seen them single in front and of this kind in the rear, but never saw the order reversed; and furthermore all these crosses lay more eggs than any native or pure bred fowls in existence. I have known of two G. S. Bantam and B. L. crossed hens to lay fourteen eggs per week through the month of November, and nearly through December, seven weeks at least, and one day three eggs came to hand, but one, however, was laid the succeeding day. This is not "guess work;" the enviable position of the owner, from whose lips I received my information, places my authority beyond questioning, and names can be given if necessary, and as these were the only two fowls the gentleman had, and as the next neighbor had none, it seems unnecessary to say that no mistake could have occurred; but when we take a year into the account, and think of getting 300 eggs, we had better "*apply brakes*" before we wreck the train, for "suthin" is going? wrong.

And a stop then,
Saves many a hen.

Now for another cross. I took a counterfeit Brown Leghorn cock (springing from native hens and a Black Spanish cock) and put him with a few B. L. hens, scoring from 80 to 92 points, the counterfeit figuring 90 points. As for the B. Leghorn standard of excellence, well it has surprised many to see the results; not a dark colored, nor dark legged chick has appeared, and but two too light, and they not so far out of the way as chicks out of many $5 settings that I have seen. Now was not this better than having a cock imported and getting *double cup* and other kinds of combs, etc.?

I have not yet put any of these "crossed chicks," as we might say, into my best pens for fear as to the results; yet it will work untold good in keeping another strain unrelated to any B. L's. on earth, and as I promised you Mr. Editor, long ago, I will now send in a description of the *new breed* accompanying their photograph, but will say in advance that it will be no advertisement nor have we any "axe to grind;" and we should be pleased to hear from other true fanciers who may have that interest in this pleasant work that shall inspire them to step right out of Standard rank and breed fowls such as no man ever saw; make your own standard and keep it—away from *the* Standard "knowing what man has done he may do again."

Yours, Bee Leg.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

RAMBLES IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

In the very extreme south-west corner of the Nutmeg State lies the beautiful town of Greenwich. We think we speak understandingly when we use the expression "beautiful town." Looking at it on the map of New England, it would seem as though that after the State lines had been surveyed, or drawn, that little Connecticut was not fully satisfied, but persuaded itself that the little corner adjacent ought to belong to it, and this little corner forms the town of Greenwich. This is one of the noted towns of the Revolution, and it may not be amiss in this Centennial year to call to mind an incident connected with it. It is the scene of the bold, dashing ride of Gen'l Israel Putnam; when he was surrounded by the British on the top of a very high hill (now familiarly known as "Put's Hill"), he at once dashed his horse down the long, steep stone steps, more than a hundred in number, and safely escaped from the enemy. The town lies in a very pretty country, washed on the south by the waters of Long Island Sound. At Rocky Neck Point is the beautiful house erected by the "Americus Club," which held full sway in the days of the "Tweed Ring." Here, also, is the handsome summer residence of Tweed himself—now occupied by his family. How soon he may occupy it again himself is a matter for conjecture. The town is a noted summer resort for the wealth of New York City, it being but forty minutes ride by rail. And Greenwich is not without its "Fanciers," and some on more than an ordinary scale. A pleasant drive of a few miles through valleys and over hills, and we reach the extensive yards of Messrs. Bacon & Spinning. They have a large orchard of several acres with neat, substantial poultry houses and latticed runs, and the visitor in search of good stock will not be disappointed in either quality or quantity! They Breed Brahmas, Cochins, Leghorns, and Pekin Ducks, and can be relied upon to "do the square thing" every time. A short ride down the valley, and a sight meets our view that reminds us of a small settlement in the far west! A number of small, neat houses, dotted over a large field in regular order, at once indicate the home of a "Fancier." We inquire for "the man of the house," and are introduced to Mr. S. K. Ferris. He kindly showed us through his yards—some twenty in number. He has been breeding fowls quite extensively for years, and has a large farm devoted to the raising of various kinds of stock. A few years since he realized the fact that a fowl that would sell for ten dollars could be raised about as cheaply as one that would sell for seventy-five cents! He commenced with Light and Dark Brahmas, afterwards adding Buff and Partridge Cochins, Plymouth Rocks, Bantams, and Ducks, and for three years past he has bred for Mr. J. F. Ferris a large flock of White Leghorns, which have been so largely advertised by Mr. F., and are pretty extensively known as the "Ferris Strain" of White Leghorns! Large flocks of young birds were scattered over the meadows, and we were told he had several hundred chicks nearly mature. Though he never exhibits, his sales to exhibitors are large, and birds bred by him have carried off the honors at many of our shows.

Later in the evening, after a ride of a mile, we took the train at Stamford, and a ride of three hours brings us to Hartford, the new home of the Fancier's Journal.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

1916—OR WHAT IT THEN WILL BE.

BY G. O. BROWN.

"Well, well! I'd never have known you in the world. Then you've been wrecked, cast away on a lonely island for thirty-five years. Lemme see—I remember that wreck, it was the steamer Hunter, in the year o' 1881. Well, Dusenberry, you *do* look a *little Enoch Ardenish*. Forty years; that's a life time. Who'd a thought it war so long since me and you war in the 'fancy,' as we then used to call it; but we call it *thoroughbred poultry business*, now."

"Wall, yes, its a long time since those are days, and I hev bin thro' 'nuf for ten ord'nary men—but how is the poultry biz' now-a-days, or has it all died out, eh?"

"By no means—why, I am still at it—to be sure the boys they have the management, but the 'General' as they call me, will go the rounds every day. Why, havn't you kept note on the changes since you left Cackletown?"

"Wall, *no*, not 'zactly—Enoch Ardening on a lonely ilen for nigh about thirty-five year, I kinder lost all 'thusiasm for anything 'cept lookin' out for a sail, 'sides Mother Carey stock was all I had to note, eh?"

"Then come with me, and let us see, what we are doing now-a-days. Now this first yard is the White Leghorns. They are still the wonderful egg producers; but you notice improved in size, but now we also breed them for their combs, which command an enormous price. The quotations you see in the '*Daily Fanciers' Journal*,' of '*Spanish Steaks*' at $5 per pound, that means Leghorn and Spanish combs. We get *four* crops a year, by feeding a patent comb producing food. You remember we used to keep J. Boardman Smith's strain, they stood the test, and even now 'Smith's strain' is considered the best. All eggs are now sold by the pound, excepting Bantams', and Bantam eggs are sold by the *quart*. You recollect, forty years ago, twelve pounds was considered good weight for a Brahma—well, now a Light Brahma cock, exhibition weight, is from 25 to 27 pounds."

"Wall that's *heavy*, that is."

"Yes, to what it used to be. The Cochins are about the same weight, except with the Partridge variety, and the *Edmunds* Pea Comb Strain now predominates. There are hardly any single combs among the Partridge. Their weight is rated four to six pounds heavier than the Brahmas—*look out*! there comes William's youngest boy down the lane, racing again. He will run that bird to death. He's the worst grandson I've got."

"What, is it an ostrich he's got hitched to that cart?

"Why bless you no, its a bronze turkey cock. They are used now in carts and sulkys, and can get over the ground lively as most horses can. That one Johnny has, weighs 250 pounds, and has been around the fair ground track, seven-eighths of a mile, in *three thirty*—a heavy track at that. Johnny has a team of Buff cochins that he has broke to draw that baby-wagon over there on the porch. They're splendid drivers. There's the Black Reds—games are games now-a-days. Come here Toby—down—don't you see—now I'll just show you how we keep up the game qualities—he will lay down that way any time to have the *boxers* put on."

"What on earth are you doing'?"

"O yes—I forgot—well we found out that breeding game fowls to a feather, without ever testing their courage, that the result was they was games by *name* but *not* by *nature*, and the laws were so stringent, no cock fights would be permitted, so some one invented the boxers. These little buckskin balls go on the spurs like that. Now just wait until I get that old Duckwing from the other yard."

"Lemme hold that Black Red till you get him. This feller seems eager for the fray."

"Here he is; set yours down—now boys show yourselves—do you see that? That Duckwing strikes beatifully. Hillo, Toby's paid him back with interest, if it had been the clean spur, it would killed him—go it Toby—bravo, first knock down for Toby."

"Take 'em apart, I can't stand it, it makes me feel like a boy. Don't you remember the time we used to hook a stag, and work our way around thro' the fields to Will Burleigh's barn yard, and get over the high board fence and whistle '*Bob White*' till Will come out with his bird, and we had a set-to? That's the way *I'd* like to test 'em now.—Old times was the best after all."

"Yes, put 'em back—that's it. This next yard is Houdans; they are as heavy as the Brahmas *used* to be, are considered one of the finest fowls we have. Their bones have been bred down to a mere apology. The standard crest is eight inches in diameter; the beard six inches in length and pinkish-white ear lobes."

"Why, don't you remember forty years ago, what difficulty we had trying to breed *red* ear lobes?"

"Yes, I know, but now they *must be* pinkish white. Them's Plymouth Rocks—thare very different from what we used to breed. They're from the original '*Dickey*' strain, noted for their size and true breeding—breed as true as Hamburgs. There is also a strain with pea combs. Now look in the next yard, what do you think of them?"

"They're nice; I spose they're Dominiques?"

"Yes, that's what they are, but look at their *size*.

"I allus know'd they was a good bird."

"Yes, and they hold their own with any of them to this day, and lay like Hamburgs."

"Now here are some beauties, the white crested Black Polands, not a black feather in their crests. There is also a *bearded* variety; beard and crest snow white. The White Polands—all other strains but Sperry's are bred out. The best strain of Dark Brahmas we have is known as the *Brennon* strain."

"That's not "Jimmy" who used to manage the Sharpless birds, is it?"

"That's exactly who the strain is named after. *Bantams* must not weigh over ten ounces now."

"What's them down on that pond, geese?

"No, they're ducks. Come down if you want to see *what* ducks are."

"Pekins I 'spose."

"Not by a pondful; they're the Bicknell strain Aylesbury, and we also keep Bicknell Rouens and Cayugas."

To be Continued.

Boiling Eggs for Setting.—A guilty rascal, who tried it, writes to the *Canada Farmer*, giving his experience in boiling eggs to destroy them for hatching. Wishing to obtain chickens from the eggs of a neighbor, and failing to do so by honorable means, he took the following course; carrying six of his own eggs, previously dipped in boiling water, he placed them under a hen of his neighbor's and took, in exchange, the same number of the coveted eggs. But what was his surprise, some weeks afterwards, to learn that every one of the dipped eggs hatched out a bright, healthy chicken, all ready to swear the act of deception upon the guilty party.

The editor of the *Farmer* replies that, in France, it is a common practice to repeatedly dip eggs in boiling water two or three days previous to the time for hatching, to prevent the chick from dying. If eggs will stand such treatment, dishonest dealers had better change their "dark" ways.—*N. E. F.*

What fowl is most like a carriage in the Chinese Empire? Coach-in China.

"Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and who cannot be persuaded to say it."

Sportsman's Department.

CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA.

ORGANIZATION AND DUTIES OF THE JUDGES ON LIVE STOCK.

1. Awards shall be based on written reports, attested by the signatures of their authors.

2. Reports will be based upon inherent and comparative merit, the elements of merit being specifically mentioned.

3. The judges assigned to each group will choose from among themselves a chairman and a secretary. They must keep regular minutes of their proceedings. Reports recommending awards shall be made and signed by a judge in each group, stating the grounds of the proposed award, and such reports shall be accepted, and the acceptance signed by a majority of the judges in such group.

4. The reports of the judges recommending awards, must be returned to the Chief of the Bureau of Awards not later than ten days after the close of the Exhibition, in each group.

5. Awards will be finally decreed by the United States Centennial Commission, in compliance with the act of Congress of June 1, 1872, and will consist of a special report of the judges on the subject of the award, together with a diploma and a uniform bronze medal.

6. In addition to reports on the merits of individual exhibits, the judges of each group will be expected to render a report general in its nature, summarizing the Exhibition in their group, and indicating the recent progress noted in breeding, rearing, or training.

7. Vacancies in the corps of judges will be filled by the authority which made the original appointment. No exhibitor can be a judge in the group in which he is a competitor.

8. The Chief of the Bureau of Awards will be the representative of the United States Centennial Commission in its relations to the judges; upon request, he will decide all questions which may arise during their proceedings in regard to the interpretation and application of the rules adopted by the Commission relating to awards, subject to an appeal to the Commission.

Group 33. Dogs—from Sept. 4th to the 8th.

Class.	Class.
810 Fox hounds.	826 Retrievers and Chesapeake dogs.
811 Harriers.	827 Irish water spaniels.
812 Beagles.	828 Retrieving spaniels.
813 Dachshunds.	929 Cockers.
814 Otter hounds.	830 King Charles & Blenheim.
815 Greyhounds.	831 Springers.
816 Scotch deer-hounds.	832 Clumbers.
817 Bloodhounds.	833 Mastiffs.
818 Imported English setters.	834 St. Bernards.
819 Native English setters.	835 Newfoundlands.
820 Imported Irish setters.	836 Siberian or Ulm.
821 Native Irish setters.	837 Dalmatian or coach.
822 Imported Gordon setters.	838 Sheep dogs.
823 Native Gordon setters.	839 Bull dogs.
824 Pointers, over fifty pounds.	840 Bull terriers.
825 Pointers, under fifty pounds.	

Class.	Class.
841 Fox terriers.	847 Bedlington.
842 Black and tan terriers.	848 Toys.
843 Skye terriers.	849 Pomeranian or Spitz.
833 Scotch terriers.	850 Poodles.
845 Broken haired.	851 Miscellaneous.
836 Dandy Dinmonts.	

Group 34. Poultry—from Oct. 27th to Nov. 6th.

Class.	Class.
860 Asiatic fowls.	864 American and miscellane's.
861 Spanish, Hamburg, Leghorns.	865 Turkeys.
862 French, Polish, Dorking.	866 Columbarian.
863 Games and Game Bantams.	867 Ornamental.
	868 Aquatic.

Entries will close August 10th.

For further information refer to Form No. 187, which will be furnished on application.

A. T. GOSHORN,
Director-General.

BURNET LANDRETH,
Chief of Bureau of Agriculture.

July 10, 1876.

Items.

A London genius has attached a whistle to the end of his dog's tail. By this arrangement the dog can call his master.

Miss Rose—"Goodness! the fire is out. I thought it was very cold." Beau—"Shall I get my overcoat and put it on you?" Miss Rose—"Oh, no; but (glancing at the clock) hadn't you better put it on yourself?"

A gentleman, having an appointment with another who was habitually unpunctual, to his great surprise, found him waiting. He thus addressed him: "Why, I see you are here first at last. You were always behind before; but I am glad to see you have become early of late."

"And again," reports a committee of the Texas Legislature, to whom a resolution taxing dogs—males $1 a year and females $5—had been referred. "We think that the bill itself makes invidious distinction between the sexes. We are humanly, speaking, fully prepared to admit the superiority of the gentler sex; but we are not so sure that the difference is five per cent."

Signor Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in the "experiments." "Sir," said the signor, "do you think I could put the coins which that lady holds into your coat pocket?" "No," said the boy, confidently. "Think not?" "I know you couldn't," said the little fellow, with great firmness. "Why not?" "Cause the pocket is all torn out."

An eastern paper having had considerable to say about "raising chickens by hand," the Galveston *News* responds: "Such information is not needed at the south. The whole colored population know how to do it, and an enterprising freedman can raise more pullets in a single night, on his way home from prayer meeting, than that eastern editor could raise in a year with all his science."

Lies of the Day.—A lie has no legs, and cannot stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.—Warburton. With the adaptability of a lie, sia has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—Lord Brougham. A lie begets others; one lie must be thatched with another, or it will soon rain through.—Lord Thurlowe.

"And the Parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise,
That a lie which is half a lie is ever the blackest of lies;
That a lie that is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.
—Tennyson.

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FOWL AND PET STOCK TRANSACTIONS.

It is well known that for the past twenty years a deep and increasing interest has been taken in what is termed Pigeon and pet stock generally; and as this interest continues to widen and enlarge, transactions in fur and feathered stock must proportionally be augmented, and with such a volume of business done, not merely in a state, but all over the civilized world, nine parts of which are prosecuted by letter, and by parties who are entire strangers to each other, it is surprising that more misunderstandings do not occur.

It is, however, palpable to all honest fanciers, that much chaff follows in the train of the wheat, who avail themselves of the temptation to impose upon the unwary for a season. Now the grand question arises, how to prevent or mitigate this evil. In cases of grievance or rupture between recognized brother fanciers, where is the talisman to adjust and reconcile? We know the press does what it can in exposing the delinquents, but the dis honest may reap a harvest by advertising before his character is known and his name entered upon the black list. This is a serious subject for the contemplation of our local and national poultry asssociations. We might here venture, as remedies, two propositions or suggestions for their consideration. In the first place, when there is a difference of opinion between two parties over a purchase or exchange, and the two parties cannot arrange a settlement, then let the case be referred to an umpire or commission, appointed by any poultry society they may agree upon, who shall adjudge the animals and the circumstances of the case and give a final decision, which shall be binding upon the persons concerned. Secondly, some system of permits or license to sell pet stock might be issued by the local poultry society of the town or city, or the nearest society to the place where the fanciers reside; and such a permit shall be considered a guarantee from such a society, or recommendation, we might say, that such person is honorable and safe to purchase of by letter, by any one at a distance, and the public generally. And subsequently, should such a member, in possession of such a license, be guilty of an alleged fraud, and he refuses to make an honorable adjustment, then the case might be referred to the president of the society that issued the license, who, after due consideration of the affair, finds the said member guilty, he shall forthwith degrade him from membership, and publish his name in the poultry journals of the United States and Canada, in a list which shall be denominated the "Black Roll," for a year; but should such a member earlier repent and pay all fines and dues contained in his sentence, then he may be restored to an honorable footing, as before. Of course, if this plan was inaugurated, parties not having such permits would be shunned.

But, to give a reasonable and candid view of this subject, we are far from looking upon it as a one-sided question. The honorable and square dealers everywhere know that the purchaser is not always the wronged party. The fancier frequently sends a second setting of eggs, worth from $3 to $5 per dozen, to appease the demands of a churlish or dishonorable customer, although he cannot ensure the eggs from the trials they pass through on the way. We knew of an instance that occurred where a superior trio of fowls was sold for something over $100 to a gentleman living at a distance, who, upon their arrival, rejected them before removing them from the crate. The birds were promptly returned, and so was the money. Shortly afterwards, the would-be purchaser saw the identical trio on exhibition, fell in love with them, and begged to re-purchase them, but without success. Then again, the fancier is daily and weekly bored with all sorts of letters, half of them trying to get twenty-five dollar birds for three or four dollars. The following may be taken as a sample of some of them:

"Dear Sir: Have you got a trio of your —— for sale? If so, scale me a trio that will reach 95 or over, and send me the lowest price."

And truly $25 by some persons would be considered an exorbitant sum for such birds, and should any accident occur to them on the way, the purchaser wishes to send them back, while the fancier spends frequently immense sums to import the best birds from Europe that can be had there, and bears any loss, that not unfrequently happens, with patience and resignation. He goes to the expense of introducing fresh blood into the stock, from which not only he but others derive the advantages. We are not hasty to condemn a well-known fancier of honorable standing, but we do desire to see some means adopted whereby brother fanciers can amicably settle their differences without brandishing them to the public. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

CORRESPONDENCE.

HANOVERVILLE, PA.

MR. WADE:—

Would be much obliged if some one would give a short description of Creve Cœurs in JOURNAL, as they are something new in this vicinity. J. B.

OFFICERS OF THE BERKSHIRE COUNTY POULTRY AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.

President, J. DORWART.
Vice-Presidents, SOL. SHEARER, A. G. GRETH.
Secretary, DR. S. B. HECKMAN.
Treasurer, WM. A. ARNOLD.

PIGEONS.

MR. EDITOR:

My Pigeons, especially my White Fans, are covered with little lice; their flight and tail feathers completely infested. I have tried kerosene oil, but that does not do the business. They have plenty of water for bathing, and my place is whitewashed thoroughly, and they have good, clean, coarse sand in abundance. What would you advise me to do? AMATEUR.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Anemone.—We have in Wisconsin the pasque anemone; anemone patens which resembles the ysam pasque flower. After a few warm spring days, it sends up a downy bud so covered with thread like leaves, that one would never suspect a bloom until the pale purple tulip-shaped flower appears. After blooming, its finely cut leaves grow. Its root is large and coarse, and loves a poor sandy soil. It bears transplanting well and makes a pleasing border, blooming with the earliest spring flowers.

Mrs. M. E. Doane.

—A Celtic Battle-Axe.—Recently, while Mr. W. H. Hood, artist, of Wigton, Cumberland, was engaged in sketching in the neighborhood of Canonbie, Dumfriesshire, he discovered in an open drain, half buried in soil, the stone head of a Celtic battle axe, composed of green stone, measuring 11½ inches long, 4 inches broad, and 3½ inches in thickness. This is half an inch thicker than the stone Celt found some years ago at Woolaton, in Nottinghamshire, considered to be the largest Celt hitherto found in England or Scotland.

—The Newark and Clinton Horse Car Company have introduced an invention on the road whereby horses can be supplied with water while traveling. The arrangement, which is very simple, consists of a reservoir of water on top of the car, with rubber tubes leading therefrom to the bits in the horses' mouths, the bits being hollow and perforated with small holes. The driver can at pleasure open the tubes and cause the water to run into the mouths of the animals. Camels do better; they have reservoirs inside of them.

—The origin of the name "Kangaroo" is thus described in a recent work of Mr. F. Buckland: "When Capt. Cook first discovered Australia he saw some natives on the shore, one of them holding a dead animal in his hand. The Captain sent a boat's crew ashore to purchase the animal, and finding on receiving it that it was a beast quite new to him, he sent a boatswain back to ask the natives its name. 'What do you call this 'ere animal?' said the sailor to the naked native. The native shook his head and answered, 'Kan-ga-roo,' which means in Australian lingo, 'I don't understand.' When the sailor returned to the ship the Captain said, 'Well, what's the name of the animal?' The sailor replied, 'Please, sir, the black party says it is a Kangaroo.' The beast has kept this name ever since."

—A Spitting Snake.—There is a dangerous snake, not uncommon about Benjuelila, West Africa, called by the natives *nojo neje*, and by the Portuguese *cuspedira*. It is small in size, and remarkable from its habit of spitting when interfered with. The saliva is ejected to considerable distances, and is said to cause blindness if it touches the eyes. One of the snakes was captured by the natives and brought to where some English miners were at work. It was teased by a miner who was standing over the cage, which was on the ground, and retaliated by a discharge of spittle.

Some of the liquid entered one of the miner's eyes, and though the eye was immediately washed out with water it was very much irritated for several days. The snake was killed before any experiment could be made with it by the scientific superintendent of the mine; he has, however, no doubt of the miner's statement and that of his companions, corroborated as it is by the testimony of the natives and the Portuguese.

—Wild Animals.—A correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald* recently states that the decks of the greatship which did duty as royal yatch were crowded with people, who displayed as much curiosity as though they were in the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park. But few of the collection succumbed to the effects of the voyage, The tigers, indeed from all accounts, were particularly lively passengers, one of them, a young one, having given proof of its incapacity to appreciate confinement by biting off the hand of a midshipman. The visitors were conducted over the menagerie by the sailors, who took especial delight in showing off the proclivities of their pets. The snake killing mongoose was exhibited by one Jack tar, while another romped around with a large black bear. The elephants were made lions of, and reaped plenteous harvests of cakes and oranges in return for the incessant salutations with which they greeted the visitors. Two little buffaloes, intended as a team for the carriage of the Prince's children, were objects of much curiosity, and they would no doubt make a sensation if "tooled" down the "ladies' mile" by the royal boys. The Osborne had on board the most interesting members of the show, in the shape of two baby elephants, of wonderful sagacity and gentleness, which, during the voyage, have been accustomed to roam at will about the ship like big dogs. Their names are "Rustom" and "Omar" and the resemblance between them is so close that they can only be distinguished by the names on their collars. They worked their passage home by acting as ash hoisters, and when the Osborne entered the harbor on Thursday they took up their station with much gravity and decorum upon the paddle box beside the Captain, keeping up an incessant salaam in the direction of the chilly land for which they have changed their sultry clime.

Antelopes, Cashmere sheep, four-horned sheep, wild dogs, musk deer and an immense panther are among the remainder of the collection, which consists altogether of 134 animals and birds. They will find a temporary resting place at the Zoological Gardens, where a new tent has been erected for them. Tickets for the "Zoo," on Sundays, will doubtless be in great demand, for ever since the day when the royal menagerie at the Tower of London ceased to be one of the London sights, English kings and princes have not indulged in this ancient appendage of royalty.

A Funny Fellow.—With body pertly erect, and its queer little eyes looking in opposite directions, the sea horse is the most grotesque little creature in marine life. It is only three or four inches long, but has more character and dignity than any animal I have ever had in my *aquarium*. Its head is shaped much like that of our common horse, the resemblance being made greater by the fins which project from the sides of the neck like ears. The general color is ashen gray, with almost indiscernable spots of blue, and in certain lights various hues play over the body. The peculiar corrugated appearance of its body, together with the silvery metallic spangles with which it is studded, remind one of the tiniest of knight-errants clad in a suit of mail. The dorsal fin, fringed and bordered with yellow, is a marvel of beauty; and the prehensile tail, with which the owner attaches itself to a fixed object, is used in wonderful fashion.—The little fellow tires easily, and is obliged to rest often.

Sea-Horses and Serpula.

The female sea horse is the most fortunate of mothers, the question of "Woman's Rights" having been settled centuries ago, for the model husband is furnished with a pouch in which he carries the young. When the eggs are ready, the female deposits them in the pouch without the least ceremony, and swims away, free from further responsibility. One would think it sufficient that the male should have to hatch the eggs; but his duties do not end here, for he is obliged to find nourishment for the young. The pouch contains a thick lining of fat, and upon this the little sea-horses feed until the parent concludes they are strong enough to take care of themselves, when they are unceremoniously forced out of his pouch into the water. They seem very bewildered at first, and do not appear to make comfortable use of surroundings, but after struggling for a moment or two they clasp each other's tails, and float about in a mass. The male sea-horse makes ready to expel his offspring with apparent deliberation. He will often attach himself to a piece of coral and make careful investigation, then glide to a piece of dead *serpula*, and examine wisely; not being satisfied here perhaps, he will find an attractive rock, and conclude it it is a proper place to introduce his children. He first fastens his tail firmly to the lower part, then presses his pouch against the side of the rock, and the little ones come forth.

The sea-horse is ridiculously curious, and examines carefully every new object placed in the tank. He does not turn to one side when particularly interested, like many of the finny tribe, but has an intent direct gaze. The eyes of a sea horse look in different

directions, and it has appeared to me that he can examine two objects at once without confusion of vision.

I have seen a shrimp nibble the tail of a sea-horse, and the deliberate and important manner in which he turned his head and looked down upon the shrimp, was very amusing. They can show quite an amount of indignation when imposed upon. A shrimp often settles upon the back of a sea-horse and rides about a tank, and the sea-horse will drive about in all directions to get him off. When not succeeding, I have seen them swim against the planst with all the violence of their little bodies, and thus free themselves.

Six sea horses have lived successfully in my tank at once. They were caught at Princess Bay. They were very shy at first and eager to hide among the green sea-lettuce, but were soon sufficiently tamed to feed from my fingers. I fed them with live shrimp at first, by breaking open the backs and presenting the exposed flesh. They would suck this all out at once, with a quick, sharp noise.

But this process of feeding was troublesome. I thought of *serpula*, and imagining how easily the sea-horse could suck the animal from the tube, resolved to make a trial of it for food. Remembering, too, that there were quantities of it where my sea-horses were caught, it occurred to me that it might be their natural food. I placed several large pieces in the tank, and from the knowing movements of the sea-horses, concluded that they recognized friends.

The *serpula* did not enjoy transportation, and for several hours kept hidden in their cells. The sea-horses seemed acquainted with their moods, however, and kept swimming about them and watching them carefully. After a time the feathery heads began to appear; but as soon as one came out it was devoured in an instant. I have since fed the sea-horses upon *serpula*, being obliged to replenish occasionally when animals would be all eaten out of the shells.—*Ida B. Roberts.*

[For the above interesting article we are indebted to "Baldwin the clothier" for permission to copy it from his interesting monthly, issued from the north east corner of Broadway and Canal St., N. Y.—Ed.]

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending July 23, 1876.

2 Red Foxes (*Vulpez fulous*). Presented by Joseph M. Wilson, Washington, D. C.

2 Ring Doves (*Turtur risorius*). Presented by E. M. Bruce, Phila.

1 Loggerhead Turtle (*Chelonia caretta*). Presented.

2 Horned Frogs (*Phrynosana cornuta*). Presented by Mrs. E. E. Kerper, Phila.

6 Horned Frogs (*P. cornuta*). Presented.

2 Hawk Owls (*Surnia ulula*). Presented by S. N. Hill, Concordville, Pa.

2 Ring Doves (*Turtur risorius*). Presented by John Emery, Cheltenham, Pa.

1 Wood Ibis (*Tautulus loculator*). Presented.

(For the week ending July 31, 1876.)

1 Belted Kingfisher (*Ceryle alcyon*).

1 Falcon (*Falco mexicanus*). Presented by Martin Goldsmith, Camden, N. J.

2 Great Horned Owls (*Bubo virginianus*). Presented by Sam. N. Hill. Concordville, Pa.

1 Turkey Buzzard (*Cathartes aura*). Presented by S. N. Still, Maloem, Pa.

1 Opossum and young (*Didelphys virginiana*). Presented by J. Brainard and C. C. Ellis. Washington, D. C.

1 English Blackbird (*Turdus merula*). Presented by L. J. Clark, Phila.

2 Mexican Hairless Dogs, Presented by Master John Yarrow, Washington, D. C.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen'l. Sup't.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS AND THE FATE OF SOME OF THEM.

BY HUON.

No. 6. The Pet Owl.

[Newly arrived Missionary in the Cannibal Islands to Native.]

M. "Did you know my friend, the late Missionary who died among you?"

N. "O yes, me knew him welly well."

M. "Know him intimately did you—Did he agree with your people pretty well?"

N. "O yes, me knew him welly well—*me help eat him.* Him *agreed with me welly well.*"—*Report of a Missionary.*

A friend has imparted to me the following account of a "Pet and its fate," which I give as it was told me "nothing extenuating or setting down aught in malice."

"Some years ago," said my friend, "having some literary work I wished to finish without fear of interruption I took up my abode for the Summer months at an out of the way, country tavern, several miles remote from the busy city's noise.

My landlord was the owner of quite a number of pets, ranging from bears to canaries, and among others a long-eared owl (*Otus wilsonianus,*) which had but one leg, and on that one the poor bird of wisdom went hopping about in such a ludicrous manner, that the creature became to me, at once almost, an object of interest. Inquiring into its history I learned how it lost its leg. My landlord informed me that as he was sitting on his porch one evening just after a storm, something suddenly cast upon him a flitting shadow, and in the next instant he heard the crash of breaking glass, which, upon inspection proved to be a large light splintered into many pieces by an owl, which was prostrate in the dining room, unable to fly further. The owl had evidently been attracted by a canary which was singing in its cage within the room, hence the intrusion. The canary was unhurt and safe, but the burglarious owl had, in contact with the glass cut one of its legs nearly off. "My first thought," said the landlord, "was to take the would-be robber and murderer (for I had no doubt it had come for my canary,) and wring its neck;—my next was to remember that the bird was but following out the law of nature—seeking its food where it could be found—and so in pity for its fearful mistake and its results, I determined to save its life, if I could, and place it among my pets.

Amputation, so nearly performed by the glass, was soon completed, and with some healing remedy and bandages you see the result; but I must say in conclusion, that "Burglar"—that's the name I gave him—has been more trouble, annoyance, loss, and plague to me than all my other pets put together. Sometimes I wish I had wrung the rascal's neck as I had at first intended." "Such was my landlord's story," said my friend, and he continued; "having but little to see or interest me in the few moments of leisure I could spare from my writing, I fraternised with this one legged pet owl which soon hopped after me in its ludicrous fashion, and became to me a most affable companion, as well as a great source of amusement in a place, which, as I have intimated, was not overstocked with that material.

Well, time went on, my work was nearly done, and so one day I told my landlord I should leave him after next day's dinner, at which time I requested him to have my bill ready, that I might pay and take my departure.

When the morning of my last day came, I missed my feathered friend, and for some time I searched for him, or her, I know not to this day to which gender my pet belonged—but all in vain,—I found him, or her not; though I hunted up and down. Finally the dinner hour came, and the dinner with it. I should have told you that I had my meals served me in my room, and when my dinner was brought up by Katy the neat serving maid, I found among the things a curious morsel of game, nicely cooked and

sauced, but which struck me as something strange inasmuch that it had no legs.

What kind of bird is this, Katy? I enquired, but just then she was suddenly called away, and I received no answer; and in the next moment, as requested, in came my landlord with his bill, and a bottle of currant wine (home made and excellent,) which he had brought to me as a parting present. Of course I invited him to help me drink it, and when he was seated on the opposite side of the table the following conversation took place:

Myself. Landlord—by the way, what has become of that pet owl which I was so fond of? I have been looking for it all the morning and can find it no where!

Landlord. (interrupting.) "I hope you have been satisfied with your accommodations while here?"

Myself. "Quite so. But the owl?—I am sorry I couldn't find the poor lame thing—I got quite attached to it."

Landlord. (still dodging the question). "We have endeavored to give you a soup, a stew, a roast, and some game every day, sir, and I hope you will find your bill correct; and the charges satisfactory."

Myself. (glancing at the sum total). "Quite so. But about the owl?" [You see a horrid suspicion came over me]—What could have become of it? Cats, you know will"—

Landlord. (still ignoring the questions). "I was much afraid that I would have no game for you on this your last day with us, and it seemed to me with all my efforts, I was likely not to have your favorite game dish for you, which you have just now finished with apparent relish, when fortunately—

Myself. (horrified at the thought). "I have not eaten my pet? You did not kill that dear, one-legged, ludicrous owl for me?"

Landlord. "Kill it? Oh no, sir! I assure you I did not kill it!—I was about to tell you that, fortunately, it *died some time during last night!*"

"I paid my bill and departed from hostelry, never more to enter its doors, but since that time, I can eat anything set before me."

Such was my friend's story, and such the fate of the pet owl with one leg.

"To what base uses may we come at last."

A SPIDER CAPTURES A MOUSE.

The wonderful little spider which captured the mouse, and is elevating it into its parlor at Mr. Michael Gross's carpenter shop on Greatmen, between Elysian Fields and Marigny streets, of which we gave an account yesterday morning, is still busily engaged in its herculean task, and filling the numerous persons who visit it with amazement. This astonishing little insect is of the black species, and very small, a fact that renders the feat which it now performs the more marvelous. The mouse was accustomed, when on a predatory excursion, to emerge from a hole under the bench where the spider dwells, and pass into the carpenter shop, where the bench stands. The enterprising spider, who had no doubt watched for a long time the movements, laid a trap for the unsuspecting young mouse, and Monday morning, when it started out on its daily rounds, the little spider, who was on the lookout, tightened the thread which she had prepared for her victim, whose hind legs had been entangled in them as it passed out of its hole, and soon secured it. Immediately after the legs had been caught, the spider fastened another thread to the mouse's tail, and after several hours constant work, succeeded in raising the prey's hind quarters, and continued so doing till the tip of the mouse's nose only touched the floor. Having thus rendered it helpless, the little spider industriously set to work multiplying its fastenings. After a few more hours' labor, the mouse was raised an inch from the floor, the spider working as if with a pulley. In its terrible contortion to release itself, the mouse managed to sever the fastenings around its hind legs, but so strong were the threads which suspended it in the air, and so securely were they attached to its tail, that all efforts to break them proved fruitless. Mr. Gross, taking great interest in the proceedings, left the spider undisturbed, and during almost the whole of Monday night, with several friends, watched its workings attentively. The little insect, after taking her position on her victim's tail, commenced manipulating the threads and working. Gradually could the astonished witnesses of this wonderful feat see the mouse creep up, and the threads, descending from their fastenings under the corner of the bench to the mouse's tail, increased in number, and during the twenty-four hours ending yesterday evening the threads had so increased that it became impossible to count them, and the mouse, which was still alive, though quite weakened, had been raised from one to three and a half inches from the floor. The spider, during the whole time of its work, sat on the mouse's tail, only leaving its position at long intervals, when he would cautiously creep down the tail to its roots and there feed upon the blood of the mouse. Then, resuming its position on the end of the tail, it would again begin its work. This unheard of capture of a mouse by so small an insect, and its ingenious manner of elevating it, has excited the wonder and admiration of thousands of visitors, among whom may be mentioned several scientific men and physicians, who assembled in large crowds at Mr. Gross's carpenter shop to witness the progress of the gigantic task which the little spider has undertaken and is successfully bringing to an issue. Mr. Gross will leave them undisturbed and carefully watch the result, as every one is anxious to see what the spider will do with his captive after it dies, and how far it will elevate it.—*N. O. Picayune.*

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

W. H. RATHBONE, Uncasville, Conn., has some choice Light Brahma chicks, hatched March '76, which he wishes to exchange for Black Hamburg or Brown Leghorn pullets, or young fowls; has also some choice White Leghorn cockerels to exchange.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., will exchange a Magic Lantern, 125 slides, (cost $200.00): also a Graves Incubator, for P. C., B. L., and Houdan chicks. Fancy points no object.

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will give Shepherd pups and Fancy Pigeons, for Golden Sebright Bantam Cock, or White Crested Black Poland fowls or chicks.

F. PEPPARD, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange 1 scroll saw, (Wallace), 1 press, $100 worth of Type, also White Cochins, for a good key, check, outfit, or learners' telegraph instrument. Write, stating what you want.

W. D. HUMPHREY, JR., Tarrytown, N. Y. would like to exchange a trio of Dominique Leghorn chicks, March birds, (Aaron Low stock), for a pair of Java Games, or Cooper's Work on Game Fowls.

E. M. BIDWELL, Natick, R. I., will exchange 1 pair Blue Owls, value $6; 3 pair Black and Blue Tumblers, at $3 per pair; and 1 pair Black and White Fans, value $5, for a pair White Crested Fans, not akin, good breeders, and worth $20.

WILLIAMSON, care of 64 E. Eager St., Baltimore, Md., has a beautiful Gordon and English Setter Bitch, (sire imported), stands well, sixteen months old, to exchange for a good cartridge revolver, White Barbs, Black African Bantams, or offers. Write and give full particulars.

J. E. WILMARTH, Lock Box 95, Taunton, Mass., would like to exchange Light Brahma fowls, or White Leghorns, for Fancy Pigeons. My stock is good. I want the same. Speak quick.

M. V. RUYDENBURGH, Bay Shore, Suffolk Co., L. I., will exchange Imperial Pekin Ducks for a thoroughbred Beagle Hound, about one year old, or offers.

FANCIER, Box 233, Tamaqua, Pa., wants to exchange a 10-key Accordeon, 2 good Violins, 1 Show Case, 2 Parrot Cages, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Electric Battery, 1 Rifle, 3 triple Fowl Coops, 4 Single Turkey or Geese Coops, 2 Double Bantam Coops, wire fronts, 6 Light Brahma hens, 1 pair Earl Derby Games, "pit stock," 1 Red Bird and Cage, White Carriers, Red Barbs, White, and Colored Fans, Tumblers, and other Fancy Pigeons, for Grey or Fox Squirrels, Talking Parrot, or offers.

CHAS. F. FREEMAN, 1914 North Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa., breeder of Swallows, Turbits, and Owls, will exchange some of the finest Blue-winged Turbits, Solid Black Turbits, Black-tail Turbits, and fine bred Owls, for Red Swallows or Blue Swallows. They must be perfect birds in every way. Here is a chance for anybody to get good Turbits for good Swallows.

W. G. TODD, Concord, N. H., has six odd Turtle Doves—cocks—and would like to exchange three of them for hens of the same variety.

EZRA B. DIBBLE, New Haven, Conn., will exchange Light Brahmas, (see Advertisement,) for a fine copy of Webster's Unabridged Illustrated Dictionary, or a Smith & Wesson Pocket Revolver, No. 32 cartridge, or offers.

T. J. McDANIEL, Hollis Centre, Me., has extra high-bred Brown Leghorn chicks, to exchange for Corn, Wheat, Barley or Oats; chicks are fine young birds, and will be warranted to mature right. Write immediately.

W. D. BALL, Box 677, Plainfield, N. J., will exchange 2 fine crested White Fan hens, 3 Red Tumbler cocks, for an extra pair of Black or Blue Fans or Swallows, birds, or Ferrets.

H. S. CHAPMAN, Saybrook, Conn., will exchange 2 pair P. Rocks for 1 pair S. S. Bantams; 1 pair P. Rocks or 1 pair B. A. Bantams for Black Fans, Golden Sebrights, or Dutch Rabbits; Bee Keeping by Quimby (new), for Work on Pigeons or Rabbits.

W. J. EVENDEN, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange 1 trio of B. B. R. Game Bantams, and 10 chicks; 1 pair Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, and 4 chicks; 2 pair Red Carriers, 2 pair of Black Priests, 2 pair Runts, 3 pair of Blue Antwerps, 2 Black Carrier cocks, 1 pair Red Jacobins, for offers of anything that won't eat, or will sell.

R. F. FARR, Clifton, Passaic Co., N. J., will exchange a Planet, Jr., Seed Drill, in perfect order, (used only half day,) for first-class White Leghorn Hens or Pullets.

E. G. FLANDERS & CO., Manchester, N. H., have to exchange two horse pistols, for Brown Leghorns, or offers. Speak quick. Write on Postal cards, or any other kind of cards.

GEO. W. SCHEFFER, No. 21, South Second St., Harrisburg Pa., will exchange stuffed calf, with 8 legs, 2 tails, and 1 head, in glass case, for either Yellow Pouters, or Carriers, or Fantails, or good Water Spaniel with long ears.

FRANK R. HOWELL, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange Buff Cochins, three hens and one cock, '74 hatch, (Hernsteins' stock), for White Leghorn hens. None but good stock wanted, same as mine is. Speak quick.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE Book for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

DOYLE'S ILLUSTRATED BOOK OF POULTRY.—W. H. Rathbone, Uncasville, Conn., wants the above for two choice White Leghorn cockerels, Smith strain.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work State condition and lowest cash price.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

FANCIER, Box 233, Tamaqua, Pa., wants three or four Grey, or Fox Squirrels. Must be harmonious, as they must go together in one cage, either young or old. Will pay cash, or give Pigeons, Light Brahma hens, Coops, &c. See exchange column.

IF YOU WISH TO EXCHANGE

ANYTHING

From a *spinning wheel* to a *farm out West*, patronize the

EXCHANGE COLUMN

OF THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL!!

For twenty-five cents you can insert an "Exchange" or a "Want" of not more than 48 words.

YOU

have something that you do not "want," offer it "for exchange" in our column.

TRY IT ONCE!!!

RABBIT BOOK FOR THE MANY.

Containing the HISTORY OF THE RABBIT from the earliest times. Descriptions with illustrations of all the show and fancy varieties, and full directions for their selection, breeding, and management; the treatment of their diseases, and the construction of their dwellings. Sent post-paid on receipt of 30 cents. Address FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

JAMES M. LAMBING,

PARKERS' LANDING, PA.

Breeder of

HIGH CLASS PEDIGREE LIGHT BRAHMAS

AND

IMPORTED BLACK HAMBURGS.

TWO VARIETIES, ONLY.

EGGS AND CHICKS FOR SALE.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

JERSEY, ALDERNEY, AND GUERNSEY COW.

HOW TO

Choose, Manage and Breed to the Most Profit.

Illustrated. Price, $1.50.

Address FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13. H. PARHAM, Lima, O.

MOORE'S

WORK ON PIGEONS,

Now Ready for Delivery,

PRICE,

In Paper Cover,	30 cents.
In Cloth,	50 cents.

PREPAID BY MAIL.

LARGE DISCOUNT TO FANCIERS

Desiring to present it to their customers.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

HOMING PIGEON.

ITS HISTORY, GENERAL MANAGEMENT, AND METHOD OF TRAINING.

By W. B. Tegetmeier.

PRICE, 75 CENTS, FREE BY MAIL.

Address FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

THE JOURNAL can be had at any news stand. Or at Schock's Cigar and Stationery Store, Tenth and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia. Price, **10** cents single copy.

COVERS for JOURNAL

NOW READY!

PRICE 60 CENTS. FREE BY MAIL.

Address FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

WM. E. FLOWER,

SHOEMAKERTOWN, PA.

LIGHT BRAHMAS,

EXCLUSIVELY.

I am prepared to ship Eggs from my best stock, carefully boxed, to Hatch.

See D B. adversement elsewhere.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, AUGUST 14, 1876. No. 31.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
  Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
  From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
  Of warm, moist fingers, holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
  You are almost too tired to pray to night.

But it *is* blessedness! A year ago
  I did not see it as I do to-day;
We are so dull and thankless—and too slow
  To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surprising strange to me,
  That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
  The little child that brought on me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
  You miss this elbow from your tired knee—
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
  This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
  And ne'er would nestle in your palm again,
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
  I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
  At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
  Are ever bleak enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
  Or cap, or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
  And hear its patter in my room once more;

If I could mend the broken cart to-day,
  To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
  She was more blissfully content than I.
But, oh! the dainty pillow next my own
  Is never rumpled by a shining head:
My singing birdling from its nest is flown—
  The little boy I used to kiss is dead! —*Ex.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

DEVELOPMENT OF A NEW FEATURE IN CHELONE GLABRA.

BY THOMAS G. GENTRY.

Nature is ever exhibiting new phases of her wonderful character, which to the scientific mind are fraught with peculiar interest. Evidences of this fact meet us at every step, and invite our willing efforts to shape them into form.

While thousands of discoveries are annually made in botany, and recorded in the literature of the day, it is gratifying to know that there are inexhaustible treasures still in reserve, waiting to reveal themselves to the patient interrogator of nature. There are laws yet to be discovered, and effects to be associated with their proper causes. There are rudimentary appendages to be accounted for, irregularities of plant development to be considered, together with the peculiar combination of circumstances conducive thereto.

While studying the morphology of the floral parts of *Chelone glabra* which is in bloom with us in the months of August and September, a rather curious anomaly came to notice. Growing upon a single stalk were five flowers, three of which in addition to the four perfect stamens, and the single rudimentary stamen so eminently characteristic of *Scrophulariaceous* plants in general, were possessed of a fifth perfect stamen. These are remarkable occurrences, since they evidence a tendency upon the part of certain plant species, under favorable conditions, to assume new lines of growth in preference to existing channels.

Why this tendency upon the part of the plant to produce outright new stamens, instead of expending its excess of *growth force*, the inevitable result of increased nutrition, in the perfecting of the rudimentary stamen? If the rudimentary stamens in *Chelone* are organs in process of development, how does it happen that the increased vigor which the plant has newly acquired, is not applied to the part which has apparently been determined upon in the secret workings of its economy?

No fact is better established than that rudimentary organs in some cases are evolved in obedience to an *acceleration of growth force*, and that this remains constant for a greater or less period of time, until changes introduced into their *environment*, form an increase of plant vigor which is utilized in their perfecting.

Numerous facts might be cited to sustain the above position, but time will only allow the barest recital of two. In the summer of 1872, while perambulating the rural districts in quest of botanical specimens, the writer met with a few plants of *Ranunculus fascicularis*, one of our common buttercups, in which the corolline series of metamorphosed leaves was double, similar to that condition which prevails in the double buttercup of our gardens. In double specimens of flowers, this serial repetition is mainly due to staminal metamorphoses. In the *Ranunculus*, as is well-known, a normal corolla is formed of five petals with *nectariferous* scale at the base of each. In the opinion of Prof. Lindley these appendages are but barren stamens.

In the buttercup under consideration, instead of cases of genuine staminal metamorphoses, the writer observed for the first time, double flowers, the evident results of scale transformation. These scales being stamens undeveloped and open, or petals in a rudimentary condition, an excess of *growth force* would certainly be directed towards bringing them to a state of perfection.

As a second proof I might quote the observation of Thomas Meehan upon an orchidaceous plant, *Bletia Tankervillia*, which is chiefly found in greenhouses and conservatories. Mr. Meehan discovered on the outside at the base of the three exterior petals of a flower of the above species, a liquid exudation from a small gland. He thought it was highly probable that these glands were rudimentary spurs, which a more vigorous nutrition would tend to develop. In this connection it might be further remarked that a few weeks subsequent to this announcement, an English scientific periodical reported the discovery of flowers of this identical species with perfect spurs; another striking proof of the accuracy with which scientific predictions are often made.

It is plain from the foregoing statements that in some cases, rudimentary organs are only the stages by which higher development is attained. When it is remembered that every organism or part of an organism, is only reached gradually in the majority of cases, although there do seem to be some exceptions to it as a rule, common sense should not revolt at the idea even though it conflicts with the doctrine of teleology. It is time that creation, or rather evolution, is not a "dead letter," but a real substantial agent, ever reaching to higher progress.

If rudimentary parts are organs on the road to higher development, it seems just to conclude that in the case of *Chelone*, we have a clear demonstration of the truth.

But facts are stubborn things, as they prove to be in the present instance. The increase of *growth force* in the plant's economy, instead of being directed into the old tracks, marks out a new channel for the exhibition of its powers.

If rudimentary appendages are "organs in process of development," according to the theory of Prof. Cope, it is equally true, as the same authority testifies, that they are "organs in process of extinction, occasioned by absolute or complementary loss of growth force." Examples might be given by scores to prove the truth of this theory, but I forbear. The question that concerns the writer at present is, does the rudimentary stamen of *Chelone glabra* come under this category? If so, it is the part of wisdom to conclude that in some of its remote progenitors, it performed an essential function in the flower's economy, and that having served its time and purpose under the old regime, it is now no longer necessary, and through lack of vitality has dwindled down to its present status.

But do the facts countenance such a theory? I apprehend not. If through lack of *growth force* the stamen has reached its present degradation, methinks under a better condition of affairs approximating that under which its remote ancestors flourished, it would cease to deteriorate, and under the ameliorating influence of *increase of growth force*, would tend to retrace its backward steps. But we find a different aspect of the case. The rudimentary stamen remains as it was, and the plant expends its augmented vigor in the development of a fifth stamen which is perfect in the minutest details of structure.

There appears to the writer a choice between two theories wherewith to account for this anomalous circumstance, in anything like a satisfactory manner: Firstly—To assume that the rudimentary stamen has so far deteriorated in its character as a stamen, as to render it utterly impossible for vitality to operate upon its structure in the line of development. Secondly—That the imperfect stamen is intended to play a *role* in the flower's economy, which a perfect stamen cannot assume.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

"The way of the transgressor is hard," is a text on which few of us have not heard sermons. Although generally, if not always, applied to crimes against morality and spiritual life, it has a still wider range, and is equally applicable to offenses against the laws of nature.

Avarice, greed, and selfishness in various forms have depopulated our streams of fish, and are even now at work with similar results in the bays and inlets of our Atlantic coast. To repair the loss of food of this kind, thus entailed upon us, governmental Fish Commissions have been appointed, with large expenditures of money, to restock the streams, and laws with heavy penalties are passed to prevent obstructing the water ways by dams, and poisoning them by the waste from the manufactories. The same evil is going on with our birds, which are rapidly disappearing, and in their stead come woeful insect plagues, the natural consequence of man's disregard of that law of equilibrium which exists everywhere in nature.

We need no better illustration of this than the present locust or grasshopper plague of the West. We confess to but little sympathy with the sufferers. It may appear hard-hearted to say so, but they largely deserve the losses they suffer, for such of them as have not been active participants in the willful slaughter of the grouse have rendered themselves scarcely less guilty by their apathy and want of public spirit in not providing proper legal remedies and restrictions. Do not think that we speak too harshly on this matter. It is a well-known fact that these locusts come from a section of country in which grouse abound, the eggs and larvæ of the locusts forming a large, if not the main, supply of food to the birds during the spring and summer months. Professor Riley, of St. Louis, the State Entomologist of Missouri—than whom there is no closer observer or better authority upon the habits of insects—estimates that *one* grouse will in one season consume the eggs and larvæ of locusts enough, if hatched out, to destroy *one hundred* acres of crops. When, therefore, men are allowed to trap these birds to the extent of hundreds of tons weight every season, is it any wonder that people are plagued with locusts? They have their choice—grouse or locusts; if they choose the latter, they should not complain.

It is stated that nearly nine hundred tons of these birds were received in Chicago last winter, and such was the glut in the market that immense quantities were fed to the hogs or thrown into the lake. Allowing that *all* that were killed amounted to nine hundred tons, the average weight of each bird being two pounds, there were 900,000 of them, which, according, to Professor Riley's estimate of their insect feeding, would have consumed the eggs and larvæ of locusts sufficient to have destroyed the crops on ninety millions of acres, or three times the area of the State of Pennsylvania.

In proportionate extent is the damage done by the destruction of other birds. All over the country men and boys may be seen stalking about with guns in their hands, ready to shoot any bird, however small, even though it be but a wren. Is it any wonder that we are afflicted with curculio, currant worms, rose slugs, cabbage-worms, cock chafer grubs, and other insects that destroy our fruit and other crops? Plums, apricots, nectarines, and cherries, which were formerly raised in abundance in and around New York island, now can hardly be grown at all.

Many stupid and foolish prejudices exist against some birds. Take the robin, for instance, which is almost universally charged with stealing cherries. We have watched him closely, and found that in nearly all the cherries which he had bitten were the marks of a worm or grub, which he had extracted. If he occasionally takes a few perfect fruit, it is little compared with the good he does. Now an outcry is raised against the English sparrows, which are accused of all sorts of wrong-doings, but whose peccadilloes are nothing when set against their services. Most of our readers can recollect when every large city in the country was so infested with span worms or caterpillars as to render the streets almost impassable that were shaded by trees. Now they are scarcely ever to be seen, thanks to the sparrows, which destroy the eggs of the moth or butterfly almost as soon as laid, their microscopical eyes enabling them to detect them in the deepest crevices of the bark. It is in this way that most birds are such destroyers of insects; they are all passionately fond of eggs, and eagerly devour them. They eat comparatively few caterpillars or butterflies, but are fond of such larvæ or grubs as are found in the soil; hence frequent stirring or hoeing the earth has the advantage among others of exposing the larvæ of any insects that are in it to the birds.

In our own little garden we never allow a bird—not even a crow—to be molested, and do all we can to encourage them to visit us; and although we are close to the city (we might say in the city, for there are close blocks of houses within a few hundred feet) we are visited every season by robins, cat-birds, woodpeckers, kingfishers, bobolinks, yellow-birds, cedar-birds, wood-doves, wrens, snow-birds, crows, sparrows, and others, so that there is scarcely a caterpillar to be found on the premises, and but few other insects, and these to no troublesome extent. The birds seem fully to understand that they are welcome, and often amuse us by their apparent assertion of their rights of proprietorship, among other things often driving our pair of cats into the house or other place of shelter, flying at their heads and pecking at their eyes until the cats are glad to retreat.

We therefore urge our plea on behalf of the birds, for we feel certain that ere long, if their present wicked destruction goes on, we shall be so plagued with insects as to make the cultivation of many crops, especially fruits, almost impossible. The evil will become so great as to require legislative action to protect them, and we shall have to appoint ornithological commissions to restock the country, as we now have fish commissions to restock our streams with fish.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Poultry Department.

WILD TURKEYS.

A subscriber to your valuable paper desires me to give its readers my experience with "wild" turkeys, and wishing to aid my fellow farmers by any means in my power, I gladly give my experience, limited though it is.

Several years ago an uncle brought from the far West a pair of turkeys, which had been captured and tamed. Their offspring proved very hardy and prolific. Last season I secured a trio, and this year gave them a trial. I found them better than I expected. The severe cold and wet weather of last spring destroyed many flocks of common turkeys, but, with one exception, which I think was owing to gross mismanagement, all the flocks (several in number) of "wild" turkeys endured the storms, and came through in good condition. They are blue-black, tipped with white, and are a handsome bird to look at. Having a rich gloss, they make as beautiful an appearance as the peacock. Their most valuable characteristics are hardiness, large increase, fineness of bone, and last, but not least, quietness. Strange to say, they have not the wandering habits of common turkeys. The failure alluded to above, was this: We had some very fine wild turkeys that would weigh about five pounds each; the supply of corn meal failing, we gave them a few feedings of corn, oats and rye ground together, equal parts of each. Two of the lot soon died. Do you think it was the rye that killed them? Will ground rye kill turkeys and chickens?—*Country Gentleman.*

THE PEACOCK.

Nobody ever passed by a farm-yard where this domesticated bird is spreading his plumage, without admiration. Nor can we pass him by in our own description of the feathered tribes, without loss.

There are four species of the peacock. Two are found in Asia, one in Africa, and one in China. Our domestic peacock came originally from Asia. All these species are of large size and of great external beauty.

The crested peacock measures about five feet, including body and trail The body is only a foot and a half long, while the trail is three feet and a half—"more sail than ballast!" Common prudence would require that this animal should keep near the harbor in stormy weather! It's head is very small, but plumed and crested; the neck is long and small, tapering most gracefully from the breast upward; the wings are short and rounded, with the sixth quill the longest; the tail is composed of eighteen feathers long and rounded, which in the male is concealed by the greatly lengthened coverts. This beautiful bird is elegant in form, gracefull in movement, and clothed in a plumage resplendent with tints of green, golden, bronze and blue. Its long tail coverts, which it often spreads like a fan, are brilliant beyond description, with their metallic hues, white shafts, velvet black center, and bright terminal eye spots. Who has not seen the peacock display itself in public or private parks. And the wild species are said to be even more beautiful than the domesticated.

Griffith says of these birds: "We find in their incomparable robe all that glitters in the rainbow, and sparkles in the rivers, the azure tints of the heavens and the emerald of the fields." Some are more or less variegated, and occasionally one is found entirely white.

The peacock weighs about the same as a turkey. His flight is low and heavy. The female lays from twelve to twenty eggs once a year and no more. But we find illustrated in the peacock the old proverb: "That all good things are not given to one." He is beautiful beyond comparison in plumage, but horrid in song.

A dismal and even shocking scream is all he can utter. His legs are black and homely. He is a voracious eater, devouring plants, seeds and insects without distinction. In the neighborhood of gardens and planted fields, the peacock is an intolerable nuisance. So disgusting are his habits and bad his conduct that he finds but one companion (the turkey) in the farm-yard.

We can trace the history of the peacock back as far as the days of Solomon. He was imported from the East, in order to gratify the taste of that monarch, for the beautiful in nature. In the days of luxury and extravagance among the Romans, the peacock was held in the highest estimation as an article of food. He was so popular among kings and princes that he became a royal bird. There was a time, when in Greece, a pair of peacocks cost more than a hundred dollars in our money. It is said that when Alexander the Great was in India, he was so struck with the beauty of this bird that he laid a heavy penalty upon those who should in any way injure him.

Like the votary of fashion and folly who seeks her chief enjoyment in the public streets or giddy throng, the peacock is fond of display and admiration. But let us remember he wears more stars on his spangled train, than he carries brains in his head.—*Vermont Farmer.*

A DEMOCRATIC HEN AND A REPUBLICAN CAT.

Our County Treasurer, Capt. Fry, has a pair of pets which have lately developed alarming political tendencies, and which should certainly be investigated by a committee of the House. The first, is a hen which has existed in a state of comparative happiness until a short time since, when she became a victim of misfortune, and her happiness was wrecked. She hatched out a brood of chickens, and three of them were of an unmistakable black. From the very first, Biddy was disgusted with her dusky offsprings, and would have nothing to do with them; she was a hen of the purest Caucasian blood, and evidently considered this a case of involuntary miscegenation. Whenever the unfortunate Africans came near her, she would cackle in noisy protest, and her face, as far as a hen's face is capable of expression, would take on a look of deepest disgust. At last, regardless of the majesty of the law, as evidenced in the Fifteenth Amendment to our Constitution, she kicked them out of the home nest, and turned them adrift upon the mercies of the cold world. And this is where the Republican Cat comes in. Capt. Fry has, in his second pet, a large male cat, who, previous to this time, has taken no part in politics. Thomas is a quiet, stay-at-home bachelor cat, and his musical voice has never been lifted at the midnight caucus from the tops of woodsheds, in noisy protest against some feline Ben Hill or Proctor Knott, no it has *not!* It is evident that Thomas has a mission in the world, and for this mission he has been keeping himself, his mission is to father the hapless chicks which the Democratic hen refused to mother. Strange as it may seem, no sooner had the mother discarded the chickens altogether, than this intelligent cat noticed it, and at once took them under his protection. He seems entirely bound up in them, sees that they are fed, and at night he lies down and gathers them with his paws closely to his soft, warm fur, where they sleep contentedly until morning.

This is contrary to all cat traditions, and is a singular but well authenticated case. Capt. Fry is living in our midst, and the facts as given above will be vouched for by hundreds of the citizens of York, Pa.—*Evening Dispatch.*

(From Journal of Horticulture.)

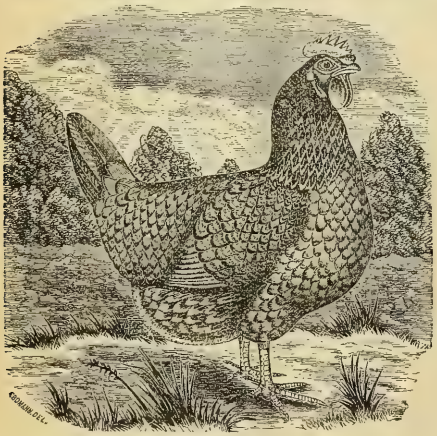
THE EXHIBITION DORKING.—NO. 12.

BY T. C. BURNELL.

SILVER-GREY DORKINGS.

The Silver-Grey Dorking is really a beautiful variety, and combines the useful points of the Dark Dorking with most attractive plumage. It is to be regretted that this breed is so little patronized, as I am sure no other purely fancy breed can compete with it where fowls have to find their own food; nor do they ever look to greater advantage than when working hard for their living in a hedgerow or homestead.

The shape of the *Silver-Grey Dorking cock* differs in no respect from that of the Dark Dorking: the difference is solely in the color; and as this is a fancy breed, color is of greater importance than in the Dark variety. The comb of the Dark Dorking may be either double or single, but the comb of the Silver-Grey should be single. This is well recognized, though I have never seen it mentioned. The plumage of the Silver-Grey cock must be solely of black and white feathers, any red or parti-coloured feathers being a disqualification. The neck hackle should be a clear white, but a slight pencilling of black down the center of each feather is allowed, provided it does not produce a dark appearance. The back, shoulders, saddle, and saddle hackles should

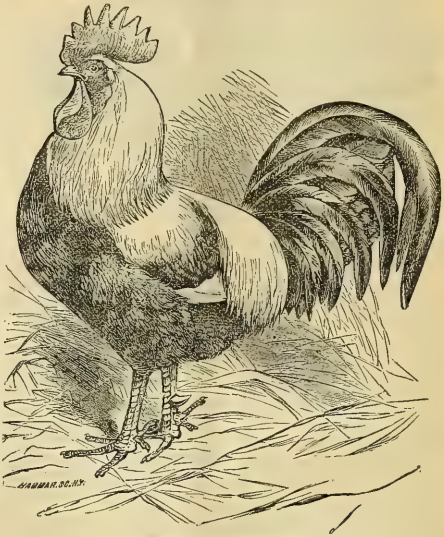


Dark Dorking Hen.

also be of a pure white, while the breast, tail, and thighs should be black, any white in these parts being a disqualification, except on the thighs, where a little grizzling in an old bird will pass. The black wingbow should be cleanly cut, and this makes a pleasing contrast to the white of the remainder of the wing.

The plumage of the *Silver-Grey hen* is exceedingly pretty, the whole of the body, feather, and wings being of a clear silver-grey color, while the breast is a rich robin red. As in the Dark Dorking, the shaft of each feather should be distinctly white; only, in the Silver-Grey variety, this should not extend to the wings and shoulders, or it rather spoils the general appearance. The neck hackle should be white, with a narrow and distinct black stripe down each feather.

Although good Silver-Grey hens are by no means easy to breed, the cocks are far more difficult to obtain perfect; and I often think when I see judges withholding prizes in the Silver-Grey



Silver-Grey Dorking Cock.

classes while they give prizes to Mealy Cochins and White-throated Brahmas, that they do not make due allowance for the very great difficulties which Silver-Grey Dorking breeders have to contend against.

By far the worst point in a Silver-Grey cock is a yellow hackle or saddle: it spoils the whole beauty of the breed. The smallest speck of white in the breast of the cock or in the tail is considered a disqualification, though I would far rather see this than a yellow hackle. The back and shoulders must be free from red or chestnut feathers: this is positive. The ear lobes should be red.

The defect most difficult to avoid in breeding the Silver-Grey hens is a rustiness or dullness of the plumage, especially on the wings. Birds showing this defect should be avoided either for breeding or the show pen, as cocks bred from them would be sure to breed rusty-winged pullets. I should not discard a hen altogether if large and only slightly ruddy on the wing, as this will wear away a little with age; but a white breast or tail in a cock will infallibly become worse with the moult, though in the cockerels the hackles become lighter up to about seven months old.

The Silver-Grey Dorking seldom or never attains the size of its darker brother; but cocks of 10 lbs. in any breed are quite large enough for all useful purposes, and I should be glad to see the judges look more to feather, shape, comb, and feet than to mere size. "Sooty feet" are not uncommon, and they must be carefully avoided. I have seen it remarked that the "sooty" feet now so common in Dark Dorkings have been caused by the over-breeding for dark feather; but if so, how is it that dark feet are quite as common with the Silver-Greys?

To breed Silver-Greys, perfect birds must be obtained, though they be small; and the importance of obtaining cocks of a good strain cannot be over rated. Birds of different strains sometimes produce very badly-colored chickens if the two strains do not amalgamate or "nick," as it is called; and in commencing a strain it will be far better to procure the cockerels and pullets from the

same yard, and afterwards to buy hens of the correct color to cross with, as by this means size may be kept up with less danger of the whole yard being spoilt.

To obtain early chickens it will be necessary to breed from cockerels, as I have found from painful experience that two-year-old cocks are not to be trusted till the warm weather appears.

The Red-speckled Dorking is now almost obsolete, having given way to the more fashionable Dark and Silver-Grey varieties. Specimens may still be seen in the farmyards of Surrey and Sussex, but of no great excellence.

The principal peculiarity is found in the hens, which are of a brown or chocolate color, spangled all over with distinct white spots of the size of a large pea, giving them the appearance of having been out in a fall of snow. This color is, I think, more curious than attractive. Cocks to match such hens should have a good deal of red and chestnut on the back and shoulders, their breasts should be spotted with white or red, and white in the tail is not objectionable. I believe they are a hardy breed and very readily fatten.—*Country Gentleman.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

REPORTED BY YOUNG BREEDER.

[Continued from No. 30.]

Ped. Well! I declare, you two are so nearly alike, I can hardly tell you apart.

Zero. *We's twins.*

Ped. Well! If there's really two of you, please bear in mind when I call Zero you need not rise Mr. Ed., and when I order the Ed. to rise, Zero must remain seated. Zero! take your fingers from your nose, and tell us who is this Y. B. you are quarreling with.

Z. He is the most provokingest little cuss in the bizness. "My clerk," "Uriah Heep," (who does *all* my writin' for me) says Y. B. has got a red hed, 'n some others says it's only well re-(a)d 'n hair thin, perhaps he wore it off carrying the Standard in his hat.

Ped. What makes you look so collapsed to-day Zero?

Zero. Y. B. stuck a pin inter me, an' it was all Uriah an' me could do to "hold myself together," the time we "sot up all night" to git that last article ready for the *Bulletin.*

Ped. One more pin-hole would finish you, we should then be obliged to bury you, with military honors, and inscribe on your head-stone—"So old, so tough, but so *loyal.*"

Zero. Don't let them soldiers fire off any guns round there, tell 'em to snap caps, for I'm a hum guard, and don't know nothin' about powder, except the kind my Sal an' the barber uses, an' have put on Y. B's. "So young and yet so (un)fair." I'm one of the faithfulest an' loyalest fellers you ever seed. When I was a hum guard I didn't leave town til the rebs came, then I only visited my uncle a few days.

Ped. Are you of the opinion that it is a very easy thing to ask questions?

Zero. Yes sir, an' what a soft job the feller must have had who writ the cattykism.

Ped. What is your definition of loyalty?

Zero. It's an old saying that "a hoss can be led to water, but can't be made to drink." I call such a hoss disloyal; now I'm the hoss which *can't* be led to water but *can* be made to drink. So I'm a loyal hoss, and who ever heard of a hoss which was both loyal an' willin'. It's *money* to drink of that Standard just now. Heep too says, "we ought to be humble," and that's what we call bein' loyal, and if ever a time comes (dont s'pose it will) when the old Standard wants me for a friend won't I give it some more *loyal* kicks?

(Chorus! "Oh, dont we *seem* to like it?")

Ped. Zero! you have been occupying valuable space in making personal explanations over an assumed name, also taken particular pains to deny things no one has accused you of. No one has intimated you were a judge at Brooklyn Show or any other show, or an exhibitor at Brooklyn, and what is it? no grudge against the Standard? Do you want a taste of this lath? If not, be more careful in your assertions.

Zero. Well! It aint much of a grudge anyway, an *I ain't hurt nothin'.* The trouble with the *Standard* an' me is it *don't fit my flock,* and Uriah thought as we were a drawin' up papers we'd better put in a "gineral denial." Another trouble with the *Standard* is it's too little, don't cost enough, and is too plain, and when as Ed. says, "they have succeeded in makin' it as plain as 2 and 2 make 4," how in thunder's a feller to git any premiums at Scrubtown shows? Time was, when a feller could help a friend, but now with their scalin' cards, which they insist on tackin to the coops, a judge has got to understand his biz an 'tend to it. We can't have no private understandings with anybody, but what some specimen of trundle bed trash like Y. B., (an there allers plenty on um watchin' a feller,) comes up and *wants to know* what we cut them pints off fur? and we have to tell 'em *if we know.* Oh! that *Standard* is a bad egg. It should be more scientific. Somethin' these fellers couldn't understand without a dictionary; and as a muddler it's a complete failure.

Ped. Zero! if you wish to know what "color" means when spoken of in connection with Light Brahmas, look on page 98 of Mr. Wright's "Brahma Fowls," there he says: "In breeding Light Brahmas it is very necessary to secure a sufficient amount of *color* in the parents," &c., &c. And is it possible after swallowing the amount of "nigger on toast" you have for the past fifteen years, you have not yet discovered it? As to whose offspring you are, I presume it's the only thing on earth you are not fairly booked up on. You say you *paid* for two copies of the *Standard*; why did you do this?

Z. I sent "my clerk" Uriah for 'em an' the man told Uriah that he wouldn't *trust* us.

To be Continued.

THE CHICKEN BUSINESS IN FRANCE.

A French paper publishes some interesting statistics about the profits of chicken raising in that country. There are 40,000,000 hens, valued at $20,000,000. This is the main capital of the business. One-fifth are marketed yearly for the table; bringing $4,000,000. The annual production of chickens is 80,000,000. These are worth in the city markets, $24,000,000; and $2,000,000 are added for the "extra value of capons and fatted hens." The production of eggs is estimated at $48,000,000; and the total value of eggs, chickens, capons, and hens sold every year in the market, is reckoned at $80,000,000. This is equal to $2.22 cents a year to every man, woman, and child in France. At 25,000,000 of bushels, as the average wheat crop of California, worth $1 per bushel, it would require three crops and a half of our wheat staple to equal in value one year's production of eggs and chickens in France. From these facts the reader may learn why the French were able to respond with such alarcity to the demand of that nation on its people for a loan of $800,000,000 two years ago. They are frugal and have learned the high art of turning trifles to great account. No country in the world presents equal opportunities with California for immense profits in this same business of producing eggs and chickens for the city and town markets. They always command a very high price and sell for cash on the nail. The popular objection to it is that it is a small business; but the man makes the trade respectable, and not the trade the man. Diocleitan, the gardener, was quite as respectable as Diocletian the Emperor.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

1916—OR WHAT IT THEN WILL BE.

BY G. O. BROWN.

[Continued from No. 31.]

"Lemme see; we used to deal with Bicknell—is he still living?"

"Oh yes! and still breeding chickens, with the same splendid reputation he used to have. You know now we hatch no chicks with hens—all hatching is done with a *Halsted Success Incubator*. There are also firms that make it a business of hatching, for the trade, with these incubators. You give them a dozen eggs, and pay seventy-five cents, and they put them in a box made of wire, lock it up, and give you a key that has the number of the box on it. When they are due, you call, state your number, and take the chicks from the box yourself, and they are generally raised by Williams' Artificial Mother."

"That's something new again!"

"Oh, no; Mr. Williams invented the best artificial mother, I believe in 1882, but would *not* get it patented, and established a manufactory and placed them in the market at cost of production. They burn carbon gas."

"What's that?"

"Carbon gas, why that's gas made from *water*. We have to pay seventy-five cents for a thousand feet. It's taken the place entirely of coal gas."

"My old favorites, the Light Brahmas, what is the strain now most noted?"

"The Melrose Centennials, introduced in 76 and 77 by Burnham."

"Not by Geo. P. that used to be so renowned, and whose success everybody was jealous and envious of?"

"Yes, the same George, but before he passed away the fancy *had* to acknowledge that he was not only one of the most *genuine* fanciers, but that his knowledge of the chicken world was greater than any other known in the fancy. All the honors—that many tried to wrest from him—were at last acknowledged as duly merited."

"I allus know'd he was doin' more in his quiet way, to elevate the fancy, than a host of breeders that paraded their names with everything they could write up—what's that a balloon going up there?"

"Oh! my, no, that's a *Pouter* pigeon. The Pouters have improved wonderfully since you saw them. The best we now have are the 'Becker' strain—many of them are 40 inches long. When they blow up, they contain sufficient air to float themselves up like a balloon—same as you see that one of Slimuns' there going up now. Now he'll go up a long distance, blow off a little, and let himself down gradually, without even unfolding his wings."

"Wall! but that's an odd looking thing anyhow."

"It may seem so to you, but we are so accustomed to it we don't notice the change."

"Have the Tumblers changed much?"

"Come in and see ours.' There, pull the door to after you. You notice what perfection they have been brought to; they are no larger now than robins, and their plumage is perfect as Hamburgs. Those brilliant beauties there on that soap box, are from the celebrated Gaddess strain of Almonds—considered the finest strain of Almonds in the world. There—now just see, aint there style—perfect?"

"Those *little* half-grown owls—those white ones, and *full feathered* too, they're nice."

"*Half*-grown? why Dusenberry, they're *three* years old, and I consider them *too large*. What *I* call *owls*. They're the *genuine* Mordecai strain, perfect in points, and smallest in the world."

"They're wonderful. I don't see any Barbs in your loft."

"No, I don't breed them since they got to breeding them with wattles so heavy, the old head beauty is lost entirely. The Trumpeters are now very perfect, have been bred down in size a little. The leg-feathering, and rose are now bred in great perfection. The wattled Carriers are larger, with immense wattles, and iris very large. The Antwerp Carriers are the wonderful birds of the fanciers now. All poultry publications own lofts of them, and the reports of all the exhibitions are forwarded by Antwerps—so the reports of the shows are out generally in the next day's publication.

The first great flight was made by John Van Opstal, from Chicago to New York on June 21st, 1878, his Antwerp cock, "*Buffalo Zephyr*," having performed the unprecedented flight of flying it *between sun rise and sunset*. The greatest flyers we now have are yet known as Van Opstal strain. *You* used to be a great admirer of good Jacobins. I havn't seen any as good as we used to have, in thirty years, they've kind o' run out."

"How about the other toys? You've got my curiosity excited."

"Well, they're not much different from what they used to be. How many feathers did a good Fan used to have, when we were together?"

"Twenty-six to thirty-two I think, if I remember true."

"Yes, now I remember. Well now they should have fifty-four to sixty. The handsomest toys we now have are the '*Colells*.'"

"The '*Colells!*' why *I* never heard of them before."

"Didn't you, lemme see. I guess they were introduced since you left; they were first known as *Berlins*: but Mr. Colell in New York city, one of the most enthusiastic fanciers, imported some, and managed to breed to so much more perfection and beauty than the original importation, that he established a distinct variety which were soon after called in honor to him the '*Colells*.' But come in the house, and look over the 'new Standard; that will give you an idea of the great changes both in fowls and pigeons."

"Go to thunder, as I used to say, *new standard*;' you was fighting about that book forty years ago when I left, and the idea of a pigeon standard, too.

"Why, bless your ignorance, this I mean is the *International Standard*, and gives the full points on fowls, pigeons, dogs, rabbits, &c. Now, to show you how improved some of your *old* expressions are, notice the different language used; for instance your 'go to thunder': *now* instead of *simply* saying go to thunder, we say: "Take your departure to the abode of the reverberating echoes of heaven's artillery," and "never enumerate your juvenile fowls until the period of incubation is fully accomplished," is 'Don't count your chicks till they're hatched:' another favorite expression of yours, 'he knows which side his bread is buttered on' is now rendered thus: 'He is perfectly cognizant on what particular locality the farinaceous concoction designated the staff of life, the oleaginous product of the dairy is dispensed.'"

"Wall, things are changed—how about the dishonest fanciers, are they as plenty as they used to be?"

"Oh, no; the Fanciers' Protective Association hunts them all up, and all cases are speedily investigated."

"Wall, that's the way it should be. Let me read the International Standard, and I am ready to die."

July 25, 1876.

THE GOOSE NUISANCE.

It is easy to make everlasting enemies of millions of careful and worthy housewives by telling the exact truth about the unprofitableness of keeping geese. Most of the men folk would agree with me, and that is some comfort, for I propose to oppose the impolicy of growing geese, either for their feathers or carcases. I do not know whether the old superstition that "a goose's foot poisons land" has any foundation. It looks very much as if it had, for it is certainly impossible to grow any crop successfully where

geese are allowed to run. They eat down the tender blades of young wheat, and it does not come up again vigorously, as it does when pastured by other animals. I have often known one or two acres thus destroyed near the barn, and when a flock of geese only occasionally visited it. Corn, oats, and barley are equal sufferers. Clover is injured worst of all. A year ago I got the geese where I thought they could do no damage. They were pasturing and fattening in fall on a piece of young clover, fed liberally with corn and having plenty of water. Last spring two acres around the shed where they kept mostly, were eaten down as bare as the middle of the road, and have been only covered by weeds the past summer. I might about as profitably have turned them on the crops during the growing season.

If there is any profit in geese, it must be in keeping them shut up in some enclosure where there is plenty of water, and feeding them whenever needed on grain. Letting geese wander over the farm, living on what they can pick up, is an intolerable nuisance, unless a farmer chooses to make geese his only crop. There may be locations where nothing else can be grown, and there it will pay to keep geese. In a recent work on English Agriculture, I notice one note-worthy sentence: "The raising of geese and growing of feathers for market has lately much decreased, owing to an improved system of farming, which makes them less profitable than other crops." This I think tells the whole story. With a careless, slip-shod agriculture geese may pay as well as anything, because nothing pays very well; but when farmers go in for thorough culture, high manuring and the largest crops, geese have to be dispensed with.

Does goose dung "poison" land? That it injures vegetation I know. Does it do this because it is too poor or too rich? Geese live mainly on grass, and their dung thus fed is presumptively of little value. Even if fed on corn, I presume that their very strong digestive apparatus takes most of the virtue from their feed. Is there besides this any specific quality in their manure which is injurious to vegetation, and if so, what is it? Will some one who has facilities for chemical analysis rise to explain? Thousands of practical farmers will testify as to the facts. What we want of science is to give us the why and wherefore.—*Country Gentleman.*

ITEMS.

He that once is good, is always great.

Mr. C. G. Earnest of Stockton, Cal., engrafted the slip of a dark red rose into an oak tree; the dark sap of the oak effectually colors the rose black. In endeavoring to transfer the slips to the ground they invariably died. Slips of roses grafted into locust trees lived for two years, bearing brown blossoms.

A little girl in Westfield, N. J., while playing, dropped her mother's silver thimble into a chicken coop. Searches were made for it but it could not be found. Some days afterward two of the chickens were killed, and in the gizzard of one of them was found the lost thimble, finely polished but not injured.

A raven saw a swan, and desired to secure for himself a like beauty of plumage. Supposing that his splendid white color arose from his washing in the water in which he swam, the raven left the altars in the neighborhood of which he picked up his living, and took up his abode in the lakes and pools. But, cleansing his feathers as often as he would, he could not change their color, while, through want of food, he perished.

Change of habit cannot alter Nature.

A thoughtful person thus muses on the story of Daniel in the lion's den: "How sad it was for those poor lions, when Daniel was dropped into their den, to be compelled to go sniffling about him, and think how nice a small chop from the calf of his leg would taste, and be denied the luxury. It was rough on them lions, but it taught them self-Daniel."

WASHINGTON'S DOG.—General Washington, it is stated, was out hunting in the Virginia forests, accompanied by his favorite hound, Governor. A heavy storm of rain and mist coming up, he lost his way; his powder was rendered useless, and, to add to the perils and inconvenience of his situation, he found that he had not his pocket compass with him. In this sorry plight he wandered in circles, as people do when they are lost in the bush, wet, weary, hungry, for he had no food save wild berries. He was almost exhausted when a happy thought at once occurred to him. Tying his pocket flask and his powder flask to his dog's tail, he fastened his long sash around the animal's neck, holding one end in his hand. Then he gave the dog a tremendous kick. The animal was so completely surprised at this treatment that he stood for a moment paralyzed; then, wheeling about, he struck a bee line for home. It is a curious but undoubted fact that any sudden alarm will quicken a dog's perceptive faculties, render more subtle his scent and powerful his memory, and induce him to strike for his home. So the dog fled and Washington followed, over stumps, through bogs, into briers, until the sash gave way. With one tremendous yell Washington scared still further the frantic animal, the terrible banging and clattering of the flasks at his heels added to his speed, and in a moment he was out of sight. After a hearty laugh at the incident, Washington leisurely marched in the direction the dog had taken; it was easy to do so observing the mossy sides of the trees, the direction of the longer branches, and the other signs with which an experienced hunter is acquainted.

It was not long before he reached a clearing, and was once more in safety. But the dog, once so faithfully attached to him, could not to the day of his death endure his presence, or even hear his voice without relapsing into an agony of terror.

TOADS.—There is a very common prejudice against the toad. By many he is looked on with loathing and disgust. He is regarded as an ugly, uncouth and worthless nuisance, that should be abated at sight. But this prejudice is ill-founded and unjust, as the toad is not only harmless but quite useful to farmers and gardeners. They should therefore be regarded as friends instead of being treated as enemies. The eggs of the toad are usually laid in the water, but at times, when this is not accessible, they are laid in damp dark places, and in such cases they do not pass through the tadpole state. While in the tadpole state they live on vegetable food, but as toads they live on insects, spiders, &c. They are exceedingly well adapted to catching insects, having a tongue of marvelous construction. It is quite long, and may be projected six or eight inches, the tip of it being so directed as to just reach the object, and being covered with a viscid, gummy substance, that causes the insect to adhere to it, it is thus quickly conveyed to the mouth of the toad and buried alive. The movements of the tongue in thus taking in a fly or a bug, are so rapid that they cannot be followed by the eye. The number of insects that a toad will eat is almost incredible. A few of them in a garden will keep it well rid of bugs, plant-lice, &c. They generally spend the day in some dark, secluded spot, often a hole under a sod or clod or the side of a rock, and in the evening they come out and hop about in search of a supper of live insects. They may be induced to take up their residence in the garden by confining them for two or three days to the place, when they will become quite well contented. A board laid about two inches from the ground is just the kind of hiding place that suits them. They are long lived, being often known 12 to 16 years old, and it is said that one lived to be 36 years old. On account of their propensity for destroying insects, toads should be encouraged to become permanent residents of our fields and gardens.—*Practical Farmer.*

THE

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

It is impossible for us to guarantee the honesty, or reliability of persons *answering* advertisements, but we endeavor to use diligent precaution to prevent dishonest fanciers from using our advertising pages. In cases where an advertiser may be in doubt as to the integrity of persons replying to exchanges and advertisements, a line dropped to us inclosing stamp will receive immediate attention, and the standing of the party in question given as far as we are informed, but in no case can we be held responsible.

A GENUINE FANCIER.

William McAnally of Newark, Delaware, is according to our way of thinking a thorough fancier. Isolated as it were, from all other fanciers, he has pursued the even tenor of his way, breeding White Leghorns for at least ten years past, annually exhibiting at Philadelphia, and often taking a liberal share of the premiums, and it is only at the annual show that Mr. McAnally really has a chance to compare notes with other fanciers, as there are none in the immediate neighborhood where he lives. It is needless to add that he is a subscriber to, and advertiser in the JOURNAL, and promptly pays his bills.

CORRESPONDENCE.

HARRISBURG, Aug. 4.

MR. J. M. WADE: Can you or any of your readers tell me how to remove a wart from a dog's eye. AMATEUR.

PRINCE EDWARDS ISLAND, July 3d, 1876.

Received from Oliver D. Schock, Hamburg, Berks County, Pa., May 10th, one setting (13) Light Brahmas, and have hatched 9 little chicks. The distance the eggs were shipped was 2,000 miles. I recommend Mr. Schock's eggs as genuine, can be shipped any distance. J. F. WOOD.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Aug. 3, 1876.

The advertisement of telegraph machine, in exchange column of THE JOURNAL, brought me within a week, four inquiries. With one of the parties I made an exchange that resulted satisfactorily to both of us. So much for 25 cents worth of advertising in a good paper.

Very respectfully,

J. W. TATUM.

PIGEON FLYING.

HAMBURG, PA.

FRIEND WADE:

Preliminary trials of speed of Antwerp carrier pigeons take place between Hamburg and Philadelphia frequently. The distance is 75 miles, and a grand race is *on dit*. Parties desiring their birds well cared for, and let fly any designated trial, may send them to my address, prepaid, and they will receive prompt and careful attention. I reside at the depot, and am ready to receive birds at any time, or from any train. Have had experience in handling pigeons for many years.

Fraternally,

OLIVER D. SCHOCK.

EGG IMPORTATION.

IRWIN STATION, Pa., July 28, 1876.

DEAR SIR:—

I think I can claim the "*boss hatch*" of imported eggs this season.

I received per steamer "Anchoria," June 9th, from Dunfeunline, Scotland, 15 Bro. B. Red Game, 15 Blk. B. R. Bantams, and 15 Houdan eggs. Set them same date under 2 Jap. Silkie, and 2 B. B. R. Hens. On the morning of the 30th, I took off the 4 hens with 37 chickens, only 8 eggs being rotten. 32 are now living, and doing well.

This was my 4th importation of eggs, and out of the 3 former, (48 eggs) I raised but 2 chickens.

Very truly yours,

W. H. JEFFRIES.

ABOUT AN EXHIBITION.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 30, 1876.

EDITOR FANCIERS' JOURNAL:—

Why is there no Poultry Society in New Jersey? It has superior facilities for an exhibition. The state is not large, it has a number of railroad centers, such as Newark, Camden, Jersey City, and other smaller ones which are accessible from all parts of the state, and from Philadelphia and New York City.

Last Summer I received a letter from some gentleman at Orange, requesting me to communicate with him regarding an exhibition; at that time I was unable to do anything about it, and therefore did not answer, but now I am willing to do all I can, if allowed (being under age).

Let some fancier take hold and put this through, and let us have an exhibition. JERSEY.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Squirrels may be shot after Saturday.
What is Saturday to be shot for.

—Kinsey's coal can be had by postal card.
An easy way to get coal—it generally comes to us in carts!

—Sawyer's Observatory, at Belmont Mansion. Time at top unlimited.
What a splendid place to give promissory notes!

—Decorate your houses with red, white and blue.
That's what the monkey did with his tail—He said it was "neat and not gaudy."

—The 500,000 gallons of sea water required to fill and supply the Westminster aquarium has been delivered, and the importation of marine specimens is now going on rapidly.—*N. Y. Times.*
Are they collecting any from the Navy yards?

—They say women and music should never be dated.

When age is in question a woman says scornfully—"a fig for dates."

—Six Baltimore policemen have been dismissed for abetting robberies.—*Sun.*

A betting on Blaine would not have been any better.

—If we escape the hog cholera this season, there will be a large surplus of pork next winter.—*Intelligencer.*

So! How much, Mr. Editor, do you expect to weigh?

—8 Furlongs make one mile.

"Say Bill Furlong! Your father's got a mile of children."

"How so?"

"Why aint there eight of you?"

—Nine of the girls at Wellesley Institute, Mass., rowed Dom Pedro on the lake.—*Boston Post.*

More than that number *rode* Dom fast, round Barnum's Hippodrome!

—A story is told of an elephant in Calcutta which had a disense in its eyes. For three day it had been completely blind. Its owner, an engineer officer, asked the doctor if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to a similar disease in the human eye. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar, at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day when it was brought and heard the doctors voice he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, drew his breath just like a man about to endure an operation, gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then by trunk and gesture evidently wished to express his gratitude.

—Habits of the White Pelican.—Thomas H. Estey sends us some int resting notes from Nicasio, Marin County, Cal., on the habits of the white pelican (*Pelecanus trachyrynchus*). These birds are to be seen in immense numbers circling about in long irregular lines, and the question arises as to how they manage to obtain sufficient food, as they do not, like the gray pelican, (*P. fuscus*) dive for it. In the shallow lakes below Sacremento, after alighting in the center of the lake they spread out in the form of a half-circle, just as a fisherman would fix his seine. After approaching within ten or fifteen yards of the *tule*, each bird beats the water with its wings until the line has driven all the fish before it into water only a few inches deep. Then a number swim inside the circle and feed, catching the fish easily in the shallows, until they are satisfied, when they fall back to stand guard and others take their places, until the whole flock has had its meal. Mr. Estey says he has many times seen them feed in this way on Mead Lake, twenty-two miles south of Sacramento, where he shot from 1849 to 1861.—*Forest & Stream.*

—The Beauty of Men of Genius.—Not satisfied with endowing her favorite sons with the sublimer gifts of genius, nature has also in many instances lavished upon them the charms of personal beauty. Alexander, the hero of the ancient world, and Napoleon, who has had no peer since then, were remarkable for beauty of features. Edward I, Frederick the Great, the Duke of Marlborough, and Murat, the most brilliant chief of cavalry the world has seen, were all very handsome men. Shakespeare was exceedingly fine looking, and Milton possessed in his youth an almost feminine beauty. Goethe and Lord Byron were the handsomest men of their time. Henry Hart Millman and Edgar Allan Poe were two of the most beautiful men that ever lived. Chatterton and Burns had eyes of wonderful brilliancy, "under such brows as the laurels love." Raphael and Rubens, Murillo and Salvator Rosa were singularly handsome. Columbus and Sir Walter Raleigh, "the Shepherd of the Ocean," were marvels of manly beauty and grace.

Cæsar, Washington, Wellington and Cromwell, all greatly resembled each other. Most men of genius have been medium sized, or small—have had black or brown hair and eyes, and a "pug" nose never yet decorated the face of any of them. "The features being based on bone and muscle, will a certain class of mind be connected with a certain class of features?"

J. M McCann.

—Remarkable Success in Taming Woodcocks.—It has heretofore been found extremely difficult, in fact apparently impossible, to keep woodcocks long alive in confinement, although they have frequently been captured, and have seemed to become tame. A letter upon this subject from T. R. W., of New Brunswick, N. J., is therefore of great interest. He describes a case where several of these birds had been brought up from the nest by a farmer, and had become well domesticated. These birds (four in number) their owner said he had found in a nest and brought home with him, not expecting that they would live. But he found that by holding worms before their bills they would swallow them although they would not pick them off the ground. In a few days they became very tame, and as they grew older and acquired their full plumage, they would take short flights about the farm, but always returning to the house and roosting beneath the stone slab forming the kitchen door-step. When the tamer and our informant went into the garden, the birds, attracted by their owner's voice, came hopping out of the brush and flew upon his shoulders, manifesting not the slightest fear, but not permitting his companion to approach them. After taking food from his hand they again flew away. Watching the birds feeding, it was observed that they would rapidly drive their bill into the soft ground, constantly boring until they found their worm; they would then give a peculiar twist, draw it out its full length and gulp the worm down.—*Forest & Stream.*

—Maternal instinct.—A few weeks ago I bought a pair of Indigo birds. They were not mated, and had evidently been caught since their early life in the west, for they were very wild. I put them in a large room with other birds, among which were a young sparrow, and two young red-wing black birds. These young birds were being fed by hand, but it was not many days before I noticed that the call of the little sparrow had touched a tender spot in the motherly heart of the Indigo bird. It would eat well from the hand, but, evidently pleased with the notice given by Mrs. Indigo, it called to her for food and she responded with all her heart. No sooner was the food dish brought into the room, than she became uneasy, and when the attendant retreated, fell to carrying food to the little orphaned companion. But she was not satisfied with this amount of work, and soon began to feed both of the young black birds. The young sparrow has since died from roosting at night near the window screen where it was drenched by a sudden storm, but this motherly bird still continues to feed the other two, and apparently takes great delight in her charge. These young birds, at the present time are able to pick up their own food, but still their foster mother persists in offering them her nicest bits. It is very amusing to see this family when the contents of our fly traps are emptied into the room. The windows are screened with fine wire netting, and the liberated flies start for them pursued by the zealous foster mother, while the young black birds sit screaming in the green bushes near by. There is generally a lively time until the flies are all gone.

W. G. Todd.

—How a Spider Builds its Web.—W.C. Richmond, of Geneva, Ohio, sends to the Journal the following curious account of how a spider builds its web: "While at work one day in the field, I accidentally destroyed the web of a common spider. Curious to know what the little creature would do in its great calamity, I made myself comfortable, and awaited results. The spider, not in the least disheartened by its loss, immediately commenced building another web. It first described a circle, not regular, but agreeing with the irregularities of the spires of grass on which it was suspended in a vertical position. Having strengthened this outer line (which may be likened to the felloe of a carriage wheel) by passing around it several times, adding each time a thread, it proceeded to form the spokes. It ascended to the upper edge of the circle, and, securing its thread, 'swung off,' slowly descending until it reached the lower edge, where it fastened the other end. As ending this last-formed line to about the center, and, fastening its thread, it proceeded again to the circumference, thus forming another spoke in the wheel. It continued this operation until enough spokes were made, then, beginning at the center or hub, it passed round and round in enlarging circles until it had formed some six or eight threads, about one-fourth of an inch apart. This, I noticed, was not done with that care which marked its subsequent work; but it was only intended (as I afterward saw) to be a sort of stay-lath, and not a permanent affair. It now darted to the outside of the web and commenced to weave in the woof, which was done by passing a thread from spoke to spoke around the wheel in diminishing circles, the distance between them being determined by the length of the spider's *hind-leg*, for it walked on the line spun at the previous revolution, and guided the new thread with one of its hind-feet, holding it toward the center as much as possible, and allowing it to run between two of its claws as around a pulley. As it passed over each spoke it would, with its hind-foot, press the newly-formed thread to it, thus firmly uniting it. In the same manner it proceeded on until it came to the stay-laths, when it fell to work, and, in a twinkling, tore them away and

soon finished its work, and retreated to its corner to await the approach of some luckless fly. Twice during the operation its thread broke, but, not noticing it until it got to the next spoke, it did not retrace its steps, but fastened it where it was, thus leaving a break. Nearly all of the webs that I have examined have the same defect. That which surprised me most was the extreme rapidity of the spider's movements, as it was not probably more than ten minutes from the time of destroying the web before another was completed."

—Legal Punishment of Animals.—Throughout Europe until a comparatively recent period *all* the animal kingdom was considered amenable to the laws, as well as man. The domestic animals were tried in the Common Council courts of the country, and their punishment on conviction was death. Wild and noxious animals—the wolf, the serpent, the locust, and the leech were turned over to "Holy Church," to be tried by the ecclesiastical courts, and their punishment if found guilty was banishment, or death. In every instance advocates were assigned the animals, and all the proceedings, trial, sentence and execution were conducted with the strictest formalities of justice. The records of the courts of France show that from 1120 to 1740 ninety-two processes against animals were tried—the last execution being that of a cow for murder, in the year last named. A law-suit between the inhabitants of the commune of St. Julien, and a coleopterous insect, known to naturalists as the *Eynchitus aureus*, remained in the courts for more than forty years. All the wild animals of the district were summoned where an offense had been committed and judgment was given by default, on their non-appearance. It wes considered *necessary*, however, that some of them should be present when the *monitoire* was delivered, in order that the proceedings of the court might be conveyed to those who were absent. At Basle in 1474, a cock was tried for having laid an egg—the wise men adjudged him guilty, and he was burned to the stake. In Switzerland and Savoy the lower animals were received as witnesses in court, and on their testimony depended the death or liberty of the human prisoner. In those countries if a man's house was broken into between the hours of sunset and sunrise, and the owner killed the intruder, the act was considered justifiable homicide. But as he might have enticed the person to his house for the purpose of murdering him, it was necessary that the householder should, in default of human witnesses, produce in court a dog, a cat, or a cock that had been present at the death of the person killed, the owner was compelled to make his declaration of innocence on oath, before one of these animals, and if it didn't contradict him, he was considered guiltless. J. M. McCann.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 26.

BY HUON.

Strange Food.

Sauntering through the Philadelphia "Zoological Gardens," on one of my late idle days, and seeing the birds, beasts, and reptiles at their "feed," and what many of them were feeding upon, I fell to thinking how one animal eats up another, and what strange bills of fare are presented in different parts of the world.

I am not certain whether it has been positively determined whether the locusts John the Baptist fed upon in the wilderness were of the vegetable or insect order, but we do know that the insect locusts have been eaten by the Arabs from the earliest recorded times. and that they are by them eaten to this day—served up in a different manner however, from those eaten by John, whatever *they* were, as they are first roasted, then pounded up fine and made into cakes, which are said to be excellent. From the locust's eggs the Hottentots prepare a savory soup, and it is upon that dish the Hottentot women get so enormously fat. In the Mahratta country locusts are salted down for future use, while in Barbary, Othello's people prefer locust to pigeon! (think of that fanciers) There they (the locusts, not the Moors,) are boiled for a half hour, the heads and wings are thrown away, and the bodies are then fried in salt, pepper and vinegar; when the dish is said to be very palatable.

At Natal, the locusts by millions are gathered in bags, or sacks, and after being steamed in close vessels they are dried in the sun; the wings and legs being taken off, they are stored away in granaries like corn, and when ground, made into a porridge which is said to be quite as palatable as that made of oat meal ground at your "Keystone Mills," brother Bennett. Dr. Livingston tells us that for want of other food he was compelled to eat locusts prepared by the Kaffirs, and he says when roasted he found them better than shrimps, which they much resembled in taste.

In several different parts of the world *spiders* have been relished as food! In the Kaffir country there is a spider nearly an inch in length, which is eaten in great quantities by the natives, also in the French Colony of New Caledonia are the spiders used as food. Reaumur tells of a man who never saw a spider without catching and eating it, and Anna Maria Schurman used to eat spiders as she would nuts, and excused her strange taste by saying that she was born "under the sign *scorpio*." Laland, the famous astronomer, was particularly fond of spider-food; and a German is mentioned by Rozel who used to spread spiders upon his bread and butter! He said "he found them very useful!"

Humboldt tells us that he saw Indian children in South America drag centipedes 18 inches long out of the earth and greedily devour them! Insects' eggs are eaten by both Arab and Mexican; Grubs of insects are eaten roasted, by both white and black in the West Indies, and the native Mexican gets a "brick in his hat," on a kind of "crooked" made of distilled beetles.

The ancient Greeks were very fond of grasshoppers, which is only another family of locusts—and the native Australian used to relish them quite as well, eating them raw; first divesting them of wings.

John Chinaman eats the chrysalis of the silk worm after making use of the silk—nothing lost you see—and much does the Chinaman love the larvæ of the hawk-moth! In Jamaica, the blacks dry, smoke and pound butterflies for food, and the Hottentots eat large quantities of white ants, both raw and boiled. The female ant is said to be the most nutritious! One way of preparing ants is to mix them with flour, and parch them as you would coffee; after which, they are eaten by handfuls, with much the same relish with which I saw you, dear reader, eating pop corn the other day in the centennial buildings. The taste of ants thus prepared is said to resemble sugared cream or sweet-almond paste. Dr. Livingston says "the white ants when roasted, are good, and somewhat resemble grains of boiled rice." "Did you ever eat any white ants?" enquired one of the chiefs of the Dr.—"No!"—"well," said the chief, "If you had, you would never ask for any thing, or desire any thing better!" Humboldt also found ant-eaters among the natives of South America.

In Ceylon bees are eaten as common food, and in some parts of India the great palm-weevil, which is about the size of your thumb, is a favorite dish. I have read somewhere of an Indian King who at one of his feasts, for dessert, instead of fruit, set before his guests *roasted worms!* which were thought by the monarch to be most delicious. They were doubtless the larvæ of the palm-weevil.

Sir Francis Drake says the Patagonians ate seal flesh nearly raw, and Davis, on his voyage to Greenland in 1589, found the natives eating their meat raw, mixed with grass (a Greenland salad?) washing it down with salt water as seasoning.

Captain Hall in his recent visit among the Esquimaux, found that people eating hot seal-blood, which he tasted, and declares it was excellent. The way of lunching on hot seal-blood, was to stand in a circle, each man taking a spoonful, and passing the bowl to his right hand man until the round was made.

The native Sandwich Islander eats his turtles and fish raw; and the richest possible treat one of them can enjoy, is to haul a turtle from the water and eat it to death!

In Paris, and other parts of France, snails are a favorite dish,

millions of them being sold every year in the Paris markets. Frenchmen residing in America are not without them either, as hampers of them fresh from the vineyards of Southern France, every season cross the Atlantic, and the writer has enjoyed a very palatable dish of them sent to him through the kindness of a French friend. During the months of Jan., Feb., March, and April, present year, Paris ate no less than two thousand three hundred and seventy horses! At that rate about one million horses per year would be wanted for that city. How much has America eaten under the name of beef?

"Glad you live in a country where christian food alone is eaten?"

Not so fast, dear reader,—some rattlesnakes are eaten on our Continent, and frogs have become so delicious and expensive that a poor man can't eat the "sarpint" any more; for the same reason Jack would not eat his supper. In the sunny south there are whole communities of clay, or dirt-eaters, who dearly love that kind of food, while you know more than one "party" who prefers a cheese which is *lively*—spreading the *lively* part on his bread, the same as our German friend did the spiders. Could one point at the other, do you think?

I have not catalogued half the strange food to be found it use, but space will allow of no further mention. With an instance of strange taste quite near home, I conclude the present paper; from a late *Oneida Union* (N. Y.,) I clip the following: It may be of use when potato bugs get too thick, food too scarce, or children have nothing else to do:

"Potato-bugs Eaten.—A little daughter of Smith Hubbard of Oxford, was in the garden picking and eating potato-bugs. This greatly alarmed her parents, who had been told that they were rank poison. The girl expressed her liking for them, saying they "cracked like pea-nuts." The bugs did the child no harm. As our German friend said of the spiders, the potato bug may be found *useful* at last."

THE CATFISH FAMILY.

From the bull-ponts of the brook, up to the great wolf fish, says the New Orleans *Times*, a compact chain, with no missing link, connects the great family of the catfishes. Why catfish, we shall presently see. His favorite seat and homestead is, undoubtedly, the inland sea of the Mississippi, but he can live anywhere, and, in the point of fact, does live everywhere. His services are indispensable and his adaptation to his business perfect. He is found in the rivers of Asia, and has relatives living in the North seas. He ranges the waters as widely as man ranges the land.

Pimelodus Catus in a true cosmopolitan—in fish society. He is the slyest of all the fishes. He delights in still waters, deep holes, eddies, and the cover of drift wood—except that pale, lean fellow who frequents the brackish waters of the coast, he is a bold rover. He is as omniverous as a shark, cruel as fate, soft, slow, oily, undulating in his motions, cunning, crafty, and greedy. Garbage of any kind forms his diet, and doubtless his little beady eyes sparkle with delight when he chances upon a peculiarly odorous bit of it.

The first rule of catfish philosophy is, that there is nothing which it is impossible to swallow. No catfish is in good standing among his fellows unless he can bolt his own weight in meat and bones without winking or stretching his neck. He is impudent and brave, resisting capture with the greatest determination, dies slow and dies game. He never takes his prey with any of the swift, fierce eagerness of the trout, pike or bass; there is no dash, no elan about him.

He approaches the bait deliberately, clasps it in his vice-like jaws, and moves away so gently at first, with such a soft strain upon the line, that you are in doubt whether he is fastened or not. He is loth to exert his immense strength, and will not do so until he finds himself firmly hooked. Then he rouses himself, and struggles with a stubborn, angry courage, quite in contrast with the fright and terror of other game fish.

He is, among fish, what the owl is among birds, very wise, very still, very independent, and always hungry. Though a night prowler by profession, he is very much in the habit of lunching at all hours of the day. He has no scales, his skin is softer than satin, as smooth as ivory, and his whole organism the perfection of elasticity, compactness, and strength. You never see him idly frisking about nor spending his time in foolish gambols. He never flirts himself out of the water, even when seeking his food, much less from any nonsensical ambition to show his agility.

He hugs the ground closely, avoids swift currents, or, when in them, seeks the eddies and the shelter of the rocks on the bottom, winds in and out along the shore, solemnly, mysteriously, stealthily, always on the qui vive for something to swallow, yet never disappointed if he finds nothing. Though always graceful in his movements, his general appearance carries with it the impression of a laughable mixture of cunning, malevolence, and drollery. He is a wag, a rogue, a tyrant, a glutton.

He sometimes attains the weight of 200 pounds, and then he is as ugly a customer as one could wish to see. His head is as wide as a road-scraper and pretty much the same shape. His ponderous jaws set together like a steel trap and, when out of the water, his eyes have a vicious, metallic lustre which they retain until he has breathed his last gasp. The poetical justice of being swallowed by another fish has never been meted out to the catfish. The three poisonous thorns that stand out from his body, one at each side and one above, afford him ample protection.

Altogether the catfish is a very queer fellow, a fellow of infinite originality and humor. If you ever have an opportunity to observe him in his native element you will find him an interesting study. You will never find the great leviathans of the fish market in water clear enough for an observation, but the smaller members of the family, the horned pout of the brook, for instance, you may often see. His palpi droop gracefully over his muzzle, not unlike a mustache, and as he moves leisurely about the almost incredible phenomenon of "the tail that wags the dog" is clearly illustrated, for the tail of the catfish certainly does wag his body.

He seeks no companions, is the most self contained of all the fishes, yet is no misanthrope. He delights in punching his broad nose under chips and sticks, and sometimes a merry freak will seize him all at once, and he will double himself up, seem to touch his nose with his tail, and bend himself into scollops in the very exuberance of his muscular elasticity. Then away he goes again, wagging his head at all the other fishes, seeking, with all his wonted and industrious solemnity, for something to swallow.

As an article of diet, catfish meat is popular in Western hotels, where it figures as "baked trout." It is dauby, but then it is cheap—nothing so cheap. The supply is inexhaustible, and the price uniform—never any cheaper or any nastier at one season than another. Boiled, it makes a very good salve or poultice. His general-utility in life detracts from his acceptability in death—with many people.—*Phila. Evening Star.*

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"To exchange for cash" or "Greenbacks," "Wanted a purchaser," or "Wanted an offer," etc, etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

E. M. BIDWELL, Natick, R. I., will exchange 1 pair Blue Owls, value $6; 3 pair Black and Blue Tumblers, at $3 per pair; and 1 pair Black and White Fans, value $5, for a pair White Crested Fans, not akin, good breeders, and worth $20.

J. B. PERRY, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, has for exchange Lt. Brahmas, P. Cochins, White Cochins, Brown Leghorns, S. S. Hamburgs, and Game Pit fowls. All a No. 1 stock. Speak quick.

S. D. R. SMITH, Williamsport, Pa, will exchange one trio Dark Brahmas, one trio White Cochins, one trio Light Brahmas, one trio White Guineas, one pair White Frizzles, two Partridge Cochin hens, five Black Cochin hens, three White Sultan hens, one Jap. Silky cock, one female Canary, one French Accordian, one fancy pigeon and bantam Show Cage (eight departments), for gun, revolver, window shades and fixtures—anything but live stock. Make offers.

W. B. COCHRAN, 19 Commerce St., Baltimore, Md., will exchange first premium Antwerps, two pairs Yellow Crested Tumblers, Blue Swallows, White Ruff, White Turbits, Short-Faced Tumblers, Blue Quakers, one pair each. What offers? Speak quick.

R. M. BAKER, 56 Michigan Grand Avenue, Detroit, Mich., has a few Pointer whelps (bitches). The mother took first prize in Detroit in 1874. Will exchange for Hamburgs, Leghorns, or Houdans. Fair birds are all that I require. Make other offers.

CHAS. F. FREEMAN, 1914 North Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa., breeder of Swallows, Turbits, and Owls, will exchange some of the finest Blue-winged Turbits, Solid Black Turbits, Black-tail Turbits, and fine bred Owls, for Red Swallows or Blue Swallows. They must be perfect birds in every way. Here is a chance for anybody to get good Turbits for good Swallows.

EZRA B. DIBBLE, New Haven, Conn., has to exchange my Poultry Library (see advertisement in this number). I will exchange for anything useful or ornamental, except agricultural implements or live stock. What offers?

JOHN D. WHITE, Chicopee, Mass, will exchange one pair solid black Inside Tumblers, first premium birds and warranted first-class, for a pair of Yellow Jacobins, or young Carriers of any color, but must be good.

IRVING H. ELMER, Chicopee, Mass., has Brown Leghorn Cockerels, of various strains, to exchange for offers. Write.

ABRAHAM PERRY, Monroe, N. Y., will exchange about twenty nice Rose-comb Dominique Chicks; also, one cock and four hens of Partridge Cochins, for Light Brahma or White Leghorn Chicks. Must be good.

N. S. CORNWELL, Northampton, Mass., has six nice breeding hens, Dominique Leghorns, from Aaron Low direct, to exchange for Rose-comb Am. Dominiques, Black Spanish, or offers.

JOHN HOGAN, Newton, N. J., will exchange one Black and Tan Dog, White China Goose, Clayborne and Irish Gray Games, for Silver S. Hamburgs, Colored Dorkings, Plymouth Rocks, Duckwings, Black Reds, or offers.

LON. HARDMAN, St. Joseph, Mo., wants one Yellow Barb Cock, three White Jacobin Hens, one Red Jacobin Hen, one Cal. Fantail Cock, in exchange for opposite sex or same varieties, or Fulton's Illustrated Pigeon Book. Will pay cash for Jacobin Hens.

HENRY WIEST, of Pillow P. O, Dauphin Co., Pa., wants American Cattle, Their History, Breeding, and Management, by Lewis F. Allen, for Light and Dark Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, either hens or pullets, or a pair of Brown Leghorns, April hatch, '76.

R. M. BAKER, 56 Michigan Grand Ave., Detroit, Mich., has for exchange a few Beagle whelps, parents 12 and 13 inches tall. Want Houdans, Hamburgs, or Leghorns. What other offers?

ELLSWORTH G. MOYER, Rehrersburg, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange 10 pair Fantails, Red-wing Turbit, Mottle Trumpeter, Carriers, White Pouters, &c., for Brown Leghorns and Rose comb Black African Bantams.

G. J. BAKER, Postville, Trafalgar P. O., Ont, will exchange any of the following thoroughbred stock—Cotswold Lambs, Berkshire Pigs, Black Cochins, Coach Stuf, in pup, Black and Tan Dog Pup, and Hunting Rifle—for Jersey Heifer, in calf, or Bull Calf.

W. F. MUCHMORE, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange one trio Partridge Cochins (Williams' strain), one trio Lt. Brahmas, four hen Canary birds, one Setter bitch pup, 3 months old, noted strain and pedigree, for American Kennel and Sporting Field Books, and offers.

GEO. M. WONSON, East Gloucester, Mass., has two pairs of Peacocks, one pair three years old, full plumaged, twenty-seven first-class Aylesbury Ducks and four Drakes—the ducks are laying finely—to exchange for Poland China Pigs, Hamburgs in varieties, Bantams in varieties, Lop-Eared or Angora Rabbits, or offers.

CHAS. O. McIXELL, Milton, Pa., will exchange one trio B. L. Hens, five Dark B. Hens and two Cocks, four Partridge Cochin Hens and one Cock, one pair Canaries and Cage, one Ground Hog, one pair Black Barbs, old birds, one Air Gun, one pair Rouen and one pair Pekin, 1 Drake and four Hens Aylesbury Ducks, for old mated Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

W. D. HUMPHREY, JR., Tarrytown, N. Y., would like to exchange a spring bird Trap, four Game Hens (pit stock), Taxidermist's Manual, new book, three jointed Fish Pole, two Pictures of Washington and wife, and a flat-headed Adder, 3½ feet long, alive and well, for a Double-barreled Shot Gun, or offers. All letters answered.

M. VAN CULIN, Delaware City, Delaware, has to exchange two pairs white Carriers, two pairs Pouters, one pair Barbs (cock red, hen dun), one pair White Crested Fans, one pair Black Balds, two pairs Tumblers, one red Carrier Hen, one white Carrier Hen, one Black Bald Hen, one White Fan Hen (crested), one Yellow Barb Hen, eleven Brown Leghorn Cockerels, one White Leghorn Cock and six Hens, five White Leghorn Cockerels and six Pullets, one trio G. S. Hamburgs, Cocker Spaniel Bitch, Setter Puppies, from imported parents, for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Works on the Horse, or Dog, or Natural History, Brown Leghorn hens or pullets, tools of any kind, poultry, or pigeons, or offers. Send along your postal cards.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

J. F. HICKEY, Traders' Point Marion Co., Ind., wants one or more Maltese Kittens. State age, sex, and price.

JAMES M. LAMBING,

PARKERS' LANDING, PA.

Breeder of

HIGH CLASS PEDIGREE LIGHT BRAHMAS

AND

IMPORTED BLACK HAMBURGS.

TWO VARIETIES, ONLY.

EGGS AND CHICKS FOR SALE.

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PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.

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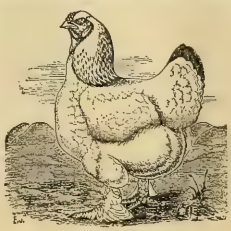

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EXCLUSIVELY.

I am prepared to ship Eggs from my best stock, carefully boxed, to Hatch.

See D B. adversement elsewhere.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, AUGUST 21, 1876. No. 32.

THE DREAMER.

All day the white-haired woman sits
Beside the open door, and knits;
No living thing her dim eye sees,
As busy with old memories,
She dreams her dreams of what has been,
And knits her old-time fancies in.

She thinks of those who long ago
Went out across the threshold low.
How many times her listening ear
Has thought familiar footsteps near,
And she has started up to find
A dead leaf rustling in the wind.

But never as of those who lie
Beneath the wide and tender sky,
With folded hands on quiet breast,
All wrapped about with peace and rest,
She thinks of them. For her they tread
The green earth with her. None are dead.

Though years have fallen like the leaves
Above the graves where Summer weaves
Her grass-fringed coverlet, to keep
Safe hid from us the ones asleep,
She sees them all. Not grass nor mold
Can hide the ones she loved of old.

She talks with them. When brown-winged bees,
Make merry in the locust trees,
She thinks *he* comes and sits with her
Whose voice was love's interpreter,
O dreamer! young again to-day,
What matter if your hair is gray?

Sometimes she thinks that round her knee
Her children play in happy glee,
And when they tired and sleepy grow
She sings some song of long ago,
And on her loving mother-breast
She rocks her little ones to rest.

O dreamer, knitting all the day,
Your dreams in with your stitches gray,
Yours is a happy, happy heart,—
A haunted world from ours apart.
The years that turned your tresses gray
Have given you back your youth to-day.

—*Advance.*

THE CENTURY PLANT

Which Messrs. Calder & Wiswall, florist, of Hotel Boylston, have placed on public exhibition at the Old South Church, coming into bloom as it has after its long existence, in this Centennial year, may truly be considered a national curiosity, which every one should see.

The plant with its stately appearance, its gracefully curved branches expanding like beautiful candelabra and sustaining such an immense number of blossoms and buds,—the flowers, which are of a sulphur yellow color, succeeding each other in quick succession,—presents a spectacle highly interesting to the student of nature, and gratifying to all.

This plant was formerly growing on an old plantation, at one time belonging to the late Hon. John C. Calhoun, on the St. Johns river, Florida, about 125 miles above Jacksonville. It was brought north on the deck of a steamer in April last, since which time it has been growing at the greenhouses of Messrs. Calder & Wiswall, in Boston Highlands. The stalk at that time was 8 feet in height. Since May 1st, it has grown to a height of 20 feet, and has thrown out 19 lateral arms or branches and produced 1000 buds and blossoms. As the flower stalk grew and the flowers expanded, the plant became exhausted and the leaves drooped and rapidly withered.

It is on exhibition every day (Sundays excepted) at the Old South Church, in Boston.

The above circular is given to those visitors at the old South Church in Boston, who pay twenty-five cents for admission to a small room made inside the edifice by suspending canvas from the ceiling, within which is exhibited a century-plant *in full bloom.* Though the plant and flowers may at first disappoint the person whose vivid imagination has pictured the promised thousand of blossoms to be flowers which, for show, shall surpass the peony, and who has anticipated fragrance excelling that of the rose; yet, if he be at all susceptible to sentiment, he will come away highly gratified. There is something peculiarly appropriate in an exhibition of a plant in its final perfection, which is known to be eighty years old, and is probably one hundred, in an edifice which has stood for about that period since the time when the incidents occurred which rendered it noted throughout the civilized world, and,—we hope we may say with truth,—sacred to the people of this country. Little did those think who saw the plant as it grew in Florida, in its youth and middle age, that, after surviving a great civil war, in its very neighborhood, as it were, it was destined to come to perfection in order that its influence might help preserve the Old South Church in Boston.

Its bloom is its death. It prepares itself for its life's work through a long, dreary, and change-working one hundred years, by a slow, patient growth, silently storing up within itself the vital force which, at the expiration of that time, shall enable it to shoot up a high stalk from the heart of the bunch of leaves, which have grown near the ground so long, and to burst forth into blooming beauty; a sight to inspire the beholder with feelings of wonder and admiration. It is only about nine months previous to the time of blossoming, that the *stalk* begins to form. Before this time the plant has much the appearance of the tuft of leaves upon a pine apple, very much enlarged. But afterward, the growth of the stalk, which, in the case of the plant in question, is twenty feet high, and perhaps four or five inches in diameter at the base, is amazingly rapid, as the reader will have perceived from the circular. This particular plant has been known to grow in one day, when at the greenhouses of Messrs. Calder & Wiswall, in a temperature of 102°, the astounding space of *six inches.* This is the more wonderful, when it is known that the stalk is so hard as to give out a sound, when struck by a hard substance, as loud and smart as if it were a young oak tree, and cannot be impressed by the hand. The trunk, (for it is worthy of the name,) is of a light green color, marked at intervals by drying leaflets or scales, and has a similar appearance to that of the trunk of the palm tree in pictures; but, unlike the palm, there are no leaves at the top, these being all clustered about the foot, many of them dried and brown, others green but shrunken. I

have no doubt that all the sustenance for the flowers, indeed all the vitality of the plant, is now in the stalk. There are no branches until within a few feet of the top, where the general appearance is that of an inverted chandelier, the flowers being quite small, in large clusters, each cluster containing I should think, forty or fifty single blossoms, perhaps more. I am unable to describe the flowers, for, as yet there is no platform from which to obtain a nearer view of them; though, I believe, one is to be built. The flowers in the top clusters look quite fresh, with their small yellow leaves, (petals, I suppose,) but those on the lower branches are fast losing or have lost their beauty. The still, close air of the church is not favorable for the growth of the plant,—or rather, for the continuance of its present short life. The sight of this wonderful plant is well worth the expenditure of twenty-five cents worth of patriotism. The historian will find a friend in the vegetable kingdom; the poet, food for fancy; the botanist, a subject for study; the merely curious will see what he probably never saw before, and will not be likely to see again. P. B.

SMOKE.

An Irishman who had a termagant wife quieted an outbreak of ill-humor by presenting the lady with a short pipe, of which the cost was one half penny; and as he did so he remarked with Quakerlike simplicity, that peace was a good thing at any price. There is much peace in tobacco. A legend even relates that it was introduced to Europe by a man whose professional business was peace-seeking. It was, or was not—for doctors differ—a certain M. de Nicot, French Ambassador at the Court of Portugal, who brought tobacco under the notice of Catherine de Medicis in the year 1560, or thereabouts; whereas it was probably known in London in 1585. In France tobacco was therefore called nicotiane, or "the Queen's weed;" in England it got its more enduring title because, says tradition, Francis Drake carried away the first samples from Tobago. It was the wild man who taught his civilized brother the calm delights of smoke. The best tobacco in the world for cigars is perhaps that found in Cuba, and the best tobacco in Cuba is grown at Vuelta de Abajo. The best snuffs come from Macouba, a village at Martinique, where the Empress Josephine was born. The best Turkish tobacco is that raised in Macedonia. Tombeki, which is exclusively smoked in narghilehs, comes from Persia. When good it looks like new shoe leather used for soles. Tombeki should be washed at least three times before smoking. It is difficult to understand the source of the pleasure derived from tobacco. If it came from the sense of smell we might engage servants to smoke for us and preserve the whiteness of our teeth as well as the inoffensiveness of our hair and clothes. If it depended on taste we should get more joy out of a quid than out of a cigar. It cannot belong to the touch, because chocolate pastilles and some needle-cases feel like cigars in hand. The sight seems to have part in our delectation, because tobacco is almost deprived of its perfume by darkness; yet if its savor depended wholly on light, suggests a sage who has lost all yet mental coherence in smoky thoughts, tobacco would give more pleasure in the sunshine than in the shadow, and no true smoker has ever piped assent to such a statement.

Van Helmont, traveling in desert places, avers that tobacco protected him for long periods against hunger or fatigue, and he declares that he could make immense journeys on foot with no other sustenance. Dr. Stephenson, an American physician, observed that tobacco may be almost counted on as a specific in certain forms of inflammatory erysipelas. He covers the inflamed surface with wet tobacco leaves, and keeps them there till nausea supervenes. A member of the College of Medicine at Stockholm avers that the dried leaves of the potato plant would answer the same purpose, and that far better smoking ingredients may be made from them than from the coarser kinds of tobacco in common use. Much of the tobacco sold at Hamburg and Bremen is mixed with potato leaves. The tobacco which comes from Maryland is the only sort which can be smoked in short pipes without danger to the mucous membrane of the mouth. It mingles imperceptibly with the potato leaf, and the adulteration can hardly be detected. A learned man declares that we are grievously in error who talk of "Meerschaum" pipes; we should say "Kummer" pipes, and commemorate perpetually our obligations to the discoverer of a compound which has nothing to do with the sea nor with its foam. Anselm, who has written a profound work on pipes, instructs mankind that they should be of the simplest form, so as to be easily cleaned, and that there should never be any wood, metal, caoutchouc, or horn, connected with them. Kummer pipes may be discreetly cleansed by pouring streams of boiling coffee through them. It is a wise course to bake clay pipes in a hot oven—after the dinner has been taken out of it. Pipes have had names, like swords—names born of love or glory and one is known to history as "Anastasia," one as "Paradise." The first belonged to a poet, the other to Omer Pasha, who had a name to conjure with among the Turks. Tobacco is believed to have destroyed the art of conversation; but perhaps it has only improved it. Smoking does not render talk impossible or even difficult; but it condenses it and makes it sententious. Tobacco compresses a long winded discourse into an epigram. It is at the bottom of the difference between the Welshman's prayer and that of Mawworm. "Good night, sir," he remarked to his patron saint, "few words are best;" whereas Mawworm has never done with words, and would let his pipe out in more ways than one, while that of the more ancient and acute Briton would keep alight. The smoker wants no other furniture than some German tender. If he begins to burden himself with amber mouthpieces, clips and pincers, he ceases to be a man, and becomes a cupboard. Directly the first ash falls off it the flavor is impaired, and the smoke becomes hot, acrid and unwholesome. Smoking, which has greatly increased in recent years, is, at all events, much better than taking snuff, which disgraced the very waistcoats of our forefathers. "Had our noses," mused a philosopher, "been intended for dustholes they would have been turned the other way." Possibly. And it is by no means clear to logical intellects that our mouths were intended for chimneys, or they might with more fitness have been opened at the top of our heads, and every man might have served as a barometer to his neighbor, who could have foreseen the state of the weather by noting whether his neighbor was blinded by his own smoke or otherwise. Youth and love depart from us. Tobacco remains, and perhaps it consoles us. It is the only form of happiness which is left to some whom the world has treated unkindly. "*Je te laisse ma femme et ma pipe; je te recommende bien ma pipe,*" were the last words of Gavarni's vagabond. The dying good-for nothing was not ungrateful. No man has ever laughed in smoking; we are rather grave, with glad thoughts, over our tobacco, and the moralizing, or demoralizing weed seems silently to convey to us the great truth of life, with which we do well to grow familiar, "*Tu quoque in pulverem reverteris.*" That is, all of us but the odor of good deeds.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

A NOBLE THOUGHT.

Young men! It was like the song of some wonderful bird, and it made the shine after the sound had died away; and yet it was just the remark of a brave young man who walked past me one day, arm in arm with a companion.

"Depend upon it, Tom, old St. Edmund, of Canterbury, was about right when he said to somebody, 'work as though you would die to-day.'"

Tom nodded and the two walked on.—*St. Nicholas.*

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

TASTE.

THE FANCIER AND THE FOWL.

Firstly.—The old maxim, That the way to a man's heart is through his stomach,—would be more applicable to savage than civilized life. The animal that subserves man in a large degree by its flesh, seldom renders a higher service to mental taste and gratification. In one sense, the fatted fowl may be considered, like the fatted calf, in a civil and political respect, a civilizer to races, where the animal propensities predominate, the larger and fatter the birds are for this purpose, the better, be they Cochins, Plymouth Rocks, Dunghills, or Brahmas—all the same, provided they have a large carcass and well-developed thighs; pedigree is of no account whatever in the poultry world, for this use especially, whether the legs are red, yellow, or blue (tough yellow-legged Leghorns only excluded).

One hundred years ago, or less, Capt. Cook and other explorers never failed to take out large quantities of fowls as well as other live stock, on their voyages, with which to create friendly relations with the uncivilized natives of the countries they discovered,—Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti, Sandwich Islands, &c., as well as to teach them habits of industry.

History does not tell us what breed of fowls had the honor to first propagate those new settlements, but we may reasonably presume they were a corpulent lot of the nondescript class. But as we read that some of the tribes were so intensely in love with fine feathers and pretty plumes, we think if Capt. Cook and his compeers had had a few Polish fowls with them they might have been able to purchase a kingdom with a pair of them, from some of the chiefs; from which we infer that there is some admiration for the beautiful amongst a few of the uncivilized, and as they rise higher in the scale of humanity and knowledge, this taste for the sublime and the beautiful gradually assumes superiority over the sensual, and his contemplation of nature's varied storehouse soon conduces to a continual feast.

If *we* rest the principal merits of the *Asiatic* fowls upon the large amount of *flesh* which they yield, all must admit that they are far superceded by another bird of longer ears, and which commands a greater number of consumers, if *not* admirers, in an æsthetic point of view, for, although it may, like the drake, have the sweet curl on its caudle extremity, we hardly ever see its likeness decorating the parlor or drawing room. We oftener see its parts presented on the table of the dining room. Cincinnati and Chicago have the palm of furnishing more hog-flesh than any other cities of the world, and the fact of their having such an enormous demand for this species of merchandize, demonstrates overwhelmingly, that it has an even if not a better chance than the Asiatic fowls, with regard to taste, and as we are accustomed to viands that are both red, yellow, and blue, with the secondary and tertiary colors thrown in, I am not at all disposed to test the delicacy of the meat by the sense of seeing alone—as to whether it is deer, lamprey eels, salmon, blue-fish, mackerel, mushrooms, frogs, red-herring, oysters, cabbages, or squash, &c. Of course at this season we will politely ask you to a dessert of huckleberries, blackberries, or raspberries; as to drinks to wash these wholesome luxuries down, any color may be chosen that pleases the eye or taste, from a bowl of buttermilk to a pewter mug of brown stout. Variety is the spice of life, not to one sense alone, but to all the senses, and the more these senses are exercised in conjunction with each other, the greater the enjoyment of nature's horn of plenty. There are persons occasionally to be met with, who allow the sense of seeing to be prejudiced against certain colors of meat, seemingly to the detriment of taste, and the palate; but this, like the taste for music, or flowers, comes from lack of education and proper training. Curiosity stirs all the senses into activity—but like an army in the field, to little purpose except they act in concert with each other.

All agree as to the peculiar tastes of honey, sugar, vinegar, wormwood, aloes, &c., but it will be acknowledged that all have not the same fondness for these sweets and bitters. Some habituate themselves to the former, while others train their palates to the latter. Some particular circumstance will often occur that will change a person's preferences from one to the other. We had occasion once to converse with a man who had always detested anything bitter, but being threatened with consumption or dyspepsia, he was advised to make a decoction of certain bitter herbs, which he took to that extent that he became passionately fond of them,—one reason, probably, was of their curative effects, for he looked the type of good health. We knew another person, who when in his youth was very fond of shrimps, (a diminutive crab-like fish, large quantities of which are eaten in England,) but at one time ate so many that afterwards he became perfectly disgusted with them. A great many people prefer the oleaginous flesh of the goose to that of the best Polish or Asiatic fowl that was ever hatched, while to present some others with a plate of sardines, would be sufficient to capsize their stomachs. The greatest luxury to the Esquimaux in the Arctic region, is a goblet of train oil; while in the torrid, juicy fruits are the staple of life. Therefore it may be certainly inferred that the inhabitants of either of the two extremes would not quibble about the color of a fowl's legs, nor whether the flesh was light or dark; the one would accept it gladly, asking no questions for conscience sake, while the other would despise it altogether. Choice of food, therefore, depends upon individual condition, education, and temperature of the climate. While all concede the acerbity of vinegar, the bitterness of aloes, the sweetness of honey, we do not all take equal delight in the taste of them. How absurd then for any fancier to set up a standard as to the delicacy of a fowl's flesh by its peculiar tint, or by the color of its legs. The sense of seeing, in man universally, acknowledge fire to be red, snow to be white, the heavens to be blue, and grass green, but some people have the greatest aversion to snow, while others cherish it as the type of everything that is pure and happy, and consequently look forward to winter as the season of unmingled joy and pleasure, while others revel in the gorgeous show of flowers, with the background of green, in summer, and be it said much to their credit.

It is therefore probably well that our tastes differ, mentally and physically, or we might all fall into the terrible temptation of partially preferring the gormandizing Asiatic, to the pretty plumed Polish fowls.

Brics.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PEREGRINATIONS OF UNICORN.

Conceiving the idea that I would imitate the example of so many who have been "rambling" about the country, among the *prominent* fanciers, reporting to you the high-toned quality of their stock, &c., &c., I took the early train from home one fine morning,

and thus commenced my intended journey, to see what I could see, and hear what I could hear. At noontime I had alighted at a small country town, and inquired for the Parson and "Kernel," but found they had gone to the "Centinental," and the little "yaller" dog with them. Upon asking the whereabouts of "Young Breeder," I was pained to hear my informant say:—"*Bunged up*,"—ate too much "corn" with clean, pure water; the Dr. says he's afraid he will have "stoppage of the intestines" for *good* this time, for he had neglected his advice so often, that he feared *grave* results; but he had been habitually addicted to eating so much four year old Brahma cock meat, that its toughness had permeated his system, and under these circumstances he might possibly convalesce; hoped to get two or three Blue (game?) pills down him, and should then feel confident of his speedy recovery.

I believe he keeps fowls, said I. "Wall, yees, he's got a few of them newfangled kind, that's got so many feathers that the Lord didn't know where to put them all, so he just stuck some down their legs to the egstreme toenail of each toe, on both outer legs, and said that those who didn't have 'em that way, would be disqualified from holding any office, or could get up a standird to suit themselves, and others, if they could only *make them think so*." Believing this to be a most remarkable breed, and worthy of more than a passing notice, I intimated that I would stop on my return, when I hoped to find Y. B. alive and hearty, and "sassy" as ever. Before leaving my informant, I learned that Y. B. was hoping to be sufficiently well to attend a prize spelling-school before long, for he was now a *Reporter* on one of the large N. Y. dailies. Reaching the depot just in time, was soon on my journey.

POULTRY EXPERIENCE PURCHASED.

However gratifying it may be, when we have climbed that steep hill called Experience, and have at length reached the delightful summit of Perfection, still to come to grief so often on the journey (and we invariably do so just as we appear most certain of success), is very trying to the best-regulated temper.

For the benefit of any amateur whose knowledge of poultry lore may have been as limited as my own, let me tell how I "purchased experience," with a splendid White Cochin pullet, that grew and prospered so well that in my fertile imagination I was already the happy possessor of handsome cups, and first prizes innumerable. But one morning while feeding them, I noticed that the bird "on whom my hopes were built," had an unusual protuberance in the breast, and on closer inspection found it was decidedly crop bound. I gave it several doses of castor oil, yet as day by day went on, it got no better, and I said to myself, "J. K. L., I charge thee 'fling away ambition,' for you never did, and you never will get so much as an 'H. C.' towards the realization of all your brilliant visions." Now I never had the pleasure of a *tête-à-tête* with a learned poultry-keeper, since I am not acquainted with one, or I should have listened with reverence to his advice, and I obtain no sympathy from the "head of the family," who considers the study of hens and chickens very tame and insipid. "Better study flowers, and Ferns would be a far more ladylike occupation," and ends his advice with a parting shot (very much *sotto voce* I admit,) something about "little things." And really *I* consider, since my poultry cannot get "highly commended," the judges ought to award something to my unwearied energy and perseverance, because for the last five years, with nothing to back me but my purse and my enthusiasm (and I positively affirm that the two are inseparable,) I have slowly learnt my lessons in experience. Again, my invalid neighbor complains of the perpetual cock-crowing, the servants of the extra work "them dirty brutes" make, and I am periodically informed by the "head" that those horrid pets of mine have got into the garden, and for the third time have eaten all the young plants; and all these little drawbacks are calculated to damp the ardor of their warmest friends. But I am digressing; *revenons à nos moutons*, my crop-bound pullet.

On referring to "our Journal," I found you had advised "An Anxious Reader," apparently in the same difficulty as myself, "First to secure the bird firmly, clip away the surrounding feathers, cut open the crop, and remove all the food there, carefully sew up the wound, and for a few days feed the bird on soft food only." These directions I followed to the letter, and I was so deeply impressed by my own skill and ability, that I felt confident I had only to receive a few lessons at the school at Edinburgh to become a very formidable rival to Messrs. Jeg, Blake & Co., but my proposition to that effect was so hopelessly quashed by the "head," that I gave up the idea on the spot.

Well, my patient seemed to progress favorably, and my hopes were again in the ascendant; still I noticed she could not hold up her head as formerly, so I imagined the wound must still be very stiff, and that time would restore it; but time did not, for at the end of three months she still walked about with her neck very much contracted, and we both seemed to lose heart together (only she lost flesh as well,) and one day while carelessly looking over a stray number, I discovered the cause of my unsuccessful surgery. "Be careful not to sew the two skins together," and making this moral I will end my letter.—J. K. L., in *Journal of Horticulture*.

HERRON vs. WARREN.

Worcester, August, 1876.

Jos. M. Wade, Esq., *Editor Fanciers' Journal:*

My Dear Sir: In reply to Mr. Herron's communication in No. 28 of your Journal, allow me simply a few words. Any one who will take the trouble to read this last effusion, if he be intelligent, would denounce the writer. This billingsgate style of writing must be natural to him. I should be satisfied if every respectable breeder and fancier in the country could read it, for I am satisfied he has made no impression, excepting a bad one for himself. My letter in your Journal, No. 25, gives the exact *truth* of this matter, in every particular. Were I to spend days on it, I could not more clearly or truthfully define it. I desire to refrain from anything which may lower myself in the estimation of the fraternity. If Mr. Herron will take but a slight step in advance of that already taken by him, I will be obliged to him. His allusion to thief, burglar, and scalawag, are nearly overpowering. I am not *sure* but that had I known of this terrible blow and exposé, that I would not have given the twelve dollars. Yet I *am* sure, had I done so, I should have always felt worse in my feelings than I possibly can now imagine! Now who are the guilty factions? The devil must be one, while conscience the other. A thief and burglar are tempted by the devil; yet may have a conscience. A scalawag is too low for the devil; yet I doubt not he has a conscience. Directed by conscience, I endeavored to select for this man a fine bird. I had an able and competent assistant to help me, and I can do no better hereafter. The bird, if living, will be shown at our fairs this winter, and the public may judge for themselves. His allusions to Messrs. Geo. C. Barker and E. Hindekoper are satisfactory to me; the former has tried since to duplicate his order, and the latter I believe to be a gentleman in every respect, who had bad luck with a bird that unfortunately had what I judged to be rheumatism, what no breeder is responsible for. I feel ashamed, and think it beneath my dignity to appear in this so-called controversy; but this ends it, so far as I am concerned. I can simply say for Mr. Herron's benefit, if benefit it be, that my orders have increased three-fold over last season. This he might have known. I care very little for money, as those who know me can testify. So far I suppose the thief, burglar, and scalawag, may be appropriate. *Yet*, had Herron

been successful and stopped my business, I should still have continued and bred my favorites, and still with gold bands sent them to our exhibitions to be judged. My little girl sings to her mother at night, "I want to be an angel." So do I, but *first* I *want* to be honest. One of Mr. Herron's neighbors, who stands unquestioned in reputation—an entire stranger to me—of his own accord writes, under date of July 4, 1876, that a certain bird was shipped Herron. Herron claimed the bird was terribly sick and worthless, upon which the express charges were refunded, the owner saying the bird was all right when shipped, and probably would be right after a little. Herron soon after reported that the bird had died. The writer of my note says Herron still has the bird, if he has not disposed of him. I ask (with all fairness, with no desire to injure the character of *any*) is such a man entitled to credit? Am I to be denounced by such a character? When I shipped this *poor, miserable, worthless, roupy, wry-tailed,* male specimen of poultry, it was addressed to another party. Herron did not wish his name to be used in order, as he said, that the bird should go "dead-head" through. Not quite so liberal then, as since, when he proposes to visit every show in the country and if necessary to expend money to show me up. Such fellows ordinarily are not very heavy, and soon leave us, and their burial *private.* A man who gives must take a joke, and not get angry. I will not. Thomas Ingoldsby, the English parson, in his legends, gives many very funny characters. Methinks I see the devil, with his horns, his hoof, his tail and sack, trailing the sand on the Red Sea shore. He goes for all he can find, and bags a Maitre de Danse, a Maitresse en titre, Grisettes, an English Roué. A York Jockey &c. He suddenly comes on a singular looking character which at once startles and frightens him. With an effort to speak he gasps, Who are you? Ans. My name is Herron, from Indianapolis. *Go,* get thee gone, says the devil, who immediately makes tracks for his unknown home with his victims, glad to escape from our Indiana gentleman, who has so admirably proved that I am a thief, a burglar, and a scalawag.

Very truly yours, A. D. Warren.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

REPORTED BY YOUNG BREEDER.

[Continued from No. 30.]

Ped. Dickie! are you a regular attendant here?

Dickie. No sir, I am not. I don't belong to this crowd; they are what I must call "mud slingers." I just dropped in in hopes to get a few new ideas on that most excellent *mongrel,* the Plymouth Rock. They must never for a moment be for-gotten, and may be be-gotten by the intermingling of several different breeds as their four-fathers and eight mothers, who all came over in the Mayflower give evidence. This variety is now being bred at my yards with the most redundant success, and the *identical* fowls now in my possession, I propose to show to the world "in the course of ten years," as spring chickens of undoubted ability. Sir! (warming up and putting a foot forward) Sir! The science of medicine when applied to hens, produces a most glorious field for thought and imagination. Doth not the aggregate production of poultry papers on this continent ring monthly, yea weekly with words from the gifted pen of Dr. Dickie? For the present we cannot forget that "truth is mighty and must prevail," being now engaged on a work of 7,000 folios on the rise and ultimate destiny of the Plymouth Rock, which I hope, with the assistance of all the poultry editors, to see in print, and my yards being adjacent to the natural gas regions of Pa.

Ped. (groaning) I should say so.

Dickie. And I must firmly decline on account of time to answer any impudent questions. One case regarding my specialties I must not fail to relate. A worthy and aged couple (to whom I have often administered large doses of jalap and brown bread pills) seemed to delight in a flock of fowls which were of all colors of the rainbow, and not up to my ideas of excellence in any respect. I left off the jalap and pills, and labored with them day after day on the folly of keeping such mongrels when better mongrels could be kept on the same number of bushels of corn per year.—Mark the result. *The old man died.* But the widow now rejoiceth

In a large flock
Of Plymouth Rock.

And wishing you all a good morning and hoping to receive the $3.00 draft for the 13 eggs, I must leave. (Exit.)

Ped. Tell the boy to bring the pin along when he again comes.

Greenhorn. Wat's a Game?

Mike. (who has been reading the papers) I should say an insect wid a crooked tail an' the r-o-o-p; och! Look at 'em with their snake heads an' peacocks' tails. Begorra I've some mi cousin sint me from the ould counthry, ringed, straked, an' speckled, with short ligs an' long spur-rs, an' if I lit one out you wouldn't hear of a black brested red in the village.

Enter Pro Bono Publico.

Ped. Good morning my old friend! Sit down and make yourself comfortable.

Pro. "Let dogs delight
To bark and bite."

I have been hit myself by these missiles the boys are slinging round promiscuously, and I meekly ask what is the good of this controversy?

Mike. An' wots the ha-r-m you ould hiretic? If there is anything I admoires it's a frae fight wid nobody kilt entirely.

Ped. My friend, as a fancier have you any interest in the American Standard of Excellence, and if so, would you allow your spirit of kindness to see this Standard abused, ill treated, misquoted, maligned, and transformed to suit yards and tempers on account of one or two sore heads, who imagine themselves "called" to write for the papers, and a literary ——— who evidently does not know an Asiatic from a Gazelle, but establishes himself from the heat of the summer's sun under the shadows of his own cave, and thinketh himself secure because he editeth a poultry paper? Is the Standard worth speaking a good word for? If not, there are millions of hours and millions of dollars being wasted this very season. Is supreme selfishness to pass unrebuked, and such *jobs* put up on the boys without giving them a hearing? Have young breeders no rights which old breeders are bound to respect? If this young one's scribbling amuses you, well and good, but if he is a detriment to the Standard and general poultry interests, let the *fraternity speak,* and no more shall be heard from Young Breeder.

Here comes the little fellow now. Wipe your nose sonny, and tell us what makes you so late.

Y. B. (rubbing his nose on his sleeve) I kinder stayed awhile to see my old Brahma rooster clean out a Game.

Ped. My son, your excuse is accepted. Such a sight is a grand but not an unfrequent one. Little boy! what is the foundation of your hopes on your flock of chickens this season?

Y. B. The American Standard of Excellence.

Ped. Right! The Standard *is law,* and there is *none other.* Boys what are you whispering about?

Several. We was arrangin' to lick Y. B. to-morrow, when Burleigh comes.

Ped. School's dismissed.

Sectarianism.—Little, narrow prejudices, that make you hate your neighbor, because he has eggs roasted, when you have yours boiled.

MANAGEMENT OF CHICKENS.—No. 1.

However bad the season hitherto has been for many of us, there are many broods in a growing stage, and consequently a few hints upon their management and feeding may be useful. We shall not attempt to write anything new, knowing that the subject has been ventilated thoroughly from time to time; still we know that we have even since last season many fresh poultry keepers among our subscribers who will be glad of any ideas which are new to them though old to us; and even amateurs of two or three year's standing will not object to have their knowledge refreshed, for this and the two coming months are not only very important but frequently very critical. There is no doubt that good chickens are scarce —we mean good early birds—and we are quite sure that this will be realized soon enough. So it is more than ever important, then, to make the most of our broods now, even though they may be lately hatched.

To begin then. Those who have only enclosed yards and no grass field or orchard for their chickens to run in, should dig up those yards at least twice a-week and raise up mounds with the soil. The hen and her chickens will delight in levelling them, and find innumerable edible morsels in them at every time; and if grains, or ants' eggs, or maggots can be buried among the soil of these miniature mountains so much the better, for to keep young chickens continually on the scratch is most important. Once they are allowed to be idle hour after hour on a dry and hard run, and only their proper feeds at certain times to daintily pick at, they will never do well. They will lose brightness, and look mopish and droop their wings, and then we know all is over with them. Chickens must be continually employed. A handful of wheat or hemp in a lump of straw will do them, when confined, as much good as two feeds of the best ground oats when thrown down on a hard and bare run. Chickens must never be allowed to mope or be idle, for they should be kept continually exercised. Then, again, for chickens in confinement the meals must be varied and various. The menu cannot be too much changed. Boiled vegetables with the meal mixed up dryly makes excellent feeding stuff; bread crusts and broken biscuits soaked in skim milk make chickens grow wonderfully fast. We always like to use soft foods in the daytime. A handful of some good grain at noon will not hurt them, but if allowed to feed too heartily before it they are apt to lose their appetites. Green food we believe immensely in for chickens in confinement. Lettuce leaves and lawn mowings finely minced up and mixed with some soft food, with a sprinkling of Spratt's food will often induce chickens to eat when nothing else seems to temp them. Spiced foods and aromatic compounds we do not at all care for for young stock. We think they do more harm than good, however useful they may be for stimulating laying in adult birds. Chickens so fed seldom make fine specimens, but become matured when they ought to be growing, and develope combs when the birds ought to be making flesh and bone. Now is the time to choose out any imperfect specimens—birds with evident malformations of comb, legs, or shape—for more harm is done with overcrowding in small yards than is ever done by anything else. We feel quite sure if fanciers with limited space tried to produce ten chickens where now they endeavor to get thirty, not only would there not be so many miserably grown objects in every small establishment, but the prices generally would be better and the runs sweeter and more wholesome into the bargain. The prices birds are now fetching, save in rare instances, are very meagre, and we do not hesitate to think one of the principal reasons is that so many half-grown, weazen-faced-looking chickens are annually allowed to live and are daily offered for sale, so the market becomes overcrowded and choked with perfect rubbish. Now, we repeat, is the time to thin before the runs are contaminated, diseases are bred, and the corn bill is run up.

Water, too, is as important an item in the chicken's menu as ever the best wines are at our own great feasts. Chickens must have clean water, and they must have fresh water. We do not mean that stale water would kill a chicken, but when birds are wanted for the exhibition pen no pains must be spared to produce them up to the mark. Water which stands from morning to morning does them harm. Rain water which is allowed to stand in the water-tub does them harm. Water which can be found by the chickens in stagnant puddles, or which drains from farmyards does them harm. We like no pans so well as the circles of rings; they hold but little water, are easily cleaned, and afford no fear of the tiniest baby chick being drowned in them. We like when we can possibly afford the time to fill these pans and wait till the chickens have satisfied themselves, and then empty the pans again. This entails trouble, but we believe it would amply repay for it, and without trouble no real and permanent success can possibly be expected.

Some recommend meat very highly, and we believe many of our breeders do use it, but we would never give it to the birds as meat. We like to make a good soup of it and then mix up the soft food with it. We are sure this is a better way than cooking the meat and giving it to the birds in pieces. Pot liquor in which mutton or veal has been boiled when used to mix up the soft food makes the birds grow rapidly and thrive well.

Next as to the time of feeding. This must depend upon circumstances. For instance, the size and material of the runs, the breed of the birds, and the quality of the ground where there is plenty of space. We can lay down no definite list of hours, but can only emphatically say, the best rule is "little and often." We have now two grass runs with only a hedge between them, and yet in one of them a brood of chickens would almost find their own living, while in the other they would shortly starve. Some grasses and herbs seem especially suited for insect life, which after all form the most natural and best food for young chickens. —W. in *Journal of Horticulture.*

REPLY TO QUILABER.

"*Quilaber*" in the Journal of Aug. 7, in the last paragraph of his article, has fallen into some errors which he will doubtless thank the writer for correcting.

"The Poultry Magazine," i. e., *The Poultry Bulletin*, is *not* controlled by the American Poultry Association; neither is the paper their "organ"; neither was its editor chosen by the Association or from their ranks.

The President, Secretary, Business Manager, and Editor of the *Bulletin* are none of them members of the American Poultry Association; and but a *very* small portion of the Association Fanciers' stock is owned by members of the American Poultry Association.

It *is*, however, owned by the parties who are amply responsible for any irregularities (?).

"Cognoscente."

Fowls prefer, as well as need, good, pure, cold water, especially in warm, sultry weather.

KENNEL NEWS.

Our friend S. J. Bestor, of Hartford, is in luck, it would seem, dog-wise. His imported "Juliette" has favored him with another increase of canines, again whelping nine (9) pups, under date August 8. The Sire was his imported "Snip." Both "Snip" and "Juliette" were the premium winning Cocker Spaniels at the great Bench Show at Springfield, Mass., last spring. Mr. Bestor informs us this is the fourth litter which Juliette has brought forth—in total, 42 pups, and all sold heretofore at $25 each. Most of the present litter are already engaged. "Juliette" is a profitable little beauty, it would appear.

Pigeon Department.

PIGEON RACE.

Mr. Editor:

Our second race, between Mr. Waefelaer's and my birds came off on the 1st of this month, from the City of Tamaqua, about 150 miles from New York. Our birds were consigned to Mr. John Hendricks, of the above city, who kindly kept them over for two days, and cared and provided for them during their stay. As it was raining for two days without intermission, our birds might have been lost, if they had been tossed in such bad weather. Tuesday, on the 1st, the morning was bright and fine, only the wind was blowing at Tamaqua, and also at New York from the northeast, or nearly in an opposite direction for our birds to fly to New York. Three of Mr. Waefelaer's birds came home in about four hours, being good time considering the unfavorable wind. The two other pigeons of Mr. Waefelaer, and my two came home shortly afterwards.

Our pets are making quite a sensation in every town they are tossed, and did so particularly at Tamaqua, where, according to Mr. Hendricks' writing, the newspaper men, the doctors, the lawyers, the ministers, and the citizens generally, without mentioning the crowds of ladies, turned out in full force to see our birds go off for New York.

Next Thursday our birds will fly, weather permitting, from Danville, Pa., which is about 200 miles from New York, and the week following, they will fly from Lock Haven, in which town they will be tossed and cared for by Professor Raub, he having kindly offered his services to take good care and toss our birds.

Yours truly, John Van Opstal.

New York, August 4th, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

DOUBLE ENGLISH, BELGIAN HOMING BIRDS RACE.

A HOME AND HOME MATCH BETWEEN THE ENGLISH AND BELGIAN PIGEON FANCIERS.

Mr. Editor: This friendly contest took place on the 20th of July; 444 Belgian birds were sent to London, and 27 English birds were sent to Brussels.

The *Epervier*, commenting on this race, in its number of July 2d, says:

The Belgian Society Abeona of Brussels are organizing a race for the 20th of July, from the city of London. No doubt but that this race will attract the attention of all the fanciers who love the "voyageurs," or homing birds. The winning birds, if for sale, will no doubt find purchasers at good prices, and we are sure that this race will attract a good deal of competition in both countries.

The same day both the Belgian and English birds will be set free—that is to say, in Brussels and in London, to fly in opposite directions.

Although we do not pretend to advise our English friends, still a little advice may be of great value to them. The flying of the English birds should not be done at an early hour, because the sea coast in the morning is generally cloudy and foggy, and birds being in such an atmosphere may lose a great deal of time before finding their direction. This is the reason we advise our English friends to let their birds fly when the fog is cleared away from the sea coast. If we were to take care of the tossing of the birds we would be proud to arrange things in such a way as to secure a success for our British fellow-fanciers, and here is the way we would go to work: We would send one of our friends to Ostend (a city on the sea coast), and would charge him to telegraph us the moment the atmosphere should be clear enough to toss the birds.

We would be reproached, perhaps, that we would take too much precaution, but to those we will say that the English fanciers are only making trials with their birds, and that trials should always be made under the most favorable circumstances.

Repeated failures are breeding discouragement.

The *Epervier* of July 9th gives the conditions of the race as follows:

City of Brussels.
Anglo Belgian Concours.
Under the auspices of the Alexandria Palace and organized by the Society Abeona.
From the city of London, July 20th.

700 francs "of Prizes of Honor." 700 francs.

Two silver bowls of 125 francs each, and eighteen prizes of Honor, of twenty-five francs each, in cash. The first one hundred returned birds will be bought by the English fanciers at fifty francs each ($10), and the others at twenty-five francs each.

The English fanciers will also commence to train their birds towards our country, in view of a simultaneous tossing of the English and Belgian birds.

The paper of July 23d says:

"The Society Abeona has shipped, last Tuesday, 444 pigeons to London, and have been tossed there at 11.10 A. M., July 20th, with a slight northeast wind.

"The English fanciers have also sent to Mr. Charles Mills twenty-seven birds, who have been tossed the 20th of July, at 8.15 A. M., at Palace Place, opposite the palace of the king. All the English birds have taken the direction of the northeast. The moment we are going to press we have not received any news of the arrival of the travelers from the other side of the sea. We trust that we will be able to announce in our next number the happy return of a number of the English birds."

The Belgian birds did not make good time, having been set free at 11.10, the first bird arriving at Brussels (a distance from London of about 230 miles in a straight line) at 5.43, and at 7.01 thirty-five birds had arrived at the Society. So that the first arrived bird made the distance in 6 hours 33 minutes, and the thirty-seventh in 7.51. As only thirty-seven were home at 7.01 P. M., there is no doubt but that at least one quarter of the birds will be lost, as they seldom come home the second day when they fly from over the sea. As soon as I receive the *Epervier*, which gives an account of the arrival of the English birds, I will inform you immediately, as no doubt our English fanciers here will wait with anxiety to know the time the birds made.

On Thursday last Mr. Waefelaer and I had another race from Danville, Pa., about 200 miles from New York. Five of Mr. Waefelaer's birds flew there and two of mine. Mr. I. W. Sweisfort of Danville had the kindness to take care and toss our birds. About 9 o'clock I received the following telegram: "Birds tossed at 8 o'clock. Weather fine." My bird Andrew Jackson did very well again, flying the distance in 4 hours 8 minutes, Danville time. My other bird, Jupiter, Jr., came home about half-past two. One of Mr. Waefelaer's birds must have come in about the same time as my first; his second came about one o'clock, and his three others during the afternoon. So that the original seven with which we started from Easton, and who flew, first, twice from Easton, once from Tobyhanna, twice from Scranton, back again from Easton, as we were going to go in another direction, then from Tamaqua, and lastly from Danville. Next Thursday our birds will fly from Lock Haven, Pa, about 240 miles by rail from New York. Professor Raub has kindly volunteered to look after them. The performances of our seven birds have proven the superiority of the Belgian birds, as I don't think that ever such races have been flown by other birds in the United States. When our birds return from Lock Haven we will rest them till next year, and we propose to fly them next 4th of July from the city of Buffalo, which must be about 600 miles from New York. Any other fanciers wishing to participate in this race will please address the undersigned.

A prize of honor of $100 in gold will be offered for the bird who will make the fastest time, if back inside of three days.

Yours truly, John Van Opstal, 4 Lewis St., N. Y.

New York, August 12, 1876.

THE

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THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

SALE OF GAMES.

We learn from Mr. P. W. Hudson, of North Manchester, Conn., that he has sold his entire stock of yellow legged Red Pile games, to Mr. W. G. Bockus, Jr., of Pittsfield, Mass.

We call particular attention to S. J. Bestor's advertisement of his stock of White-Crested Fantails; we can endorse Mr. Bestor as a gentleman, an honorable business man, and as a thoroughly experienced fancier. He was for some years President of the Conn. State Poultry Society, prominent in the A. P. A., and held in high esteem by the leading poultry and pigeon fanciers of the country.

His collection of Fantails is unquestionably the finest in America, and we believe he will find some appreciative fancier to succeed him in the ownership of his beautiful stud of birds. Mr. Bestor's yearly demands have rendered it quite unnecessary for him to advertise for years past, and he wishes now to sell the collection together instead of retailing them, and has special business reasons for so doing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EGGS.

I wish to state to you that I have a Partridge Cochin Hen that has on three different occasions laid for me a remarkable egg, viz.: weight 6 oz., 7¼ inches around by 9¼, and inside of this egg a full size, hard shelled egg, of ordinary size. I took one of them to the printing office and bank, these they thought quite a curiosity.

Yours respectfully,
W. H. TOWNSEND.

MISSOURI VALLEY POULTRY AND PET STOCK ASSOCIATION.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., July 26, 1876.

JOS. M. WADE, ESQ:

DEAR SIR:—The executive committee of the Missouri Valley Poultry and Pet Stock Association have decided to hold their third annual exhibition at St. Joseph, Mo., December 12, 13, and 14. The premium list will be prepared shortly. Look out then for the grandest show the West has ever held.

Yours truly, LON. HARDMAN, Cor. Secretary.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—An Illinois Judge has decided that a washing bill cannot be collected.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Yes, and we have known cases where the wash could not be, either.

—Of the 117 young women in the Michigan University only four have taken to the legal profession.—*Phila. Times.*

Bad for the variety theatres—What will their patrons do without the legal profession!

—A foreign newspaper, in giving an account of Toulouse, remarks: "It is a large town, containing upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants *built entirely of bricks.*"

Sixty thousand perfect bricks walking about must be a pleasant sight!

—The first prize in English composition at the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven, Conn., has been taken by Spencer Laisun, a Chinese lad.—*Press.*

The young man belies his name. He's not been a *laz-y-un*, by a long shot.

—James Lucky was run over by a train of cars at the Market street, Newark, depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad yesterday, and his legs were so badly crushed that they were amputated.—*N. Y. Sun.*

James may have been "lucky," but we don't think so.

—A young man committed suicide in Reutlingen, Germany, because his parents compelled him to study theology when he wanted to be a carpenter.—*Herald.*

It could not have been Beecher's theology. He wanted something more *plane.*

—A young girl listened in Owensboro, Ky., to a sermon on the horrors of hell, and was made a raving maniac. She imagines that she is enduring the tortures of the damned, and it is necessary to keep her tied.—*N. Y. Sun.*

There would be many more such cases but that the people go to the orthodox churches for fashion—not to listen.

—"The treatment of persons *immediately killed* by sunstroke should be, in the first instance, of cold water dashed on the head and chest, followed by friction or rubbing of the back and limbs; *draughts of cold water*, if it can be swallowed; spirits of hartshorne, diluted with water, laudanum, and camphor water, *if there be cramps or pains;* light restoratives, such as coffee and broths."—*Phila. Ledger.*

The *Ledger* does not often kill any thing, but when it does the above is the manner in which its victim is again brought to life.

—Oatmeal in water, in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of oatmeal to three quarts of water, is recommended as a refreshing drink. The meal should be well boiled, the mixture cooled, and water added to keep up the proportion. With a bit of ice, this is said not only to quench the thirst, but to keep up strength. Without ice, when ice cannot be had, it is still palatable, if entirely cool. It is said that it is used in many iron foundries and manufactories in England. The meal should be well shaken through the water before drinking.

—A CHALLENGE.—Me play billiards muchee long time evly day. Me wantee play Hop Ling Dion Cylille belly muchee to mollow, evly day allee same so. Me likee play Melican man belly good play. Hi Ling Sexton preferred allee same so. Me play muchee Melican money allee same so as Hop Ling Dion Cylille, five thousand dollals. French caloms, 600 points up evly day. Me putee five hundred dollals in Melican's man's hands Haily Hill. Me Mean business allee time evly day.

LING LOOK SULLIVAN,
Champion of China.
—*N. Y. Herald Adv.*

Ling Look is brother to Ching Lee, who the other day, at the Centennial grounds tasted ice cream for the first time. He said "no goodee! Melican man have too much cold grub—no cookee enough—make China man's belly feel like ice-wagon."

—THE ROSE OF SHARON—COMMON ALTHEA.—The rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell-shaped, and of many mingled hues and dyes. But its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East—throughout Syria, Judea, and Arabia—it is regarded with the profoundest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossom dry and close tight together when the season of blossom is over; and, the stalk withering completely away from

the stem, the flower is blown away at last from the bush on which it grew, having dried up in the shape of a ball, which is carried by the sport of the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the sandy wastes and deserts, until at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil where it immediately takes fresh root, and springs to life and beauty again. For this very reason the Orientals have adopted it as the emblem of the resurrection. The dried flower is placed in a vase of water beside the beds of women in labor, by the Judeans; and if it expands by moisture the omen is considered favorable. If it does not, the worst is at all times feared.

—Jamrach, the great animal dealer of London, has succeeded in landing safe and sound a male gorilla in the Berlin Zoölogical Gardens. He is a splendid specimen of his uncouth tribe, is one year old, and as large as a boy 14 years old! In color he is quite black, and the palms of his hands as well as the soles of his feet are as soft as kid. He is very gentle, is easily managed, and altogether tractable, showing in his daily conduct that the gorilla can be tamed. His poor mother had to be shot by the hunters that he might be captured. Huon.

—The Bay Lynx (*L. rufus*), commonly called in America the Wild Cat, is quite numerous all through the mountain districts of West Virginia, and is also found in most of the eastern and middle States. Living in dens under the rocks, and prowling through the forest day and night, always having a ravenous appetite, and feeding only on the blood and flesh of animals, it is the scourge of the inhabitants of the mountains where it abounds. It can climb trees with the greatest facility and ease, and is very destructive to the game birds and small quadrupeds in the wooded districts where it makes its home. It also places the lambs and poultry of the mountaineers under contribution, and renders the keeping of them in some of the wilds of the Alleghanies an impossibility. Though usually timid and cowardly, it becomes aggressive and dangerous when wounded, and many a hunter will show you with pride, the marks of the claws of the lynx on his bosom. It is chased with hounds like the fox, and the sport is very exciting. When pressed too closely by the dogs it climbs a tree, springing to the ground again on the approach of the hunters. Thus the chase is kept up sometimes for miles, the lynx all the time endeavoring to effect a retreat to his cave in the rocks.
J. M. McCann.

—An Eagle Shot.—Great interest was excited on Washington street, Highlands, about seven o'clock last evening, by the appearance of a large bird circling in the air but a little way from the ground. It was first seen hovering over the Eustis street burying-ground, and some thought it was a centennial eagle, visiting the former burial-place of the patriots Warren and Heath; while others, less sentimental, thought it was a belated fish-hawk from the beaches, in search of a neighboring fish-market. The republican politicians looked upon the strange bird as a good omen, for it was evident to them that it was a harbinger of success, and an eagle on his way to a Hayes ratification meeting. The democrats asserted that it was a carrier pigeon on his flight south from Albany, with Tilden's letter of acceptance. Some thought it was an owl, waiting for dark to come that it might see its way back to the woods; but no further time was allowed for these and similar conjectures to be indulged in, for the bird soon alighted on a tall chimney on Webster hall, the highest building in the street. By this time hundreds of people had gathered, and the bird calmly looked down on the multitude below. One or two rifle shots were fired, without disturbing it in the least. At length, John L. Bragg, expressman, fired a charge of buckshot, which brought the bird down, though it dropped into the flue of the chimney, and it was with difficulty got out. It proved to be a young eagle, or osprey, with strong, ring-like talons, a white head, with a powerful beak. His wings measured 4 feet 10 inches from tip to tip. He was about three years old, and a fine specimen of his kind. He will be taken to a taxidermist to be stuffed. —*Boston Daily Advertiser.*

—An English chemist has published the results of his observations of flies, with which he has experimented. If what he reports is true, we should be more kind-hearted to these little insects. It is interesting to watch a fly which has just alighted after soaring about the room for some little time. He goes through a series of operations which remind you of a cat licking her-elf after a meal, or of a bird pluming its feathers. First the hind feet are rubbed together, then each hind leg is passed over a wing, then the fore-legs undergo a like treatment; and lastly, if you look sharp, you will see the insect carry his proboscis over his legs and about his body as far as he can reach. The minute trunk is perfectly retractile, and it terminates in two large lobes, which you can see spread out when the insects begin a meal on a lump of sugar. Now, the rubbing together of legs and wings may be a soothing operation, but for what purpose is this carefully going over the body with the trunk, especially when that organ is not fitted for licking, but simply for grasping and sucking up food. On placing a fly under the microscope, to the investigator's disgust, it appeared covered with lice. The chemist concluded that here was something which at once required looking into. Why were flies lousy? The fly seemed to take his position very coolly, and extending his proboscis, began to sweep it over his body as if he had just alighted. A glance through the microscope, however, showed that the operation was not one of self beautification, for wherever the lice were there the trunk went. The lice disappeared into the trunk and the fly was eating them. He took the paper into the kitchen and waved it around, taking care that no flies touched it, went back to the microscope and there found animalcules, the same as on flies. He had now arrived at something definite; the animalcules were floating in the air, and the quick motions of the flies gathered them on their bodies, and the flies then went into some quiet corner to have their dainty meal. The investigator goes on describing how he continued the experiment in a variety of localities, and how, in dirty and bad smelling quarters, he found the myriads of flies which exist there literally covered with animalcules, while other flies, captured in bedrooms or ventilated, clean apartments, were miserably lean and entirely free from their prey. Wherever flies existed, evolving germs which might generate disease, there were the flies covering themselves with minute organisms and greedily devouring the same.—*Ex.*

—The Way Ants Fight in South Africa.—During the months of September and October, 1873, I was living in the dense bush, about six miles from Cape Coast Castle. Having much time at my disposal, I utilized it by noting the habits and natures of the various creatures inhabiting that beautiful, though deadly, country. I was particularly attracted by the vast hordes of ants which were to be seen every day marching over the narrow roads through the bush, and I determined to notice their habits as closely as possible. Perhaps it may interest those of your readers who have a taste for natural history, if I extract from my notes all that refers to these insects, for *these* particulars I have not yet seen noted in any work yet published. In the first instance I would mention their migratory habits. I was unable to discover the cause of the changes of abode they made, or what it was that induced them to take up their new quarters in any particular spot; but this was certain, they were constantly on the move, traveling along a sort of cutting or groove, made by their own countless footsteps. I observed that besides the ordinary ants, not much larger than our own English insects, there were others, of about twice the size of their smaller brethren, and armed with a huge horny pair of "pincers" on the head. These insects always stationed themselves on the brow of the cutting, occasionally patrolling up and down, and evidently surveyed the movements of their friends below. I never saw those larger insects carrying a burden, or in any way assisting in the labors of the common ants, they seemed to me to act as a sort of leader, to direct the march of their brethren. I once placed obstructions in the trench to observe the conduct of the insects; I noticed that if the material was soft enough, the ants broke it up and carried it clear of the trench, by morsels, but a stone too heavy to move, and too hard to break up, they left alone, simply *tunnelling under* it! While some of the insects were thus occupied, the column left the trench for the time, and as soon as all was clear, returned to the old course. I may as well mention that on these migratory marches the ants do not carry any burdens, either food or pupæ, as we see them do in England. I found by experiment that if the few leading ants were destroyed, the whole column turned back and retired; that if some of the insects in the center were killed so as to break the column, those in front went on, those behind retired. Here, it is evident that some means of communication must exist between them, for these advances and retreats were simultaneous and without confusion. With an anecdote of what remarkable organization these minute creatures are capable, I will conclude this somewhat protracted letter. One morning a friend and I watched a column of ants starting from their home in the mud walls of a hut in our camp, and determined to follow them to their destination. They marched straight to the parapet, mounted its inner face, descended into the trench, and then mounted the opposite side and proceeded to the open ground there. They directed their course to a small mound of fresh earth, and there the leading insects halted, remaining at the foot of the hillock until the whole force was present. I have calculated the number of this Liliputian army, by the distance their column extended, allowing an average of four abreast, and a length of one-eighth of an inch to each section of four, to be about 13,824, exclusive of the larger insects. When the whole force was assem-

bled, the little army divided; one part remained at the foot of the mound and ran round and round it, the rest mounted to the top, and some of them entered the loose earth and speedily returned, each bearing a young grasshopper or cricket, dead, which he deposited upon the ground and returned for a fresh load. Those who had remained on the outside of the mound, took up the crickets as they were brought out of the earth, and bore them down to the base of the hill, returning for a fresh load. Soon the contents of the mound seemed to be exhausted, and then the whole force returned home by the same route as before into the trench and over the parapet, each with his burden of cricket food for the community. I must confess that had I not seen this with my own eyes, I could not have believed it, for here was a regular foray, planned and executed with military precision, the country surveyed, and the depot of provisions known accurately before the march was made, and at the mound the prudential division of labor, and the care taken that none of their victims should escape. In conclusion, I would say, that improbable as these facts may seem, yet they were witnessed by myself and my friend, and we returned to our camp, wondering at the greatness of that Creator who could implant in these puny creatures of His hand, so marvelous an instinct.—*Land and Water.*

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Aug. 6, 1876.

1 Great Blue Heron (*Ardea herodias*).
2 Spotted Cavys (*Cœlogenys paca*).
2 Agontis (*Dasyprocta aguti*).
1 Ocelot (*Felis pardalis*).
2 Squirrel Monkeys (*Saimaris sciurea*).
2 Brown Capuchins (*Cebus fatuellus*).
5 Blue and Yellow Macaws (*Ara ararauna*).
3 Red and Blue Macaws (*A. macao*).
2 Red and Yellow Macaws (*A. chloroptera*).
1 Trumpeter (*Psophia crepitans*).
1 Cuvier's Toucan (*Ramphastos cuvieri*).
1 Crested Curassow (*Crax alector*).
1 White Crested Guan (*Pipile jacutinga*).
1 Greey's Guan (*Penelope greeyi*).
1 Cinerius Tinamou (*T. cinereus*).
1 Florida Gallinule (*G. galeata*).
2 Foxes.
13 Parakeets.
1 Waterhen.
1 Small Guan. Purchased.
1 Wild Rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*), and 2 chequered Tortoises (*Emys picta*). Presented by E. S. Meader, Hestonville, Pa
3 Sparrow Hawks (*Falco sparverius*). Presented by James Mellor, Oakdale, Pa.
1 Young Alligator (*A. mississippiensis*). Presented by James H. Keyser, Philadelphia.
2 Bitterns (*Botaurus minor*). Presented by William and Frank Bowen, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
1 Young Alligator (*A. mississippiensis*). Presented by Joseph B. Moore, Philadelphia.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen'l. Sup't.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 27.

BY HUON.

Scene—The Ostrich enclosure in the Garden. Two huge birds stalking about nipping the grass.

Halchen.—Since our last talk about the ostrich I have been reading about it in the book of Job. A rather bad character is there given of it. Of the mother Job says; "She is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers."

Grampy.—I suspect that the "patient man," or whoever wrote that knew very little about the the ostrich, or the prophet Jeremiah either, who says much the same thing in his Lamentations. Modern naturalists and travelers contradict them both flatly. Job also says: "The ostrich leaveth her eggs in the earth and forgetteth them." Now it is well known that the eggs are not in the least forgotten, but are carefully tended by both father and mother, and when the young have burst the shell, the old birds tend them for some days, bring them food, and until they are able to help themselves stand by them ever ready to protect them from harm.

Halchen.—Job also says the ostrich "forgetteth that the wild beast may break her eggs."

Grampy.—On the contrary, the ostrich seems to have a very good memory of wild beasts, for Burckhardt says—and he very carefully investigated the subject:

"When the eggs are laid they are never altogether left during the day. The parents seemingly aware that the sun's heat is sufficient, leave the nest and take up a position of watch upon a near hill, but as soon as the shades of evening fall, each return and alternately take their place upon the eggs." And says Lichtenstein: "Numerous small wild beasts of prey—wild cats, jackals and the like—who will run any risks to steal the eggs, are found in the morning crushed to death by the ostriches, who tramp upon them with their powerful feet until life is entirely trodden out."

Halchen.—Lot also calls the bird stupid, saying that:

"God had deprived her of wisdom; nor had he imparted to her understanding."

How is that?

Grampy.—I am afraid that the idea of the bird's stupidity has been taken without investigation.

Halchen.—But Pliny—and surely he knew—says, "The veriest fools they be of all others, for if they get their head hidden in the sand, they think no man seeth them, and they are safe enough."

Grampy—Pliny knew more about the Book of Job than he did about the ostrich, and many a pretty nursery tale has been written from his statement, and many a wise "saw" founded upon it, and yet the thing never happens—the hiding of the head in the sand is a mere myth, after all. Sparman, the great Swedish naturalist, who was in Africa just a hundred years ago, visited the localities where the ostrich most abounds, and then and there inquired about this same habit. He met with no one who had ever seen it, or even heard of it. On the contrary, when the bird is pursued by an enemy it endeavors by flight to escape, and continues its efforts until it is knocked on the head by the hunters, or driven to a place where it may be taken alive.

Halchen.—I have read somewhere that there is a bond of attachment between the quagga or zebra and the ostrich. Is there any truth in that?

Grampy.—Zenophon notices such an alliance, but modern naturalists say the zebras attach themselves to a troop of ostriches because of their being a prudent and wary bird, and thus they trust to their caution and prudence for the discovery of danger. So much for the zebra's idea of the ostrich's stupidity and want of understanding.

Hulchen.—The cry of the ostrich has been said to equal that of the lion. I have heard this disputed by those who seem to know. How is it?

Grampy.—"Doctors disagree" here again. Livingston, writing from among them, says: "the cry of the ostrich is often mistaken for that of the lion." Dr. Shaw says "he often heard them groan as if they were in the greatest agonies;" and the prophet Micah alludes to their "groaning"—though he may be no better authority than Job or Jeremiah. Certain it is, there has been no "lion roaring" or "groaning" done since the birds

have been in the garden. Perhaps they find themselves so well settled in life they have nothing to "groan" about.

Halchen—You think then that the ostrich has some feelings of love and affection?

Grampy.—Yes. Here's an instance—In the Jardin des Plantes, a few years ago, there were a pair of these birds—husband wife—living in connubial felicity. One day the skylight over their heads was accidentally broken and a triangular piece of glass was instantly appropriated by the "lady-bird," who at the time seemed to think it a sweet morsel. But her swallowing propensities brought her to grief, for a few days after she died in great agony. Upon dissection it was found that her death was caused by the glass, and now comes the "test of affection." From the moment the widower found himself such he had no rest. Bereft of his mate he began to waste away. Day and night he seemed to be expecting her return, and kept even on the lookout for her. The keepers removed him to another quarter in hopes the change would make him forget the loss, but in vain. His fruitless, unavailing yearning for his mate continued as long as he had strength to keep it up. Constant unto death, he one day "laid him down and died." But the ostrich can hate, it appears, as well as love. Here is what is told of a pair in the Zoo, Regent's Park. The incident occurred several years ago. One of them had swallowed a gimlet, corkscrew, or something of the sort. It was never known what, but whatever it was, there was such a difficulty in "bolting" it that the poor bird never recovered the unnatural "crick" or curve of the neck it then acquired. His lady mate, regarding this, perhaps, as a sign of weakness on the part of her husband, took a dislike to him, and from that time forth never missed a chance of showing her contempt for him by teazing and "worrittin" him in every possible way. To such an extent was the poor fellow "ostrich-pecked," it was found necessary to separate them, that he could have some peace and quiet.

Halchen.—Is the family large, and has it any representative in America?

Grampy.—The ostrich is the leading type of a family remarkable for the wide dipersion of its members. The ostrich proper spreads over the whole of the burning district of the deserts of Africa. The "Cassowary" pair, now in the garden, is its representative among the luxuriant vegetation of the Indian Archipelago. The "Dinoris," a monster of a bird now extinct—formerly towered among the giant ferns of New Zealand—where the small Apteryx, a relative, now holds his place. Another relative, the "Emu," is confined to that wonderful "Fifth Continent," Australia, and the "Rhea," our American ostrich, flourishes abundantly on the La Platte river. England, too, has its representative in the Bustard, which was found until within a few years upon the least unfrequented downs of that land, and where, but for the shooting propensities of John Bull, it might be yet.

Halchen.—How came Pliny to say that no ostrich might, or should be, classed among the beasts or quadrupeds?

Grampy.—Aristotle says the same, and as ridiculous as such assertions seem, they are not without some excuse, according to the knowledge of the times. The ancient Greeks, Romans, and nations of the Orient, all called the ostrich "camel-bird," on account of its long, powerful legs, unprovided with feathers, and the divison of the feet into two toes, which are very similar to the legs and divided hoof of the camel—nor does the resemblance end here. You see those black protuberances on the breast and rump? They are called "callosities," and upon these the birds lying down like the camel, first bend the knees, then rest on the anterior callosity, and finally the posterior one, and your camel-bird is down. To this you will please add the bird's patience for thirst, equaling the camel's, and its inhabiting the same districts, and you cannot wonder that the ancients confounded the two to a certain extent.

Halchen.—Do you think it true that Heliogabalus—that miserable young sinner, for he died at the age of 17, I think—had the brains of six hundred ostriches served up at one of his grand dinners?

Grampy.—He is reported to have had, and he seems to have been capable of any and every kind of extravagance and absurdity. Nor could all the arts of his cooks save him from ennui, or satisfy his passion for eating and drinking. Did he not for the want of a new sensation give a grand dinner to the patricians of Rome, and when the feast was at the highest did he not order "open doors," and let in upon his guests a troupe of lions, tigers, and bears more hungry and ferocious than are Mr. Nash's entire carniverous family up yonder in the brick mansion.—But, hark!

"The bell tolls the hour for retiring,"

and unless we wish to be caged by Captain Thompson, we had better

"Take our homeward way."

Halchen.—Yes—and—

See the seals some other day.

Exchanges.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"To exchange for cash" or "greenbacks," "wanted a purchaser," or "wanted an offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

S. S. REYNOLDS, Carlinsville, Ill., wants to exchange some Houdan Chicks for Plymouth Rocks, W. C. B. Polands, or W. Cochins.

G. R. HAY, West Laurens, Otsego Co., N. Y., will exchange a thorough bred Bull Dog Pup, eight weeks old, for anything that does not eat. Stylish Brown Leghorns (Bonney's strain), or B. B. R. Games, for a Buggy Harness.

JOSIAH BORTON, Yardville, N. J., has to exchange two pairs Ring Doves, one pair breeding, one pair young, and Pigeons, such as Fans, Tumblers, and Jacobins, for a No 1 pair of Turbits, red or blue wings preferred. Want mated birds. Speak quick.

C. D. LEWIS, Box 313, Ansonia, Conn., has Partridge Cochins, S. S. Hamburgs, and G. S. Bantams, choice birds selected from hatch of '76. Will exchange for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, or offers.

ALBERT W. BESSEY, Box 548, St. Catharines, Ont., Canada, will exchange a Mocking Bird worth $40.00 for Fancy Pigeons, such as Fantails, Jacobins, Pouters, and Barbs. All communications answered. Speak quick. Stock must be No. 1.

W. CUNNINGHAM, Milton, Pa., will exchange White and Black Piles, White Hackles, and B. B. Games, for a good English Bull Dog, or offers in Fancy Pigeons.

W. H. JEFFRIES, Irwin Station, Westmoreland Co., Pa., will exchange two pairs fine Black Jacobin Pigeons, for a No. 1 Creve Coeur Cockerel, April or May hatch. The same for a Bearded Silver Polish Cockerel.

D. M. HOWELL, 81 S. Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md., will exchange an Electro-Plating Battery (Smee, maker), with a Book of Instruction to Nickel, Silver, and Gold Plate, for a trio of Buff or Partridge Cochins.

E. G. FLANDERS & CO., Manchester, N. H., have to exchange one six barreled Whitney Revolver, nickel plated and all in good repair, for Brown Leghorns or offers.

G. A. S., Box 700, Worcester, Mass., will exchange Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper, bound, printed during the war of the rebellion, for Fancy Pigeons, Poultry, or offers.

BOX 474, Orange, N. J., has to exchange a good Gold Watch, Dark Brahmas and Houdans, for Milch Cow, Poland China Pigs, or Brown Leghorns.

W. H. BRACKETT, Boston, Mass., wants to exchange a choice Silver Gray Buck, 14 weeks old, from his imported English prize winners, for a Silver Gray Doe of equal age and quality, or will exchange Guinea Pigs, Lop-eared, Dutch, or Himalayan Rabbits or Fancy Pigeons, for Silver Gray Doe.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., will exchange a Magic Lantern, 125 slides, (cost $200.00): also a Graves Incubator, for P. C., B. L., and Houdan chicks. Fancy points no object.

CHAS. F. FREEMAN, 1914 North Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa., breeder of Swallows, Turbits, and Owls, will exchange some of the finest Blue-winged Turbits, Solid Black Turbits, Black-tail Turbits, and fine bred Owls, for Red Swallows or Blue Swallows. They must be perfect birds in every way. Here is a chance for anybody to get good Turbits for good Swallows.

JOHN D. WHITE, Chicopee, Mass, will exchange one pair solid black Inside Tumblers, first premium birds and warranted first-class, for a pair of Yellow Jacobins, or young Carriers of any color, but must be good.

IRVING H. ELMER, Chicopee, Mass., has Brown Leghorn Cockerels, of various strains, to exchange for offers. Write.

G. J. BAKER, Postville, Trafalgar P. O., Ont., will exchange any of the following thoroughbred stock—Cotswold Lambs, Berkshire Pigs, Black Cochins, Coach Slut, in pup, Black and Tan Dog Pup, and Hunting Rifle—for Jersey Heifer, in calf, or Bull Calf.

W. F. MUCHMORE. Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange one trio Partridge Cochins (Williams' strain), one trio Lt. Brahmas, four hen Canary birds, one Setter bitch pup, 3 months old, noted strain and pedigree, for American Kennel and Sporting Field Books, and offers.

GEO. M. WONSON, East Gloucester, Mass., has two pairs of Peacocks, one pair three years old, full plumaged, twenty-seven first-class Aylesbury Ducks and four Drakes—the ducks are laying finely—to exchange for Poland China Pigs, Hamburgs in varieties, Bantams in varieties, Lop-Eared or Angora Rabbits, or offers.

CHAS. O. MEIXELL, Milton, Pa., will exchange one trio B. L. Hens, five Dark B. Hens and two Cocks, four Partridge Cochin Hens and one Cock, one pair Canaries and Cage, one Ground Hog, one pair Black Barbs, old birds, one Air Gun, one pair Rouen and one pair Pekin, 1 Drake and four Hens Aylesbury Ducks, for old mated Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

M. VAN CULIN, Delaware City, Delaware, has to exchange two pairs white Carriers, two pairs Pouters, one pair Barbs (cock red, hen dun), one pair White Crested Fans, one pair Black Balds, two pairs Tumblers, one red Carrier Hen, one white Carrier Hen, one Black Bald Hen, one White Fan Hen (crested), one Yellow Barb Hen, eleven Brown Leghorn Cockerels, one White Leghorn Cock and six Hens, five White Leghorn Cockerels and six Pullets, one trio G. S Hamburgs, Cocker Spaniel Bitch, Setter Puppies, from imported parents, for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Works on the Horse, or Dog, or Natural History, Brown Leghorn hens or pullets, tools of any kind, poultry, or pigeons, or offers. Send along your postal cards.

Book Exchange.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering one Book for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

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8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard.
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
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The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

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POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, AUGUST 28, 1876. No. 33.

GOD KNOWS ALL THE REST.

"Now I lay," repeat it darling—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling, bending,
O'er her folded finger tips.

"Down to sleep"—"to sleep," she murmured;
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord"—I gently added,
You can say it all, I know.

"Pray the Lord"—the sound came faint,
Fainter still—"My soul to keep,"
Then the tired head fairly nodded,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened,
When I clasped her to my breast,
And the dear voice softly whispered,
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

—*Ky. Live Stock Record.*

REMINISCENCES OF AUDUBON.

(BY A GRANDDAUGHTER.)

Among the most vivid of my childhood's memories, stand out the face and figure of my grandfather; a tall old man, with snow-white hair and feeble step, wandering gently and quickly about the home he had made for himself on the banks of the Hudson. His travels were ended, his great work completed, and the soul which had quailed at no difficulty and paused at no obstacle had, if I may so express it, entered the Border Land; not quite yet could it leave its earthly tenement, and the old man was as a child. But in such love and veneration was he held by all who knew him, that these few years, as I recall them, seem to have been a resting-place between the busy, active life, and the Hereafter. Had I been older, I should have felt, as his sons did most keenly, the change between the enthusiastic naturalist and the quiet, waiting dreamer; but, child as I was, no grief attached itself to my memory of him, excepting the regret that I did not know him longer and better. What I here relate, however, is additional to what has been already stated in his Biography, and the general interest that has been taken in the subject has prompted me to write down these recollections. To us, his grandchildren, his life was and always will be a wonderful story; and though much has been written of him in his Biography and elsewhere, there are still some anecdotes which are not generally known.

Many a happy hour have I passed, listening to incidents of his daring, his patience and endurance,—his quick, nervous nature causing strange contradictions in his character. One can hardly believe that the man who for three weeks spent every day, and all day long, lying on his back watching two little birds build their nest, could be the same who would become so discouraged sometimes, and so impatient, when the effects he desired could not be produced, that he would throw canvas, easel, paints and brushes from him, and rush from the house, to find consolation in his beloved woods. On his return he would find his implements collected together and arranged, and would resume work as if no outburst of temper had interrupted him.

His enthusiam was sometimes intense; he would rise before daylight and walk about, eagerly waiting for the dawn that he might begin his work, and once at work would steadily and earnestly continue to paint all day. Sunset found him at his picture full of vigor and energy, but with no interest in anything else. He would retire almost immediately in order to rise early on the following morning, and would pursue this course for days till the fever left him, when he would lay his brushes aside, and roam through woods and fields, his keen, clear preceptions giving him far deeper insight into the heart of Nature than is granted to the world in general.

At no time did he lose sight of his work, and he carried it with him wherever he went; if not in the tangible form of paints and brushes, it appeared in his earnest questions addressed to those he might be with, or in the quick glances of those eagle eyes which were such a noticeable feature of his handsome face. Animals of various kinds, many of them far from attractive, were at one time or another inmates of his house. I remember my mother telling me that one of her first experiences with my grandfather, was being called up one night in common with the rest of the household to catch a number of white mice, which had escaped from their cage; and very amusing was her account of the pursuit and final capture of the runaways, the excited owner leading the chase, under tables and chairs, into corners and behind curtains, eventually securing them all, though not without a brave resistance on the part of the mice, whose sharp teeth left painful records on the fingers of their captors.

I sometimes think his enthusiasm must have absorbed his sense of smell, for, while he and my father were engaged on the picture of the American polecat, that animal to the view of which, above all others, "distance lends enchantment," and which they had made a resident of their "painting-room," in common with other fourfooted associates, my mother and aunt were compelled to leave the house for a more congenial atmosphere. At another time, the remains of a California buzzard, in the last stages of decomposition, lay for days on our piazza, and I never look at that picture without an involuntary shudder at the memory of its skinny head and neck, and general unpleasantness of appearance and smell. Whenever it was possible, the drawings were made from living specimens; bears, wolves, foxes, deer, moose, elk, and many smaller quadrupeds as well as birds, formed part of the establishment, though most of them were kept about a quarter of a mile from the house, and sketched as they moved about their enclosures, untrammeled by chain or rope. Though kindly treated, these animals rarely became tame, and we children always inspected them from a safe distance with the greatest interest, and we one and all looked down on the child visitors we had from time to time, and to whom these animals were new and wonderful, with a scorn which the overpowering conceit of childhood alone could have engendered.

Those animals which, from any cause, could not be secured or kept alive, were painted as soon after death as possible, before the

muscles had relaxed, or the coloring lost the gloss and brilliancy of life, and the most careful study was given to the motions and attitudes of both bird and beast while in their native home, in order that the delineation might in every case be as perfect as genius and industry could make it. Not only were the drawings accurate in action, but in size; the smallest bird was carefully measured, and I have memoranda in which are noted the length of bill and tongue, of tiny claw and bead-like eye. The figures of birds or animals were very frequently painted with no background whatever, my grandfather merely grouping them, and passing them over to his eldest son, Victor, who supplied the deficiency.

Again, the landscape was sketched round a mere outline, and the animal painted in afterwards, being copied by father or sons, as the case might be, from the original drawings, which were often made on paper; in the case of the birds, all the original drawings were on this perishable material. The reason for using paper was that most of the drawings were made in the woods, or on the prairie, or by the sea-side, or wherever the bird was found, and the light weight of paper in comparison to that of canvas recommended it for drawing purposes, while the studio was an ever-changing one. On more than one occasion, personal risk and inconvenience were accepted, rather than the chance of the treasured drawings being injured. A curious thing about these sketches is the harmony with which different materials are used. It is common to find oils, water-colors, India ink, lead-pencil, and crayons, all employed on the same bird; the artist's aim was to represent nature truthfully, and any thing that helped him to fulfill this aim was instantly employed.

The entire collection of the original drawings of the birds have been mounted, and are now in the possession of the New York Historical Society. At the time of purchasing, the Society purposed building a room for the especial exhibition of these drawings; but I am told they have not yet carried out this design, and the public is therefore unable to enjoy them, as the delicacy of the work would be ruined by careless or frequent handling.

In appearance Audubon was a man of wonderful beauty, added to which he had most attractive manners. In his conversation with those with whom he was intimate he always used the "thee" and "thou," acquired in his education among the French; and, though of American birth, and so proud of his democratic nationality that he never, even when in Europe, used his family crest, I find in his letters and memoranda many words wholly French, and others where the etymology of that language is preserved.

To be Continued.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

Professor Huxley, at a dinner in Edinburg, to the Challenger expedition party, July 7, said:

I very much doubt if any nation whatever is able to show so admirable an example of the equipment of a ship for the purposes for which it was destined as the British admiralty produced in the equipment of her Majesty's ship Challenger, and I may be permitted to say that I speak to a certain extent as a connoisseur, having served on board her Majesty's ships of very different capacity a great many years ago. [Applause.] Well, now, what was it that the Challenger was sent to do? She was sent to obtain for us that more precise and accurate information of the physical characteristics of the sea and of the animal life in it which was absolutely requisite for the progress of science. For that purpose she was ordered to traverse the Atlantic twice, to proceed by the way of the Cape of Good Hope, to make a dive into the antarctic regions among the snow and ice of those localities; then to go north again by the way of Australia to thread her way among the coral reefs upon the eastern coast of Australia; to pass through Torres Straits, to reach the coast of China, then strike across the Pacific and find her way home again by way of Cape Horn; and throughout the whole of that track, amounting by the course she followed to some 70,000 miles, it was her duty at regular intervals to ascertain the exact depth of the sea, the distribution of the temperature in the sea, the nature of the creatures which live on the surface, the nature of the debris found at the bottom, and thus to lay something like a solid foundation for our speculation upon the physical geography of the sea. It was a very considerable task; it was a task which would have been absolutely chimerical thirty years ago, but it was a task which had been rendered possible, and which has been actually performed in the most satisfactory manner. [Applause.] The Challenger has brought home, I am informed, the records of such operations performed at between 300 and 400 stations; that is to say, at 300 or 400 points along that 70,000 miles, we know exactly the depth of the sea, the gradations of temperature, the distribution of superficial life, and the nature of what constitutes the sea bottom; and such a foundation as that for all future thought upon the physical geography of the sea up to this moment not only had not existed, but had not even been dreamed of. Some of the discoveries which have been made by the Challenger are undoubtedly such as to make us all form new ideas of the operation of natural causes in the sea. Take, for example, the very remarkable fact that at great depths the temperature of the sea always sinks down pretty much to that of freezing fresh water. This is a very strange fact in itself—a fact which certainly could not have been anticipated *a priori*. Take, again, the marvellous discovery that over large areas of the sea the bottom is covered with a kind of chalk, a substance made up entirely of the shells of minute creatures—a sort of geological shoddy made of the cast-off clothes of these animals. [Laughter.] The fact had been known for a long time, and we were greatly puzzled to know how those things got to be there. But the researches of the Challenger have proved beyond question, as far as I can see, that the remains in question are the shells of organisms which live at the surface, and not at the bottom, and that this deposit, which is of the same nature as the ancient chalk, differing in some minor respects, but essentially the same, is absolutely formed by a rain of skeletons. These creatures all live within 100 fathoms of the surface; and being subject to the fate of all living things, they sooner or later die, and when they die their skeletons are rained down in one continual shower, falling through a mile or couple of miles of sea water. How long they take about it imagination fails one in supposing, but at last they get to the bottom, and there, piled up, they form a great stratum of a substance which, if upheaved, would be exectly like chalk. Here we have a possible mode of construction of the rocks which compose the earth of which we had previously no conception. But this is by no means the most wonderful thing. When they got to the depths of 3,000 and 4,000 fathoms, and to 4,400 fathoms, or about five miles, which was the greatest depth at which the Challenger fished anything from the bottom—and I think a very creditable depth, too—they found that, while the surface of the water might be full of those calcareous organisms, the bottom was not. There they found that red clay so pathetically alluded to by my friend on the right as the material to which, when glory called him, he might be reduced. [Laughter.] This red clay is a great puzzle—a great mystery—how it comes there, what it arises from, whether it is, as the director has suggested, the ash of foraminiferæ; whether it is decomposed pumice stone vomited out by volcanoes and scattered over the surface, or whether, lastly, it has something to do with that meteoric dust which is being continually rained upon us from the spaces of the universe. Which of these causes may be at the bottom of the phenomenon it is very hard to say; it is one of those points on which we shall have information by and by.

The fast mail train—The one which has stuck in a snow bank.

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

HAMBURGS.

How my heart swells with joy and pride as I gaze upon my beautiful Hamburgs, skipping over the ground through the fields, after the wayward grasshopper, or singing right merrily as they direct their steps to the laying shed, whence they soon issue, and the "cut, cut, cut, cut*dar*cut! indicates that they have left their compliments in the nest, in the shape of a fresh egg so agreeable to the palate, especially when "dropped" on toast, and so much of an invigorator for these canine days. Just now your great bean-pole, clumsy louts of Brahmas, are shedding their thick coat and lazying around inactive, or have been attempting to hatch a brick for the last month, while my Hamburgs are *also* moulting, but still continue to lay eggs *daily*. When confined during moult, eggs will be scarce; give them *range* and you will have no reason to regret the change.

The Gold and Silver Spangled are my favorites. I have had the others, but not being quite so hardy with me, I selected the Spangles, and have bred them several years. Now one man will say: "Hamburgs are very good in their way, but *I* want something to eat, and it will take several Hamburgs to make a meal for a family." I admit they are small, but their flesh is *good* (precious packages in small bundles), but I don't keep them for flesh or early market, but *eggs*, and have yet to see *any other variety* surpass them in this respect. Every little while some one "rushes into print" with an account of the egg-producing qualities of his fowls, and concludes they have "beaten everything," and cries, "who next?" while the novice just starting, not understanding the "tricks of the trade," thinks *that* must be a splendid variety, and forthwith launches into the fancy, ere long to learn that things are not as they seem, and as he rubs his eyes and looks around, he soon ascertains that he is a "green un." Another man will inform you that *he* kept Hamburgs for a while, but in the winter they were all the while "*sneezing*," and had swelled heads, &c., and upon calling in Mr. Smith, he told him it was the roup, and prescribed as follows:—"Give them cod-liver oil every night, wash their feet with snow water diluted with alcohol, and give a pill every morning, composed as follows: a little sulphur, a little chalk, a little blue vitriol, carefully mixed with kerosene oil." He did so, and lost his whole flock. I will forgive him, he'll know better by and by.

If Hamburgs are bred in and in to any great extent, you will have a poor looking flock; fresh blood is necessary to health and constitution in any strain or breed, and it shows itself perhaps sooner with Hamburgs than some other hardy breeds. I have kept mine with good success in a small house, with a hole for ventilation open throughout the entire winter (cold and severe at that), and had no unhealthiness among them, and received plenty of fresh eggs all winter.

Give them a *hot* or *warm* breakfast with a little cayenne pepper mixed therein, every day (in winter), and corn at night, and *always* fresh water where they can reach it. This, with a good ventilation at the *top* and sprinkling of ashes or sand under the roost occasionally, will insure you healthiness in this valuable breed, and the manner in which they will repay your little trouble will convince you that they "fill the bill," so far as eggs are concerned.

My neighbor will tell me that his Leghorns are larger, and it is *his* opinion will lay more eggs than mine, to which I respond:

In this latitude how much did you pay out for fuel last winter, to protect your Leghorn combs from "Jack Frost"? Any one knows, who has kept Leghorns, that with a frozen comb they are not disposed to "shell out" till said comb is healed or warmer weather arrives.

It is very well for some folks to have very positive opinions of their own, which they generally do, and will endeavor to convince you that *their* particular kind is better than any other, but wait till their particular kind is as thick about them as "hairs on a hog's back," and you will find them after a new breed which "beats everything," and thus their tune is changed and a new field of operations opened.

In conclusion, I will say, when you want the beautiful and the useful combined, *not* for market, but general household purposes, can you show me the superior of the Hamburgs? I am open to argument, if that can convince me, that the fowls are few and far between that can surpass these "everlasting layers."

Quilibet.

MANAGEMENT OF CHICKENS.—No. 2.

All the while the present hot weather lasts the chickens cannot have too much shade, and their food cannot be too fresh and sweet. Shade is important for all breeds. Cochins, and Dorkings, and Hamburgs are all the better for shade. With white varieties to keep them white it is essential. Those who only have bare and enclosed runs will keep them cool and fresh by watering them every two or three nights. It is quite surprising to find how the chickens are benefited by that practice.

We again urge that the yards should now be thinned, and all the inferior specimens removed to make room for the others. Cochins with scanty leg-feathering, or Cochins with heavy hocks and inside leg-feathering, can never be of much use. Hamburgs with white legs, Houdans and Dorkings with bad claws, single-combed, and clean-legged Silkies, and all birds with such serious imperfections can never be up to the mark, and should be at once done away with. We are quite positive that many, too many inferior and perfectly useless birds are annually allowed to live, and then perhaps sold for 3*s*. or 4*s*. each, and in their turn used by inexperienced purchasers as breeding stock, and hence come the swarms of perfect rubbish which we find advertised in cheap advertisements. These birds will, we fear, in time, half ruin the fancy; and we often think the selling classes are in another way equally as unprofitable and damaging, for to every good bird sold in a sale class we should think we may safely reckon there are ten bad ones. Weed-out, we say then, now the wasters—roast them, boil them, pie them, only get rid of them, and we dare say—we feel certain—the remainder will be doubly as valuable as if all had been allowed to live.

It is important now, too, to see to the roosting places of the chickens, for many will soon be changing their feathers, and overcrowding or bad housing may spoil the new plumage. Those which are allowed still to sleep in their coops—and we fully approve of the plan—should be carefully watched, for often a dozen or two will try and crowd into a coop which can only hold half the number. We like our chickens to sleep in these coops, when there is no fear of dogs or foxes disturbing them, as long as possible, for by moving these small tenements every day to a fresh place the ground is well manured, and the chickens are always in

clean feather. Of course, only those who have a field or some such run can do this; but those who have the ordinary fixed houses merely for the chickens to roost in must keep such very clean, for just at this time many birds in one building, especially where any matter is allowed to remain and decompose, will fill the place with injurious and bad air. Boards under the perches which can be scraped every morning some use, but we like ourselves nothing so well as a bed of clean dust and sand, for it is so easily raked over with a finely-toothed rake, and the dust acts as a powerful deodorizer and removes every particle of smell. Some mix lime dust with this sand or road grit, but we do not approve of this where the birds can have access to the houses in the daytime, for they will often dust in it, and we are sure the lime injures the feathers and spoils some of the bloom and gloss.

Many who have a small plot of garden for flowers or vegetables, and also go in for chickens in quite an amateur way, are afraid of letting their brood loose in the garden, for a lettuce bed or young turnips or beet-roots would soon cease to exist under the mothers' claws and the chickens' mouths. We should recommend them to have a few yards of galvanized wire, and bend it loosely round the rhubarb bed, or when the strawberries are over round the plants there, or the artichokes and seakale, for they will now do no harm there; and we have seen a young brood of three or four weeks old thrive in a surprising manner when so wired in, for they obtain shade, and the loose straws and refuse which are generally found on such beds afford a capital opportunity for scratching, and plenty of wood-lice and flies and insects are being repeatedly turned up.

All will probably have by now, cockerels and pullets large enough to separate. If only two runs can be spared for this purpose let the birds be changed in them frequently. The cockerels can have one run for a fortnight, and then the pullets can go there and the cockerels come to the "ladies' enclosure." The greater distance these runs are apart the better. We do not care for them being side by side and only divided by wire fencing. When, however, this cannot be remedied, let there be close hurdles or wattle fencing for about three feet high, such as we described in the "Basse-Cour" of Mr. T. C. Burnell of Micheldever, for we do not desire the birds seeing each other through the wire.

The larger birds will not now want feeding so frequently. Birds four and five months old can well do now with three meals a day, and three-months-old birds well with four. We again recommend at this period of their growth an abundance of vegetable food and not too much water. Bone dust some use very much, and we were much surprised to hear this last week from one or two celebrated fanciers how extensively they use it. We have never tried it ourselves, and yet we have sent to the exhibition pen a goodly number of winning chickens; but those who do care to try it, or who are in the habit of doing so, must see they get a useful sample, for we have seen some sent out which was simply perfect rubbish, and which would do about as much good as sawdust. Bones from the house, or, where the establishment is not large enough to supply any quantity, from the butcher, smashed up and crushed on a wooden block by a heavy hammer, would prove of value we can well imagine; and that is the sort of bone-food used of course, in moderation and with judgment, which we should recommend and feel inclined to use ourselves.—W. in *Journal of Horticulture.*

There is a vast difference in the flavor of eggs. Hens fed on clean, sound grain, and kept on a clean grass run, give much finer flavored eggs than hens that have access to stable and manure heaps, and eat all kinds of filthy food. Hens feeding on fish and onions flavor their eggs accordingly, the same as cows eating onions or cabbage, or drinking offensive water, impart a bad taste to milk and butter.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SCHONNY SCHPROAGLE AT THE SENDENNIAL.

VILLYTELFY.

Meister Vade: I bin ferry mooch inderesdet in a grade infenshun vich I see in de Sendennial Exbosition. Id is a badent schicken hadching ingubador abbaradus. I know yu veel inderesdet in dot soobject. Id is a grandt infenshun. Efery house in de landt petter hafe von ov dis mascheens ride avay. Iv yu make soom arrangements mid dis infendor und offer dis mascheen vor a bremium mid de Schournall id knogs de gromo pisiness all do beces, und yu hafe do ged a schdeam lidening Bullog Bress ride avay. I vonder dis grade infenshun is nod disgoferet pefore. Yu oldt schicken bouldry vanciers musd pe asleeb, pecause yu don'd vint dis oud pefore. I dell yu how id is: Yu make a pox oud ov bine poards, mid glass vintow skylides on dop, und soom bine schafings insite, und a goal oil lampb schdicking ub oud ov a hole in de pottom, und yu yust pud soom eggs on de schafings und lide the lampb und yu soon hafe soom schpring schickens all de year roundt. I dell yu id is grandt; id safes a goot teal ov vear und dare mid de oldt hens. Ven yu see id yu pe imbresset mid de simblisidy ov dis suplime infenshun. Dis mascheen geds a goldt metal, I bed yu. Efery man can pe a schicken preeder now, iv he hafe a goal oil lampb. I bed yu de breachers regomendt id. Id makes schickens blenty ven gonference meeds. Dod's hardt dimes on bouldry. I dink id also creades a demandt vor goal oil und gifes de oil pusiness a new imbedus. I dink I puy me soom oil sdocks ride avay. I hobe yu see dis infenshun. Yu vindt id yust in vront ov te aqwariums in de Agriguldural puilting. Eferybody petter see.

Yours drooly, SCHONNY SCHPROAGLE.

A FEW JOTTINGS.

BY SPANGLE.

Editor Fancier's Journal:

The late hot weather has prevented me from attempting to write much for the poultry papers. I am glad to note the constant progress of the JOURNAL, which comes to my table every week, and I observe that you keep up its periodical interest, through its entertaining contents, and the efforts of your many talented correspondents.

The Herron *vs.* Warren quarrel (about a very small matter, from the start,) has now got so muddled that it is hard for a disinterested man to say who (if either) was very blameable. I don't think this sort of personal discussion helps *either* side—with the public. Al. Warren is pretty well known, and favorably esteemed. He has bred and sold many fine game birds, and is called an honorable business man. We all make mistakes, occasionally. Mr. Herron seems to have been aggrieved—but would it not have been better for both men to have settled their "little difference" without flying into print with it? *I* think so—though I may be mistaken in my judgment.

S. J. Bestor, of Hartford, Conn., advertises his splendid collection of high-bred crested white Calcutta Fan-tail Pigeons, I see, in your last number. Here is a *good* chance for some enterprising pigeon-fancier. If the purchaser of this magnificent stock can breed them as nicely as Mr. Bestor has for a dozen or fifteen years past, "there is money in it," as Mr. B. suggests. I have seen his stock, personally, and I am sure I express the opinion of all the numerous patrons and visitors of this enthusiastic fancier's establishment, that *no* such collection of White Fantails has *ever* been kept, or bred, on this side of the Atlantic. Five hundred dollars for 110 such breeding birds of this choice variety as Mr. Bestor can show, to-day, is a bargain, indeed, for any one who is in this line. And I hope as good a man, as careful a fancier and cultivator of pet stock as the present owner has been, will for-

tunately become the possessor of this magnificent clean-bred collection.

Your "Young Breeder" is a very good "reporter." But he ought not to assail my friend Dr. Dickie—who has "Plymouth Rock" on the brain, and can't help it. Besides writing so largely on this topic, the Doctor has "gone for" the Chicken Cholera business, rather earnestly, of late. I hope he may (not) catch it. When that 7,000 pp. work on the Rocks is published, please secure me an early copy—which I trust I may live long enough to read through. The realization of this hope will surely guarantee me "a green old age!"

Al. Warren says he "wants to be an angel." I suppose there is no objection to this laudable desire on his part, though I judge that Mr. Herron would hardly help to vote him into that category, if *he* has any choice in the matter. But when H. applies such offensive terms as "scallawag," "thief," etc., (even by inuendo) to such a man as we all know W. is—for one I must say it is in very bad taste, and altogether impolite, as well as untruthful. Why do you mar the otherwise fair pages of the Journal with this sort of objectionable controversy?

"Huon" is always a pleasant contributor. His articles are valuable, and very interesting. And if "Spangle" can make himself equally entertaining, as soon as the heated term lets up, he will occasionally send you a "screed."

BOOTED BANTAMS.

BY REGINALD S. S. WOODGATE.

We have seen at exhibitions and other places White, Black, and Mottled Booted Bantams, but we have never seen any of the two latter colors to equal good specimens of the White variety. They are a very old-fashioned breed, and specimens are often to be found in out-of-the-way villages, where the stock has been allowed to degenerate until it has lost many of its chief characteristics, but still unmistakeable proofs of the real Booted Bantam remain. It is the Mottled or Speckled variety which is generally so found, and we often fancy that many of them may have been the result of a cross with a White or some other Bantam, for the leg-feathering is generally the last thing to breed out, and so has remained to stamp the descendants with boots and leg-feathering. We are quite aware that the Speckled variety has been imported with very tolerably good show points, as have the Whites, but we think they are really very old English customers, and were the British Bantam long before Sebrights, or Game, or Black Rose-combed Bantams were known. When classes are given for them they generally muster very fairly well; and with a little more trouble to circulate the schedules which contain such classes among the fanciers and admirers of the breed, we think many more entries would be found, for as a rule they are more to be looked for as lawn pets in country homes than in the exhibitors' pens. It is but sorry work to enter them in a Bantam class at a general exhibition, for Pekins or Sebrights, often just because they are Pekins or Sebrights, irrespective of merits, sweep away everything. We often really wonder Bantam exhibitors do not protest against those ever-winning Sebrights always taking the prizes. It does not matter whose they are, or where they come from, or if there is only one pen in the class, but a commonly decent pair will walk off with first prize or cup; and let a pair of Booteds be absolutely perfect they generally find one of those "highly commended" cards at most as their reward. We could name one judge in Lancashire who is kindest with them, and acts the most fairly of all judges we know towards them, while we can name a southern one who confesses he has no partiality for the breed.

They certainly make most amusing pets and look extremely pretty on lawns, and from the immense amount of leg-feathering they rarely do much injury in the garden. They have interesting little ways, and can be taught easily to jump up to the windows to be fed, consequently they make great pets for children; and we know of two or three little nursery establishments whose live stock are Booted Bantams, for they soon get so tame and feed from the children's hands.

For exhibition the Whites should be as pure in color as possible, and the Blacks as deep in color and glossy in plumage as can be obtained, both of which latter points are difficult to get, for the Blacks are in the habit frequently of coming quite rusty colored. The markings of the Speckled or Mottled are a matter of taste,

Booted Bantams.

as much as they are in the Houdan. We have seen them with a deep chocolate ground and white spangles, which made a pretty contrast. They should have upright single combs in our opinion; and though sometimes we come across the double combs, still we think by them the breed loses much of its character, and often are inclined to think they result from a cross at some time or other with a Rose-combed White, for we can find no record of the old English Booted Bantam being rose-combed, though we hear from many places, especially in the east of England, of a single-combed variety having existed there for very many years. They should be as small as possible; but we are afraid there is a tendency to breeding them too large. We have tried in-and-in breeding, and find we get them no smaller—in fact, if anything, rather larger. They should be compact in shape, and not squirrel-tailed, which generally shows a cross with the Japanese for the sake of the comb in the first instance. We conclude they should be heavily leg-feathered and booted, and have long hocks touching the ground. We like them short on the leg, but not too short as to look like Dumpies. The White variety requires to be shown very clean and pure in color for any hope of success. In mating them for breeding, choose the best-colored specimens and heaviest feathered. If not wanted for the chicken shows we should recommend the chickens being hatched in June, as more likely to keep them small. The older a bird gets the heavier does the leg and foot-feathering come, and so we generally prefer not to exhibit them until after their first moult. The White cocks are much inclined to turn yellow from the sun, as all white poultry do; but if kept in the shade they will, if of a good strain, remain white through the whole summer.

The chickens are hardy, but being so very small when hatched require a gentle mother. They make good sitters and nurses themselves, but their long hocks and feet-feathering make them liable to roll the eggs from their nests when leaving them to feed. The chickens are hatched as white as the driven snow, and afford

a peculiar contrast to Silkies, which so often hatch a deep buff and feather so very white. The eggs range in color from pale buff to a delicate cream color, and often are quite white. They are certainly large for the size of the birds.

Booted Bantams seem to bear confinement well, and a few feet of smooth lawn would be much better for them than a larger and rougher run, for on long grass or rough soil they very frequently break off the long feet-feathers, and wear their hocks down by the friction. For town Bantams, where something quaint is appreciated, we strongly recommend Black Booted if they can be procured good, and there is no reason then why the amateur with the smallest back garden in the smokiest town should not come to the front in the exhibition ranks. The Whites would answer the purpose equally as well, but they would require washing for exhibition; and although it is the simplest thing possible to wash a bird, many will not believe it, and if they did would not care for the trouble, which is certainly considerable. We may state for the benefit of those who read this Journal, and yet do not see the Crystal Palace schedule, that that Society gives a class for the White Booted variety.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

RAMBLES IN LITCHFIELD COUNTY, CONN.

Those who love to see nature in all her primeval grandeur, with here and there a touch of man's modern improvement, and to inhale the bracing air of the mountains, will find the undulating regions of this county adapted to their wants, peculiarly so at this season of the year, and along our route we found that these advantages were largely appreciated by summer sojourners from the cities and metropolis.

The trip from Watertown to Seymour, and the confines of New Haven county, extending over twenty miles, is a rough and rugged path, but not particularly beset with danger, when traveling with the native horses (although accidents have occurred).

The squirrel may be seen now and then using his light fantastic toes along the hedges and fences of the road. From Waterbury we take the new Naugatuck branch railroad cars, which brings us to the former place in about thirty minutes. Watertown stands on an eminence, and on the summit is a spacious and beautiful hotel, the resort of many, during the hot term, from the metropolis. From Watertown we pass by stage, over fifty hills, more or less, balmy breezes fanning us on the top of each one, in about an hour and a half, to the ancient town of Woodbury, where some of the people live to be centennarians. Here we stayed till the following Monday. The next day being Sunday, after our arrival we repaired to the Episcopal church, where the devout rector, the Rev. Mr. Jaycox, officiated, and from the good attendance observable—the thermometer being above the nineties—we were deeply sensible that this was the land of steady habits. The town proper consists of one main street about one mile in length, the houses of which generally are very neat, and tastefully decorated with flower gardens. High mountains loom up on either side of it.

The peace of Woodbury is seldom disturbed, except by the stirring strains of the Curtiss cornet band, which consists of young men of the town. They have a stage erected on the upper part, where they perform on Saturday evenings—a truly blessed mode of closing the labors of the week, and a happy prelude to the exercises of the Sabbath. Passing southward about five miles by private conveyance to Southbury, is probably one of the pleasantest drives to be found in New England; or we ought rather to call it a natural boulevard, for all along the route are elms, maples, poplars, and chestnut trees, etc., some of which must have been there when the Father of our country traveled by stage through Connecticut.

But on leaving Woodbury, and turning to the right, we enter a beautiful glen, named Pomperaug, where is situated the woolen manufactory of D. Curtiss & Sons, and about a dozen houses. In one of these lives our friend Mr. Henry Stewart, a subscriber to this Journal, whom we visited, who showed us a family of about sixty chicks all bred from one pair of games, and he informed us that every egg he sat hatched, and every chick hatched was living, a parallel rarely to be met with. Mrs. Stewart, who herself takes great pleasure in poultry, spread them a banquet of Indian corn, and at a signal call from her, they assembled from their hiding places from under the trees and bushes, as happy as crickets, and quickly gobbled up the sweet repast; as care had not been taken to exclude them from others (been bred more for the pot than for the show pen) they were not all exactly uniform, but a few could be picked out that would do credit to the latter. Indeed we noticed this promiscuous breeding to be the case all along our route; a cluster of fowls here and there would show fine Brahmas or Cochins amongst them, whilst others resembled the Houdan or Hamburg very closely—showing plainly that the parties sometimes purchased thorough-bred birds, but did not take particular pains to breed from them alone. However, we noticed and admired them as they were, for in many instances beautiful specimens of cross breeding could be found amongst them both with regard to development and design. The houses, here and there, are very elegant, some of them occupied only by summer tourists, whom we noticed fanning themselves on the verandas, while others were conversing in the shady gardens, amongst the flowers—the angels that give delight and hurt not.

Driving forward beyond Southbury, we halted at a farm-house on the declivity of a hill, where resides Mr. Hazen, a very hospitable gentleman, who invited us to the luxuries of his farm. In the half hour's conversation we had, he told us that he would have had about three hundred head of poultry, of one kind or another, such as hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks, but that the foxes had made great havoc amongst them. They descended upon them from the mountains, both night and day, and took them when half grown, reducing his stock to less than a quarter of the original number; he had had some trouble with the rats, but these he had overcome by the Costar rat poison. Mrs. Hazen had made this department of the stock raising her specialty, and naturally felt aggrieved at her discouragements. The last year, she had sold $75 worth, besides domestic use, but this year, the miscreant foxes were stealing the profits. We advised the erection of light lath work frame buildings to protect the chicks, after a certain age. We noticed quite a number of sheep grazing on the hills.

They bid us good bye, with an earnest entreaty to visit them again. And here we will postpone further reports of our peregrinations in Litchfield County. Brics.

The Fire-Fly.—There are but few adults who have not pleasant recollections associated with that inseparable companion of summer evenings, the fire-fly, and with whom it was an unwearying amusement to pursue and capture in the happy and aimless time of early childhood. It is most numerous in this locality from the tenth of June to the tenth of July. During this time, when the first shades of evening appear, the rapid flashes of phosphoric light from countless numbers of this harmless little insect illuminate the lawn, as it ascends the blades of grass preparatory to taking its nocturnal flight.

After showers of rain it is particularly active and luminous, when tree, shrub and grass shine with its pale, transient light, which proceeds from a mass of yellowish matter under the rear portion of the body, and is emitted at will. When this is separated from the body it shines for several hours, but gradually fades and disappears. This singular provision of nature is said to be for the purpose of directing the sexes to each other. In Europe the fire-fly is substituted by the glow-worm, a wingless female insect of the same family. The male is not luminous and is guided to his mate by the light which she emits in a manner similar to the species in this country.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Pigeon Department.

THE INTERNATIONAL PIGEON RACE.

I have received the *Epervier*.

The first English bird tossed at Brussels came back late the same day, the second in the morning the day after, and the third one in the afternoon. All three belonged to Mr. Colvile of Burton-on-Trent.

The silver cup, offered by the Society Abeona of Brussels, was won by Mr. Cheffins of Dunmore (Essex).

There was a prize race in Brussels, from Langon, in the south of France, in which 2,164 birds took part. Will send particulars for next number.

J. Van Opstal.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PIGEONS.

The art of, and fancy for, pigeon breeding is very ancient. Even more than three thousand years before Christ, it was carried on by the Egyptians. The Romans, under the emperors, laid out enormous sums upon the breeding of pigeons, and kept accurate pedigrees of their descent, just as the Arabs keep genealogical pedigrees of their horses, and the Mecklenburg aristocracy of their own ancestors. In Asia, too, among the wealthy princes, pigeon breeding was a very ancient fancy; in 1600, the court of Akber Khan possessed more than twenty thousand pigeons. Then in the course of several centuries, and in consequence of the various methods of breeding practiced in different parts of the world, there has arisen out of one single originally tamed form, an immense number of different races and varieties, which in their most divergent forms are extremely different from one another, and are often curiously characterized.

One of the most striking races of pigeons is the well-known fan-tailed pigeon, which spreads its tail like the peacock, and carries a number of (from thirty to forty) feathers, placed in the form of radii, while other pigeons possess much fewer tail-feathers—generally twelve. We may here mention that the number of feathers on the tails of birds is considered by naturalists of great value as a systematic distinction, so that whole orders can thereby be distinguished. For example, singing birds, almost without exception, possess twelve tail-feathers; chirping birds (*Strisores*) ten, etc.

Several races of pigeons, moreover, are characterized by a tuft of neck-feathers, which form a kind of periwig; others by grotesque transformation of their beaks and feet, by peculiar and often very remarkable decorations, as, for example, skinny lappets, which develop on the head; by a large crop, which is formed by the gullet being strongly inclined forward, etc. Remarkable, also, are the strange habits which many pigeons have acquired; for example, the turtle pigeons and the trumpeters, with their musical accomplishments, the carriers, with their topographical instinct. The tumblers have the strange habit of ascending into the air in great numbers, then turning over and falling down through the air as if dead. The ways and habits of these endless races of pigeons—the form, size and color of the individual parts of their bodies, and their proportions, differ in a most astonishing degree from one another; in a much higher degree than is the case with the so-called good species, or even with the perfectly distinct genera, of wild pigeons. And what is of the greatest importance, is the fact that these differences are not confined to the external form, but extend even to the most important internal parts; there even occur great modifications of the skeleton and of the muscular tissues. For example, we find great differences in the number of vertebræ and ribs, in the size and shape of the gaps in the breast-bones, in the size and shape of the merry thought, in the lower jaw, in the facial bones, etc. In short, the bony skeleton which morphologists consider a very permanent part of the body, and which never varies to such an extent as the external parts, shows such great changes that many races of pigeons might be described as special genera, and this would doubtless be done if all these different forms had been found in a wild and natural state.

How far the differences in the races of pigeons have been carried is best shown by the fact that all pigeon breeders are unanimously of opinion that each peculiar or specially marked race of pigeons must be derived from a corresponding wild original species. It is true every one assumes a different number of original species. Yet Darwin has most convincingly and acutely proved that all these pigeons, without exception, must be derived from a single wild primary species—from the blue rock-pigeon (*Columbia livia*)."

From "The History of Creation." Haeckel.

Items.

A clergyman lately addressed his female auditory as follows: "Be not proud that the blessed Lord paid your sex the distinguished compliment of appearing first to a female after the resurrection, for it was only done that the glad tidings might be spread all the sooner."

Josh Billings says: "The live man iz like a little pig; he iz weaned young and begins to root early. He iz the peppersass ov creation, the allspice ov the world. One live man in a village iz like a case ov the itch in a distrikt school, he sets everybody scratching at onst."

Pass it this way, Mr. Brown.—Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around Mr. Brown's table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner; Mr. Black, the baker; Mr. Jordan, a carpenter; and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed, and lumber merchant. Mr. Brown took out of his pocket-book a ten dollar note, and handed it to Mrs. Brown, saying: "Here, my dear, are ten dollars toward the twenty I promised you." Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying, "That pays for my new bonnet." Mrs. Andrews said to Mr. Jordan as she handed him the note, "That will pay you for your work on my counter." Mr. Jordan handed it to Mr. Hadley, the flour, feed, and lumber merchant, requesting him to give him credit for that amount on his lumber bill. Mr. Hadley gave the note back to Mr. Brown, saying, "That pays ten dollars on my board." Mr. Brown passed it to Mrs. Brown with the remark that that paid her the twenty dollars he had promised. She in turn paid it to Mr. Black, to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Mr. Hadley, wishing credit for that amount on his flour bill, he again returning it to Mr. Brown with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Brown put it back into his pocket-book, exclaiming that he "never thought a ten dollar note would go so far." Thus a ten dollar greenback was made to pay ninety dollars indebtedness inside of five minutes. Who says greenbacks are worthless?—*Winsted Press.*

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

NOT YET SATISFIED.

We notice by an editorial in *Poultry Argus* that S. H. Seamans of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, has recently imported a fresh lot of Golden Sebright Bantams. It is thought this last importation are among the best birds ever sent from England, and only sold to remove them from competition on the other side. Good birds are often bought with this understanding that would not be sold otherwise.

Mr. Seamans places his standard very high, and will not be satisfied with anything short of the best. During the past ten years he has invested large sums of money to gratify his taste in the Fancy. But, as he once wrote us, he has "always made it pay," and this is the true secret of his continuing and enthusiastic fancies. We have always contended that a Fancy should at least be self-sustaining, otherwise the Fancier is liable to continual change, and eventually will leave the Fancy in disgust.

"DISEASES OF DOMESTIC POULTY."

Under the above title, Mr. Geo. P. Burnham, of *Melrose*, Mass., a few weeks ago announced as forthcoming a new Treatise, which many were desirous of getting a copy of—since Mr. B.'s well known experience with poultry and their treatment, in good or poor condition, warranted the belief that a work from his pen, *as a specialty* upon the subject of fowl ailments, would be a good and practical one.

We are informed that the delay in the publication has been unavoidable—but that the work is now in press, and will be published early in October. We have received several orders for it, and Mr. B. requests us to state in Fanciers' Journal that the numerous remittances and orders *he* has had by mail (which have been *returned* to the senders, on account of the delay in publishing the book), may be renewed, if desirable. The new volume (in paper covers), 50 pp. large 12mo, will be sent to all who order it, the last of September or the first of October, as is explained in Mr. B.'s advertisement this week.

"Diagonal boys' suits" are advertised in New York. Some of those boys must have been with the military encamped in Fairmount Park the other day, as there were many of them seen on the *bias*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTICE.

JOS. M. WADE:

DEAR SIR,—At the request of several poultry fanciers, the time for entering fowls, and birds for the Centennial Exhibition, has been extended until October 1st. All specimens not entered previous to that date will be excluded from the Exhibition.

Very respectfully,

BURNET LANDRETH,
Chief of Bureau.

JOHN E. DIEHL,
Supt. Poultry Dep.

INFORMATION WANTED.

ED. "F. J.":

Would the editor please give an *amateur fancier* a few hints or points on mating birds for exhibition, as I have the finest flock of fowls that there is around here, and I thing there must be some premium birds in the lot, if I only could tell them from the others. They are Lt. Brahmas. Please give me a hint or two on the subject, and oblige AN AMATEUR FOWL KEEPER.

SMITHTOWN, SUFFOLK CO., NEW YORK.

A PECULIAR FOWL.

MT. VERNON, ALA., Aug. 6, 1876.

EDITOR "FANCIERS' JOURNAL":

DEAR SIR:—I have a rare, and I think very curious bird, it is a cross between a common barn-yard fowl and either a turkey or a Guinea; or, as some suppose, a cross between a Guinea and a turkey. It is indeed a great curiosity, and is large and healthy, and feeds among my other fowls, but inclined to be a little pugnacious.

Perhaps some of your readers may value it more than I do, and by judiciously crossing it with other fowls, produce a new variety of bird. I would exchange it for something of value.

Please inform me what you can do with it, and what is its value.

Truly yours, JOHN M. KOLLOCK, U. S. A.,
Post Surgeon, Mt. Vernon Bks., Ala.

FINE PIGEONS SUFFOCATED.

FRIEND WADE:

Since I put the exchange in your JOURNAL I have had fearful bad luck. My place of business caught on fire last Sunday morning, at 1 A. M., on the third floor, where we roast coffee by steam. I had about one hundred fancy pigeons on the fourth floor, value $300, many of them premium birds—some of them sold to Dr. Enos of Milwaukee, Wis., who wanted to take them away the early part of last week; but on account of their setting on eggs I would not ship them until this week, thinking they were too soft. I did not save *a bird*; every one suffocated, and I assure you it was a sad sight to see them scattered all over the floor. Our loss on stock was pretty heavy,—estimated at $6,000,—but I believe the pigeons had as many sympathizers as we. However, I am going to get some more birds by January, 1877, to exhibit at the show. I would not have cared if they could have gotten out, but they could not, and such was their fate.

With regards, I remain, very respectfully,

W. B. COCHRAN.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 17, 1876.

It was Buzfuz who propounded the following. If the letters of the alphabet were to run a race and O should be beaten, why would it be like your servant, when sent for "Ere's delight short cut," bringing you "nigger head plug" instead? Buzzy says it would be wrong to back O!" Oh!

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—A Boston lady has a canary sixteen years old, a Baltimore oriole and a dog twenty each, and a family horse thirty.

—A little weasel fought a black snake at Amherst, N. H., the other day, and bit him through and through until he died.

—Nashville, Kentucky, is overrun with thieves.

Well, Nashville is not obliged to have councilmen, policemen, and other municipals unless she wants them.

—A man was arrested in Trenton last week for pulling down a lady's hair, in a street car.

He was released at once. The hair had not been paid for.

—One hundred and twenty Chinese students from Hartford will visit the Centennial next week.

A notice to rats, mice, and young "purps," to keep close house.

—Green turtles retail in New York for 12 cents per pound.

So! Soup must be going down then? There must be a superfluous soupply of the verdant tortle, if one can tortle off with a pound for 12 cents!

—Men visitors to the seaside now see the "harvest moon" rising out of the waters.

Most of them return home as prodigal sons, having spent all in riot and fine living.

—Henry Ward Beecher says: The poorest parts of newspapers generally are the editorials; they are the least reliable, and the least inspiring, and, if you skip anything, skip the editorials."

That's just what one would suppose H. W. B. would say.

—Two school girls out for a walk. First school girl (sweet eighteen)—I am so tired of walking along by twos and twos in this way! Its as bad as the animals going into the ark!

Worse my dear. Half of the arkers were masculine! That's what's the matter with Hannah.

—Lunacy is still increasing in Ireland. At the close of last year the number of patients under the supervision of the Inspectors-General was 11,777—an increase of 194 on the preceding year.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Whisky is cheaper as well as more plentiful in the green isle.

—It is said that no Chinese bank has failed during the past five hundred years.

Why? Because, when the last one went up, the heads of *all* the officers went off and were thrown in a corner along with the other assets!—There are some sensible things done in China.

—A woman in Barnstead, N. H., found the egg of a hawk the other day. She took it home and put it under an inverted bowl in a cupboard near the cooking stove. A few days after she heard a noise under the bowl, and found that the egg had hatched, and that she had a lively young hawk. But the little bird would not eat and soon died.

—Can Animals Count?—M. Houzeau says: "The mule is supposed to be able to count as far as five, at least; and this is considered to be established by the following observation. There is a short line of omnibuses in New Orleans where each mule makes the journey five times successively before being changed. The veterinary surgeon of these animals called attention to the fact that at the end of the first four journeys they are silent, but as they approach the end of the fifth, they neigh." But a writer in *Scribner* nearly spoils this by saying that the mule at the end of every fifth trip *smells the preparations for his mess in the stable,* where the hostler is expecting him.

—Eagles.—A number of eagles have recently been shot in various parts of Pennsylvania. One shot by John Hadman, in North Coventry, Chester county, had carried off bodily a large lamb and returned the next day after another. When his wing was broken by a shot he fell and was seized by a dog, but he forced his talons entirely around one of the dog's ribs, causing him to howl terribly. The eagle was then killed with clubs. Another, a bald eagle, was killed near Landis Valley, Lancaster county, which measured seven feet three inches from tip to tip of wings. When eagles take to carrying off lambs and young babies, they must of course be killed; but in a few years the typical American bird will be as extinct as the great auk or the dodo.

—How an Ape Saved an Earl.—A braver or handsomer race than the Irish Geraldines never lived. A more romantic history than their's has never been written. The adventures of *Silken Thomas* are strange and wild as those of any Persian prince in Eastern story. His ancestor, Earl John Thomas Fitzgerald, adopted a monkey for his crest, and the old chroniclers say in explanation, that when a child in the Castle of Woodstock an alarm of fire was given. In the confusion that ensued, the young Earl of Kildare was forgotten, and on the servants returning to search for him, the room in which he lay was found in ruins. The child was supposed to have perished in the flames, but soon a strange voice was heard in one of the castle towers, and upon looking up they saw an ape, which was usually kept chained, carefully holding the child in its arms. The monkey crest of Earl John of Kildare flashed in the front of many a battle under the banner of Edward I, and the deeds of the hero have been sung by all the Irish bards. J. M. McCann.

—Shakespearean—Hamlet.—This gentleman has always been an enigma, but there were three things about him we know for certain.

1st. He was well acquainted with our southern plantation melodies, for he says in one of his remarks to Horatio—"It is indeed a nipping and *an eager* air."

2d. He was very economical in the way of clothing, and used to black the seams and well-worn places of his garments. Speaking to his mother, he says—"'Tis not alone my *inky* cloak." What else could he have meant?

3d. Prince as he was, he had a Sunday suit and a business suit. Thus—when his mother desires to interview him at a certain time and place, he answers—"I will in all my best attend you." That is, in his Sunday suit.

Othello—he must have been a lawyer as well as a soldier, though "Sweet William" does not speak of him but in the one profession. We know, however, from the poet's description, that he was "A *tawny general* of Venice." H.

—Has the Wild Turkey (*Meleagris gallo-paro*) been Improved by Domestication?—From my own observation I would be led to answer in the negative. I have seen great numbers of the wild originals and think them superior in grace and beauty, and nearly equal in size to the finest Bronzes of our poultry shows. The young of the wild turkey are very hardy, seemingly indifferent to either rain or cold. In the tame varieties they require continual care, and are perhaps the tenderest of domestic birds. Under the dense pine foliage on the Alleghanies where the rays of the sun seldom penetrate, and the deep moss is always damp, the wild turkeys make their home, and the young flourish under the evergreen trees. They seem singularly free from disease, and it is not uncommon to see a wild hen with a flock of twenty young ones in the autumn. I have seen wild gobblers weighing thirty-five pounds. Remembering the wonderful improvements made on the different varieties of geese, ducks and chickens by careful selection and successful breeding, I think we can but admit that our experiments with the wild turkey have so far resulted in comparative failures. J. M. McCann.

—Answer to J. H. McCann in "Weekly Gossip," in Journal of June 19th. "The power of serpents to charm birds and small animals is now admitted by eminent naturalists. I don't believe that *all* snakes possess this power," says J. H. McCann. I want to go a step farther and say that I don't believe *any* snake possesses this power, but then I'm not an *eminent naturalist*—only a light weight, you know. Is J. H. McCann sure that the nest and young of the ground-squirrel were not in the immediate vicinity of the snake, or that the snake was not in such close proximity to the hole of the squirrel that it was unable to get home without being gobbled up? The action of birds and small animals during the breeding season, or while they are yet guarding their young, seems to me to be the same in the presence of any threatened danger, whether from snakes or human beings. The gentleman who told Mr. McCann *what he saw* should have climbed the tree, if possible, and have snaked Mr. Coluber Constrictor out of the hole, and if he had found the squirrel's nest in it, with or without young (for the snake might first have eaten them), he would have discovered a motive for the singular antics of the squirrel without any necessity for discussing the *involuntary* hypothesis. The devotion of birds and animals to their homes and their young, and their vigorous defence of them in the face of overwhelming odds, is well known. Snakes, being so much smaller than human beings, are subject to fiercer and closer attacks, and, being wiser in this respect, they remain perfectly quiet, simply eyeing their victims until they, finding themselves neither followed nor attacked, gain renewed confidence, and approach so close in their attacks that they become an easy prey, or, if they do not attack, they make a distressed fluttering pretense of being crippled, with intent to draw the intruder away from the nest or young, which

would be apt, under many circumstances, to delude even an experienced observer into the belief that the bird was charmed. There is one bird which, I would take my "*affidavy*" will not yield to the fascinations of the black snake or any other snake. This is the Blue-jay. A pair, or even one of them will discomfit or put to flight, from the vicinity of their nest, any snake having the temerity to approach it with hostile intent. I have never witnessed a case of even partial paralysis of bird or animal in the presence of snakes, although I often come across persons who *have heard* of such things, even to the charming of children. Snake stories you know are the *awfulest* stories, and it isn't so long since many good people believed in witchcraft and sorcery, and all that kind of *evil eye* business. There might be some sort of *paralysis* resulting from fear, but as we never hear of it except in connection with snakes, it would naturally follow that birds and squirrels and sich feared nothing but snakes. I know a lady who feels an almost irresistible impulse to throw herself beneath the wheels of passing railroad trains, and on several occasions, after her first experience, when unavoidably in close proximity to passing trains, she has only saved herself, as she believes, by sitting down. This, I should imagine, is the same sort of feeling one experiences (especially if light headed) on looking down from a great height. It is certainly the result of fear. In regard to snake-charming, what we want is *bottom facts*. It is unfortunate that the evidence which we get from eminent naturalists on the subject is *what they have heard*, and that observers are easily satisfied with *effect*, and do not hunt hard enough *for cause*.

Phoca.

—A Queer Thing in California.—A strange friendship has sprung up between two very dissimilar animals at Mrs Stratton's. A black rabbit came to the place some three months ago and took up its abode. Mrs S. keeps on the place a couple of cows, and a short time since the rabbit took up the strange habit of sleeping with one of these cows. It goes to the cow's wonted place of rest, waits her coming, and when arrived the motherly cow licks the little protégé with much the same affectionate tenderness that would be bestowed on a calf, the rough tongue and tremendous licks nearly raising the little animal off its feet, and it the meanwhile bracing itself with its four feet to withstand the pressure. Then little bunny puts its little nose up to the cow's nose, and appears to kiss it, after which the rabbit nestles up and goes to sleep. It is a singular bedfellowship, the tiny bundle of fur and ears of perhaps three or four pounds with the unwieldy carcass of six hundred.—*From the St. Helena Star.*

—The Black Snake (*Bascanion Constrictor*) probably attains a greater length than any other serpent in the United States. They are seldom seen exceeding six feet in length, for the simple reason that they are many years in arriving at their full maturity, and are usually destroyed before having reached their greatest length. They grow but slowly. I kept one last year for several months, and it increased very little in size. A gentleman in whom I have perfect confidence told me that he once killed one of these snakes, and measuring carefully found it to be eleven feet and one inch. A friend of mine killed one this summer just nine feet and three inches in length. An engineer told me that he killed a snake of this variety and measured it with his chain, finding it to exceed eleven feet. I have often heard an old gentleman speak of having seen a monstrous black snake in a cornfield when a boy. He says that it extended across four of the rows, and must have been fifteen feet in length. Many years after this, near the same place, a farmer saw a snake of this variety so large that he was afraid to attack it; he says it was certainly more than twelve feet in length. A peculiarity about them, unnoticed by naturalists, is their power of following each other by the scent. I have watched a black snake glide across a field, and after a considerable time had elapsed, have seen another following its trail as surely as a hound would follow a hare. It was during the love season. When irritated the extremity of the tail vibrates with great rapidity, producing a peculiar rattling noise, and the body becomes covered with a h-colored spots. The tongue is concealed in a tube, and is invisible unless protruded by the animal. They can climb a tree by going *directly* up it, and it is not necessary that they should circle round it. They always swallow the eggs of birds without breaking the shell. They can glide over the ground with greater rapidity than any other native serpent. That they have the power of charming birds and small quadrupeds is certain, but the nature of this magic influence has never been satisfactorily explained. It is not due to the fiery brightness of the "evil eye" alone, nor to the paralyzing power of fear. Has animal magnetism anything to do with this mysterious gift?

J. M. McCann.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS AND THE FATE OF SOME OF THEM.

The Mocking Bird. No. 7.

"The song was o'er, the last sweet note
Upon the air had ceased to float,
The life that thrilled in melody,
With his wild music passed away.
He longed for fragrance, flowers and light;
His heart had broken in the fight."

During the time of our late "onpleasantness," and while the "cruel war" was at its height I was on a certain morning passing along one of the streets of that part of the city of "brotherly love," which Mrs. Partington denominated the "Rhubarbs," when I heard the musical cry of "Ca-fish!" "Ca-fish!" or something so very near like what I had often taken for that, from the high pitched voices of the females who at certain seasons of the year, wake us from our morning snooze, with their piscatorial cries. The voice I now heard seemed to me to be a wonderfully clear, high soprano, well worthy of the concert room, and though I could see nothing of the crier, yet, again and again the sound fell upon my ear till I thought it must have been some star fallen out of the Opera sky, which had taken up a basket and was crying "ca-fish!" through the streets. Returning home I made a note of the wonderful voice in my journal, and then thought no more about it. How quick one can forget, in the hurry and bustle of city life!

About a month after this I received a letter from a soldier friend in the Union Army, in which he said that an officer whose wife was in Philadelphia, had been wounded, and he requested me to call upon her and personally assure her that her husband was in no immediate danger from his wounds.

Finding her address from the letter, I was soon on my errand of consolation, and in due time found myself pulling the bell of a certain house in that very same block or "square," as the term is in the "Quaker City," where about a month before I had heard the musical voice crying "Ca-fish;" and where, strange to say, just as the door was opened to admit me, I heard the same voice and cry again. Concluding that the same "fish-wife" was going her rounds I thought no more of it, and was soon in the presence of the lady I was requested to see.

My friend's letter had informed me that the lady was a daughter of the "Sunny South," who had placed her fate in the hands of a northern man, and with him she had left her happy home in Charleston, S. C., for his in Philadelphia, about a year previous to the first gun fired at Fort Sumter. Two dear children had been born to them, when the first draft for soldiers called her husband to the field in defence of home, life, children and country.

I found the lady quite an invalid, and had but barely introduced myself and my errand before I heard once more that well-known cry of "Ca-fish," which I was rather startled with as I seemed to be haunted by it.

I encouraged her to hope for the best; told her that all would be well,—that more letters would come. "I must go to him" she said; "better tend on him wounded, or bury him when dead than live the dying life I am living here." I began to falter some other words of encouragement, when again "ca-fish" broke on my ear. "It is my poor mocking-bird," she said, seeing my look of wonder. "He breaks my heart with his songs of home, while he startles the whole household by his wonderful imitations."

I looked up through a western window and there in the yard, in an enormous cage—just such a cage as a mocking bird should live in—hopping backward and forward, was the subject of my surprise, who had just then broke out in a strain of "Red, White,

and Blue,"—which he gave to a charm, and all at once the poor girl was weeping to the melody, as though it had only been composed for people to weep at.

"I wish I had never tamed him," she said, "I wish I had left him in Charleston! In this northern home he does not *seem like a bird* to me. I hear him whistle Arthur's tunes, and I think Arthur, who was always so cheerful, must be in the house. I cannot at times, bear the strange, sweet imitations, and so I keep him where you see him, away from my own room. I shall not have him long. He begins to mope; to day is only one of his *bright* days. I wish I had never taken him from his nest! He was such a little lump of a thing when I took him, and with no promise of such a long body, still longer tail, and wonderful powers of voice and imitation. His little mouth was always open and his scream was like two files rubbing against each other. Of mashed potatoe he could never get enough, but yolks of eggs rolled into the shape of worms was his especial delight.

Ah! poor fellow he will never live over November—that dreadful, unhappy month."

"What does he eat now?"

"Anything I eat, but mostly brown bread and milk—a saucer of which he will eat in a day, leaving for it his chicken, or beefsteak untouched. Every day he goes into his bath-tub and afterward makes his toilet like a gentleman. Every day his house must be thoroughly cleansed, or he would die long before November."

"His cage seems very large," said I.

"None too large for mocking birds. They will not thrive in small cages. Then, too, one should remember their freedom, which a bird prizes I sometimes think more than many other creatures. I wish he was in the orange groves of my old home, or at least in my dear old garden in Charleston, which used to be as full of music as the opera, and much sweeter to me, as dearly as I love music."

"Then Charleston seems your home still?"

"Yes," she answered; "you see, like my mocking-bird, I was taken from it young. But I came to Arthur's home, and O, it was a happy one until this cruel, wretched, cursed war broke out, and now"—— Here her grief overpowered her, and she sobbed aloud as though her heart would break.

Again I tried to speak cheerfully, even hopefully, of her and her husband's future. She only sobbed out, "I must go to him; I must go to him."

"And the bird?" I asked.

"Oh, he will die in November; he will die!"

Just as though he was determined to contradict his mistress, the bird now began to move his long body from one side of the cage to the other, and all at once he commenced a song which seemed to be comprised of all the tunes he had learned in Charleston and Philadelphia combined, ending his *melangè* with his native notes, which are exceedingly beautiful. The lady seemed to regard the bird with such a tender interest, as though it was, in some way, connected with her husband, that I rather led her to talk on about him, thinking it might, for the time being, somewhat relieve her of her anxiety and distress.

"There is almost a *human* interest about Dixie" (that I found was his name); "he mimics us all so well. He has a sharp, short cry, much like baby when his sister takes something away from him; and he dearly delights in mocking my poor dog Fan. The other day I heard Fan cry dreadfully, and I hurried out to see what was the matter, quite sure she had fallen into some unusual trouble—but no! there lay Fan on her mat, and there, too, was Dixie, doing the yelping to perfection! At first, Fan seemed to mind Dixie, but, now that she has got used to him, his noise does not worry her a bit."

Here, as though in illustration of what had been said, Dixie began a series of most wonderful performances, among which was prominent the cry of "ca-fish," but the most perfect and curious part was the click of a pair of castanets! He seemed to have no real difficulty in doing anything. He would lean his head over to one side, consider what he wanted to do, and—do it. He did not practice the sound, but got it right in his mind at once, and then, like a viviparous production, brought it forth perfect. When he had done the castanets, and matched them with a tune whistled, he once more broke out with "ca fish," followed by the shrill, quacked quaver which a child produces on a penny whistle. Presently he mewed like a cat, then he yelped like Fan, and finished up by crying, to perfection, like the baby!

"You should hear Dixie whistle my husband's favorite tunes," said the lady, her bright eyes full of tears at the thought. "Even dear Arthur could not surpass him in 'Red, White, and Blue,' but I am sure he will not whistle or sing after November—the month I so much dread."

I now rose to take my leave, and just then Dixie broke out with "Red, White, and Blue," interspersed with "ca-fish," ending with a yelp *a la* Miss Fan.

"He seems to be winding up the season with a final performance," said the lady; and, thanking me repeatedly for the good news I had brought her, she bade me good-bye with an appearance of reviving hope that she would see her husband again, and that all would be well in the end, and I passed from her presence.

On a dull, gloomy, suicidal day in the last week of the following November, I was called upon again to visit the home of the lady and the bird. I was then the bearer of sad, sad news. My sorrowful errand could not be avoided, or I would gladly have done so. Another battle had been fought, and I must tell her, whom I had endeavored to cheer with the words of comfort and hope, but a few weeks since, that her husband, whom she so idolized, had fallen among the slain—had passed to the far-beyond, where wars and the rumor of wars are never heard. As I neared her habitation I expected to hear the cry of "ca-fish," or some other of Dixie's various cries, but I did not; all was quiet, and I was rather glad of it, for the message I was the bearer of was of much too sad a nature for me to be amused by the performances of even poor, innocent Dixie.

I was met in the parlor by the mother of the widow, and I saw, at the first glance at her sad face and funereal dress, that I had sad news to hear as well as to impart; but I was saved the bitter task of telling her to whom I was sent that her husband was in the better land, as, several days before, she had gone to meet him there.

"Her babies?" I enquired; "they, poor orphans, are *our* babies now."

"And that wonderful bird?"

"Dead! He died on that same gloomy November day, a few hours after his mistress had breathed her last. His parting song was a single strain of "Hurrah for the Red, White, and Blue!"

Thus died out, in an ordinary street of a great city, one of the sad romances of real life; and such was the fate of Dixie, the mocking-bird.

HUON.

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc, etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

P. P. HAAS, Tamaqua, Pa., wants to exchange ten pairs of A No. 1 Tumblers, for offers.

WM. A. REED, Box 1308, Nashua, N. H., wants to exchange a P. Rock Cockerel, (Gilman stock,) for a P. Rock Pullet.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

JOHN E. SCHUM, 150 South Water St., Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange a fine Himalayan Doe Rabbit, two good Hunting Rifles, one good Revolver, one fine pair of Muscovy Ducks, two fine Lop-eared Does, for a good Lop eared Buck, White Leghorns, or offers. All letters, &c., answered promptly.

FANCIER, Box 350, Milton, Pa., will exchange a Red and Tan Gordon Bitch Dog, M. Von Culin's stock, 1 Liver Color Pointer Bitch, and 1 trio Light Brahmas, for Fancy Pigeons or offers.

W. J. EVENDEN, Box 403, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange a thoroughbred Russian Setter Slut, for a breech-loading Shot Gun, or a good Watch; also 2 pairs of Red Carriers, 2 pairs Pouters, and 1 young Cock, 1 pairs Black Priests, and a lot of Black Red Game Bantams, for anything that won't eat, or will sell.

P. O. BOX 328, Milton, Pa., will exchange one pair White Pouters, one pair Black Red Games, and 1 Smith & Wesson Seven-shot Revolver, for high-bred Tumblers, or offers in Fancy Pigeons.

J. HENRY, 4507 Rubicam Ave., Germantown, Phila., wishes to exchange a thoroughbred English Greyhound, seven months old, Newfoundland Pups, or Blue Skye Dog, for W. C. Black Polish, White or Brown Leghorn Chicks.

D. G. DONOHUE, New Chester, Pa., would exchange a No. 1 Coon Dog, for a English Setter, well broken. Nothing inferior given or taken. Speak quick.

T. J. McDANIEL, Hollis Center, Me., has two pairs Pit Games, warranted to stand steel, which he wishes to exchange for Poultry Books, or offers. Postal cards acceptable.

A. L. HOUGHTON, South Adams, Mass., has to exchange 1 Red Tumbler Cock, 2 Red Quaker Cocks, 1 pair White Doves, trio B. B. Bantams, for Red Quaker females, and White Carrier Cock, Black Pied Pouter Cock, or offers of Pigeons. Will give good stock, and none but good wanted.

W. W. BARTO, Bay Shore, L. I., has for exchange, trio of D. Brahmas, one year old, or chicks three months, for trio of L. Brahmas, one year, or chicks, or for trio P. Cochins, Pea Comb. None but good stock given or accepted.

CHAS. SHAFFER, No. 206 Franklin St., N. Y., will exchange Buff and Partridge Cochins, Light and Dark Brahmas, Aylesbury, Cayuga, and Muscovy Ducks, for Black Spanish, W. B. or Dominique Leghorns, April or May hatch. What offers?

G. W. SEYBOLD, 32 Rowland St., Newark, N. J., will exchange fine Pointer Dog, 9 months old, (well bred,) also Scotch Terrier Dog, splendid ratter, for White or Brown Leghorns, or offers.

E. A. LYMAN, Keene, N. H., will exchange 1 pair Partridge Cochins, for 1 pair Rouen or Aylesbury Ducks, or offers. My fowls are good show birds; want the same.

JOHN DeMAR, Lexington, Mass., wishes to exchange 5 B. Leghorn Cocks, for 6. Leghorn Pullets, or offers.

H. K. OSBORN, Cambridgeport, Mass., has for exchange one Patent Oil Cake Grinder, "hand power," new, never been used, for Fancy Pigeons or offers.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburgh, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange Fancy Pigeons, of twenty (20) varieties, in pairs, or odd birds, for Poland China, Essex, and Chester White Pigs, new Buggy, Harness, 6 Brown Leghorns, Pullets and Cockerel, 1 pair each Yellow and Black Pied Pouters, 19 inches long, and pair 4 month old Maltese Kittens.

GEO. W. SCHEFFER, No. 21, South 2d St., Harrisburg, Pa., has to exchange the following birds: Tumblers, 1 Antwerp Cock, White Pouter Cocks, and Colored Fantails, for Turbits, Swells, or Blue Winged Swallows; also a Bread-Kneading Machine, worth $25, for Blue or Yellow Pouters, Carriers or Fantails. They must be good, as the machine is good. Write soon for a bargain. Also White Muscovy Ducks for Pigeons.

W. S. REED, Homer, La., will exchange one Parlor Organ, one of Barnes' foot power Scroll Saws, and one $600 piano, (all new, never used,) for good Breech-loading Shot Gun, double barrel, and improved stock, such as Hogs, Cows, Goats, Fowls, Pigeons, etc. Must be good stock and articles.

GEORGE A. COLONY, Fitchburg, Mass., has for exchange a very fine trio of P. Cochins, (P. Williams' strain,) that took first and special premium, January 21, 22, 23, '76, at Athol, for a good Breech-loading double-barrel Shot Gun, or offers. Speak quick.

G. J. BAKER, Postville, Trafalgar P. O., Ont., will exchange any of the following thoroughbred stock—Cotswold Lambs, Berkshire Pigs, Black Cochins, Coach Slut, in pup, Black and Tan Dog Pup, Sheep Dog Pup, and Hunting Rifle—for Jersey Heifer Calf, or Bull Calf.

E. G. FLANDERS & CO., Manchester, N. H., have to exchange one six barreled Whitney Revolver, nickel plated and all in good repair, for Brown Leghorns or offers.

BOX 471, Orange, N. J., has to exchange a good Gold Watch, Dark Brahmas and Houdans, for Milch Cow, Poland China Pigs, or Brown Leghorns.

CHAS. F. FREEMAN, 1914 North Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa., breeder of Swallows, Turbits, and Owls, will exchange some of the finest Blue-winged Turbits, Solid Black Turbits, Black-tail Turbits, and fine bred Owls, for Red Swallows or Blue Swallows. They must be perfect birds in every way. Here is a chance for anybody to get good Turbits for good Swallows.

M. VAN CULIN, Delaware City, Delaware, has to exchange two pairs white Carriers, two pairs Pouters, one pair Barbs (cock red, hen dun), one pair White Crested Fans, one pair Black Balds, two pairs Tumblers, one red Carrier Hen, one white Carrier Hen, one Black Bald Hen, one White Fan Hen (crested), one Yellow Barb Hen, eleven Brown Leghorn Cockerels, one White Leghorn Cock and six Hens, five White Leghorn Cockerels and six Pullets, one trio G. S. Hamburgs, Cocker Spaniel Bitch, Setter Puppies, from imported parents, for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, Works on the Horse, or Dog, or Natural History, Brown Leghorn hens or pullets, tools of any kind, poultry, or pigeons, or offers. Send along your postal cards.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering one Book for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

BOOKS TO SPARE.

1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation ..... "
3. Mendelsohn's Elijah..... "
4. Mendelsohn's St. Paul.....Ditson's.
5. Handel's Messiah..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle.....Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard.
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
12. The Romance of History: England. By H. Neele.
13. Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of C. Dickens, by F. G. DeFontaine.

BOOKS WANTED.

1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
2. Bryant's Poems.
3. Drake's Biographical Dictionary.
4. White's Natural History of Selbourne.
5. Walton's Complete Angler.
6. Poems by "H. H."
7. Shelley's Poems.
8. Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England.
9. Vols. I. and II., Scribner's Monthly.

Some volumes of Harper's Monthly, and many other books.
Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books.
Write to WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

G. J. BAKER, Potsville, Trafalgar P. O., Ont., wants Jersey Heifer Calf for his exchanges.

JAMES M. LAMBING,

PARKERS' LANDING, PA.

Breeder of

HIGH CLASS PEDIGREE LIGHT BRAHMAS

AND

IMPORTED BLACK HAMBURGS.

TWO VARIETIES, ONLY.

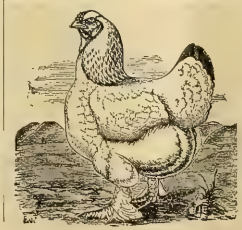
EGGS AND CHICKS FOR SALE.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D. Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.
H. PARHAM, Lima, O.



WM. E. FLOWER,

SHOEMAKERTOWN, PA.

LIGHT BRAHMAS,

EXCLUSIVELY.

I am prepared to ship Eggs from my best stock, carefully boxed, to Hatch.

See D B. advertisement elsewhere.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 4, 1876. No. 34.

DAY-DREAMS.

Just within the cottage door
Baby plays upon the floor,
While her mother, with her knitting,
On the low door-step is sitting;
And the golden summer day
With the twilight slips away.

Building castles in the air,
Seeing visions bright and fair,
In that golden hour hazy,
Till the busy hands grow lazy,
And her work unheeded lies
'Neath her far-off dreamy eyes.

No more toiling day and night,
But a life so fair and bright
That without a stint of measure,
She is drinking deep of pleasure,
In that visionary sphere,
Which her dreaming brings so near.

She is plucking at her ease
Golden fruits her taste to please;
She is lifted in her vision
To the far-off bright Elysian,
While the twilight slowly dies,
And gray shadows fill the skies.

But hark! that merry shout
On the night breeze ringing out
Sets the bright air-castle falling,
For the fisher's voice is calling;
And the mother's dreams are o'er—
She's the fisher's wife once more.

Back again from marble halls,
Snug within her cottage walls,
Where baby must be tended
And homespun garments mended;
And her day-dreams thus are done
With the setting of the sun.—*Lebanon Courier.*

REMINISCENCES OF AUDUBON.

(BY A GRANDDAUGHTER.)

[Continued from No. 33.]

My mother relates her first meeting with my grandfather as follows: Some years before her marriage she crossed from England with my uncle Victor, with whom she became quite intimate, and, at his request, she went, soon after her arrival, and in company with a sister-in-law, to call on my grandmother, Mrs. Audubon. While walking up Broadway, they met a superb looking old man, with white hair curling on his shoulders. Involuntarily, both ladies stopped to look at him as he passed, while he, too, paused to look back at them. My mother exclamed: "What a beautiful old man!" Her sister, a young and lovely girl, added: "How I should like to kiss him!" They went on their way, and, during their call, the door opened, and in walked Mr. Audubon, in whom they recognized the object of their admiration. He walked up to my mother directly and said: "Ah! I thought I knew the English girl of whom Victor has told us!" and, on my aunt's remark being repeated to him, he insisted on taking her at her word, and kissed her then and there. Though, of course, familiar, in after years, with the face and form which had so attracted her at first sight, my mother has never forgotten the impression made that afternoon.

We have several portraits of my grandfather painted at different periods of his life. The earliest is a miniature by Cruikshank, taken when he was, perhaps, forty; one by Inman, which has been used as the original of the portrait in his Biography; and one by his son John, a full-length, with a favorite dog at his feet. These three have been photographed and engraved; but there is another, little known to the world, but the most real to me. It is unfinished, only three sittings having been given, and it was taken on my grandfather's return from the Rocky Mountains. He never retained the peculiarities of his woodman's dress longer than he could help doing so, after his return to civilized life, and one of his first steps was to remove the greater part of his luxuriant hair and beard. My father was very anxious to secure his portrait just as he was, fresh from the woods, and began it immediately on my grandfather's return, and worked vigorously for three days. On the fourth day urgent business called him to New York, whither he reluctantly went, charging my mother to keep strict watch, lest "the old coon-skin," as he called him, should take advantage of his freedom, and have the snowy locks trimmed off to more moderate proportions. All the morning my mother kept faithful, though unspoken, guard, having the old man constantly in sight. He made no allusions to the matter, and in the afternoon she went to her room for a few moments, to be met, on her descent to the parlor, by my grandfather, with smooth-shaven face. My father was in such despair that he did not touch the portrait for years. It was framed and hung in its unfinished state, and a few years before his own death he took it down and touched up the background. The face and figure were sacred to him as he had drawn them. It is a half-length, life-size, the head a little thrown back, the keen eyes undimmed, though the face shows deep lines of age and thought. He holds his gun in his hands, and his backwoodsman coat of green baize, with fur collar and cuffs, is but roughly painted; but it is the grandfather of my remembrance.

I have a description of him in this dress, or a similar one, which was given me by a gentleman who met him for the first time in his singular attire. He says: "I was at a fashionable hotel at Niagara, when an elderly man arrived, whose appearance excited much comment. He seemed to have sprung from the woods; his dress, which was of leather and heavy cloth, was dreadfully dilapidated, a worn-out blanket was strapped to his shoulders, a large knife hung at one side, a rusty tin box on the other, and his hair and beard were so long and thick, that they alone would have rendered him remarkable. He walked in and asked for breakfast, and as he did so, gave, as requested, his name. An instant change took place in the feelings of the spectators, and those who a moment before had been only curious and amused, were now anxious to speak to him, only to be able to say

they had met the ornithologist Audubon." Very different is this account of his personal appearance from the idea formed from a remark of an old lady, one of his contemporaries: "When I first knew Mr. Audubon, people used to ask, who was the gay young Frenchman, who danced with all the girls?"

He always loved children, and many a time did I stop on meeting him, and hold out my hand for the "comfit," which I knew would presently be forthcoming from a little wooden box kept in one of the pockets of the gray coat he generally wore. Often, too, did I evade the care of my nurse, and slip into the dining-room to partake of sly mouthfuls of omelette and bread, his customary lunch; the forbidden treat being eaten with all the keener enjoyment if, as sometimes happened, my grandmother attempted to depose me from my chair at his side; he always overruled her arguments and kept me with him.

It does not seem to me out of place to allude, at the close of this little article, to the services and assistance rendered to my grandfather by his two sons, Victor and John. The aid rendered by my grandmother has often been noticed, and is well known to the world; but that given by the sons has been almost ignored, and the entire labor of the "Birds" and "Quadrupeds of America," is generally accredited solely to my grandfather, assisted in some of the technicalities and descriptions of the latter, by his friend, the late Dr. John Bachman, of Charleston, S. C. I cannot feel that it is detracting from the honor due to my grandfather, to state that he was materially assisted in both great undertakings, especially the latter, by his two sons, Of the three volumes which comprise the "Quadrupeds," two were published after my grandfather's death, though both had been in preparation for many years. A large number of the animals were secured and painted by the younger son, John, and nearly all the landscapes are the work of the elder, Victor. I am the more emboldened to state this, knowing that my grandfather, in both journals and writings, is especially careful to mention by name the very many kind strangers, as well as friends, who in any way tendered him their assistance. Devoted as he and his sons were to each other, working as they did, in the utmost unison, with perfect freedom from all jealousy, he would have been the last to ignore the filial love which led them to merge their genius so wholly in his, that their identity as artists was lost. While his younger son, John, spent months in Texas when Texas was a wilderness, procuring specimens and drawings, and afterward risked his life many times in crossing overland to California for the same purpose,—the elder, Victor, was busy at home, working for the same end, though in other ways. In my grandfather's journal he mentions receiving assistance from his sons when they were boys of fourteen and sixteen; in the same journal my grandfather invariably says: "our work." Yet Mr. Robert Buchanan, in the volume he prepared from my grandmother's carefully written "Life of Audubon," makes little mention of his sons, if I except one or two slight allusions, and this one direct remark: "The second volume was prepared mostly by his sons Victor and John, and was published the year their father died." Let me then bear loving witness, that the work those sons took up as boys with so much enthusiasm, was not laid down till death stiffened the hands which had so skillfully portrayed "the denizens of field and forest." Both sons were laid with the father whose talents they had to a great extent inherited.—*Scribners' Monthly.*

LEAVES, FERNS, AND GRASSES.

A year or two ago a lady writer of some celebrity, coming into my pretty parlor for the first time, looked around her in speechless admiration, and then turning to me, exclaimed: "More beautiful than fresco! I congratulate you, dear ——, upon your lovely room. Surely you are an artist—a poet."

"Both, in my soul life, I hope," I replied, laughing, "but actually neither. It comes out in this way."

I was much pleased, on returning the call, to find my decorations imitated in the morning-room where this lady wrote her charming books. Let me tell you a few of my devices, for they are not costly, and are surely, for palace and cottage, the most beautiful of all ornaments. In these times, too, when Christmas greens cost so much, many forego the beautiful old custom, which, if done in the right spirit, is done to the glory of God, and certainly adds much to the pleasure of the holidays. And with leaves and fern, one can do without cedar and bay and everything else, excepting holly.

The pleasantest time to go into the country is the autumn. Gather *branches* of brilliant leaves, and first brushing the right side of each leaf with raw linseed-oil, to preserve the tints and make the leaves less brittle, press them between newspapers and put them under boards, with large, heavy stones on top. If there are no boys around to get the boards and carry the stones, put the pile of papers under your trunk. A heavy weight is necessary in pressing branches, for sometimes the stems are thick. Or, if you find it difficult to press the branches, you can branch the single leaves after they are pressed by making stems of coarse wire, which are kept in place by winding them with fine wire, as in bouquets; then these leaves can be bunched together to suit the taste. The color of the leaves is preserved by pressing them on the right side with a moderately warm iron smeared with beeswax, after which they are placed between sheets of blotting paper, newspapers, or the leaves of books, and subjected to pressure.

Gather single leaves as well as branches, and lichen-covered sticks, immortelles, ferns, and brakes, green, yellow, brown, and white. The white ferns are the most beautiful, but they do not turn before the middle of October, and it is hard to find them perfect.

Save up your green ferns for the Christmas days, for you will want most green then, and with a few holly berries among them they will be best in the dining-room. Put them in bunches over the pictures, twine them up the picture cords and chandeliers; and if you have gathered any bitter-sweet berries in the country, they will do instead of the holly, only they are not so bright.

For the parlor take large branches of leaves, and fill in the spaces above the arch or folding-doors. These can be fastened with small pins without doing any damage to the walls. Hang small branches from the picture nails, where the cord points. Make up stiff bunches of green ferns, selecting dark green and large, coarse ferns for the back of the bouquet, and lighter, delicate ones for the front, and fasten these behind any Parian figures you may have. It will throw out the creamy white of a statuette or bust better than velvet.

Another way to dress a room is with single leaves and Florida moss. The moss can be bought at one or two Southern florists' in this city, but has not yet become common. About fifty cents' worth would be enough, I think, for an ordinary room. Get up on a step-ladder, and make an irregular fringe of moss all around the room. Take ferns of all tints, and make large *round* bunches. Put these at pretty regular spaces. Then take a spool of cotton, and single leaves and ferns of all tints, and fasten them into long garlands, with a slip knot around each stem. Do not join them closely nor regularly. Have some a few inches apart, some farther apart, and select leaves and ferns of all kinds, shapes, and tints. Then mount the ladder again and hang your garlands. If this is done artistically, it will look like a drift of falling leaves, for the white thread, of course, will not show, and the leaves look as if floating in mid air. If you have muslin or lace curtains, fasten a small branch of bright leaves or a fern, downward, on one curtain. This is the prettiest for a room in which there are no pictures.

Grasses are always useful, in vases or falling over the side of a picture, and a pretty way is to cut a cornucopia (I do not know what other word will describe the shape I mean) out of pasteboard, sew or glue on tiny pine cones, so that the pasteboard is quite covered; then tack this up on the wall about the height you would hang a picture, not quite flat, but a little full, to give it a round look and to leave a place to receive the stems; then put in a large bunch of grasses, and I am sure you will be pleased with this addition to your walls.

A lichen-covered stick with an empty bird's nest fastened above a picture looks pretty.

It is proper to dress churches or the house with immortelles, and to wear them, on All-Saints Day, for they are emblematical of the spirits and souls of the righteous. Very many more beautiful decorations can be devised; in fact, there is no end to the combinations that can be made by any one who loves beauty.—*Harpers' Bazaar.*

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

*THE DUCK QUESTION—NO. 3.

BY J. Y. BICKNELL.

For convenience sake we prefer to have a separate apartment for ducks at night, but they will accommodate themselves to almost any condition, from an open shed, or even the open canopy, to a tasty habitation. If a low, cheap shed be constructed for them at night they will do as well as though they occupied a mansion, and we have known them to thrive and do well with only an empty hogshead turned down for them to roost in. It is generally considered improper for ducks and hens to occupy the same rooms at night, but with proper arrangement no harm will follow. Whatever place they occupy should be *well* littered with *dry* sawdust, cut straw, or something else suitable, for then the eggs are always clean. In case they are in company with hens, the latter should have a shelf under their perch wide enough to catch the droppings, which should be removed often; (in fact, such a shelf should be under every hen roost.) If the ducks have their liberty and roam at large by day, the other fowls need not be fed till after the ducks have gone off on their foraging tour, but if necessary a box or trough may be placed above the shelf, and the chicken food given in it, out of reach of the ducks. We have known of cases where ducks have hatched and reared their young successfully, but with us the experiment has always proved a total failure, and we have long since abandoned the attempt, and substituted hens.

In selecting eggs for hatching, providing the breeding stock is of good, reliable strains, no regard to color is necessary, for those laid by the same ducks vary so much in this respect from some unexplained cause, that no color is preferable. We should, however, reject all that are below the medium size, which will generally include the first laid egg of the season by each duck. The shell of a duck's egg is much stronger than a hen's egg, and is coated over with a mucous substance which immediately dries after being deposited, causing the eggs to have something of a greasy appearance. Occasionally one will be found with this mucous substance lacking, presenting a rough surface; such should be rejected, for they are imperfect; generally the shell is very tender, and they will, if used, only break and foul the others.

For incubators, we *always* select hens that will accommodate themselves to our wants. We generally select some of the Asiatics, for although they are heavy and may break an egg or kill a duckling occasionally, they are quiet and will sit wherever we desire to have them. In leaving the nest and returning to it they are very careful, and we have lost less eggs by them than by the lighter and more active kinds. If an egg has a perfect shell, whether it be hen's or duck's, no hen is heavy enough to break it by her weight. Let any one try the experiment, and he will find that it will take more than the heft of ten hens to break an egg if placed on straw, hay, or anything suitable for a nest. Eggs in the nest are *always* broken by concussion, and a restless hen will break more than a heavy one. I find Dorkings, Plymouth Rocks, and some others also good, yet they will sometimes prove to be contrary. Some hens are apparently nervous, and are always inclined to be poking the eggs around with their beaks. This has led to the mistaken idea that "Hens turn their eggs every day," when the fact is they *never* intentionally turn their eggs, nor is it necessary that the eggs should be turned. We always assign separate apartments to our sitting hens, and never set them on the ground. We use coops, either single or with partitions, so that each hen is by herself. The nest is made in some *low* box of suitable size, (round ones preferred,) by putting a quantity of ashes in the bottom which have been previously sprinkled with a liquid disinfectant containing carbolic acid. A suitable powdered disinfectant would be equally as good.

A proper nest of fine hay or straw is made on the ashes, and the box is placed in the coop with one or more false eggs, and the hen put on at night. When she settles down to business, from nine to twelve eggs are given her, according to the season and her size. If early, and cold nights are common, care should be taken not to put under too many. During the period of incubation each hen is taken from her nest once a day. Don't deceive yourself with the idea that the closer the hen sits the better. If the weather is cold she must be off only a few minutes at a time, but if extremely hot she may be off one-half of the time with impunity. Even in moderate weather we have known hens to leave their nests for twenty-four hours at a time with no bad effect. Of course this last case should be avoided, but it and other facts prove that, under favorable circumstances, eggs are capable of resisting many obstacles that would seem to tend to their destruction.

The yard adjoining the sitting hens is supplied with food and fresh water, the former consisting principally of our favorite scalded mush, yet whole grain is also given sparingly. The earth is kept loosened and affords a good opportunity for the dust bath which each hen is sure to improve. In case we are occupied away from the yard during the day, the hens are taken off either before breakfast or before dinner, and will generally be found on their nests after our meal is over. Newly set hens will need to be shown the right nest for a few days, but they soon learn their own quarters and voluntarily return to them. Whenever the nest or eggs have become fouled by broken eggs or otherwise, a thorough cleaning is imperative; such eggs should be soaked a few minutes in tepid water, washed, and returned to the nest; this answers the same purpose as sprinkling them, and we prefer "dipping," or "immersion," to "sprinkling," in this case.

Some of the above hints are contrary to general expressed ideas, but they are in accordance with facts, and will apply to the management of eggs for hatching of other kinds as well as ducks.

P. S.—We would like to hear suggestions regarding the breeding and management of ducks, through the FANCIERS' JOURNAL, from any experienced party. Also, would be glad to have proper questions asked relating to the same, whenever points of interest are omitted by the writer. J. Y. B.

* No. 29, page 346, 26th line from the top, "passing upward" should be "pressing upward."

NO POSTAL CARDS ANSWERED.

DAYTON, OHIO, Aug. 22.

To the Editor of the Journal:

During the last week I have written to two fanciers about some Light Brahma fowls, which I desired to purchase. I have received no answers from them. The only reason I can assign for it is, that possibly I have overreached the laws of business etiquette (as understood by poultrymen) in sending my communication on the only thing I had convenient at the time, viz: a postal card.

I have also read several advertisements containing this bit of information: "No postal cards answered." Are poultry fanciers, as a class, so much superior to the average business man that a postal card shocks their exalted sense of propriety, or are they so overrun with orders that they can afford to discriminate between the one on a postal card and the sealed one?

In my business we are only too glad these hard times to get an order for a buggy or a wagon, on a postal card; and we have not yet reached that height of independence (or impudence) which enables us to inform our customers upon what they shall write; and I have yet to see the man, from the President of these United States down, (poultry fanciers excepted,) that refuses to do business or receive orders on a postal card.

"No postal cards answered." Indeed! Why don't these "fine haired" gentlemen state in what shape they will receive their communications? I expect a yellow envelope would be offensive to some of their refined tastes. I suggest to some of them that they advertise "None but white envelopes (white denotes purity) received," or "No communications received unless done up in a band box."

I am yet an amateur and likely to stay one, as I find the atmosphere in which these kid gloved fanciers live and move, too pure and holy to contain a sin cursed, postal card tainted human like myself.

P. Card.

REPLY TO "COGNOSCENTE."

I learn from the response of Cog., that I have been misinformed in regard to the Poultry Bulletin being an "organ," or the property of American Poultry Association. Having understood in conversation with some fanciers, that "Associated Fanciers" meant "Am. P. Assoc.," I made my remarks with that understanding, and asked the question "who would be responsible," &c., in order to learn the exact situation of affairs *if* the magazine in question *was* the property of said association, *and* if *it* should not be a remunerative investment; while my intentions were good, I find I have erred in that point and most gracefully acknowledge the same.

Since "Cognoscente" signs himself as "one who knows," it may not be improper to ask a few more questions for the benefit of the poultry fraternity as well as myself. I see by the June number of Bulletin, (kindly loaned me by a friend,) the following list of officers:

John J. Berry, President,
W. V. Clark, Secretary and Treasurer,
Wm. H. Kirby, Business Manager.
A. M. Halsted, *Editor.*

The above list may be "news" to many, as well as the fact that "none of them are members of Am. P. Asso.," and Young Breeder's remark about "busting that standard," might be correctly applied and interpreted.

Was P. Williams, "Ex-Pres.," made rich by launching into that enterprise, (The Poultry Bulletin,) did the tears roll in torrents down the furrows of his face, when he saw that grand and noble institution passing from his hands, like the "Anthems of a gentle breeze?"

Did he wonder, when he found that big hole in his right hand pocket, what *made* it? Did he pat the Bulletin on the head and say "well done thou good and faithful servant", when he had *also* found the left hand pocket empty?

"Thou call'st me sweet and tender names,
And softly smooth my tresses,
While all the time my happy heart
Beats time to your caresses."

I have no ill will against the officers or owners of the Bulletin, yet it would seem more in keeping with the demand of the times, if they were harmonious with, and banded in support of the Am. P. Asso., unless they are thoroughly convinced that said Association is a *fraud*, and if it is their honest convictions that such is the case, *show it up.*

I for one will most heartily thank them.

Has Mr. Halsted destroyed his diploma for judging? or hasn't he ever received any from said Association? Does the Association grant diplomas for judging, to non members? Allow me a brief digression. In one of the numbers of the Bulletin it says: (perhaps not in the same words,) "We have received the following from a *friend, not* from any member of the Transportation Committee." And then Mr. A. D. Warren says: "As chairman of the Transportation Committee, &c, &c." It would seem that there was some inconsistency in the above remarks, in other words, Mr. H. (or the Bulletin) politely informs Mr. W., that he lies; now the writer has read some of the proceedings of Am. P. Asso., and find therein that "Mr. Warren declined," but does *not* find that he was excused, or that his declination was "approved and placed on file."

There is a question of veracity existing between these gentlemen; and since Mr. Warren says: (see number 32 Fanciers' Journal) "My letter in your Journal, No. 25, gives the exact *truth* of this matter, in every particular," (controversy of Herron vs. Warren) and further says: "*first*, I *want* to be honest," it is evident that there is a conflict of opinion or want of veracity in the statements. Mr. Warren must not think that his "great name" as a breeder of B. B. Reds, will protect him from imputations liable to be made against many of our so-called fanciers; and if he sends his B. B. Reds, "golden banded," (as a mark for the judges [?]) he is *not* honest, any more than it would be *honest* for any other breeder to place a private mark upon his fowls; but that is not the question.

Is Mr. Halsted right and Warren wrong, or *vice versa*, concerning that Transportation Committee? *Out with it.*

Ah! "Cognoscente," how the writer would enjoy an easy seat to see "Halsted vs. Warren" entered for the next act! Remembering the saying: "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," he would recline in an easy posture, cock his legs on the table, laugh, puff, and grow fat, even in this canine weather, to see the fun proceed, "honesty vs. honesty," "then comes the tug of war."

Can't you induce "Ed. P. Bulletin" to give us this act, we won't grumble, won't even whisper, if necessary, but be as quiet as possible, sitting with that calm composure indicative of the wisdom of an owl and the knowledge of a ——— ——— Young Breeder.

Innumerable questions loom up before us, but for the present I will tax your patience no longer.

Now, "Cognoscente," meeting with no obstructions when the little family circle quietly proclaimed "another sinner come to light," I was not born with an interrogating nose, but have always believed in this free and enlightened country that there was no harm in simply asking questions; this has prompted me to put to you the questions which I have in this "reply;" if I have again erred in some statements, shall be only too happy to apologize in as gentlemanly a manner as possible; and tender you my sincere thanks for correcting my first article "Out with it."

Let us bear in mind that "to err is human but to love divine."

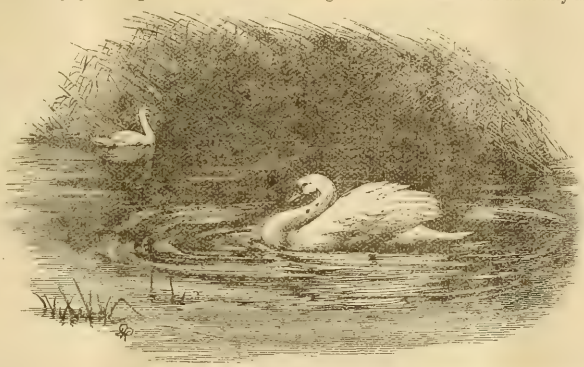
Quilibet.

The following "Owed to Lake Ontary," is worth preserving:

"Green ar' thy waters, green as bottle-glass—
Behold em' stretcht thar?
Fine muskalonges and Oswego bass
Is oft'n katched thar.
Thar the red Injin once took his delights,
Fisht, fit, and bled,
Now, most of the inhabitants is white,
And narry red!"

SWANS.

The nest of the swan, says Mr. H. R. Robertson, is a thick and rather untidy mass of sticks, reeds, flags, and rushes. From the fact of the birds naturally preferring the most secluded spots by the water, we more often find a swan's nest on a small island than on either bank of the river; the osier beds are perhaps the localities most favored by them. The eggs are six or eight in number, and are hatched in five or six weeks. The young birds are termed cygnets, and are covered with a grayish brown plumage, which is not entirely lost till the beginning of the third year. Though the swan is, in general, very gentle and inoffensive, the male bird will defend the nest with great courage, and advance to the onset with ruffled pinions and every demonstration of anger; nor is it, from its muscular powers, an antagonist to be despised. While the cygnets are very young, one or two of them will sometimes climb up on to their mother's back, who never sails along more proudly than when her dusky brood is thus cradled between her snowy wings. Swans do not breed until they are several years old, and they mate strictly in pairs: the technical terms for the male and female are cob and pen. The cob, or male, has a thicker neck and a larger berry at the base of the bill than the pen, or female; he also swims more buoyantly, from having more volume of lungs. Maturity in both cob and pen is shown by the size of the berry and the depth of the orange color of the bill.



Taking swan's eggs from the nest, and certain other birds,' was an offence severely dealt with in England in old times. We find, in an act of Henry VII, that "no manner of person, of what condition or degree he bee, take or cause to be taken, be it upon his owne ground, or any other mans, the egges of

fawcon, goshawk, laners, or swans, out of the nest, upon paine of imprisonment of a yere and a day, and fine at the kings wil, the one halfe thereof to the king and the other half unto the owner of the ground where the egges were so taken."

The swan feeds on aquatic weeds, the spawn of fish, and coarse grass growing by the sides of the water; it is furnished with a gizzard of extraordinary muscular power, which enables it to grind the weeds, however fibrous, to a pulp.

All writers on the subject agree that the swan is very long lived, some saying that it attains thirty years, while others assert that it sometimes survives a century.

> "Man comes and tills the earth and lies beneath,
> And after many a summer dies the swan."

The particular species that is the subject of the present article is often semi-domesticated on lakes and ornamental waters, and is known as the tame or mute swan—*Cygnus olor* of the ornithologists. It is said not to have been orignally a native of the British islands, but is found in the eastern portions of Europe and the adjacent parts of Asia, where inland seas, vast lakes, and extensive morasses afford it a congenial home. In Siberia and some parts of Russia it is common, and it abounds on the shores of the Caspian Sea. It is doubtful when this most elegant bird was introduced into Great Britain, where it is such a universal favorite. Wild swans may be often observed flying in a wedge-like form high in air, but they very rarely settle. This species, *Cygnus ferus*, is neither so large nor so graceful as the tame swan.

For its value as an article of food, the swan is now almost entirely disregarded. Two or three are still fattened every Christmas time for Windsor Castle, where, in accordance with old usage, they make their regular appearance on the royal table. On only one occasion have we ourselves ever had the opportunity of proving the taste of our ancestors in the matter, and we are inclined to class the royal bird along with the royal fish, the sturgeon, as really inferior in flavor to many a plebeian dish. In color the flesh is extremely dark, and if we may speak from our solitary experience, we should describe it as somewhat dry and decidedly coarse in fiber; the bird in question was a young one, which had been carefully fattened, and kept till tender after being killed.—*Scientific American.*

(From Journal of Horticulture.)

THE EXHIBITION DORKING.—NO. 13.

BY T. C. BURNELL.

WHITE DORKINGS.

These are the great favorites in all country places, their snowy plumage and coral combs never showing to greater advantage than when contrasting with the green of a country meadow. They do not do well, however, for a large town, as their bright plumage very soon becomes soiled.

A White Dorking's comb must be rose-shaped (double), firmly fixed on the head, and without any tendency to lop on one side. A single comb is a disqualification, but is now rarely or never seen. The ear-lobe, as in all Dorkings, should be red, and feet white. The legs and feet are frequently found of a pinkish tinge, but white is the proper color for the legs of a Dorking. The color of the feathers should be a bright spotless white, and it is here where the difficulty occurs, as so many birds show a yellow tinge in their plumage. Many birds will moult out white, but if exposed to the influence of the sun will rapidly turn yellow. The cocks especially will become yellow on the hackle and saddle; their feathers, being brighter in color, are more prone to absorb the sun's rays. Some cocks will keep much purer in color than others, and, for breeding, we must be careful to select birds with this peculiarity in addition to their possessing a good comb and all the Dorking characteristics. Yellow beaks and toe nails should be avoided, as clearly showing a cross.

White Dorkings are not very great favorites with the show community, owing to the great difficulty found in keeping them white and clean enough for the show pen. As soon as the sun attains any power the cocks to be shown are better kept out of the sun, or their plumage will soon become tanned; but with every care, white birds occasionally require washing before exhibition.

The simplest plan for *washing fowls* is to fill a large crockery-pan or tin vessel with about 8 inches of warm soft water, to souse the bird well in it, and wash thoroughly with a soft sponge and white curd soap till the dirt is all out; then pour in fresh water and wash out the soap, and remember that as long as any soap remains the feathers will never web properly. After rinsing thoroughly, squeeze out as much water as possible. The bird should be lightly and quickly dried with a soft Turkish towel, and then be placed on some clean straw to dry. Each bird should be placed in a separate basket before a bright fire or in the sun, and in about twelve hours they should be quite dry and beautifully white. Sour milk is a capital thing to remove sunburn—that is, if the yellow tinge is caused by the sun and is not natural to the feathers.

White fowls should not be allowed to eat maize, or, as I have before stated, it will be very dificult to keep the plumage white. The best dust-bath for them is a heap of white drift sand or road grit.

The eggs are generally white in color, but Mr. Cresswell informs me that some birds of his well-known strain lay pink eggs, and these must certainly look very pretty on the breakfast-table. The chicks when hatched out should be of a yellowish-white color.

"IN THE GOOD GREEN WOOD."

To the lovers of nature the wild mountains have peculiar and unfading charms. In summer, deep carpeted with moss and radiant with the bloom of Rhododendron and Azalia, there is about them a mysterious beauty seen no where else. In winter cedar and pine are columns of silver, and the pillared rocks are turned to marble monuments, standing perhaps by the graves of red hunters, who have perished long ago. Hunting the wild deer all through the autumn evenings till—

> "Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
> Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."—

I could understand why the Swiss is in love with the Alps, and the Gael with the Highlands. Returning after a long day's hunt on the mountains through the gloom of the night to his lonely camp by the water, the hunter may hear the scream of the puma in the laurel, and the mocking laugh of the owl in the pine, yet wrapped in his blanket before his camp fire, his slumbers are none the less sound though he knows that the king of the mountains is abroad. Your hunter, too, is a naturalist in his way, were he not familiar with the habits of the animals around him his labors would bring him no returns. He knows that during the month of September the bucks are only to be found on the highest ground, hardening their horns in the sun, and rubbing off the "velvet" on the pines and the rocks. That during this time they are very quiet, seldom going far from the mountain summits. That at the beginning of winter the males fight fiercely among each other, and pursue the females night and day over the mountains and through the valleys; that the fern, the moss, and the laurel are the principal food of the deer in winter; that the young are concealed by the mother, and are *scentless*; being thus secure from the teeth of hound, or wolf, or cougar until they are old enough to save themselves by flight.

J. M. McCann.

PIGEON DEPARTMENT.

PIGEON RACE FROM LOCK HAVEN TO NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Aug. 25, 1876.

MR. EDITOR:

Our pigeon race from Lock Haven came off on Friday, the 18th of this month. Our seven birds were tossed by Professor Raub, at 7 o'clock, A. M. The weather was not favorable, the wind being partly against them all the day. Besides the weather was changeable, being partly clear and partly cloudy. Also, our birds did not make good time, and only for their superior qualities, and their numerous courses which they flew during the summer, no doubt some of them would have been lost. The bird who arrived first was my blue cock, Jupiter, Jr. He lighted on the top of my loft at 2 o'clock, and my son, who was watching the arrival of Mr. Waefelaer's birds, as Mr. Waefelaer was in the country, sent me word in a message by one of my pigeons, that at 2.07 two of his five birds arrived together. My son staid at Mr. Waefelaer's until 3 o'clock, and at that time his three others had not arrived. As Mr. Waefelaer only came home from the country on the Monday following, I did not know if all his birds were home, but on Tuesday I received a letter from him, in which he informed me that all his birds had arrived safely at home.

My bird Andrew Jackson, who generally was one of the first to come home, came only the following day at about 9 o'clock. So that our seven birds are all safe yet, and have done as well and better than we could have expected.

We are just commencing to train our young birds now, and will fly them during September as far as Easton or Scranton. I should wish some of our Philadelphia friends would put up some young birds against some of our stock, so as to have a few friendly contests together for any small prize they wish, as we want it to be understood that it is more for pleasure and amusement than for high strikes we want to fly our birds.

Yours truly, JOHN VAN OPSTAL.

JOTTINGS.

KEEP A SCRAP-BOOK.

Pigeon keepers would derive pleasure and profit from the practice of keeping a "scrap-book," devoted exclusively to pigeons and kindred subjects. If you have loose numbers of poultry or pigeon papers (especially THE FANCIERS' JOURNAL,) which are consecutive, by all means have them bound—do not mutilate them.

But if there are odd numbers of such periodicals lying about the house, which have been sent you gratuitously, or as specimen copies, or which are the only ones of neglected files that have escaped destruction or sale at *spring-cleaning*, provided you are interested in *pigeons* solely, the best way to utilize them is to cut out the articles on pigeons, and paste them into a book. Occasionally there are paragraphs in the newspapers which would properly have a place in a pigeon scrap-book. It is likely you will be surprised to see how the contents grow. If passages of similar interest are encountered in your general reading, they may be copied upon letter-paper and posted neatly by the side of the cuttings; or a separate blank-book may be used for this purpose. Letters of counsel and condolence from brother fanciers, the contents of which have a bearing upon the treatment of your birds, might be placed in the book. An index may be started in the first place, and regularly posted, so as to keep pace with the additions. Portions of the book may be reserved for certain branches of the subject, or certain varieties of pigeons. If you keep no other memorandum book, you may enter original notes and comments. In a short time your book will be a compendium of knowledge and suggestions about pigeons. P. B.

HOMING PIGEON.

"A physician in the Isle of Wight has found the Homing pigeon to be of great service to him in his country practice. At every village through which he passes, and when his last patient therein is seen, he writes a list of prescriptions for that village, affixes it to the leg of a Homing pigeon, and despatches it to his house. Says the physician in a letter to a country paper: "By this means, either a country carrier is intercepted starting homeward from our market town, and the medicine is delivered by him on that very evening, or my chemist is enabled, hour by hour to see his work ahead of him, and forestall his dispensing necessities."

"P. B."

ITEMS.

SCANDAL.—It was the saying of an old acquaintance of ours, when his attention was called to anything that had a smacking of scandal in it, "I have so much to do that I cannot hear it. One half of my time is taken up with my own business, the other half with letting alone that of my neighbors."

How many excellent opportunities of letting alone other people's busines are slighted, and the world is troubled with the interference of people with what does not concern them. Neighborhoods are driven crazy by reports of idle or mischievous people who watch for occasions of scandal, and lose no opportunity of making it public, regardless of its truth, or of the injury it inflicts upon the feelings of others. Gossip passes for fact, and surmise for history.

PREPARING FOR WINTER.—The ingenuity of Chinamen in what is called "making shift" is proverbial, and many a housewife who thought herself apt at expedients, has been taught a useful lesson by John. If Miss Ophelia could only step into the kitchen of any of our restaurants and see the quantities of provisions cooked by Chinamen in oyster cans and other unlikely culinary implements, her heart would be delighted. Just give one of them who "savies" a frying pan, a big boiler and a coffee pot, turn him loose in a kitchen and he will, if he chooses, produce a meal for a president. Any one who wants to see how ready they are for emergencies can do so by going to the burnt districts of Virginia and inspecting some of the buildings put up by them since the fire. It is well-known that they are the most industrious of scavengers and never pass by an old tin can as being unfit for some useful purpose. Some of them are now drawing on their supplies for building purposes. They use big oil cans, filling them with earth and building them into walls, which are covered with boards or cans as either may be easiest obtained. John may be a heathen and doomed to all kinds of torture in another world, but in this he can teach many who look upon him with contempt, a useful lesson in making much of little.—*Gold Hill News.*

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

FOWLS THAT ARE MOULTING,

As most old birds are, just at this time, are of course unfit for marketing. This fact is not generally appreciated. But the moulting process is a species of skin disease, with domestic poultry; that is to say—during the weeks that the old plumage is dropping away, and the time that the new feathering is forming, the fowls' flesh is in a fevered condition, in consequence of the death and slow departure of the previous year's coating.

At such a period, the older fowls are quite unfit for the table, though thousands of such birds are kept by their owners up to this natural change in the fowls' life—which succeeds the laying of their final annual litter of eggs, usually—and are then killed off, because they are commonly at such time in good condition, apparently.

If these older birds are to be slaughtered at all, they should be killed *before* the moult commences, or they should be kept over to cold weather, or until their new feathering is fully out. This may be decided upon by taking your fowls from the roost at night, and examining the skin. If the body is covered with blue-shafted "pin-feathers," such birds ought to be kept till November or December, before killing. If these pin-feathers have not yet begun to show themselves, then the bird may be properly used for marketing.

With fall *chickens*, the case is somewhat different, though it is dependent upon their age. Usually, by October the spring chicks' first moult is completed, and the pin-feathering is *non est* upon their bodies. But, in either case, if there be a show of this, upon examination, birds should not be killed, for eating. These pin-feathers may be scalded off, or picked out, through careful plucking. But no one who knows anything about the above facts will ever *choose* a chicken in market for food whose skin is covered with these offensive blue, dead-blood-filled feather-shafts, and no poultryman should ever kill a bird to offer for eating, young or old, that is going through its moult.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TAUNTON, MASS., Aug. 14th, 1876.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR:—I have two light Brahma cockerels that measure from the tips of their toes to the tips of their bills, three feet one inch and a half. Also, three pullets, same hatching, all four months old the first of August, that measure two feet ten and three-fourths inches. These chicks came from the chicks that took the first, second, third, and special premiums at Providence, R. I., February, 1876. Can any one come up to this?

Yours truly, J. E. WILMARTH.

NEW YORK, Aug. 24, 1876.

JAS. M. WADE, ESQ:

I have a pair of silver beard Tumblers, five weeks old and are still being fed by the old pair.

One of these young birds is continually feeding a young common pigeon of the same age. Is this a rare case or not?

By answering through the "Journal" you will oblige.

Yours truly, X. O. P.

FINDLAY, OHIO, Aug. 23, 1876.

JOS. M. WADE:

Dear Sir.—Will you or some of your many readers inform me through the Journal, the proper manner to care for an eagle, and will he want any extra care during the moulting season? Has been captured about a year, been fed mostly on wild game since being captured, is in fine condition and commencing to moult his feathers a little. Yours truly,

JAS. DENISON.

SCHONNY SCHPROAGLE AGAIN.

MEISDER VADE:

Soomdime ago soom veller hids me hardt apoud dot Schirafe pisness, bud he dond pud his audograf behint his ardigle, so I dond vint out'd who id is. I haf do rebly, howefer, or id puds me in a bat bredigament mit te reaters of te SCHOURNAL. I bed I yuse him ub so he dond coom ad me agane preddy soon.

How is id iv te Schirafe is blendy as mools? Is id a den tousand tollar peast den? You bed id is only nod how dis veller means. You hafe to gife a man den tousand tollars do dake one, und den you dond ged rit of a gread many. Ids a whide elefand on a man's hands, id dond vork und id eads ids heat ov in a shord dime. How you like id iv id runs vildt in dis coundry und prowse aroundt on te dree dops, und ead dem all ub? What you dink is te resuld? Vy dis coundry pecomes a gread desord, und you dond pe aple to raise noding on id bud sandt vlies und moskedoes. In te Agademy ov Nadural Sienses you vindt a skeledon ov an exdinct lizart, vich beads te Schirafe all do bieces; id bulls a dree town und eads te dop ov. Dot is a Schersey rebdile. You know how dese vellers ged so long? Dey dond alvays pe so long. You see te coundry geds parren, und te basdure all tries ub gratually in a vew tousand years, und ven te grass is gedding scharse, de dallest vellers is eading te pushes und schdretching ids neck und schdanting on dib does do ead te lowesd limbs on te drees, und den you see all de shord vons vad cand reach ub und ged soomding to ead is gonsdantly schtarfed oud und efery scheneration geds a liddle daller undil id eads te dree dops esy. Yu dake a lod ov scheeb und ben dem ub mit a dall vence, so de long legget vons can yoost schump ofer und ged soom basdure. Iv de shord legget vons cand ged ofer dey schtarfe und iv you gondinue dis egsberimend und keeb making dot vence a liddle daller efery dime you hafe in de gourse ov dime a long legget preed ov scheeb. Id is doo egsdreemly hod to tiscus de sciendific asbecd ov dis gwesdion, bud we know id alvays dakes money do puy a mool, bud if Schiraffs is blendy as mools, und is no longer a guriosidy you cand gife von avay. Maype dot veller bedder ax me soom more hardt gwesdions. I bed you I an'd afraidt. Yoors drooly,

SCHONNY SCHPROAGLE.

VILLYTELFY.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Don't live in a cross street if you want your wife and children to be good natured.

—"Rapid transit" being the order of the day, a Philadelphia dentist adopted as his *trade mark*, "Teeth extracted while you wait"!

—Hope for the hungry. At one of the cheap hash houses in New York, can be seen the following notice, "☞ A bucket full of dinner for a quarter"!

—A buzzard flying around with a bell on is puzzling the Virginians.—*Times.*

A bell without a buzzard is puzzling the Philadelphians.

—There are signs of a reaction in favor of punning.—*Star.*

Then according to Dr. Johnson, pocket-books are in greater danger than ever.

—It is rumored that silks are going up 20 per cent. ere long.—*Press.*

It is time; 20 per cent. of them have been down on the pavement for a long while.

—The Countess of Dufferin is a better lady than she is a yacht.—*Ex.*

We could tell more about that were we to see each of them "Scudding under bare poles."

—The question, What nationality owns the North Pole? is gravely discussed by *Chambers' Journal.—Sun.*

Uncle Sam can soon settle that. Let him run up the star-spangled banner on it, and you will soon see who owns the North pole!

—He wanted to buy a coat, and Perry wanted to sell him one. "That is not quite what I want," said the customer, "but something like that."—If you want something like *that*," said P., "*this* is as near like it as you can possibly buy."

He bought!

—It is not, unfortunately, generally known that in the case of fire in buildings containing horses, if the harness be merely put on, however roughly, the horses will quit the stables. A knowledge of this fact may be the means of saving many a valuable animal from a horrible death.

—The unpaid orchestra of the Offenbach Garden, Philadelphia, refused to play, and the performance was suspended. The managers returned the money to the audience, and the majority of two hundred deadheads presented themselves with the others and took the cash.—*Phila. Times.*

All but the *money* and the *cash*—true.

—It may not be generally known that the eagle, raven, swan, and parrot are each centennarians. An eagle kept in Vienna, died after a confinement of 114 years, and in an ancient oak in Shelborne, England, still known as the "raven tree," the same pair of ravens are believed to have fixed their residence for a series of more than ninety years. Swans upon the river Thames, about whose age there can be no mistake—since they are annually picked by the Vintners' Company, under whose keeping they have been for five centuries—have been known to survive 150 years and more.

—Captain J W. White, of the Revenue Marine Service, makes a favorable report of Alaska, saying that vegetation is luxuriant, the Yucon river navigable for 1,400 miles, the seal fisheries practically inexhaustible, and the minerals enormously valuable. Incidentally he tells the story of fishing off Sitka: "I had a barrel of Pugent Sound clams salted for me for bait. I took my lead line, as large as my thumb, attached five hooks above the lead, with a clam on each, and fastened to the davit; soon the bites—one, two, three and often five—were often felt. I threw the line over the pulley, and put four men to pull, and up would come two, three and sometimes five cod, weighing thirty to forty pounds apiece. We had out about twenty lines, and caught 250 fish in two hours."

—ELECTROPLATING OF LEAVES, INSECTS, etc.—A new and improved method of metallization of organic substances, so as to fit them for receiving galvanic deposits, has been devised by M. Cazeneuve. It is both more rapid and more safe for the operator than the ordinary way. The nitrate of silver which serves for the metallization is dissolved in wood spirit, by which means a thorough impregnation of the object is obtainable. After maceration (more or less) the object is dried through rapid agitation, but while still moist it is submitted to a saturated solution of ammonia gas, and thus is formed a double nitrate of silver and ammonia, easily reducible. Drying is then completed at a mild temperature, and the object is then suspended in mercurial vapors and completely metallized in a few minutes. By this method, the author says, he has obtained a layer of copper on leaves, flowers, insects, etc.—*Scientific American.*

—PEEPING FROGS.—It is well for all people in the country to know the difference between "peeping" and "croaking" frogs.

Among the first and most noticeable of the spring sounds that come to us from the neighborhood of the ponds and streams is the voice of the peeping frog; and this little creature will well repay one's attention. It is commonly thought to be the young of the bullfrog; but this is not so; it seems to be a distinct variety of the frog family. He makes himself heard in the spring as soon as the ice has melted, and is most musical during the evening. You will find him sitting among the old brown grasses and leaves at the edge of the water; and, as soon as he hears your footfall, down he flattens himself, and you would easly mistake him for a brown leaf; but, trusting to your ears and not eyes, you soon will see this little brown leaf cautiously rise up, swell its little throat to half the size of its body, and give a "peep" shrill enough to leave no doubt as to what makes that sound. These frogs are, when sitting, about an inch long, and vary in color from a light to very dark brown. They are easily caught; and by putting them in a wide-mouthed bottle covered with thin muslin, and placing this under a hat, or in any place away from the light, they will continue their peeping for some time.

—BENEATH THE WAVES.—All parts of the bottom of the ocean are not barren wastes of sand or mud, lying in a darkness that no light penetrates. There are portions as beautiful as a garden, though no hand but their Creator's has cultivated them. They are the oases of the sea. One such spot is thus described by a diver:

One of my expeditions was among the silver banks of the Antilles, the lovelest place I ever saw, where the white coral grows into curious, tree-like shapes. As I stepped along the bottom, it seemed as if I were in a frosted forest. Here and there trailed long fronds of green and crimson seaweed. Silver-bellied fish flashed about among the deep-brown and purple sea-ferns, which rose high as my head.

Far as I could see all round in the transparent water were different-colored leaves, and on the floor piles of shells so bright in color that it seemed as if I had stumbled on a place where they kept a stock of broken rainbows.

I could not work for a bit, and had a quarter determination to sit down for a while and wait for a mermaid. I guess if those sea girls hive anywhere, they select that spot.

After walking the inside out of half an hour, I thought I had better go to work and blast for treasure. A little bit on from where I sat were the remains of a treasure-ship. It was a Britisher, I think, and corals had formed all about what was left of her. The coral on the bottom and round her showed black spots. That meant a deposit of either iron or silver. I made fairly good hauls every time I went down, and sold one piece I found to Barnum, of New York.

—MIMICRY AS A MEANS OF DEFENCE. The walking-stick insects, as they are called, in their turn imitate in the skeleton-like structure of their bodies the appearance of dried twigs, and it is a singular fact that even in their awkward ungainly manner of walking, the resemblance to the chance movements of twigs is clearly preceptible, the mimicry being rendered more realistic through this latter phase. Then, also, we find certain harmless groups of moths imitating closely the outward appearance of species of stinging bees and hornets. And one remarkable case of mimicry is the well known instance of some perfectly inodorous South American butterflies, which perfectly reproduce the external appearance of other butterflies which emit a most offensive odor; the reason assigned for this latter phase of mimicry being the very feasible one that the inodorous forms are protected from the attacks of birds by their resemblance to their strong smelling neighbors. As a last instance of this curious phase of animal organization, we may note the example furnished by those curious little fishes, the hippocamai, or sea-horses—so named from the obvious resemblance of the form of the head to that of a horse—the body of which becomes covered with long streamers of certain kinds of seaweed; so that, when these fishes rest amid the seaweed-covered nooks of their marine grottoes, the presence of their streamers serves to render detection by their enemies no easy matter.

—Can Birds Converse?—Dr. Charles C. Abbott cites the the following occurrence to show that birds possess some mode of conveying ideas to one another. In the spring of 1872 a pair of catbirds were noticed carrying materials for a nest to a patch of blackberry-briers hard by. To test their ingenuity, Dr. Abbott took a long, narrow strip of muslin, too long for one bird conveniently to carry, and placed it on the ground in such a position as to be seen by the bird when searching for material. In a few moments, one of the catbirds spied the strip and endeavored to carry it off; but its length and weight, however he took hold of t—and he tried many times—impeded his flight, and, after long worrying over it, the bird flew off for assistance. In a few moments he returned with his mate, and then, standing near the strip they appeared to *hold a consultation*. The chirping, twittering, murmuring, and occasional ejaculations, were all unmistakable. In a few moments these all ceased and the work commenced. Each took hold of the muslin strip, at about the same distance in each case from the ends, and taking flight simultaneously, bore it away. Soon there was much jabbering at the nest: the birds could not agree how to use the strip, and it was finally abandoned; but so, too, was the nest, and the birds left the neighborhood.

—The Afternoon of the Year—When the Swallows Homeward Fly.—In these later days of summer (says the Hartford *Times*) many of our singing birds whose voices have been silent during most of the season, have resumed their pleasant songs. The melody of the brown thrush is heard again in the copses, the robin's song is renewed, the oriole's mellow note again resounds in the orchard, the little finch called the yellow-bird times his song to the swinging motion of his flight, and even April's blue-bird is heard again.

But it is the afternoon of the year: a still, slumberous scene, in which the dry locust's song seems only a shriller note in the universal droning cadence of the myriad insect choir in the grass. An afternoon in the country is full of the story of the waning season. Lying motionless in the orchard, one hears at times the thump of some ripe apple, that falls from the effect of its own ripeness.

On the fences, and on the telegraph wire, the swallows gather in hundreds—young ones, doubtless, who seem to be receiving certain instructions from the old birds, a number of whom are seen flying up and down the long, crowded line, and busily imparting something to the watchful crowd, possibly information of the fact that they must not expect to remain here in the north, but must get ready to follow them—the old birds—when, on some one of these fine nights, they take their dark and silent flight to the southland, and leave the world to winter and to us who stay.

They are the first to go, of all our migratory birds. And they go so early—usually by the close of August—that they leave behind them much of the summer warmth and beauty, which is to remain with us for a long time yet.

—The Tamed Humming Bird.—Mr. Webber, in his "Wild Scenes and Song Birds," says:

"After several unsuccessful attempts, at last I succeeded in securing an uninjured captive, which, to my inexpressible delight, proved to be one of the ruby throated species, the most splendid and diminutive that comes north of Florida. It immediately suggested itself to me that a mixture of two parts of loaf-sugar with one of fine honey, in ten of water, would make about the nearest approach to the nectar of flowers.

"While my sister ran to prepare it, I gradually opened my hand to look at my prisoner, and saw, to my no little amusement, as well as suspicion, that it was actually 'playing possum'—feigning to be dead, most skillfully. It lay on my open palm motionless for some minutes, during which I watched it in breathless curiosity. I saw it gradually open its bright little eyes to peep whether the way was clear, and then close them slowly as it caught my eye upon it.

"But when the manufactured nectar came, and a drop was touched upon the point of its bill it came to life very suddenly, and, in a moment, was on its legs, drinking with eager gusto of the refreshing draught, from a silver teaspoon.

"When sated it refused to take any more, and sat perched with the coolest self-composure on my finger, and plumed itself quite as artistically as if on its favorite spray. I was enchanted with the bold, innocent confidence with which it turned up its keen eyes to survey us, as much as to say, 'Well, good folks, who are you?'

"By the next day it would come from any part of either room, alight upon the side of a white china cup containing the mixture, and drink eagerly, with its long bill thrust into the very base. It would alight on my fingers, and seem to talk with us endearingly in soft chirps."

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 28.

BY HUON.

The Leech (*Hirudinei sanguisuga*).

Scene *in the Zoological Garden, Fairmount Park. Grampy and Jenchen seated under one of Gov. John Penn's umbrageous old beech trees.*]

Jenchen. "Grampy, I know what leeches are used for, but I do not know what they are, or where they come from."

Grampy. "Well done, young naturalist! you are asking questions already which people of greater years and experience, I think, would be unable to answer. Well, never be afraid to ask, for if you are you will miss much in this world which it would be well to know; and better aim at the moon, even if you don't hit it, than never to aim at it at all. A leech, then, Jenchen, is a red-blooded, footless, smooth-bodied annelid, or worm, having a sucker at its posterior, and by which it can perform locomotion or attach itself to any substance it desires to. The young leech is reproduced from the egg, of which from six to fifteen are contained in a cocoon, deposited near the edge of the water, and hatched by the heat of the sun. The leeches live principally in the water, though a portion of the year they remain entirely underground; but in July and August they are obliged by a law of nature to come out of their hiding places, that their eggs may be deposited in tufts of herbage, the proper place of deposit. All the leeches—for there are a great many kinds—live at the expense of other animals, whose blood they suck, taking in enough of the sanguineous fluid at one meal, if they are allowed to, to last for a whole year. Their digestion, you see, acts very slowly, and it is a remarkable fact that the blood which the leech takes into its stomach will remain unchanged there, red, fresh, and liquid, for several months!

Now, Jenchen, having told you what a leech is, and given you enough of science for your mind to digest, I will endeavor to answer your second question, and perhaps enlarge upon it—"Where does the leech come from?" Many of them are to be found in America; one, the *Hiruds decora*, is quite abundant in Pennsylvania and the Middle States, where several hundred thousand are annually employed in the medical art. Formerly leeches were to be found in great numbers in the marshes and streams of most countries of Europe, but so great was the demand which suddenly sprung up for the blood-suckers at the close of the last century, that many of the abundant localities were exhausted; the most and best now come from France. That people seem particularly partial to them, and their use among the French has been more general than elsewhere. About the year 1830 the scarcity and high cost of leeches attracted the attention of a Frenchman, and an idea came into his mind that they might be bred and kept in farms just like any other animal for which there is a regular market and steady demand. The idea was soon put into practice, and at this date leech-breeding has come to be regarded in France as an industry of great importance, while it is also carried on to considerable extent in other parts of Europe. In one department of France, that of La Gironde, about 10,000 acres of land have been devoted to leech-farming, which land was of but very little value originally, but now it has risen in price sixfold, while men's wages, which were but twenty-five cents per day before, are now one dollar per day! Women and children even find remunerative occupations among the leech-farms. Shops have sprung up where none before existed, and the condition of the peasantry has generally much improved."

Jenchen. "We have no such farms in this country, I suppose; I should much like to visit one."

Grampy. "No, we have none here. With us the leech is caught in the primitive manner. Men and boys roll up trousers-legs and wade in the ditches and swamps for them. When one is felt taking good hold of leg or ankle he is quickly stripped off into pot, bag, or cup of the leech-hunter, and *the trap set again.* Now let us in imagination pass over to the south of France; we will settle down near Bordeaux. Here, by the waters of the Garonne, we find a leech-farm of about four hundred acres, which we will examine for a moment. It is all marsh land, as you see, divided into compartments of five or six acres in extent, each of which can be separately inundated. The whole is surrounded by a ditch eight feet wide and five feet deep. In this enclosure can always be found from 40,000 to 50,000 leeches to to the acre, and besides the breeding grounds there is a reservoir, constructed in much the same manner, which contains from 30,000 to 40,000 more of the 'suckers' of the largest growth; so there is always a stock ready for the market."

Jenchen. "What do they feed upon?"

Grampy. Horses' legs, my dear. You see, during the cold season the leech remains underground, quite torpid, but when the first warm rays of spring fall upon the earth, out come myriads of them, and then a troop of horses in proportion of ten to the acre are turned into the breeding grounds for a leech-feed; to the legs of these the leeches attach themselves and there suck their fill. The same troop of horses remain on duty for six hours, when they are sent back to their pastures and another troop sent in. After ten days' rest, and to regain strength, the horses are again despatched to the leech-farm to do duty, and from about the 1st of March to the middle of June the leeches are thus fed about eight or ten times each month."

Jenchen. "How do they catch them?"

Grampy. "At the end of August the fishing for them commences; but there is something else we must know before we proceed to catch them. In June, after having gorged themselves with horse-blood, the leeches all go under the mud, the parks are drained, the horses kept out, and the herbage allowed to grow. In July the leeches come out to deposit their eggs in the weeds and grass, and now there is just water enough let in to keep the ground moist. When the leeches have performed their egg laying, to their mud-burrows they again betake themselves, leaving the sun to do the hatching of their young, which is quickly done, and then the parks are once more inundated, the end of August approaches, and we proceed to catch our leech. The fishers, protected by high boots, form a line in the pond and beat the water with sticks, arousing the dormant leeches, who by this time are again very hungry, and, supposing there is another lot of horselegs for them to feed upon, they rush out to the feast, when they are carefully lifted into the bags which the fishers have provided for their reception. This goes on until the whole pond is thoroughly searched, though none but the largest are taken for the market, the young and small, as well as those which have not digested their food, being left as stock for the future."

Jenchen. "Do the horses suffer by being used in this manner?"

Grampy. "No, as in some cases horses, having been condemned for work, have been sold for a mere trifle to the leech-farmer, who turned them in to his leeches, when they improved so much that he re-sold them at quite a profit! These horses are closely watched while the leeches are drinking their blood, and carefully tended afterward; and old horses whose lines, in the latter part of their lives, have not been cast in pleasant places, here find a relief from their hard knocks, long fasts, and heavy loads, and have a "horse heaven" indeed in comparison with the experiences they have undergone."

Jenchen. "What are leeches worth in the 'market,' as you call it?"

Grampy. "In Europe they are worth $20 per pound, to which weight there go an average of five hundred in number, and as an establishment, such as I have described, will produce several million leeches annually, you will see that it is something of a business."

Jenchen. "Does France furnish the great bulk of them?"

Grampy. "Yes, now she does; but before the introduction of the farming I have been describing she had to import fifty million from other parts. That many were wanted independent of her own productions, as Paris alone consumes some 12,000,000 leeches annually!"

Jenchen. "What other countries do they come from?"

Grampy. "When the leech-famine began to be felt, say about the year 1800, Hungary was the first to supply, then Turkey, then Greece, Germany, Sweden (the very best are said to come from there), and even Algeria and Syria were ransacked for the blood-thirsty creatures; but now, thanks to the leech farmers of France, there is no danger, under the usual circumstances, of a future famine."

Jenchen. "As some physicians, Homœpathists, for instance, refuse to order them, why must the disgusting things be used at all?"

Grampy. "Leeches are only used by the doctors who believe in 'letting of blood,' or bleeding, a practice which is fast going out of use. But if doctors will bleed (besides in the pocket) leeches afford the least painful, as well as the speediest method of local depletion. They will generally bite with an appetite, and a single one will draw from one quarter of an ounce to one ounce of blood, according to the size and vigor of the sucker, and to where it is applied"—

Bell rings. "Come Jenchen, the

'Bell tolls the hour for retiring;'

besides, that's all I have to say now about leeches."

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 11, 1876. No. 35.

MR. EDITOR:

A valued friend hands me the following beautiful lines, clipped from his memory, which I think breathes the true spirit of poetry as well as of consolation. Please pass them round and, perhaps, some one of your many readers can tell us to whom we are indebted for them, as at present the author is unknown to either of us. H.

NIL' DESPERANDUM.

"There is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it;
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green, and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through,
When the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Nor an evening without a morning;
And the darkest hour, so the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure.
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven;
Or, only a beggar's grateful thanks,
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life,
A bright and a beautiful filling,
And do God's will with a steady mind,
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate silver threads,
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then, heaven blame for the tangled ends,
And sit to grieve and wonder."

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

GENIUS AND BEAUTY.

Mr. J. M. McCann, in No. 31 of FANCIER, has rather insinuated that dear mother Nature has been somewhat partial in her gifts of personal beauty to her sons of genius, and while he names quite a number of them, he entirely ignores her highly gifted and beautiful daughters! Dear friend, you should have been more gallant. Could you not have thought of the charming Mary Montague? of Sydney, Lady Morgan? of the "gorgeous" Lady Blessington? or any other of the many daughters of Eve who were possessed of great genius as well as the "fatal gift of beauty?

However, it is not my purpose now to call up all the beautiful spirits from their vasty deep, but to show in a few lines that mother Nature has bestowed her gifts pretty well averaged—share and share alike—the fool getting his full allowance of beauty along with the son of wisdom; and you and I, friend McCann, have known more than one consummate fool with more than a full hand of personal beauty. Suppose we look at a few of the sons and daughters of genius to whom Nature was not bountiful in the distribution of beauty.

It was of late, I think, it was written:

"With eyes so gray, and hair so red,
And tusks so sharp and keen,
Thou'lt fright the shades when thou'rt dead,
And Hell won't let thee in."

Demosthenes was infernally ugly, as well as having an impediment in his speech which caused him to make terrible contortions of face when he attempted to talk, especially the first time he filled his mouth with those historical pebbles, and endeavored to rant by the sea-shore. Mirabeau, one of France's most gifted sons, was so ugly as a boy, that his parents deserted him until he was twelve years old, and when he grew to be a man it was his great talent alone which saved his face and person from being voted those of a beast. His countryman, LaFayette, was also a very homely man, though one of great political and military genius. Sir Walter Scott, Hugh Miller, James Hogg, and Rob. Burns, were all homely men, and the whole lot had pug noses,—more or less,—which, friend McC., you say, men of genius are "never decorated with," and the great Samuel Johnson! how very ugly you were in person, ditto in face, especially when you ate and drank to the swelling of the veins on your forehead to the size of whip-cords; but what a genius you were! And you, too, Hans Christian Andersen; you dear, kind man, and good story-teller, but you were very ugly!

Passing any quantity of the uglies of the Old World, we will look at one or two of the New; and about one of them let me tell you a little story:

Henry Clay was one day walking with two friends through a menagerie, where there were a number of the larger order of apes. One of the gentlemen thinking Clay to be out of hearing, remarked: "How very much that ape resembles our friend," when to his horror he found Clay right behind him, looking over his shoulder! Something, of course, had to be said, so as quick as thought—"Clay!" said the friend, "I was just thinking how much you locked like our poor relation over there, but now I come to look again, blow me if I don't think I ought to make the ape an apology!"

Suppose we call up squeaky-voiced John Randolph, with his pinched-up face and diminutive form, or dear old martyred Father Abraham, with his lanky cheeks and long, awkward form, or sour-visaged, freckled, red-haired Thomas Jefferson, or fish-faced, out of all proportioned form of traitor Charles Henry Lee. Yet these were all undoubted sons of genius.

And the ladies! Bless them, beautiful or ugly. Frederica Bremer was positively ugly. Charlotte Brontë and her two sisters were very homely. Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., and Mrs. Gaskell were quite "plain," while Ida Pfeiffer, who "by her lone," made three voyages round the world, was ugly to "a charm."

Did you ever compare the acknowledged portraits of Cæsar, Washington, Wellington, and Cromwell, friend McCann? If you did, where did you find the close resemblance you speak of? And by the way, as there were twelve Cæsars,—all of them men of genius, and some of them quite handsome,—which of them do you mean?

You would not compare Wellington, with his thin, long, hatchet face and parrot nose—such a nose that he received the *sobriquet* of "Nosey" even in his school days—to our Washington's plain, round face, and full, broad nose? or either with the low forehead, high cheek bones, rather stumpy, thick-ended nose—with a wart on one side of it as big as a cherry—of "Old Noll"?

How know you, friend McC., that Shakespeare "was exceedingly fine looking?" Here is what a writer in the *Bibliopolist* says. He is speaking in favor of opening the grave of Shakespeare and, if possible, having a cast of his head or remains taken, that we may really know something as to what kind of looking man he really was: "If it should prove—as there is some faint hope it may—that the remains of the great poet are still in a state of preservation, rendering it possible for a photograph of his features, or even of his skull, to be taken, the world would by such means be put in possession of what it now has not, an authentic and undisputed portrait, or help to a portrait, of the man Shakespeare."

After all, what is beauty? Who shall define? "Beauty," you say, "is the opposite of ugliness!" Yes; well, what is ugliness? You will answer, "the opposite of beauty." Clear as mud! but let me tell you there is none so ugly but what there is some one to think him or her handsome; and none so handsome but what about them there can be found an ugly spot by some one. It was ugly Mirabeau who said: "Give me twenty-four hours start in the race for a handsome woman, and I will outstrip the prettiest man in the world." And it would appear that he had done it; more than once, too!

Did not Desdemona marry a Moor who is represented as black, and said she saw "beauty in his mind"?

"Fiction!" you cry. Well, then, it is the fact in our own time, for there's more than one gentle Desdemona married to her black husband, and living in our land, which black man doubtless had beauty in the eyes of his wife.

There's no accounting for taste. "*De gustibus non disputandum*" has been true from the time the old woman kissed her cow down to the introduction, on these blessed shores, of sauer-krout, lager, and Limberger; and "handsome is as handsome does," is equally as good a proverb, and equally true; and were I obliged to write a composition on beauty, I am much afraid I should be like that other boy who, when ordered to write on the "Seasons," did so in the words "following, to wit:"

"The Seasons.—There are four—spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Some like spring; others, summer; others, autumn, and others again, winter; but for my part, give me Liberty, or give me Death!"

Huon.

THE TAJ MAHAL.

Vincent's book of "Through and Through the Tropics," published by Harper & Brothers, contains the following description of the Taj Mahal in Agra Hindoostan, the palace tomb built in honor of a Hindoo princess:

"For grace, symmetry, material and execution, the Taj Mahal surpasses the acknowledged masterpieces of architecture in all lands. It is not only the most beautiful and costly mausoleum on the face of the globe, the most faultless relic of Eastern architecture, but, taken for all in all, probably the most noble and perfect art-ideal of the kind ever embodied by man. It better deserves to be numbered among the wonders of the world than the Pyramids of Egypt, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, or the Mausoleum erected by Artemisia. Were nothing else of interest to be seen in India, the labor and danger of a journey around the world would be amply compensated by an inspection of that stupendous miracle of art, the Palace-Tomb Taj Mahal.

"The name 'Taj Mahal' signifies 'Crown of Edifices.' The building stands in the midst of a fine garden on the northern bank of the Jumna, two miles from Agra. You enter a spacious enclosure filled with trees. Upon one side is a gate leading to a small village where sweetmeats, food, semi-precious stones, models of the Taj, and knicknacks are sold. Directly opposite is the entrance to the Taj—a magnificent portal whose doors are of solid teak, plated with copper, and studded with huge nails and bosses. The masonry is of sandstone, elaborately carved, ornamented with black marble, inlaid with extracts from the Koran, and surmounted by a row of marble cupolas.

"From the central sandstone platform, which is twelve feet in height, rises another terrace of white marble. This is perhaps twenty feet in height, and three hundred and fifteen feet square. In the center stands the imposing and beautiful mausoleum of Mumtaz Mahal. The Taj itself is built entirely of white marble. It is octangular in shape, the sides being one hundred and thirty feet long. The roof is about seventy feet from the terrace. The marble dome is seventy feet in diameter and one hundred and twenty feet in height, and is crowned with a gilded copper spire and crescent, whose topmost point is three hundred feet above the ground. At each of the corners are four small cupolas, while the angles of the tomb are surmounted by slender minarets topped with gilded spires. On each of the chief sides are grand entrances consisting of pointed arches which reach nearly to the cornice, and two arcades of the same form placed one above the other on each side, all save one now closed by magnificently carved marble screens. From each corner of the terrace rise, to the height of two hundred and twenty-five feet, elegant minars of marble and inlaid work, crowned with eight pillared domes. In accordance with a requirement of Saracenic architecture, extracts from the Koran are inlaid upon the walls and corridors. The mosaic being in black marble and the walls of white, the effect at a little distance is airy and veil-like. The whole Koran is said to be thus inlaid—a sermon in stone of five hundred pages.

"The echo in the dome of the Taj is probably the finest in the world. An old and well-known American traveler thought it more sweet, pure, and prolonged than that in the Baptist of Pisa, one of the most perfect in Europe. At the time of my visit some country people were spending the day in the grounds, and one of them had a flute upon which he played beneath the great dome. The effect was magical. The sound, which at first increased slowly, diminished as it rolled and reverberated through the arches until you could scarcely distinguish the separate notes. A sweet female voice gives the best idea of the clearness and softness of this echo, a cornet or flute of its power. An enthusiast compares the melody to the 'atmosphere breathed by Ariel and playing around the fountain of Chindara.'"

CHEERFULNESS.

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again—
Sweet wife;
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm, though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay—
Sweet wife;
To its work in the morning gay.

—*C. Kingsley.*

Poultry Department.

HOW I BEGAN BY KEEPING FOWLS AND ENDED BY THE FOWLS KEEPING ME.

"No eggs again for breakfast?" said my father. He was a stern and angry man, my father, and his quasi interrogation as he surveyed the table made my mother jump.

My mother was a mild, placid woman; and, as I said before, she jumped. My father repeated the remark; and this time my mother replied with a deprecatory "No."

"I'll keep no more fowls," said my father. "Eating their heads off with barley and all sorts of things, and never a spring chicken, nor so much as an egg for breakfast, when you want it. I'll have all their necks stretched to-day, and make an end of it."

My father was a man of few words, and my mother did not care to dispute the point. His son (meaning myself) was a bit of a pet, and knew it.

"Give 'em to me, father."

"Go on with your bread and butter," said my mother. However, I knew how to coax, and in the end had my way.

My father agreed to allow me the bits of leavings from the scullery and half a bushel of corn once a week during the next three months, and he was to buy my eggs and chickens of me at a fair market valuation; and after three months I was to keep them myself. On these terms I became the possessor of six hens—one Dorking, two with a cross of Game in them, and three common barndoor fowls, with a barndoor cock, and at once commenced operations.

Adjoining the back kitchen we had a good sized yard, about 24 feet by 20, unpaved, with a bit of a shed in one corner, half of which was closed and filled with roosts as a hen house, and an old plane tree in another corner, which in summer gave a pleasant shade. Here it was that I stood and surveyed my newly-acquired property with a pride such as Alexander never felt in his conquered worlds when he wept that there were no more to subdue.

I began by digging up half way along one side of the sunny wall of the yard a strip of earth about a yard wide, and out of my pocket money, at a cost of about 2s., assisted by Tom, the gardener's boy, fenced it in with wire to prevent the fowls from encroaching; and here I planted quite a hedge of sunflowers. My fence was quite a temporary affair, for as soon as the seeds should have sprung up and the plants grown to about a foot high it was my intention to remove it. By favor of the groom I got a barrowful of horse litter and dung, which I shot in the corner near the base of the plane tree; and for half-a-crown I purchased a large barrow-load of good gravel, which I disposed in the middle of the yard. A row of orange boxes, filled with clean straw, in the fowl house, each with a chalk egg in it to tempt the sitter, made capital nests; and now I was prepared to commence the campaign.

The servants could not make the hens lay, and had been content to throw down so much corn every day and let the fowls shift for themselves. It was my turn to see what I could do, and, boy as I was, I had my own ideas on the subject.

In the morning before going to school I used to feed my flock with a handful of barley mixed with the scraps of bread and leavings from the breakfast table, not forgetting the broken egg-shells, rind of bacon, and other unconsidered trifles, but which to me were invaluable, the whole well cut and crumbled up into a homogeneous mass, and so distributed. After one o'clock dinner I used to pay them another visit, this time with the remains of the potatoes and other vegetables (not such as the cook would have saved, but simply the leavings on the plates), which I used to re-warm in a saucepan over the fire with a little gravy or sour milk that might be standing in the milk-jug. At five o'clock another handful of barley, or, if any scraps were lying about (and there were generally some), a mess similar to that at mid-day. Occasionally this would be varied by the addition of a little bran; and in winter I used to sop bread or potatoes in warm beer, which I saved from my dinner, and which I found my fowls devoured with extraordinary avidity. After one of these feasts I was almost always rewarded with an extra lay of eggs.

I had almost forgotten to mention that a few lumps of rough chalk and a piece of bay salt thrown casually down in the yard, were immensely appreciated by my feathered friends.

Every week I turned over my gravel heap and my manure heap, so as to afford fresh materials for my fowls to scratch in, and at long intervals renewed them with half a barrow or so of fresh stuff. These precautions I regarded as indispensable to the welfare of the poultry.

In the winter they might be seen scratching and clucking over the warm manure heap, or in summer dusting themselves in the clean gravel, with all the luxuriousness of confirmed Sybarites.

Before long the results of my treatment began to show themselves in a regular supply of new-laid eggs, and when two of the hens wanted to sit I purchased new-laid eggs of the Polish, Spanish, and Dorking breeds, to serve as the objects of their maternal experiences. I thus improved my stock with fowls reared from eggs of the finest breeds that could possibly be procured.

Whenever a fowl was seen to be ailing or moping, I always caught it, and after administering a couple of peppercorns or some other simple remedy, kept it in a hamper by the kitchen fire, a treatment which almost invariably proved successful. Once a hen had some obstruction in her crop, which would not digest, and I actually opened the crop with a lancet, cleaned it out, and sewed it up again; the hen not only surviving the operation, but thriving well after. But the ailments of fowls opens out too wide a subject; for the present I want to confine myself to the prescribed limits of my narrative.

When a brood of chickens was expected to be hatched, I was always in attendance, and a most skillful accoucheur I came to be—removing the chickens one by one from under the mother, and placing them in a warm flannel near the fire, with a little chopped hard-boiled egg and Embden grits, after giving each a peppercorn by way of commencement.

When all were hatched and the addled eggs thrown away, the mother was put under a coop placed over a sack for warmth, and for the first few nights placed indoors, till the chicks began to feel their legs and run about.

After a few days Dame Partlet was allowed to take her family under her own charge, and seldom did I lose by the permission, as cats were far more wary when the hen was at large than when confined beneath a coop and her young ones far away from her protecting wings.

In each brood there was naturally a larger proportion of cock

than hen birds; these, after a certain age, I used to weed out, preserving the pullets and putting up the young cockerels to fatten for the table. My process of fattening was to confine the young birds in coops, and feed them upon oatmeal brashed in sour milk, and served up scalding. A little salt contributes to the fattening process materially. If they showed any tendency to pine I would change their food, or even give them a few days' run of their legs, a course which used to put the fat again upon their bones, and leave them free to recommence the orthodox fattening process.

Now for the details. My first six months, I am free to confess, were conducted at a loss, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
Laying out the ground—Fencing	0	2	0
Gravel	0	3	6
Manure	0	2	6
Barley, 26 weeks, at 1s. per week	1	6	0
Extras	0	5	0
	£1	19	0

Any returns during that period I will write off as lost. During this time, however, my sunflowers had come to maturity and flowered. My readers may not be aware that the seeds of the sunflower are the finest stimulant for poultry in existence, and the avidity with which fowls will scratch around the roots of the sunflower's tall stalks and pick up the seeds which fall from their wide open flowers is something perfectly surprising to behold.

Now for my gains. In the next six months I had doubled the number of my laying hens, and substituted a fine Game cock for the old barndoor fowl which I already had.

During the same period I had averaged four eggs a day, which I sold to my father at 1*d.* apiece—and I had had four broods of fine chicks—say in all twenty-eight young birds—of which six were now laying, and the rest (twenty-two) had been fattened and sold as fine birds at Christmas for 3*s.* and 3*s.* 6*d.* apiece (I did not charge my father full market prices "*bien entendu,*" but this by the way):—

	£	s.	d.
182 days at 4*d.* per day	3	0	8
22 fowls at 3*s.* each	3	6	0
	£6	6	8
Deduct barley for 26 weeks	1	6	0
Extras	1	0	0
Cost of coops, etc.	1	0	0
Loss on previous six months	1	19	0
Total	£5	6	0
Net gain	£1	1	8

In the next year I had more than doubled my number of laying hens, all of good breeds, and without any outlay, and my returns were more than doubled. My expenses at the same time were less, and even with a decreasing tendency. I sent one or two birds of my rearing to a poultry show, and won not only a £10 prize, but sold my birds at fancy prices. My eggs and fowls I now began to send to the tradesmen round about, after providing for the home demands, and especially during autumn and winter, realized high prices for my produce. I soon had a bit of money in the savings bank, and when I was forced to go into the world and work for my living, I could no longer devote my time to poultry breeding. I sold thirty-six fowls of various fine breeds at an average of £2 apiece, taking the bad with the good, and retired with a very decent sum at my back, as the result of my innocent request at the breakfast table a few years before—"Give 'em to me, father."

A great many details of fowl management I have necessarily been compelled to skip over owing to the limits of my space, but on these, if I may be permitted and my readers would like to hear them, I can enlarge more fully at another time.—*Housekeeper, in Journal of Horticulture.*

FALL PREPARATIONS

Among our poultry fanciers will shortly be in order, again. The past summer season has been a good one for fowl-raisers. Young stock has never come forward so well, within our remembrance—and though for the present year, perhaps, not so many birds have been raised as previously, there are a great many fine flocks coming on, in the yards of leading dealers and cultivators of the favorite varieties.

Now is the best period of the year for those who have surplus stock for sale, to advertise the fact. There are constantly new men embarking in the business of fowl-raising, and they are anxious to know, through the poultry paper they read, who has the kinds they favor, and where they can procure good young birds to commence with, or add to their present supply of fall chickens.

We need hardly remind the reader that the Fanciers' Journal, weekly, is a good medium through which to announce the information above hinted at. Our paper goes into all the northern and middle states, as well as largely in the west and Canada. And we shall be happy to know that our numerous friends appreciate so appropriate a channel of communication as are our columns, to make known their saleable stock of all kinds—poultry included.

SICKNESS AMONG FOWLS

Has been perhaps quite as prevalent in the past year or two, as has ever been the case in this country. At the west, the cholera scourge has done fearful work in many localities, and we have heard of more than ordinary numbers of cases of common ails in New England and the Middle States, as well.

In consequence of this unusual trouble and large mortality, in certain districts among poultry, the announcement of a work especially devoted to the intricacies of this very important subject, by an author known to be *au fait* in the business of rearing and caring for fowls, was greeted on all sides with welcome; and Mr. G. P. Burnham's new treatise on "Diseases of Domestic Poultry—and how to cure them," has been looked for with interest.

It will shortly be out, now, and we can assure our readers that this last contribution of Mr. B. to our American poultry literature is the best thing of this kind he has ever written. It should be in the hands of every fowl-breeder in the land—for, if he has no sick birds *now*, he may have them fall ill, hereafter; and this little handbook contains valuable hints, concisely and simply stated, as to remedies for poultry diseases of all sorts, prepared in a careful and amply clear style, that is readily understood at a glance. We commend this low-priced but excellent work to general notice.

HOW TO SHIP POULTRY.

Secure plump, well fatted birds. Bleed them in the throat. Scald enough to make the feathers come off easy; pick both feathers and pin feathers all off nicely, taking great care not to bruise or break the skin in any way. If one or two of the lot should accidentally get bruised, or have the skin broken, sell or use at home, as they would hurt the sale of the whole lot. Leave all the entrails in, and heads and feet on.

After they are dressed hang them in a cool place, where they will dry off and get stiff before packing. Pack in boxes or barrels in nice, clean rye straw; if this cannot be obtained, dry oat straw may be used. Be sure and pack solid, so that they will not bruise in transit. Pack with breast down. Poultry prepared in this

way always finds a ready market, while poor, half dressed, sweaty (caused by packing while warm) and bruised lots will not sell well at any time.

Many farmers make a practice of feeding their half starved fowls all they will eat just before killing, and then send them to market with full crops, in order to get the price of poultry for corn. In this they make a mistake; the crop being swollen to an unusual size turns black after being packed awhile, and not only shows clearly the dishonest intentions of the packer, but injures the sale of the fowls a great deal more than is gained in weight. Feed meal only for at least two days before killing.

Remember it is the appearance of goods that sells them. Nice, large, fat, plump, white turkeys, ducks, chickens, or geese, always bring outside prices.

When is the best time to ship? This question is often asked. We answer: any time after cool weather. But if sent for the holidays, send them at least three days before Christmas or New Year's. Keep the largest turkeys for New Year's.—*Cor. Poultry Record.*

POSTAL CARDS NOT ANSWERED.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

Your correspondent "P. Card" has probably never been pestered, as some of us have, with postal card inquiries, requiring a three-cent stamped letter in return—replying to queries interesting *only* to the postal card sender.

When a postal card is received by the subscriber, asking for a circular, a circular is sent, without comment, as a matter of courtesy. This usually ends the correspondence with *that* party, who nineteen times in twenty merely sends for the circular from curiosity. This is all right, and both parties are content.

But when a "patron" sends a postal card calling for a written answer that must be forwarded with a three cent stamp, and his questions relate simply to matters in which he alone is directly interested, it is but courteous that the sender should enclose a stamp in a stamped letter, to the person that *he* is asking the favor of.

This smacks neither of independence nor impudence, that *I* can discover, but simply decent treatment. I *always* do this, myself, whether I want to buy a wagon, or learn something about chickens, or eggs. I am not very "fine-haired," and have no preference for white or yellow envelopes. But *I* do not notice postal card inquiries, when made for others' sole benefit. And I am one of those who long ago "advertised" this fact.

Yours truly, B. G.

Boston, Sept. 2d.

[From Journal of Horticulture.]

THE EXHIBITION DORKING. NO.—14.

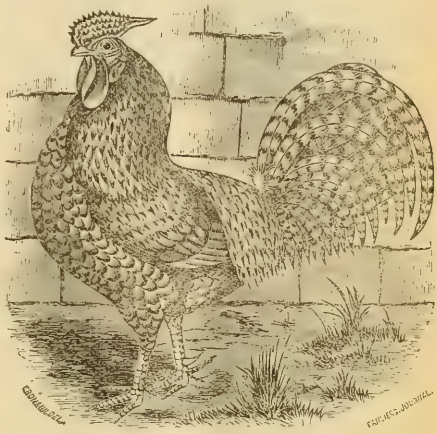
BY T. C. BURNELL.

CUCKOO DORKINGS.

During the last two or three years these have advanced much in public favor. They have now a class allotted them at the Crystal Palace and at two or three of the other principal shows, and as several fanciers are taking them up we shall probably see more of them in future.

They are called Cuckoo Dorkings on account of their feathers being somewhat similar to those found on the breast of our summer visitor the cuckoo; but they are also called Blue Dorkings. The term "speckled Dorking" is sometimes applied to them erroneously. They appear of a blue or dark blue color, but on examination it will be found that every feather is evenly marked with broad bars of dark blue or dark gray, on a whitish-gray or light blue ground.

In breeding these birds many chickens will come so darkly marked as to be almost black; these must be discarded, as we must not forget the original blue-mottled breast of the cuckoo, to which we have to breed. They are also very liable to sooty feet. The chief point to look to in exhibiting them is, that the cock and hen are of the same shade of color, and that both are evenly marked all over. Rose combs are correct in this variety. The



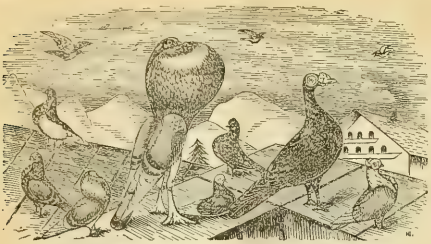
Cuckoo Dorking Cock.

principal faults in the cocks are yellow hackles and saddles. They are too, commonly found with white in the sickle feathers. A perfect cock with a Cuckoo tail is a rarity; and as size is one of the principal points in a Dorking, it will not do to sacrifice an otherwise good bird for this slight blemish.

The hens are really wonderful layers,—in fact, quite equal to Hamburgs; while, though for the table they do not quite reach the size of the Dark Dorking, their full breasts and juicy flesh, combined with very early maturity, render them most acceptable in the larder. They are decidedly a hardy breed.

In conclusion, I will mention what I consider are the proper classes to be given to Dorkings in a poultry-show schedule. If only two classes are given they should be for Dark Dorkings and for "any other variety." If three classes are given they should be for Darks, Silver-Greys, and for Whites or Cuckoos. Many committees do not receive as many entries as they should do by classing the Silver-Greys with the Dark birds; the result being that the Silver-Grey birds are never entered in the class, for their defeat is certain. If there is only one class for Dorkings it is very rare to see anything but Darks, as a consequence of which the Committee lose the Silver-Grey, White, and Cuckoo entries, which if three prizes were given would be sure to make good classes.

—The facility with which canary birds and linnets have been taught to execute tricks is well known. In India the barga, a species of weaver bird, noted for the skill with which it constructs its retort shaped nests, so as to escape the depredations of the monkeys, are also taught wonderful feats. On giving signals it is said that the birds will feed every lady spectator with a bit of sweetmeat or candy, thus showing a ready discrimination between the sexes. A miniature cannon is also loaded by the birds with coarse grains of gunpowder one by one; the ramrod is skillfully used, and they then take lighted matches procured for them, and apply them to the touch-hole. It is substantiated that a bird has been known to apply the match five or six times on failure of the cannon to explode, and to remain perched on the gun apparently quite elated by the performance, when the piece finally went off.



Pigeon Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THREE PIGEON RACES.

The first race being the Fairmount Pigeon Society, for young birds bred in 1876, came off on July 17th, from Pottstown, distance 50 miles, for three money prizes. First prize won by James Schofield, time 57 minutes and 34 seconds. Second prize won by Mr. Fred. Woods, time, 61 min. and 41 sec. Third prize won by Mr. John Dalton, time, 61 min., 42 sec.

Mr. Wood declared he could beat Mr. Schofield's time, and challenged Mr. Schofield for another race, which was accepted for $20, Mr. Wood's pigeon winning the race in 57 min. and 14 sec., Mr. Schofield's bird being 67 min. and 18 sec.

Third race was got up by that well-known fancier, Mr. Jos. Buckley, who contributed a handsome money prize to head the list; this race was open to all Philadelphia fanciers, and upwards of twenty-two birds were entered, although the distance was short, from Paoli to Philadelphia, a distance of 18 to 20 miles, for three money prizes. First prize won by Robt. T. Moore, time 26 min. and 40 seconds, and which is considered the quickest time on record. Second prize won by Mr. Peter Kershaw, time, 22 min. 05 sec. Third prize won by Mr. Jos. Buckley, time, 22 min., 26 sec., several other birds coming in a few seconds after.

T. Grist.

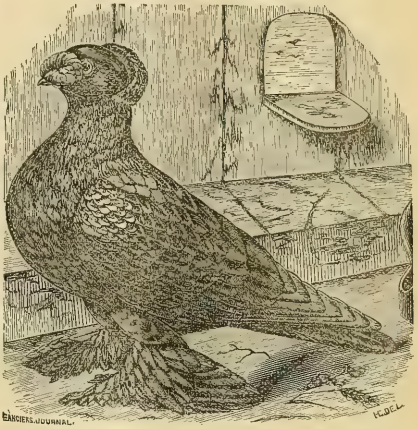
Phila., Sept. 4, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

TRUMPETER PIGEON.

PAST AND PRESENT.

I know of no variety of the pigeon tribe that has made so sudden and rapid progress as the beautiful bird at the head of this article. I can refer back as far as 1850, when I was breeding the Trumpeter and other varieties. My strain consisted of a few birds with hooded roses and good crests, cocks generally well feather-footed. The hens I never could get anything more than grous-legged, and always very light mottled. Having met with Thomas Allen, an old and true fancier of Philadelphia (long since deceased), I found in his coop what I thought to be the true breed of Trumpeters; at least, they were better than any I had yet seen,—good in all points save in mottling in the hens, which were as usual very light. Being then in my teens, and but little cash my pockets, I used to sally forth to Philadelphia with an old champagne basket to see what I could pick up in the fancy, visiting the lofts of Dr. W. W. Clark, Moore, Nice, Franch, of Germantown Road, Heft, Clinton, Jordan, Steaver the old saddler, Allen, and a few others whose names I cannot recall to mind at this time. It was on one of these runs among the old fanciers that I purchased the best pair of mottled Trumpeters of those days. They had lately arrived from Germany. A fac simile of the cock can be seen by referring to Eaton's full-size engraving of a Trumpeter, published in London twenty-six years ago, which was a black bird with mottling of white feathers on the head, neck, breast, and back. The flights and tail and feather-feet were to be free of any white feathers. This is what we termed a mottle. The eyes were generally orange, occasionally a pearl. They were



very musical at all times in uttering their curious coo-coo-coo, and not, as some writers state, being more sonorous in the spring than at other times. Having removed my place of residence to a distant State, the Trumpeters fell into the hands of Mr. F. Boddman, of Cincinnati. At his death, some two years ago, his birds being sold, some of which found their way back to Baltimore, and in the lot were some of this same strain of Trumpeters. Now, after a lapse of 24 years, we compare them to the Trumpeters of the present day.

In 1872 there were purchased in England three pairs of the best English Trumpeters that could be had of a celebrated prize-winning strain. They consisted of blacks and mottles, and were considered the best lot of Trumpeters seen in the State—good in all points save that of mottling. (We find no improvement in that one point over the old strains.) They were slightly larger, better feet-feathering, and very much superior in rose and hood than the present breed of Trumpeters we see at our exhibitions.

Now, in 1876, we think the climax has been reached, as far as fine points in Trumpeters are concerned, which brings us to the present breed. We will take the rose first. We now have them to measure from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, the crown or shell nearly twice the size of the old strain, body much larger, very broad across the back, feet very short; feathers, in measuring from out to out when standing on the floor—hens as well as cocks—ten to twelve inches in extra fine specimens; eyes both pearl and orange. As to color, we speak only of mottles; we find the mottling is about the same as formerly. Now the question would naturally arise, what is the proper marking for a mottle Trumpeter? The English fanciers contend that a bird, to be properly marked as a mottle, must have a few white feathers on the shoulders and back similar to what is required in the mottle Tumbler (see illustration). Having had a long experience in the breeding of both of the so-called mottled Tumblers and Trumpeters, yet I have never succeeded in rearing a perfect mottle of either, and have long since concluded that it is a waste of time in trying to breed a perfect mottle Trumpeter, and have become reconciled to the present imperfect mottle, if fanciers so wish to call it. I think a black, red, or yellow bird, with the head, neck,

back, breast, and shoulders evenly dotted with white feathers, is the true mottle, and they are quite as handsome as any other style of mottling, be it rose wing or otherwise. We might naturally suppose, as has often been recommended, to match a black cock with the best mottled hen in your possession, and will be told the progeny will be mottles. My experience has it otherwise. If you have a few pairs of blacks and mottles, the latter dark or light, it makes little difference, match them up promiscuously. At the end of the season you will find as many approaching the desired marking as if the best attention had been paid in their matching to produce what was wanted. From a dark mottle cock, matched to a light mottle hen, I have raised in this season one black cock, one black cock showing a little white about the head, one dark mottled cock, one dark mottled hen, one light mottled hen. You will no doubt question how I know the sexes, especially of the one recently hatched. Simply by the resemblance of the parent; and should you study your birds well, you will soon learn the similarity of expression of countenance, as well as their actions, which will enable you to point out the sex. Some fanciers contend that a Trumpeter should have a pearl eye. I am breeding now from the so-called Russian Trumpeter. My best pair of dark mottles have the orange eye; yet I find some of the progeny have pearl eyes. My blacks are all pearl-eyed; some of their young have orange eyes. I would prefer pearl eyes; yet, as I have not the making of the eye, I am content. Should two pairs come into competition for a prize, being equal in all points, I would say the pearl eyes should have the preference. The Russian Trumpeters, at the sale in New York, had both pearl and orange eyes. The best specimen in the lot had a pearl eye, not very clear, however; but he had such an enormous rose that it was with difficulty his eye could be seen at all, and it was with greater difficulty he could view the American fanciers who were scrutinizing him so closely. His rose was about the size of a silver half dollar. Had he been in good condition, with a little more youth on his side, he would have brought a much better price. He was a black bird, with a few white feathers about the throat As it was, the American fanciers had the opportunity of comparing him with the Trumpeters illustrated in Fulton's Book, which so many think were overdrawn. Below we give Fulton's points in judging Trumpeters:

Rose: size, regularity, and shape	10
Crest	8
Foot-feathers: length and abundance	6
Size	2
Color of body	2
Eye: color of	1
Beak, " "	1
Tightness of feather	2
	32

A mottle to be allowed 4 points for color and markings instead of two for color alone.

Baltimore, Aug. 23, 1876. MARBLE.

ITEMS.

Across the walnuts and the wine: Engaging Child—"Oh, Mr. Jenkins, do let me see you drink!" Mr. Jenkins—"See me drink! What for, my dear?" Engaging Child—"Oh, mammy says you drink like a fish."

Two sparks from London, while enjoying themselves among the heathen in Argyleshire last autumn, came upon a decent-looking shepherd reading on the top of a hill. They accosted him by remarking, "You have a fine view here; you must see a great way."—"Ou ay, ou ay, a ferry great way."—Ah! you will see America here?"—"Farrer than that," said Donald—"Ah! how's that?"—"Ou, just wait till the mist gangs awa, an' you'll see the mune!"

A wag, passing a livery stable one day, in front of which several horses were tied, stopped suddenly, and gazed at them for some time with a countenance indicating the utmost astonishment, and then addressed the owner, who was standing near, and asked him "if he made horses." "Make horses?" said the night of the broom and curry-comb, "no! Why do you ask me such a question?" "Only," replied he, "because I observe you have several frames set up."

Nearly all the amber of commerce comes from Eastern Prussia, where it is obtained by dredging the bottom of the sea, just off the coast. It was recently discovered that amber occurs in a deposit called the "blue earth." It has been supposed that this deposit extends for some distance inland, and a shaft was recently sunk to determine this point. At the depth of 140 feet there was found a stratum of "blue earth" without amber and two feet in thickness; then came another stratum five feet thick, which was rich in amber.

"We lately met an old negro trudging along," says an eminent writer, "with a heavy side of bacon that he had bought swinging over his shoulder. We noticed that he was miserably clad, and we felt sorrow for him, for a cold wind was blowing. We remonstrated with him. 'Why do you spend your money for meat? You'd better buy a coat.' The old man stopped, looked us full in the face for a few moments, and said, in the most solemn tones, 'Massa, when I ax my back for credit, it gibs it. When I speak to dis'—laying his hand upon his stomach—'it calls for de cash.'"

There is a stage-struck poultry dealer in Detroit, and the following dialogue occurred between him and a customer one Saturday evening: "How much you vants for dat goose?" "One dollar and a half, most gracious madam." "Twelief shillin'! Mein Gott! Vat you takes me for? Before I pays you twelief shillin' I do mitoud soume gooses. I give you ten shillin'." "Ten shillings! Perish the thought. That noble bird has played with my children for ten years, and is endeared to my family by a thousand associations. Sell him for less than a dollar and a half? Never-r-r."

"JOSH" ON HASH.—Hash has been abuzed and praized more than enny other ov the legitimate nourishments, and I guess it iz able to stand it az well az enny ov them.

The Duke of Wellington used to call hash "What's left over from the fite yesterday."

The Baron Rothschild sed ov it; "Hash has no pedigree."

Tully, in one ov his orashuns, speaks thus: "Hash haz done more hard work to advance human natur than enny other assorted nourishment."

Sokrates, the philosopher, told of hash:

"That it was an end without a means."

Mark Twain calls it a "Mystery."

Nasby, the konfederate preacher, informs us that "Hash iz like faith, the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence ov things not seen."

Thomas Nast, the irrepressible carikaturist, in a pikture prepared for the late Vienna exposishun, represented hash az a hydra-headed monster, in which pork, rooster, sheep, kodfish, lam, and menny other things stuck out in battle array.

Thomas Benton, forty years ago, in one ov hiz gratę hard-munny speeches, deklared that it was a "circulating medium."

George Washington, the father ov his country, and the hero ov the little hatchet, in one of his festive moments, spoke of hash az "the landlady's best holt." Hash is a great fertilizer, and I hope will for centuries to come retain its holt upon the affeckshuns and gratitude ov the people. Hash stands proudly at the head ov all mixt phood.

THE

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THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

DURING THIS AND NEXT MONTH,

The inquiries for good samples of this year's bred chickens, of the several varieties will increase, as the time approaches for the fall and winter exhibitions all over the country, in 1876 and early in '77.

Fanciers who have *good* specimens to spare, will find it to their advantage to make the fact public. The columns of The Fanciers' Journal are a good channel through which to disseminate this information, and we are constantly being applied to for advice as to who is the best man to apply to, for obtaining such stock.

In response to these applications by mail, we can only say in general terms that a reference to our Advertising Department, and the "Exchange column," and column of "Wants," will give all the information in our possession upon this interesting subject.

Gentlemen who are in search of any variety, among the many favorites, can find some one who offers these samples for sale among our list of advertising patrons; and those who have such desirable stock, which they care to part with—and who have *not* already done so—will do well to forward their cards, a more extended description of their poultry, etc., ready for delivery this fall.

No better medium for bringing the producer and purchaser together is offered in this country—for the class of stock we treat of, weekly, in this paper—and our terms for advertising are low, considering our present steady and wide-spread circulation.

"IT SEEMS."

The article on Aylesbury Ducks, in Bulletin for July, page 64, which we credited to "J. K. Fowler, in *Fanciers' Journal*," was, it seems, copied by the latter paper from one of the English weeklies. The English *Journal of Horticulture* fell into the same error as ourself, and being called to account for it, replied in the following item:

"Aylesbury Ducks.—We are informed that the article on Aylesbury Ducks, which appeared on page 459 of our present volume, and which was acknowledged as having been taken from the *American Fanciers' Journal*, originally appeared in *The Bazaar*. It is a pity that our American brethren of the press cannot afford to acknowledge when they are indebted to their contemporaries."—*Poultry Bulletin.*

It may "seem" to the editor of the Bulletin that the article in question was copied "from one of the English weeklies." If it was, it was done by Mr. Fowler, and not by the Fanciers' Journal. The article was mailed to us by some friend; it was printed in double column, on a single sheet of paper. We pinned it against the wall of our Philadelphia office for some months, when finally it was handed to the compositor and set up just as it reached us. If it ever appeared in the "*Bazaar*," or any other paper, we did not know it. We hope it will "seem" but just to both the editors of the *Bulletin* and *Journal of Horticulture* to publish this assertion.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INQUIRIES.

Dear Sir:—

Will you please answer in The Fanciers' Journal, the following enquiries? I have a pair of Bobolinks, and they have been troubled with lice. What shall I do to get rid of them? Also, what do they require to eat besider canary seed, and will they eat too many seeds if allowed to have all they want? By answering the above you will oblige. Yours truly.

E. H. Smith.

Hollis, Me.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Jos. M. Wade:

Dear Sir,—J. R. Hasson, Lochiel Drug Store, Harrisburg, Pa., offered to exchange in the Journal of May 29th, '76, No. 20, Vol. 3d, English Fox Hound, Gips, for fancy pigeons, or offers. I answered the above, and offered Mr. H——— one pair of Black Carriers and a Female Ferret with young, for the Fox Hound. He accepted my offer, I to pay express on pigeons and ferret, and Mr. H. on hound. I shipped to him on June 23d, and paid express. But the hound he won't ship to me. I have written several letters to him since I shipped, but I cannot get answer from him. I have got the letters I received from him before I shipped to him, which I will post to you, if wanted. Is there a protective society? and if so, where would I have to apply? An answer would greatly oblige.

Respectfully, Wm. Austin.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Sept. 4th, 1876.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—There is one man who is sure to get bread when he needs it. —The baker.

—These are fine evenings for leaning over gates.—*Sentimental Exchange.*

Would the leaner be an alligator or an over-gaiter?

—John Brougham says Pocahontas invented the game of poker. Perhaps John is correct, for it is well-known that John Smith *called* her on a *bluff*.

—Col. Sinn is running the Olympic Theatre, New York, and doing well.—*Times.*

Sin is said to flourish like a bay tree—for awhile.

—Herbs left exposed to the air, lose some of their properties. —*Press.*

If exposed long, their owner generally loses all his property.

—Mrs. John T. Raymond was lately thrown off a horse, near San Francisco.—*Herald.*

Would it have been any better to have thrown the lady *on* a horse?

—Among the other strange things this Centennial year has turned up, are a few names. On one of our principal streets John Chinaman has just put up a shingle which tells us "Help Long" has opened a laundry; and on Elm Avenue opposite the main building, Centennial ground, the wayfarer reads "Gottlieb, (God-love) Lauermitch," "Lager Bier."

—It is suggested that the best way to get the fashionable tangle in a lady's hair, is for her to fill it full of Indian meal and set a lot of spring chickens to scratching the meal out.

—Three sons of the Siamese twins are tilling Missouri soil.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Are we to suppose there is a son and a half of each on the Missouri farms?

—A new park has just been opened on the east of New York. It covers five acres of ground between Eighty-fourth and Eighty-sixth streets, Avenue B, and the East river.—*Pub. Ledger.*

"Park!" Why New York you "had ought" to be ashamed of yourself! Five acres is only two-thirds the extent of one of the Philadelphia Squares. Put a few more acres to it Empire, before you call it a park.

—The Black Hills Pioneer says: On Thursday, of this week Jack McClear cleaned up between six and seven hundred dollars, the result of ten hours' work with five men.

It is not clear in what part of the Black Hills Jack McClear "cleaned out" his pot, but it is clear that should Sitting Bull meet with McClear, he would both clean and clear Jack McClear out in less than ten minutes.

—FIGHTING FOR AN EEL.—A fight between two eagles occurred at Masonboro Sound a short time ago. A large number of persons were at the different landings along the sound at the time, when their attention was attracted to the combatants by a piercing cry, often repeated at short intervals. The birds were each of the bald eagle species, and when first observed were about two hundred yards above the Banks channel. One of the birds held pendant from his talons an enormous eel, which the other bird was endeavoring to gain possession of. The bird possessing the eel was taken at a great disadvantage, as it required the use of his talons to hold his prey, which left him but his beak with which to ward off the assaults of his foe. The attacking bird, realizing his advantage, swooped upon his enemy, tearing the feathers and flesh from the back and breast of his opponent. Long and fierce the struggle waged. Each of the birds was of enormous size, yet one of them, taken at so great a disadvantage, at last perceived that resistance was in vain, and after one despairing wail released its prey. As the eel descended and had nearly reached the water, the triumphant bird, with victorious cry, swooped upon it, and firmly closing it in his talons, bore it away to the distant sand shoals. The struggle lasted about fifteen minutes.—*Wilmington Star.*

—THE WORM-SNAKE.—Mr. Editor,—I read with much interest a paragraph in your paper of the 25th inst., wherein an account is given of a supposed "snake," seen by a friend of your Bucks county correspondent. You say in a note, that a similar "snake" had been seen sometime previously in Connecticut. I was walking with my wife a few days since, when my attention was called to what appeared to be a 'snake' about two feet long, crossing a lawn gravel walk. My wife, who has a horror of the genus 'sarpint,' ran off with considerable trepidation. I remained, however, to examine the reptile, and was greatly surprised to find, as described by your correspondent, that it was composed of myriads of small gray worms, each about a sixteenth of an inch in length. The form of combination was precisely that of a snake, small toward the head, larger in the middle, and tapering to a point at the tail. The worms seemed to be crossed, intertwined, and heaped upon each other, but the entire mass moved steadily forward. I have since learned that several of these "snakes" have been seen since by a neighbor, who said that they were the "army-worm," and so called because of their movements bearing a fancied resemblance to a column on the march. Can it be possible that this dreaded pest of the cotton fields has appeared among us?

—*Carroll S. Tyson in Germantown Telegraph.*

Phœnixville, Pa., August 26, 1875.

[NOTE.—We expect to hear from Professor Riley, State Entomologist of Missouri, as to the name and nature of the worms forming this singular combination The "army-worm" does not confine itself to cotton-growing States, but has made its appearance in several western States and is known to feed on other growing crops than that of cotton. It may turn out that this is really that much-dreaded worm.—ED.

—CONTEST BETWEEN BIRDS.—Not long since, while at work on the wood-pile, we heard a tremendous squealing in the orchard, and looking in that direction saw a cooper hawk and jaybird come to the ground together. Went for the gun which had to be loaded; yet when I reached the orchard the squeaking still continued. The birds were in the grass, fired one barrel, which made the thing bounce about three feet high; but before any forward movement was made the second shot was fired, when the bunch came to the ground again. On walking up to where they lay, we took hold of the hawk and lifted it up, found the jay clinging to it and still, as from the start, making a noise. But as soon as lifted up the jay let go, and flew up on an apple-tree, scolding at a great rate. There was blood drawn, but the jay got over it, while the hawk was dead when first picked up.

The jaybird had acted on the defensive, it seems. Yet after this escape from the hawk and two loads of fine shot, he was very near caught by my setter dog, who was in the chase, and who jumped near six feet high and snapped at it as it flew for the tree. The dog's mouth was not three inches from reaching it. This is the second time in my life that I have killed a hawk with a live bird in its claws without killing the latter.

In a little town a few miles from us, there were two canaries left loose in a room, when a butcherbird (great American shrike) flew in and had one in his beak and one in his claws, but mistook the window for the door when intending to retreat, and was shut in and captured. The canaries did not die, and the butcherbird is also a pet now.

I have seen these fellows chase birds as large as themselves, and but for relief a robin would once have fallen a victim to it. The robin struck a wire of a grape-trellis and fell. I drove off the butcher, but the robin was so hurt that it died soon afterwards.—S. M., in *Germantown Telegraph.*

—THE SKUNK (*Mephitis Mephitica*).—Huon, in "Zoo Notes," No. 25, says: 1st. "To his hole in the ground the skunk retires when winter sets in. He does not lay up any food, but being in excellent condition at the time he stows himself away, he lives on his own fat, dozes out his life till the warm sun of spring calls him forth."

The common skunk, like *all* the weasel tribe, is active throughout the year,—equally so in winter as in summer. I have seen his tracks in field and wood in the coldest weather, and the deepest snow. I know of no purely carniverous animal that hybernates.

2d. "The habits of the skunk are strictly nocturnal." They are active by day as well at night. I have *often* seen them abroad at "high noon." In lone and unfrequented places they roam the forest all the day. I met one this summer in the fields in the full glare of the sun.

3d. "His home, which is built with an eye to murder, consists of a horizontal hole, always dug near a pond or still pool of water." No animal *ever* digs a horizontal burrow. The skunk in these mountains usually lives in a hole excavated under the rocks, or in the hill-side, often *far* from any water; indeed there is nothing aquatic in his habits.

4th. "I have often wondered why this terribly offensive secretion was given to any animal. Nearly every book on Natural History tells us that it is a protection against its enemies. I think not." The authorities are right. Because other equally feeble animals are not so armed, is no argument against this theory; they have other means of defense or escape. The badger is a *far* more powerful animal than the skunk, and able to offer successful resistance to most enemies it would be likely to encounter. The weasel, the ermine, and the pine martin, are all remarkable for the celerity of their movements, and can climb the tallest trees with the greatest rapidity and ease. The skunk is no climber, moves along the ground but slowly—could not escape by flight from *any* animal inhabiting the regions where it abounds, and knowing this, it never attempts to do so. Its "terribly offensive secretion" is its *only* means of defense. Without this it would be extirpated from the earth. J. M. MCCANN.

—In illustrating the "Laws of transmission by inheritance" Haeckel in "The History of Creation" says: "A very striking instance is furnished by the hornless cattle of Paraguay, in South America. A special race of oxen is there bred which is entirely without horns. It is descended from a single bull, which was born in 1770 of an ordinary pair of parents, and the absence of horns was the result of some unknown cause. All the descendents of this bull produced with a horned cow were entirely without horns. This quality was found advantageous, and by propagating the hornless cattle among one another, a hornless race was obtained, which at present has almost entirely supplanted the horned cattle in Paraguay. The case of the otter-sheep of North America forms a similar example. In the year 1791 a farmer, by name Seth Wright, lived in Massachusetts, in North America; in his normally formed flock of sheep a lamb was suddenly born with a surprisingly long body and very short and crooked legs. It was therefore unable to take any great leaps, and especially unable to leap across a hedge into a neighbor's garden—a quality which seemed advantageous to the owner, as

the territories were divided by hedges. It therefore occurred to him to transmit this quality to other sheep, and by crossing this ram with normally shaped ewes, he produced a whole race of sheep, all of which had the qualities of the father, short and crooked legs and a long body. None of them could leap across the hedges, and they therefore were much liked and propagated in Massachusetts."

Now I saw during the war, at or near Harrisonburg, Va., a cow whose *descriptive list* as to shape, corresponded exactly with that of this breed of sheep—very long body and very short legs—in fact I do not believe that the belly of the cow was over fifteen inches from the ground. I was disposed to regard her as a *lusus naturæ*, but was informed that she was but one of a breed quite common in that part of the country. I think a history of this breed of cattle would interest others than myself. Will not some one in that locality oblige? or perhaps J. H. McCann can.

PHOCA.

SMALL PET DEPARTMENT

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Sept. 4, 1876.

4 Horned Frogs (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). One presented by Hugh Dugan; two by Wm. G. Seddinger; one by John Seddinger, Phila.
1 Brown Capuchin (*cebus fatuellus*). Presented by Charles Barrett, Phila.
1 Brown Capuchin (*cebus fatuellus*). Purchased.
1 Catbird (*mimus carolinensis*). One Yell-breasted Chat (*Icteria virens*). One Indigo Bird (*Cyanospiza cyanea*). One Wilson's Thrush (*Turdus fuscescens*). Presented by John Pearsall, Phila.
1 Young Alligator (*A. mississippiensis*). Presented by James MacIntyre, Phila.
1 Banded Rattlesnake (*Crotalus durissus*). Presented by Howard A. Kelly, Phila.

ARTHUR E. BROWN, Gen'l Sup't.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 29.

BY HUON.

POMPEY THE LION SPEAKS A PIECE.

Scene: The interior of the GREAT CARNIVORA HOUSE,—*Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Panthers, Jaguars, and Hyenas, awaiting dinner.*

Pompey "rises to explain."

Grw-w-w, grw w-w. When I was first placed in a cage, and began the study of mankind, it was from a very narrow point of view, of course. In my African home I had very few opportunities for the study of ethnology. Man was first brought to my notice only as an addition to the ordinary diet of the country; and when very young I was taught that the very best use to which one of the bifurcated species could be put, was to take it for food. Since I have been caged, however, with a full allowance of good beef and as much fresh water as I want, with nothing to perform for either, save to keep awake and promenade up and down my narrow domicile when visitors call, I have been making mankind my study, and am endeavoring to improve myself in that branch of science. In a few growls I will give what has occurred to me in this great metropolis where I now reside.

The most striking characteristics of these humans who daily visit us, seems to me to be their inordinate vanity, and their inconsistency!

Here were two or three just now whom I overheard in their growls call myself and Minnie "brutes"—"beasts"—"the lower animals"—and in the next breath, bragging about some of their own kind being as "*bold and brave as a lion!*" and speaking of a body of them as "lion-like men"—thereby acknowledging that *we* possess those higher qualities which they are endeavoring to imitate! "Lower animals" indeed! Why I find when those bifurcated artists, poets, painters, and sculptors, want to illustrate beauty, strength, valor, sagacity, gentleness, and patience, they go to the "lower animals" for their examples. Thus, one is as brave as a *lion*—another has the strength of a rhinoceros—another the patience of a camel—another the sagacity of the elephant—another the wisdom of the owl, and another the gentleness and innocence of the lamb. To enumerate all the examples, I should have to growl through the entire animal kingdom. "Lower animals" indeed! Why, a remark of this kind was made here the other day among a crowd of these humans—most of whom had something in his mouth which was on fire at the end, which they call "tobacco" I think, and those who had none on fire, had their mouths filled with it, and were grinding it between their teeth!

Now this is a nasty weed, which but a single one of the "lower animals" will eat, and so filthy is that animal considered in consequence, that none of us would touch his flesh as food were we starving to death! "Lower animals" indeed! G-r-r-w-w-w. G-r-r w-w-w.

Where was I? Oh—as to the effect the remarks of the humans just mentioned had on some of my neighbors, especially the tiger and the hyenas. Why, the former was so roused that he started off up and down the cage in a terrible state of excitement, showing his fangs, and giving angry growls with an irritability he did not care to conceal; and the laugh of the hyenas was something so horrible that I myself could hardly excuse them.

There's Minnie, my wife, she too must come in for a share of abuse; suppose she did neglect those children of her's? suppose my friend Nash (he's one of the humans I have learned to love and respect), did have to take them home and have his good wife to nurse them, what of it? Have'nt your humanesses been sending your cubs or whelps away from you to be nursed for generations past? And because one of Minnie's cubs dies, you send word out and write up a record that it died on account of the "neglect of the mother!" Now, if all the records of this kind which might be written against your human mothers were so recorded, how many of you would escape, do you think? Why, I remember hearing a party speaking about some Frenchman who was put away by his mother, and he saw neither parent until he was twelve years old! What do you suppose he thought of his parents? Did he think them the "higher" or the "lower animals?"

But again, don't I hear, every now and then, of some humaness leaving her cub on a cold winter night in some dark alley, or on some cold stone or doorstep, and of others who beat, whip, and starve their whelps? Has Minnie been as bad as any of these? Ger-w-w-w! gr-w w-w! Now, am I not right in calling you inconsistent, as well as vain? Why, these things are done by you, who have made for yourselves a life beyond this, which you call "immortality" (you deny that life to us!)—that is, you think yourselves so good that you deserve another world to live in—as a reward for your "higher" order of conduct, a world beyond and a life where you are to live in bliss forever and ever! Do you deserve such a life? Don't you suppose I hear about Plymouth Church and those humans which you once called Lion-Beecher and Lion-Tilton? If we of the "lower animals" would call a "committee" to sit in trial on *them*, you would soon see in what "order" we should place them.

And what hard talk there has been, too, about my neighbor and relative, Ben the tiger, because the other day he bit his wife's leg off. Does not one of your hymn-makers say that "Dogs delight to bark and bite, and bears and lions growl and fight"? Why then must a tiger, who is but a cat, be abused for doing the same? Ben was only following up his nature; but how about the human Bens I hear of killing their wives, with clubs, guns, knives,

or any other weapon they can lay their cowardly hands on? That is when they are beastly drunk, you say. By the way, why do you say *beastly* drunk, or drunk as a beast? A beast does not get drunk; he's above that kind of business, and I never knew of but one, Sir Bruin the bear, who could *bear* the taste of rum, and he was made to like it by his human owners.

To be Continued.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BLACK LIST.

Wm. McIntyre, Milton, Pa.

D. PORTER, 251 North Pearl St., Albany, N Y., will exchange a pair of his Homing Antwerps, for a Canary in full song, or Mocking Bird.

W. G. WENCK, McEwensville, Northumberland Co., Pa., will exchange White Leghorns or Partridge Cochins, for offers in Fancy Pigeons.

WILLIAM HUNT, Tivoli, N. Y., offers a Smith & Wesson seven-shooting revolver, one very fine W. L. Cock, and some splendid Plymouth Rocks, in exchange for Black B. R. Game chicks of pure blood, and full pedigree. A splendid chance for fine Plymouth Rocks. Speak quick.

F. M. MASTERS, Everett, Pa., has Plymouth Rock and Brown Leghorn Cockerels, Books on Stock-raising, Bee-keeping, Agriculture, Horticulture, Architecture, &c., to exchange for P. Rock Pullets or Hens of 1875 hatch. Write for what you want.

F. A. PENNINGTON, Delaware City, Del., will exchange 1 pair White Pouters, 1 pair White Carriers, 1 pair Red Carriers, 2 pairs Blue Carriers, 2 pairs Black Carriers, 1 pair Yellow Barbs, 2 pairs Black Barbs 1 Red Barb Cock, 1 pair White Fans, 1 White Ruffle Hen, for Blue or Red Fans, or Black, White, or Red Ruffles.

CHAS. FOSTER, 26 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O., will exchange five pair each, first-class Silver Dun Homing Antwerps and English Highfliers. Wants Shot Gun, offers in Books, and Blue Owl Cock. Birds warranted first-class; same wanted.

D. GILPIN, Concordville, Del. Co., Pa., wants to exchange Plymouth Rock Cockerels (May hatch), for Plymouth Rock Pullets, Dickie's stock, same age. What offer?

ABM. V. N. DeFOREEST, Metuchen, N. J., will exchange a Creve Cœur Cock, 1875 hatch, for White Dorking Cock, same age; Light Brahmas, in exchange for Fancy Pigeons, or a St. Charles Spaniel, a good Single barrel Gun and an Elliott Revolver, for offers.

JNO. V. BISHOP, Springfield, Ohio, has to exchange Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, fowls and chicks; also one pair of Silver Spangled Hamburg chicks, for Fancy Pigeons. They must be good, as I warrant my birds to be perfect in every particular. "Postal cards taken at par."

BOX 86, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 Cock, 4 Hens, 1 Cockerel, and 3 Pullets, Dark Brahmas; 4 hens, 2 Cockerels, 4 Pullets, P. Cochins; 1 B. B. R. Game Bantam Cock, 2 Game Bantam Hens, 1 Maltese Cat, 1 pair Blue Pouters, one pair Mottled Fans, 1 Black Jacobin Cock, for B. B. Red Game Hens and Pullets, Rouen or Aylesbury Ducks, or Bremen Geese, or offers.

N. S. CORNWELL, Northampton, Mass., has 2 Vols. Greeley's American Conflict (new), $10 00; Bound Vols. of Atlantic and Harpers, at $2.00 each, Foreign Reviews, Blackwood, and other Bound Magazines, to exchange for Pullets of any laying breed. Fancy points no object, as it is the Eggs I am after. Please send your offers, and state what books you would like.

NO. 79, WEST CLIFFORD ST., Providence, R. I., will exchange a nice Silver Hunting Case Watch, Detached Lever, for Dark Brahma Pullets. Want only good birds.

ISAAC VAN WINKLE, Box 13, Greenville, Hudson Co., N. J., will exchange a few Fancy Pigeons, for Brown and White Leghorn, and Plymouth Rock Pullets and Hens. My stock has won 50 first premiums in two seasons.

HARRY K. WELSH, York, Pa., will exchange 4 Yellow Tumblers, 2 Black Tumblers, 1 pair White Fantails, 1 pair Red Barbs, 1 Red Barb Hen, 1 Almond Tumbler, 1 pair Magpies, and 1 pair of Red Fantails (with white tails); the two latter pairs are old birds and good breeders; for 1 Mottled Trumpeter Hen, 1 Silver Turbit Hen, 1 Blue Dun Fantail Hen, 1 Silver Dun Fantail Cock, one good Black Tumbler Cock, (small), old birds, and offers in Fancy Pigeons. Will give a good exchange for any or all of the above named birds. Speak quick. All letters, &c., answered.

V. S. TRUCKENMILLER, McEwensville, Pa., wants a good pair of Ferrets in exchange for Dark Brahmas.

E. L. LEWIS, Ansonia, Conn., will exchange 100 choice Black, Red, and Derby Stags, bred for the pit, and 1 fine Setter Pup, for a Breech-loading Shot Gun, light jointed Pole and Reel, or offers; also Wright Poultry Keeper, new, for Dead Shot or Sportsman's Guide.

JOHN F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., wants to exchange 3 good Violins, 1 Double Violin Box, 1 Bird Organ, 1 Bound Volume of Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, 1 Electric Battery, 1 Show Case, 1 Rifle, 2 Old Style Family Clocks, Fowl and Pigeon Exhibition Coops, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Squirrel Cage, 2 Parrot Cages, 1 Red Bird and Cage, a good singer, 1 Accordeon, in good condition, 1 Pool-Wheel, also Fancy Pigeons, for offers. Speak quick.

G. A. S., Box 700, Worcester, Mass., will exchange complete and perfect set of German Silver Draughing Instruments, in rose wood case; and 10 Bound Vols. Littell's Living Age, for P. Cochins, D. and L. Brahmas, P. Rocks, P. Ducks, B. Leghorns, Poultry, and Pigeon Exhibition Coops. Make offers.

S. D. R. SMITH, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange four Dogs and one Bitch, English and Irish Gip Bull Terriers, seven weeks old, best blooded stock known, pedigree given on application, Pups from Irish Gip "Rose," noted pedigree and best English Dog, warranted to be so, for offers.

C. H. PALMER, Plymouth, Mich., will exchange one Double and one Single-barreled Shot Gun, one Spencer Carbine, Sharps' Four-shot Revolver, Violin, Two Pair Canary Birds, Tame Fox Squirrel, for B B. Reds, P. Rocks, Battery, Ferrets, or offers. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write.

C. A. DERR, McEwensville, Northumberland Co., Pa., has to exchange, three pair of White Fans, and Light Brahma Chicks, (Williams strain), for a Black-Mottled Trumpter Hen, Black Jacobin Cock, Brown Leghorns, or offers in Fancy Pigeons. None but good birds wanted.

G. DILLENBERGER & SON, 69 Clifford St., Providence, R. I., will exchange Ferrets, White Angora and Lop-eared Rabbits, for first-class Highflyer and Homing Antwerp Pigeons. None but first-class stock will be accepted, as ours is the same.

NOVELTY PRINTING CO., Albany, N. Y., will exchange fine young male Mocking Birds, for all kinds of old second-hand Novels, or other books.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale, Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN WANTED—J. B. Tuckerman, Eaton, Madison, Co., N. Y., wants a copy of the above work. State condition and lowest cash price.

DINK'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA WANTED—J. S. Edmonds, Box 841, Schenectady, N. Y., wants the above work.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

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1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation ..... "
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5. Handel's Messiah..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle..... ..Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard.
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G. Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
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1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
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5. Walton's Complete Angler.
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READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

E. J. S. HOCK, Topton, Berks Co., Pa., wants a W. C. B. Polish Cockerel, early Spring hatch. Must have a good heavy crest. State lowest price.

J. B. TUCKERMAN, Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y., wants a male Guinea Pig, any color. State age, color, and lowest cash price.

JOHN F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., wants offers for Pigeon and Hen Manure, by the barrel or bushel.

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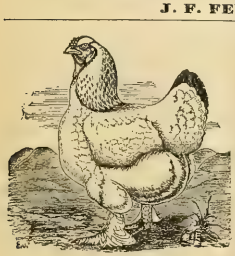

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 18, 1876. No. 36.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE DELL.

There is a lonely rural dell
Where I in summer love to dwell,
In solitude—alone;
Beside a little purling spring
I sit, (as happy as a King)
Upon a moss-clad stone.

The flowering vine perfumes the air,
And floral gems bloom here and there,
Which art cannot excell,
And close beside my shady nook
(O'erhanging with trees) a murmuring brook
Runs winding through the dell.

Where Sol can through the branches gleam
Upon the surface of the stream
The sunbeams seem to dance.
Who could a scene so fair survey
With reasoning mind, and calmly say
"I merely came by chance?"

The more of Nature's works I see,
More wonderful they are to me
And show a grand design.
The tuft of moss that decks the glade,
The dewdrops on the grassy blade
Proclaim a power divine.

The Atheist may a God deny,
But Nature answers in reply:
"Frail creature of an hour,
There is not skill in human heart,
Or power in science to impart
The fragrance to a flower."

PEPPERCORN.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

SERPENTS—FASCINATION.

J. M. MCCANN.

Dr. Barton of Philadelphia, in a memoir published in 1796, advances *all* the arguments offered by Phoca against the theory of the serpent's power to fascinate its prey. And being a gentleman of culture he did not think it necessary to exchange the purity of his native tongue for the lower slang of which Phoca appears to be so great a master. Belonging now, it seems, to the family of the seals, perhaps in the far off future—if the Darwinian theory be true—Phoca may develop into a higher order of being—even into a student of nature, and a reader of her secrets. I have yet to learn that there is any variety of bird or squirrel that would willingly sacrifice its life in defence of its young. Birds and quadrupeds have been seen under the influence of the serpent's fascination by distinguished naturalists, who testify that they were *not* endeavoring to protect their homes, or to save their young. Most animals have an instinctive dread of the serpent, and even the royal tiger will cower and tremble when in the presence of his hooded foe. The author of *Chapters on Snakes* writes: "A friend of mine, in the civil service of Chittoor, had a pet tiger which he kept in a strong iron cage. Some one by accident threw a freshly-slain cobra at his den, which, getting entangled amongst the bars, hung gloomily suspended. The tiger was so dreadfully alarmed at the appearance of this unwelcome neighbor, that he trembled from head to foot, and slunk into the furthest corner of his cage." If, then, the savage lord of the jungle is unnerved and powerless at the sight of a dead cobra, what effect would be produced upon the timid hare, or the feeble bird, by the flaming eyes and the fiery tongue of the living serpent?

Chamber's Encyclopædia, page 252, article Fascination by Serpents, says: "This popular notion has been ridiculed, *but is supported by a large amount of evidence, and has been fully adopted by some of the most scientific observers.*

In the earlier part of last century, Kalm described the rattlesnake as frequently lying at the bottom of a tree, on which a squirrel is seated, and fixing his eyes on the little animal, which from that moment cannot escape, but begins a doleful outcry, comes toward the snake, runs away again, comes nearer and finally is swallowed. LeVaillant describes a similar scene, as witnessed by him in Africa, a shrite incapable of moving away from a serpent which was gazing fixedly at it, and *dying* of fear although the serpent was killed." Dr. Andrew Smith testifies to similar facts as coming under his own observation, and further adds, "whatever may be said in ridicule of fascination, it is nevertheless true that birds and even quadrupeds are under certain circumstances unable to retire from certain of their enemies, and what is even more extraordinary, unable to resist the propensity to advance from a situation of actual safety, into one of most imminent danger. *This I have often seen exemplified in the case of birds and snakes.*"

Here we have the evidence of a distinguished man of science, who relates only what he saw, and who was certainly perfectly competent to determine whether the birds were giving their lives for the young they loved, or were drawn by some irresistible power into the serpent's jaws.

Ellis in his *Three visits to Madagascar*, records anecdotes of the same kind, and one in particular, of a frog apparently unable to move, until an object was placed between it and the eyes of the serpent, when the frog immediately darted away, as if relieved from some mesmeric influence exerted over it. The celebrated French naturalist, Author Magin, speaking of the rattlesnake, page 361, *Desert World*, says: "It feeds principally upon the smaller mammals and upon birds, which it seems certain it posesses a peculiar power of fascinating—the effect it may be of intense fear."

"When the piercing eye of the rattlesnake is fixed on them," says Mr. Murray, terror and amazement render them incapable of escaping; and while involuntarily keeping their eyes fixed on those of the reptile, birds have been seen to drop into its mouth, as if paralyzed, squirrels descend from their trees, and leverets run into the jaws of the expecting devourer."

Lawson tells us that "the rattlesnake has the power to charm squirrels, hares, partridges, and other small animals, in such a manner that they run directly into their mouths. *This I have seen,*

and other snakes have in some measure the same power." A mouse was shut up in an iron box with one of these fascinating rattlesnakes: it sat in one corner, the rattlesnake was opposite to it. The reptile fixed his eye, terrible as Vathek's, upon the little trembler, which was at last forced to throw itself into the mouth of the serpent.* Mr. Gosse, the celebrated author of *The Romance of Natural History*, and other valuable scientific works, is a firm believer in fascination, and quotes several instances from authorities he does not question.

"The smaller snakes," writes a modern traveler in South Africa, "feed on birds, squirrels, and rats, which I am convinced from frequent observation, they are able to charm with their looks. This power of charming I had always doubted, but was convinced by one day watching a venomous black snake, over four feet long, subduing and catching a squirrel which sat on the lower branch of a tree. It was near, and in the rear of Obingje's town. I had gone out to shoot birds, and my attention was attracted by a very peculiar and continued chattering of a squirrel. When I saw it I did not know what to make of its movements. It seemed as though tied to the branch, and very anxious to get away. Its head was thrust forward, its eyes fixed, and glaring; but its body trembled, and was jerked about from side to side. All the time it was screaming and chattering in a really pitiable manner. Following the direction of its glance, I saw the cause of its alarm. The black snake was slowly creeping out on the limb, and as steadily kept its eyes fixed on its victim. The whole curious process went on under my inspection for at least ten or twelve minutes, during all of which time the snake seemed to fix the gaze of the squirrel upon itself. The squirrel came nearer and nearer until it reached the mouth of the snake, which made a spring, grasped its prey in its mouth, and quickly coiled its folds about it." †

In Dr. Russell's *Indian Serpents*, it is written, "When frogs were placed in a corner near to which the snake was coiled up, they remained motionless, as if enchanted, without attempting to escape; but the moment the snake was removed they jumped off, and escaped to the door." The following is recorded in the Annual Register for 1771: "Mr. Cook, a merchant of New York, once observed a cat-bird flying from one branch of a tree to another, and making a doleful tune. At the bottom of the tree, but at a fathom's distance from the stem, lay one of the great black snakes with its head continually upright, pointing toward the bird which was always fluttering about, and now and then settling on the branches. At first it only kept in the topmost branches, but by degrees it came lower down, and even flew on the ground, and hopped to the place where the snake lay, which immediately opened its mouth, caught the bird, and swallowed it." Is it possible to believe that this bird was battling with its enemy for the purpose of saving its young?

"The fascination," Mr. Broderip writes, "of serpents has been stoutly maintained by some, and as strongly denied by others. Acrell notices this phenomenon as being confirmed by the evidence of several of his countrymen, who had been a long while resident of Philadelphia. They relate that the American rattlesnake, which they describe as the most indolent of serpents, unquestionably possessed this power. They declare that, as the snake lies under the shade of a tree, opening his jaws a little, he fixes his glittering eyes upon any bird or squirrel which is in it. The squirrel utters a mournful and feeble cry, and, as if foreseeing its fate, leaps from bough to bough on every side, seemingly to attempt a sudden escape; but struck with the fascination, he comes down the tree, and flings himself with a spring into the very jaws of the enemy. The observations of some Englishmen," continues Acrell, "seem to confirm the truth of this." Mr. Gosse, speaking of his servant upon whom he could rely, says: "Sam has seen a boa ascend a mango tree, on one of whose branches a fowl was perching, and when at some distance from the prey, began to dart out and vibrate its tongue, its eyes fixed on the fowl while it slowly and uniformly drew near, the poor hen all the time intently watching the foe, but without stirring or crying. Help came fortuitously, just as the snake was about to strike, and the fowl was rescued. How strange it is that in widely remote parts of the world we should hear the same statements! Sam has never read what other observers have described about fascination; but he and others affirm, from their own observation, that some such power is exercised." The celebrated traveler Le Vaillant says that he once saw a mouse in agonizing convulsions, about two yards from a snake whose eyes were intently fixed upon it; and on frightening away the reptile, and taking up the mouse, it expired in his hand. How mysterious is this power of the snake! "Arrested in its flight by the basilisk eye of the creature, the birds and small quadrupeds shriek in helpless agony at the spell cast over them, and if no friendly circumstances should break the enchantment, they perish from the mere violence of their emotions." Here we have the testimony of eminent men of science, and of unimpeachable veracity. They have seen in various parts of the world, the fascinating power of the serpent exerted over its victim. What right have we to question the truth of their statements? They are men deeply skilled in the mysteries of nature, and could not have been *all* deceived. Then they are only affirming that which is firmly believed in every part of the earth—by the African Negro and the American Indian, the Australian savage and the Arab of the desert. If *any* bird, or quadruped was ever fascinated by the serpent, *others* may be. I have never seen any variety of squirrel offer the slightest resistance in defense of its young. The bird having perfect confidence in its power of wing, will attack the strongest and fiercest animals if they come near its "babes in the nest." But they would not come down from the tree-tops and throw themselves into the jaws of a serpent—sacrificing their own lives uselessly, and leaving their young to starve.

* Marvels of Instinct, page 358. † *ib.*, page 360.

Literature of American Boys. Do parents, guardians, and, in fact, those interested in the formation of the characters of the rising generation, pay sufficient attention to the class of literature that is freely placed in the hands of their children, which is made especially attractive to them, and may serve in a measure to mould their dispositions and form their characters? We have placed before us by the mail this morning, the copy of a paper issued in New York by a publishing company, the names of the proprietors not given. Its name implies that it is especially designed for circulation among boys, and the following are the titles of some of the leading stories: "Jack the Joker, or the Irish Robber's Apprentice"; "Pat Phelan's Bigamy"; "Fighting his Way"; "Tornado Tim, or the Boy Avenger"; "Nimble Nip, or the Imp of the School." The illustrations are of two policemen engaged in a club fight with each other, six men in desperate combat with pistols and dirks, three men and a boy with club, knife, and fists, and a base-ball match.

This paper and others of its stamp can be seen at any of our news stands, and is freely displayed in the windows of cheap periodical stores, where it is eagerly gazed at by young spectators from without. We leave it to the judgment of all right-minded persons as to what must be the effect of publications of this character upon youthful minds. If elevating, they deserve the most liberal encouragement from the press and people; if debasing, there is no punishment too severe for those who publish and circulate them.—*Ex.*

—Somebody might invent a machine to brush the furze off peaches.

Keely is going to invent it—when he has invented his motor.

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OF POULTRY

Will commence in the city of Philadelphia October 27, 1876, and from present appearances it will be the most interesting exhibition of poultry and pigeons ever held in this country; nothing will be left undone by Mr. Landreth, Chief of Bureau of Agriculture, and Mr. Diehl, superintendent of this department, to make this show a grand and noble success. The time for entering stock has been extended to October 1st, 1876, and it will be well for the fanciers of the United States to remember that the fanciers of England and Canada will exhibit largely, and if we are not up and doing very soon, we will come out of the small end of the horn. We have the stock here at home, as good as any England, France, or Canada will send to the exhibition; never again in our time will such a grand opportunity offer itself to us. Come forward then at once, do not delay longer, fanciers of America—and we will show to the world that we will fear nothing that may come in competition with it. TENNET.

DOYLESTOWN, PA.

QUAIL RAISING.

I am greatly occupied with rural affairs, farming, fruit raising, chicken, goose, turkey, duck, pigeon, and quail culture. I have eleven of the last, nearly four weeks old, hatched by a game bantam, and carefully nursed by her. I keep them in one of my hen houses, 10 x 14, with ground floor, and southeast windows. I give them besides other food, proper for gallinaceous birds, *a dog's fill* of house flies once a day. They gobble them more greedily than any other food. It takes *twenty-two and a half days* to hatch the eggs. I have had bantam eggs in midsummer hatch in eighteen and a half days, and brown leghorns from eighteen days eighteen and a half hours to nineteen days ten hours, after being transported from Freehold, New Jersey. I am satisfied that quail can be reared with great certainty, if they can be kept from running away. To avoid this, it is necessary to plug or putty all nail and worm holes.

The first batch of eggs was trusted to a silky hen, who must have emigrated from Japan, in the days of her exclusiveness, for she killed every bird the moment it emerged from the shell. I discovered this in time to save one still in ovo, by giving it to a tolerant republican bantam. Another bantam hatched the second batch, and will probably raise all of them. None are drooping. They are very tame. DAVID TAGGART.

POSTAL CARDS NOT ANSWERED.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I would like to add a few words to this controversy.

B. G. says that when a person asks for information that is solely for his benefit, he should enclose return postage. We must all agree with him in that particular. But he says, further, that when he writes for information about a wagon, chickens, or eggs, he encloses a stamp. Doubtless he intends these as examples where the interest is all on the side of the buyer. If so, I think he is in error. If I have anything to sell, it is for my advantage to advertise the article as much as possible. If I ask an enquirer to pay me for giving him information in regard to anything which I wish to sell him, it is in my judgment as P. Card says, impudent, but not a bit independent. I am simply asking the applicant or buyer to share my expense incurred in advertising. The non-answering of postal cards does not suggest to me "high tone" or "fine hairedness," but the opposite qualities.

Suppose I write by card to Mr. A. making enquiries in reference to his fowls, and receiving no reply, call at his place, and he devotes an hour's time to me. I buy nothing. He could have given me the information sought for one or three cents, in five or ten minutes. Which would have been the cheaper?

Suppose, again, that on visiting Mr. A. he refuses to show his fowls or say anything about them until I pay him a certain amount. How would such a man be regarded in any community? And yet I see no difference between this act, and that of refusing to answer my enquiries made by letter.

B. G. also says that not one in twenty applicants for circulars are heard from again. Of course not. Is not the case exactly similar in any business? Let B. G. visit one of the large stores in Boston or elsewhere in the busy season. How many of those who engage the clerk's attention, buy or even entered with the intention of buying? Would it not be the height of absurdity to require each to pay on entering for the privilege of examining goods?

Not a few poultry buyers, or buyers of anything, have long since determined to *let entirely alone* these "No Postal Cards Answered," dealers, unless they much desire something they have that cannot be obtained elsewhere. If others would do likewise these non-answering, stamp-required gentlemen would soon learn that the public was not sufficiently interested in the disposal of their wares to pay a portion of their advertising expenses.

P. CARD, 2d.

WORCESTER, Sept. 10, 1876.

For The "Fanciers' Journal."

PEKIN DUCKS.

J. Boardman Smith, North Haven, Conn., writes: "I have to-day weighed a pair of my Pekin Ducks, eight weeks old to-day, and they weighed just 10 lbs. and 11 oz. I call this a remarkable growth, considering they have had only a tub of water, and feed nothing but a mixture of cracked corn, ground oats, wheat bran, cocoanut, meat, ground beef scraps, and loppered milk. For dessert, fresh water, clams, parsley, plantain, clover, and twich grass. What will they weigh when *eight months* old?

KENTUCKY POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to notice a number of poultry fanciers met in convention in Louisville on the 19th ult., for the purpose of organizing a State Association. Mr. Robert Dunlop, Jr., was called to the chair, and Dr. W. H. Merry elected secretary.

It was then resolved that a Poultry Association be organized under the name of the "Kentucky Poultry Association."

The following gentlemen became members: B. Beckmann, Walter Williams, John H. Thierman, W. Walker, C. W. Gruber, Jr., A. Bindawal, Randolph Martin, P. T. Barnett, Robert Dunlop, Jr., E. B. Hartwell, Bennett H. Young, C. H. Maydwell, Dr. C. W. Kelly, J. L. Franck, and Dr. W. H. Merry, all of Louisville.

Election of officers was then proceeded with, resulting in the election of the following gentlemen: President, Robert Dunlop, Jr.; treasurer, E. B. Hartwell; secretary, Dr. W. H. Merry.

A constitution and by-laws for the Association were drawn up

and adopted, and the meeting adjourned to meet on the 28th ult.

The adjourned meeting was held on the 28th ult., when the following gentlemen became members: Vin Bradas, Jacob Schulz, and A. Faulkner.

The following officers were then elected: Vice-Presidents, Vin Bradas, A. Faulkner, C. H. Maydwell, Jacob Schulz, P. T. Barnett, Bennett H. Young; Executive Committee, Robert Dunlop, Jr., E. B. Hartwell, Dr. W. H. Merry.

The Association will hold their first show at Louisville, on Dec. 26, 27, and 28, 1876, and there is every reason to believe that it will be a great success.

Before the meeting adjourned the following motion was proposed and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, This Association, to a great extent, owes its organization to the *Southern Poultry Journal*, and appreciating the energy it is displaying to develop the poultry interest in the South,

Resolved, That the members of the "Kentucky Poultry Association" pledge themselves to do their utmost to promote and encourage the *Journal* in its work.

Resolved, That it be the organ of the Association, and that all the members use their best endeavors to increase its circulation and sphere of usefulness.

The Association then adjourned to meet at 83 Eighth street, Louisville, Sept. 23d, at 8 o'clock, p. m.—*Southern Poultry Journal.*

INQUIRY ANSWERED.

Editor Journal:

In the last number of the Journal, a correspondent asks how to remove lice from Bobolinks. Have had no experience with Bobolinks, but have been successful in attracting lice from canary birds, by spreading a white cloth over the cage at night. In the morning the lice are found on the cloth. Yours truly.

Geo. A. Stockwell.

Worcester, Sept. 10, 1876.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

TASTE.

Taste, in relation to the various effects produced upon the tongue or palate, of whatever property or color, belonging to the animal or vegetable kingdom, has already been commented upon in these columns, with their various nutriments and necessities to the body in different circumstances and climates; but the higher taste pertaining to the exercise of all the senses, and the judgment of the intellect of external objects, its proper appreciation of true proportions and color of things in nature and art, we consider of equal, if not of higher excellence to the civilized and meditative mind, in the full attainment of human happiness. But while we would advocate an equality in the education of both (although the latter *may* be in the minority) for the maintenance and development of our species, we must concede that as the soul becomes inspired in admiration of the lovely, the bodily concerns sink into greater indifference. But while the animal senses may seldom ever err, in deciding what is bitter, sweet, or sour, the intellectual may not always so accurately define, with harmony, curves, colors, shapes, and combinations, in accordance to æsthetic taste. This perception comes partly by culture and partly by intuition, and training of the moral faculties as well.

Good taste is exemplified peculiarly, by the operations and constructions of the carpenter, mason, or mechanic, in their diversified arts, because necessity, experience, and ambition impels them to neatness and perfection; but in the poet, the painter, and the architect is concentrated a higher and grander embodiment of orthodox taste,—if we may be allowed the term,—the chief study of the architect being to combine beauty, strength, and adaptability, in his structures, whether he builds according to any of the five ancient orders,—Tuscan, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, Composite,—or a due mixture of either of them, according to the necessities of the case.

In the various professions of the painter,—whether he portrays the human form divine, or whether he paints a landscape, bird, fish, or flower, or if he is a decorative, or textile designer,—he cannot undertake these tasks without due devotion and study of nature. And what a feast of admiration the artist often presents to mankind, and sometimes emolument to himself or employer, in the reproduction of natural objects in gold, silver, wood, marble, wax, &c., &c., as well as in the combination, in outline and color, of attractive designs in household ornamentation, or the embellishment of textile fabrics; a desire for novelty being one of the keenest faculties of the mind.

When Sir Titus Salt of Bradford, England, devised machinery to work up and spin the alpaca goat's hair so that he could weave and produce the sheeny fabric called after the animal's name, so much resembling silk—at about quarter the cost—he touched a sympathetic chord, which thrilled throughout Europe and America, and made himself a Knight and a millionaire. Mons. Jacquard, a Frenchman, who lived in the time of the first Napoleon, who made himself quite as immortal, and was certainly the greatest benefactor to mankind of the two, by his invention of a machine called after his name, which, when constructed upon the loom, can be arranged to portray any pattern of any animal, plant, or flower, or even delineate in silk, landscapes or likenesses as finely as a well executed steel plate, or any combination of forms the designer finds appropriate for the cloth woven. As the result of this, we can walk on representations of gorgeous groups of flowers, and have them emblazoned on curtains and furniture, so much so as to convert home into a paradise as comfortable as the original, while Eve never had the pleasure of clothing her sacred person with such elaborate patterns as the modern ladies attire in. Previous to this invention, figured cloths could only be made by embroidering by hand, and of course was beyond the means of the million. Cotton chintz, or painted fabrics had been imported from India, but these subsided on the advent of Brocades and Damasks, &c. The highest concern of a true artist is not so much to get gain—although reward and wealth may be a sequence—as to attain pleasure in the perfection of his labors.

An ancient master, after several years' labor, having finished his painting, was asked its price. He replied, "It is beyond all price." He retained it for a few years, and then presented it to a friend. But we fear this class of nature's true noblemen is fast giving place to patent medicine makers and charlatans.

The poet, in his admiration of the beautiful in nature and art, diffuses to others his inspirations in poetic form, which produces in the sympathetic soul responsive meditation and holier contemplation of the wisdom displayed by the Creator, and a more appreciative sensibility to the works and struggles of humanity. There are undoubtedly obstacles in establishing a standard of taste for all (and especially in the standard of excellence for poultry), because in some things it is so evanescent, particularly when ruled by a popular passion for certain styles, with for instance in fashion of dress, as well as in prevailing styles in architecture or furniture; but the fundamental principles, in combination of color or form remain immutably the same, only they are diversified in catering to public curiosity. Worth, the prince of Paris milliners, is fully conscious that however his styles in dress may please his patrons, they will only be worthily esteemed for a limited time, and be succeeded by others *ad infinitum*. But the successive designs are only flowers of different hues and shapes,—and who ever saw a flower, with its colors not exquisitely matched, in which the critic may invariably find the same controlling inexorable law pervading all nature, that governs the artists in their multiform productions for public approbation. Nature is continually teaching us, by her changing scenes and seasons, to abhor monotony, and the reader will probably concur with us in our opinion that men in civilized life, and women more especially,

are not loth to obey her admonitions. Spring comes to cheer us, dressed in her dainty green, studded with fragrant pink blossoms. The merry lark from out of her hiding-place ascends and warbles till out of sight, and after. Summer succeeds, laden with a delightful profusion of flowers, the mountains clad with verdure, and the little hills rejoice on every side, while some sections are blessed with the melodious serenade of the nightingale.

A new kaleidescopic scene follows in autumn when the golden fruit bends the bough, and the earth yields her increase; while the forest sombre greens are changed to red, russet and brown, with an intermingling of tertiary tints. And last of all comes winter, like a warrior, and sets his fierce elements in battle array to destroy every vestige of the summer's grandeur, and having subdued the earth, bids the vanquished inhabitants be merry, while he spreads his fleecy mantle over all, as if to make the greatest contrast. Then comes the sweet enjoyments of the luxuries, and good taste of home, but here we cannot omit the glowing lines of Thomson:

> Look Nature through—'tis revolution all;
> All change—no death. Day follows night, and night
> The dying day. Stars rise and set, and rise;
> Earth takes the example. See; the summer gay,
> With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
> Droops into pallid autumn. Winter gay,
> Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
> Blows autumn and his golden fruits away,
> Then melts into the spring. Soft spring with breath
> Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
> Recalls the first. All to re-flourish, fades;
> As in a wheel all sinks, to re ascend:
> Emblem of man, who passes, not expires.

To the mind who can read sermons in stones can certainly read homilies, in these revolving views; unerring beauty in every form, inimitable perfection in color, and a manifestation of love from the Creator to all his creatures. Here then to the inquirer, is the grand standard of taste. Whatever in art pleases the eye, here we have the original, and the closer we adhere to the copy, the more shall we approach perfection. In the structure of flowers, plants, and trees, the architect may learn a lesson. The artist, with his matchless skill, finds a pleasing task; whilst the poet always finds food for reflection and reverence. But all persons are not poets, painters, and builders, and consequently have not the same appreciation. They may have equal culture and learning, but their thoughts and labors are beguiled into more selfish and sensual channels. However profound a judge may be in the law, if he does not love justice from moral principles, but allows corruption or prejudice to warp his reasoning, his decisions will be unjust and erroneous. So if a man allows himself to be overcome with avarice, or any other vain glories, his passions may be exercised in. As a connoisseur in art or manufactures, his criticisms would be by no means reliable, except in case of a specialty he might be interested in. A fancier of poultry would see with a keen eye every point of beauty and excellence in the Brahma, Polish, or Hamburgs, but might look upon a field of daisies, unlike Burns, with no fascination. (We trust these are exceptions.) Put a flower into the hand of a miser, and although he would admit it was pretty, would look upon it with the cold eye of indifference, but place before him a gold piece, or an empty promise greenback, and presto, change! delight beams in his countenance. Is there anything so universally magnetic as money? It is a necessity as a medium by which to transact business; but to fall down and worship it, and make its acquirement the chief end of life, is an evil. Love for horses is creditable, so far as concerns treating them with kindness; but to have an inordinate passion for the noble steed, and unable to see any beauty in other objects—using him as a medium for dishonorable gain, is truly unreasonable taste.

However we may vary in our ideas of the details, the fundamental principles of beauty are acknowledged by all. Whoever denied that the horse is superior to an ass, a swan more graceful than a goose, a peacock handsomer than a frizzly hen, a tall poplar with its trembling foliage, grander than a scrub oak, a chaste, snowy white, unfolding calla, or the portly, delicately painted and chiseled lily to a dandelion. To treat the subject further with regard to taste, as it pervades all the ramifications in the whole economy of human life, we will leave to the philosopher, and satisfy ourselves with quoting the sayings on this topic of one who lived over eighteen centuries ago: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." BRICS.

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE DOGS AT THE EASTERN PENITENTIARY, PHILADELPHIA.

It has been stated that application had been made at the Eastern Penitentiary for bloodhounds to chase criminals. A reporter of the *Bulletin* has visited that institution, and interviewed the Warden, who began with:

"There have at times some pretty exaggerated stories crept into the newspapers about us here, but you may say that we have not, as yet, grown quite that bad. In fact, our dogs never see the convicts nor do the convicts see them. We keep them solely for watch dogs, for the purpose of intimidation, and their presence has a very salutary effect. In addition to those I have named, we have two full-bred English bull dogs and a few of mixed breed, or what I call curs. 'Czar' is not so large a hound as many of those owned by the brewers in Brewertown. Nevertheless, he is a fine specimen of the breed. He is of medium size and a bright, intelligent animal. None of our dogs are vicious. If they find any stranger roaming about the yard, especially about the gates, they will seize him, but you could walk all over the place provided a watchman accompanied you and, beyond keeping your company, they would do nothing."

"What about the story published some time ago of a bloodhound attacking a keeper?"

"That was very much exaggerated. A couple of the dogs had been fighting, and one of the men separated them, and in doing so was slightly bitten by one of them. About half an hour afterwards the dog approached him, and supposing the animal was going to make an attack, he drew his pistol and shot him. Some time ago one of the men ill-treated one of the hounds, and the animal resented it but the man kept him off with his stick until he backed into a doorway, and that was all there was of it. It is the curs that are treacherous, as was shown in this instance, for while the hound attacked from the front, some of the curs attacked from the rear and tore his pantaloons."

"Then you don't keep bloodhounds to devour prisoners?"

"Bless your soul, no! We prefer the hounds simply for their

endurance. They run all night and never seem to tire, and, as I have said, they show no treachery. We change our watchmen every half hour, and generally three or four dogs accompany each man. Why, as an evidence that our dogs are not so bad as painted, when we get on a new watchman we never bother about the animals. The old watchman shows him the rounds once, and then transfers to him his club, which all carry. The dogs stand by and look on, and the transferring of the club satisfies them that the new man is all right, and they accompany him as quietly as well-bred dogs know how. Yes, they generally keep barking all night, but we all get used to it. I'm never annoyed, except when 'Czar' barks, unless it is necessary, and he has a peculiar voice that cannot be mistaken. When he gives warning I'm always on the alert. Would you like to see him?"

We said we would. Whereupon the Warden conducted us through his little paradise of a garden, sweet with the perfume of flowers, and wherein hung a number of canaries, in pretty cages—the feathered songsters sleeping as soundly, with their heads beneath their wings, as though they were just tired out with doing the Centennial—to an iron-barred gate that admitted one into the yard of the Penitentiary proper. Taking from his pocket a whistle such as car-drivers use, the Warden blew a blast, and almost instantly "Czar," three of the hounds and one of the curs came tearing along like a pair of horses attached to a steam fire engine and making as much noise as their throats would admit of—the cur leading. Following them came the watchman, with his short hickory staff, to whom Mr. Townsend explained the object of the visit, while a couple of beautiful black and tan terriers, either of which you could carry in your coat pocket, and which are the private property of the Warden's family, kept dashing at the gate, eager for a combat. Their frantic efforts to reach him seemed to amuse "Czar," who ceased his barking to philosophize over their foolishness. Both of them wouldn't have made as much as a lunch for him.

"Did you notice 'Czar's' peculiar ringing bark?" said the Warden. We answered that we did.

"Well, whenever I hear that bark I know there's something wrong, and the prisoners know it as well as I do, and fear it."

And then as we once more entered the cheerful sitting-room of the Warden's dwelling, he told us of the female black and tan, which panted so eagerly to fight the 'Czar,' and her many little traits. How the female bloodhound, losing one of her pups, carried it out, dug a grave, and deposited it therein, filled with earth, and, carefully padding it, returned to the rest of her little ones. And then hearing the State House bell tolling the hour, for we did hear it, new bell as it is, we bade the Warden good night, and left the faithful official in charge of those whose crimes have hid them from the general view.—*Evening Bulletin.*

An Interesting Incident.—One night, recently, at Boston, a patrolman had brought in a ragged, dirty four-year old gamin and his dog, the waifs having been found comfortably riding in a Red Line coach, and neither knew where nor seemed to care. The driver of the coach said the biped and quadruped got in with other passengers on Causeway street near the Eastern depot, and he did not take notice of them again until they had gone a couple of miles toward the South End.

When the officer lifted the little fellow, the canine, a very handsome, bright female, became very much interested as to what was to be done with her charge, for she seemed to feel the responsibility of a mother. On the way to the station-house she would jump up against the officer's legs, look inquiringly in his face and then at the youngster in the same manner. When they arrived in the office the actions of the child and dog were quite amusing.

The little fellow at first was very uneasy, and the dog seemed equally disturbed. When the officers found that all they could learn of the lad was his name, Georgie Wood, they sat him down on the floor. This pleased the dog, which had stuck closely to Georgie, and the two soon commenced playing. Presently, the boy became drowsy and the dog appeared glad to lay down by his side for a nap, and they would soon have been sleeping had not Lieut. Pierce brought along part of his midnight lunch.

The child's eyes began to open as he crammed his mouth with cake, and the dog drew up closer, watching eagerly for his share, which was sure to come, for it was evident from their actions that they lived together and had everything in common. When a bowl of water was brought them, the child drank and then the dog, and the division of the supper—all they had had for the day, the boy said, was continued to the end.

The dog had throughout shown the greatest affection for the child, but when the food came his behavior was noble. For a while he took only the crumbs that fell from the little hand, not offering to touch the tempting food held close to his nose or laid down by his feet when the child drank. After they feasted they had a frolic, which lasted till they were both tired out. Then the lad wanted something to "cover them both up," and they cuddled together and went to sleep.

How to keep a Dog.—Don't keep him tied at all hours, if any. Monotony for an animal is as tedious to bear as for a person. See that he has fresh water to which he can have access every hour. Don't leave it to Peggy or Jemima or Peter; if you do, your faithful animal will not know what a good, pure drink is, or, at least, but seldom. Take him to walk. He loves the woods and a walk quite as well as you do. Don't overfeed him one day and neglect him a week afterwards. Show him that you love him. Be firm when he disobeys; but firmness does not mean beating. Do not let his food flavor of sameness, for he needs variety and frequent change to be healthy. Never kick a dog or allow a servant to do it. Whip him when he needs it, but first be sure that you do not need the whipping yourself. Don't think you are going to keep a dog and never have any trouble. If you expect to get along without that, buy a toy dog.

Your dog will come bounding to you sometimes with wet and muddy paws; he *will* bark at your friend, just when you want him to be quiet, and by way of variety he will chase a hen. But be patient; he is worth all the trouble you will have with him, for when the light of his loving eye is gone, and he is no longer at your door to welcome you, it will be a pleasure and a comfort to you to remember that you bore with his faults.

Keeping a dog tied all the time makes him savage or dull. It gives him but half a life. Before resorting to such a treatment for your dog, think whether it would be agreeable to yourself to be at the end of a chain or rope all your days.

Reward your dog with pleasant words when he obeys you. Do not allow children to tease him when he needs sleep and rest. Above all things, after your faithful animal has learned to wait your coming, and to know your step among a crowd, don't go and coldly sell him or give him to a stranger. Count the cost of his keeping before you have gained his affection.

Follow these rules and you will be rewarded by a faithful and loving companion, one who will never leave you when your fame or fortune wanes—one who will love you and serve you till death with a fond and true affection.—*Selected.*

—A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an ivory handle to the slate-roofed grocer's store, he will hear of something to his advantage as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

PIGEON DEPARTMENT.

JOTTINGS.

A couple of anecdotes are told of a late breeder of pigeons in this city, which are too good to be lost, though I would not advise any beginners to take copy from them. The said pigeon-breeder sold a number of young Tumblers to a gentleman of his acquaintance, and informed him, when it was inquired how long birds should be confined in their new home, that about three weeks would be long enough. The purchaser was about to leave, being highly satisfied with his bargain and pleased at the prospect of allowing the pigeons their liberty so soon, when he was stopped by the words "look here! here's a couple of old cocks I have no mates for; take them along too." The man was only too glad to do so, for, being a novice, he reasoned "the more the merrier," and put them in his basket with the squealers.* The birds were locked up the time advised and, when let out, gladdened the owner's heart by remaining for some hours upon the roofs in the neighborhood. Soon, however, a loud clapping of wings was heard, and the old birds, which had been "thrown in" to fill up the basket, started in a bee line for home, and, naturally enough, off flew all the young ones in their wake. The old birds were of the sort known as "tollers." He visited his loft at night and it was silent and empty. Whether the birds were reclaimed and again obtained possession of we do not venture to say. We hope so; but, if the following is true, the chances perhaps are a little slim.

A disconsolate young man, who had previously purchased birds of this same breeder, once came to inquire if his fine yellow cock had returned to its former owner. The acute pigeon keeper, strewing hemp-seed in the yard, called "*tib, tib, tib,*" and down showered the Tumblers from the eaves. As they were scrambling over one another eagerly devouring the seed, the question was put, "Do you see your birds among them?" The unpracticed eyes of the beginner were utterly unable to do so, though he thought he made a thorough examination; and he sadly and hopelessly went away. "D——ish fool! couldn't tell his own bird—I saw him all the time!" P. B.

ITEMS.

A CUNNING BEAR.—A small menagerie exhibited at a fair in a village in Ayrshire was much crowded with visitors. Among the animals was a brown bear, not shut up in a cage, but fastened by a chain in a corner of the area, which was fenced off by a slight rail, that people might not go too near him. A woman who was there with a basket selling gingerbread, however, went so near that bruin, putting forth his huge paw, clutched the basket which he quickly drew from her hand, emptying most of its contents upon the ground within the space allotted to himself. She began to make some attempt to recover her gingerbread, but the animal, offering no violent resistance, quietly lay down upon it, and then proceeded to draw it forth piece by piece, and to eat it at his leisure. Something of reason was surely displayed by the bear in adopting this method to secure possession of the gingerbread.

DANGEROUS ATTACK FROM A DOMESTIC CAT.—One of the strangest and most persistent attacks we have ever heard of was made on Monday, by a cat upon a little girl whose name we could not learn, who with two companions had been out berrying, and had approached Mr. S. B. Branton's house, on the convent property, to obtain a drink of water. The children no sooner appeared at the door than a house cat, which had been quietly dozing in the sun, made a spring at one of the children, and with teeth and claws bit and tore the child's face and shoulders in a dreadful way. Attracted by its shrieks, Mr. Branton, who had been at work near by, ran up, and snatching the child in his arms, beat the maddened and infuriated animal off with a club. Thrice was the attack attempted to be renewed upon the same girl, and had assistance not been at hand there is no doubt the beast would have overcome the child. Mr. Branton's clothes were covered with blood.—*Chatham (C. E.) Planet.*

HARNESSING A STURGEON.—Mr. Robert L. Pell, residing near West Park, on the Hudson, has made an experiment in utilizing a sturgeon, from which he has extracted much entertainment for himself and visitors. Having caught a fine fish of the kind, nine feet long, it occurred to him that it was sufficiently powerful to draw a boat with at least one man. The fish was therefore secured until a leather and rope harness could be attached to his body, in a way which prevented its slipping back of the fins. The fish was placed in an artificial lake, about a quarter of a mile long, on the grounds of Mr. Pell.

In order to obtain the services of the sturgeon when needed, a pair of rope reins, eighteen feet long, were attached to the harness, and these were fastened to a large cork float, which swam upon the water. A boat five and a half feet long and two and a half wide, was then constructed. It could contain but one man, and in that Mr. Pell took his seat, and attached the chain at the bow to the floating cork. The sturgeon soon began to move, and the moment he realized that a further impediment existed to his movements he shot frantically ahead. The boat swayed to and fro, and the spray, dashing furiously from the prow, flew in every direction. Frequently the gunwale was an inch or two below the water's edge, but such was the rapidity of motion that the water had not time to overflow it. The lake being but seventeen feet deep, and the reins eighteen feet long, there was no possibility of being pulled under the water by the diving of the fish, and the career of the boat was uninterrupted. The sturgeon kept near the sides of the lake, and swam four times around without slacking his pace. He then rose to the surface, rolled on his back, and exposed his white stomach to the sunshine, as if to say, "I have swum long enough, and am not going any further."

Mr. Pell, satisfied with his experience, then detached the boat from the float and landed. The fish soon again disappeared. At each subsequent sail, whether by Mr. Pell or any one else, the fish would rush regularly four times around the lake and no more. He would then, as at first, regularly roll over on his back and rest.

A neighbor of Mr. Pell caught a large sturgeon, and imitated his experiment in the river. Matters worked well for a few moments, but it suddenly occurred to the sturgeon to dive. This, the river being deep, he could easily do. To the dismay of his owner, under went the cork float, and a violent jerk at the prow of the boat was a warning to jump into the stream. The boat went down, and was lost to sight for several minutes. That was the beginning and end of harnessing sturgeon as a river pastime.

THE

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MIDDLESEX POULTRY ASSOCIATION AT LOWELL.

The annual meeting of the Middlesex Poultry Association was held Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 6th, in the Citizens' Committee Room, Huntington Hall, Lowell, Mass. The old board of officers was re-elected, as follows: President, Mr. Laurin Martin of Lowell; Vice-Presidents, Mr. George F. Penniman of Lowell, and Mr. George V. Fletcher of Belmont; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. E. T. Rowell of Lowell. The Executive Committee consists of the above-named officers, and John H. Nichols, W. H. Hope, W. M. Noyes, Neil Thompson, John McQuestion of Lowell; Philander Williams of Taunton; J. Henry Symonds, Woburn; Charles H. Edmonds, Melrose; D. F. Ellis, North Cambridge; W. Frank Bacon, Lexington. Some new members were admitted, and the Treasurer's report was accepted and adopted. The annual exhibition is to be December 5th, 6th, and 7th, when a large number of premiums and special prizes will be awarded. Several of the latter have already been contributed. Very many fowl fanciers have signified their intention of being present with specimens; a band will furnish music on both evenings, and the prospect is for one of the best exhibitions yet given.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INFORMATION WANTED ABOUT PARROTS.

EDITOR FANCIER'S JOURNAL:

Can you inform me of a good remedy which will cure Parrots when they have a cold, with difficulty of breathing. If you can, please let me know through the JOURNAL. My birds are young, and I should not like to lose them. Also a remedy for lice.

E. R. KRAUSE & BRO.,
P. O. Box 508, Zanesville, Ohio.

POSTAL CARD.

DEAR EDITOR:

Good for "*Postal Card*,"—in your JOURNAL, No. 34, he is right. I can save *ten dollars* per annum by using the handy little "Postals." They are more convenient too, and I am willing to let all concerned see my offers to my correspondents for the stock I have as a specialty. I have enclosed Cards to others for their use in answer to my enquiries, and they almost invariably would answer in a white envelope and send ten words on a whole sheet of heavy paper. Save it, save it, and give the benefit to your customers; run on a cheap scale as far as communication goes. Give us your right hand, brother "P. C."

P. CARD, JR.

HOLLIS CENTER, Sept. 4, 1876.

SATISFACTION EXPRESSED.

I am glad to say that through your exchange columns we made several exchanges, all of which were satisfactory.

WORCESTER, Sept. 10, 1876. G. A. S.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—6,500 persons visited the Philadelphia Zoological Garden Sunday, August 27, and the receipts were $1,972.

—A notice of a steamboat explosion in a western paper ends thusly: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid; she was insured for $15,000, and loaded with iron."

—A writer speaking of the late Matthew Vassar, founder of the college which bears his name, says among other things that "in early life he was an oyster seller."

Doubtless then, he had often good stews and fries in him.

—*Suspicious Mother.*—"Johny, last Monday morning I found several long golden hairs on the lapel of your Sunday coat!"

Dutiful Son.—"Yes mother—fact is my girl put a head on me Sunday night!"

—Norway makes a very imposing exhibit of cod-liver oils.—*Ledger.*

So do some of the dealers about here—*imposing* lard scented with codfish, for the genuine.

—A Berks county artist has painted a bunch of onions, which exhibits strength.

A Jersey man last week looked at the painting and swore the bunch of onions was nothing but "Ingins."

—WHAT'S IN A NAME?—John Shortguts writes to the London *Times*, complaining that the Heralds' College won't change his name to Brown He says his sons are teased by their schoolmates and nobody will marry his daughters.

—A woman in Albany is on trial for cruelty to a cat.

The poor cat's offense was taking a cat-nap in a fine bed of catnip when she met with the broomstick cat-astrophe, which fell upon her with the force of a cat-a-ract, and the weight of a cat-a-pultic stone, falling from the Cats-kills, which, coming upon the poor cat-a-sauq, killed her as dead as though she had been seized with a cat-a-leptic fit in one of the cat-a-combs of Egypt, or a coal mine of the cat-a-wissa. *Requies-cat.*

—We may as well quote a bit of obituary poetry which recently appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper, because nothing more wonderful in the way of rhyme was ever constructed. Here it is: "Our little Sallie did to heaven go, Baby life so fleet is. She was afflicted with the cerebro-Spinal meningitis. 'Tis hard to loose our Sallie so, But the reflection sweet is, That she's gone where there is no cerebro-Spinal meningitis." A lovelier little bit of elegiac poetry we do not remember to have read, albeit the demise of the infant population is continually calling out that sort of thing.

—WASTE TOBACCO.—Tobacco is boiled at the Richmond Cavendish Company's bonded works in Liverpool, to make a wash for sheep. As much as 28 cwt. has been boiled down on the premises in a single day, and on one occasion the Mersey river authorities were put to much perplexity and trouble by the difficulty of sinking a mass of refuse which had been sent out to sea, and persisted in floating back with the incoming tide. There were about 50 tons of it, and days passed before it could be induced to disappear. The decoction of tobacco is adulterated with sulphate of copper, turpentine, and salt, as soon as it is cool, and the exhausted leaf partially destroyed (denicotised) with quicklime before leaving the boiling house, under the direction of the customs. This prevents either the waste or the refuse from being used in

tobacco manufacture afterwards. Each gallon of the sheep wash contains the essence of 24 ozs. of strong American leaf. The preparation, which is allowed to be sold free of duty, has found favor not only among breeders of sheep, but among agriculturalists and gardeners, as an effective vermin destroyer.—*John Dunning, in Journal of Applied Chemistry*

—The preparing of the skin of the fur-seal is at present monopolized by certain firms in London. It consists of three processes. The first, the plucking by hand from the inner side of the skin the long hairs that project beyond and hide the fur; second, the shaving and tanning of the skin; and lastly, the dyeing. How to change the light brown of nature to the deep rich brown of the furrier shops, was said to be a secret known to but one house in the world—and that in London—but a German in San Francisco has of late shown specimens of his own dyeing that compare favorably with the best imported work. The American traders receive $10 each for the raw skins, while the American purchaser of dressed skins must pay $40. It is proposed now to establish an Industrie in San Francisco to do the work there, thereby saving the expenses of transportation and duty, with the enormous profits the English demand. It is estimated that 150,000 skins of the fur-seal pass through San Francisco annually, from the islands of Alaska and Kamschatka.

—THE VORACITY OF FISHES.—In your issue of June 24, you give us an engraving of fish-hooks, &c., found in the stomach of a cod, by Mr. Frank Buckland. Some of our southern streams contain voracious fish. An acquaintance of mine caught a catfish in a lake on the Arkansas River, near Little Rock, some few years since, from the stomach of which was taken the larger part of an ox liver, twenty-three hen's eggs, three puppies, and a child's shoe. Whether the fish had swallowed the child whole, and it had been digested by the juices of the catfish's stomach, and the shoe alone remained to tell the child's sad fate, or whether the child escaped the jaws of the voracious fish, losing only its shoe in the *rencontre*, the evidence was not sufficiently clear to determine. But that the above enumerated articles were found in its stomach is undeniable; and I think this is enough to establish the fact that the catfish is also a voracious fish. ROBERT L. STEEL,
In Scientific American.

—THE DUBLIN LIONESS.—In the report of the council of the Dublin Zoölogical Gardens, there is an account of the death of one of the lionesses, in which is noted a touching incident, worthy of being recorded. The large cats, when in health, have no objection to the presence of rats in their cages; on the contrary, they rather welcome them, as a relief to the monotony of existence, which constitutes the chief trial of a wild animal in confinement. Thus it is a common sight to see half a dozen rats gnawing the bones on which the lions have dined, while the satisfied carnivores look on contentedly, giving the poor rats an occasional wink with their sleepy eyes. In illness the case is different, for the ungrateful rats begin to nibble the toes of the lord of the forest before his death, and add considerably to his discomfort. "To save our lioness from this annoyance, we placed in her cage a fine little tan terrier, who was at first received with a sulky growl; but when the first rat appeared, and the lioness saw the little terrier toss him into the air, catching him with professional skill across the loins with a snap as he came down, she began to understand what the terrier was for. She coaxed him to her side, and each night the little terrier slept at the breast of the lioness, enfolded with her paws, and watching that his natural enemies did not disturb the rest of his mistress. The rats had a bad time during those six weeks."—*Scientific American.*

—ANIMAL LIFE.—Few men engaged in the practical walks of life are so intimately associated with nature as the farmer. He has to deal every day with a great variety of domestic animals, while at the same time he is constantly favored with opportunities to study the habits and peculiarities of animals in a wild state, in the fields and the forests. An intelligent, observing farmer is a practical zoologist. He has a wider range of knowledge, and greater mass of facts about animals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects, than most other men, and this knowledge is technically called zoology. Almost every kind of knowledge, when it is classified, seems to end in some *ology*. Zoology treats of animal life, and is a science of the utmost interest, but of vast extent and difficulty. The general system of classification in this great kingdom of nature, and the natural history of the more common animals, with some knowledge of their comparative structure, should be familiar to every well-educated person. The zoologist in applying his knowledge to agriculture, would, as an entomologist, discourse of useful insects, like the silk-worm and the honey-bee, their habits, diseases, and proper treatment under the varying circumstances of their existence; or he would point out the injurious insects, the borers, caterpillars, and beetles, and inform us what to do for protection against their depredations. As an ichthyologist, he would reveal the mysteries of the new branch of farming, the breeding of fish; and as an ornithologist, he would give us an insight into the structure and habits of domestic and other birds. He should also teach the history and peculiarities of the different breeds of mammals, which have resulted from domestication, and the principles by which varieties are to be produced or preserved.—*Ploughman.*

—CAN ANTS TALK?—No one has studied the habits of "our six-legged rivals" out with being impressed by their ability to communicate with each other, and the wide range of intelligence which they seem able to convey. Information of common danger is quickly spread throughout colonies numbering many thousands, the news being brought by perhaps one or two spies. Hitherto their mode of communication has been a mystery, the most plausible hypothesis being that it was by a sort of fencing with their antennæ. Thus an ant returning from a foraging expedition meets another outward bound. They stop, strike antennæ together a few times, then proceed, No. 1 to the nest, No. 2 setting off on a new course and going straight to the place where No. 1 found her load. It would now appear that the striking of antennæ is merely a sort of salutation, as two neighbors might shake hands, while conversation goes on by other means. At any rate, according to the report of Professor Landois to the Natural History Society of Prussian Rhineland, they are provided with a sounding apparatus resembling that of the wasp. To have implies to use; and though its pitch is generally inaudible to human ears, its range of tone may be ample for a fully developed language. We say "generally inaudible," notwithstanding Professor Landois' belief that it is always so, having more than once noticed a faint strident, hissing sound proceeding from columns of large ants when annoyed. The next thing in order is an apparatus for making inaudible sounds audible, as invisible rays are made luminous; then some enterprising student may give us a comparative grammar of formic idioms.—*Scientific American.*

—DUTCH BULBS.—The fall of the year is the proper time to plant hyacinths, tulips and crocuses, which are the chief roots known as Dutch bulbs. In Holland, where they seem to grow to greater perfection than in any other part of the world, they are raised in a sort of black soil, reclaimed by draining from the sea. This is something similar to our salt marsh mud. It may be that a little salt mixed with a sandy soil would benefit these roots in our culture, but this is a mere suggestion, which, as the lawyers say, must be taken for what it is worth.

In regular garden experience these bulbs are found to do well in any rich garden soil. In planting they are set about two inches beneath the surface, with a little litter of some sort thrown over them to keep them from being drawn out by the frost in the winter season. The named kinds are, as a general thing, much the handsomest, and then they offer one a better chance to make a nice selection of various colors and shades. It requires more labor to keep these kinds separate and to name them afterwards, and so they are more costly than the mixed unnamed kinds. As a mere matter of quality, the unnamed ones are generally as good as those which are named, that is those which are sold as first quality roots.

The growth of hyacinths in pots and glasses of water is always of interest. Few things give more pleasure in the floral line than they do. The best results in this way are obtained when the roots are planted early in the fall, and set in as cool a place as possible, so as to give time to the roots to grow before the plants are introduced to warm rooms. If brought into these warm places before they have time to root well, their bloom is rather small. Those who grow them for forcing, and in these days of winter cut flowers, they have become popular with florists for this purpose, the best results are had from roots set singly in four inch pots at this season, and the pots plunged in sand in the open ground. If not put into too great a heat when taken into the house in October they will flower by Christmas, when flowers are in most demand. Others are kept in the pots buried in sand in cellars or sheds, where they can be got at easily in the frosty weather, and in this way they can be had to flower in succession all through the winter.

When in glasses they are not plunged, of course, but it is usual to keep them some time in cellars or closets, as the roots always grow best in the dark.—*Maryland Farmer.*

—A FOSSIL DEER-TRACK IN A HUNTER'S SKULL.—While hunting in the Alleghanies in the autumn of 1875, I often amused myself by searching for the fossil foot-prints of animals in the rocks of the river-beds. In company with an old mountaineer, I visited,

one morning, a valley said to be very rich in these leaves of stone in the book of nature, written over by the feet of animals in the long ago. We found a large spring bubbling up from under a cliff, and flowing over a smooth surface of limestone, perhaps fifty feet in length, falling at its lower extremity into a beautiful cavern half hidden by laurel and pine. On this rock are the fossil foot-prints of almost all the animals to be found in these mountains. Here are the tracks of a frightened deer sunken deep into the solid rock, and close beside them those of a bounding puma. Here a bear has left his foot-prints, and just beside them an Indian hunter followed in pursuit. My companion, seeing the interest with which I examined this pictured rock, told me that he had a deer-track in his skull. Hunting one day on the mountain, he had fired at a large buck, and as it fell, apparently dead, he threw aside his gun and approached it, armed only with his hunting knife. The deer sprang up and attacked the hunter furiously, having been only stunned for a moment, the ball striking the "beam" near the head. The day was intensely cold, the snow lying deep on the mountains, and in the struggle that ensued the hunter lost his knife, and both combatants fell over a cliff concealed by the rhododendrons, weighted down by the snow. The hunter was stunned by the fall, and the deer sprang upon him, striking him with his hoofs and goring him with his tines. As long as he would lie perfectly quiet the deer would stand over him with glowing eyes, but offering him no injury. The moment he would make the slightest movement it would again trample him under its feet. Suffering from many wounds, and slowly freezing in the snow, the hunter sought to change his position to one of greater ease, when the deer, springing high into the air, struck him on the head with all its force, sinking the hoof into the skull, and he remembers no more until he awoke to consciousness next morning in his own cabin. Another hunter, coming upon their trail in the snow, followed it down to the cliff, and seeing the deer and its victim below, ended the conflict with a ball from his rifle. The hunter recovered from all his wounds, and has roamed the mountains for years since then, in search of bear and lynx and puma, but he carries a perfect deer-track in his skull, as fairly printed as any in the rocks. J. M. McCann.

—Glass Sponge Under the Microscope.—Among the Japanese the sponge is known as "sea cotton." And until recently this idea of the vegetable nature of the sponge was universal. The microscope alone cast light into this darkness. The sponge is indeed an animal. It is also true that these sponge animals belong to many genera and species. The work of classification, is, however, so far as the sponges are concerned, one of great difficulty, and without the microscope it is impossible. In general terms, the sponge of the toilet is the skeleton of an immense number of sponge animals. The horny skeleton holds the sarcode or sponge flesh. This sarcode surrounds the entire structure, and, indeed, excepting the openings or tubes necessary for inhaling and exhaling, it is also the filling in of the structure. Now this sarcode is of a consistence like jelly, and would be diffluent but for the fact that it contains mixed all through it little spiculate particles of a siliceous or calcareous nature, that give to the sarcode a consistency or ability to hold together, much as the hair does to the plaster through which it is mixed. And as these minute spicules have very definite forms, and these forms vary with the species, they become of great help in their determination. It is noticeable, then, that a sponge skeleton, when alive, consists of two parts—the one with which we are familiar as the sponge of commerce, and which is of an animal nature, namely, keratose or horn, and the other the spicules, or filling-in of the reticulated horny part; and these spicules are mineral, either silex or lime. Now the strange exception to all this is with the glass sponges: instance the familiar Japanese glass-rope sponge, the hyalonema. Its skeleton is all silex, the long fibres or threads which compose the rope or coil, also the finer structure called the head. The greater part of the head is made of very fine fibres or glass threads, and the filling-in is with beautiful spicules of the same material. The whole skeleton then is composed of silex. * * * When dry some glass slips or slides were prepared for the microscope. This was simply done by touching a slide against the paper when the merest trace of dust would adhere to the glass. The slide was next put under the microscope. The scene presented was a vision of beauty. Forms innumerable appeared as the slide was moved slowly on the stage of the instrument. The variety of these forms was endless, although nearly all could be reduced to a few patterns, of which they were modifications. And every one of these pretty figures was transparent, for they were of natural glass. Many of them gleamed like pearls. Some of these forms were so odd, others were so exquisite! Crosses were there of indescribable beauty. Some forms there were that resembled the knightly lance of the hero of La Mancha. Others were like feathers, and some were like churn-dashers. Some suggested snow crystals, and besides their similitude of form, they had the same sparkle too. Many, however, were of forms not easily described. As the best that could be done, we have drawn from the microscope some seventy of these hyalonema spicules. There are two figures among them—the one of a discoidal form, and that one of a truncated ovoid—which, though found among the spicules, are plainly shells of some foraminifera which have served as food to the glass sponge. The figures are all greatly enlarged, from 400 to even 1400 diameters, and some even 2000.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

ZOO NOTES, NO. 29.

BY HUON.

POMPEY THE LION SPEAKS A PIECE.

[Continued from Page 423.]

I was sorry for Mrs. Ben, that she received such rough treatment at the hands—or rather feet and teeth of her lord, nor must she be called a "monster" because she made a hasty meal off the leg which had been so effectually mangled. She was not hungry, as some of you supposed, but was merely following out her instinct, and performed amputation on herself that she might save her life; and she would have saved it had she been in her native jungles, where fights continually take place, and fearful wounds are both given and taken. There, self-amputation and careful licking, together with plentiful applications of saliva will set things to rights much sooner than any of your doctors can. As it was, however, the poor girl had to be put out of the way, and as she soon would have died in her confined place, I was glad you gave her poison, friend Nash, thus ending her misery, but it will be a long while before you see her like again, for she was a splendid sample of that tiger race only properly produced in Bengal, and which I am proud to own as relatives.

Reports come to me (being King of the Beasts) from all parts of the Garden that these same pretentious conversations take place in front of nearly all the cages. With some, however, it is not so hard as it is with others. There are my friends the bears, down yonder; the great grizzly whom I respect, though I am not much acquainted with him. Give him enough apples or cakes, and he don't mind what is said; or if he hears what he does not like, he can retire to his private chamber (something I am not provided with), or he can perform his gymnastic exercises, and by climbing to the top of his tree, get out of the way of the talk when it gets too "small." Now the elephant is, I confess, rather weak as regards humans, and will persist in viewing the species of both sexes, as well-meaning, harmless creatures, who flatter it for its traditional intelligence, vast size, and great physical strength. The rhinoceros is too stupid to have any opinion worth hearing; and the wolf has no opinion at all when separated from his pack, —but I hear that he is always hiding his fangs in order to remind visitors of Romulus and Remus—that story of man's invention which he does not believe himself now, no more than the other stories he creates, and then denies in half a generation after they have been created! Did they not rub out Tell, and make me the "lion" of the Swiss? If you don't believe me, go to the Lake of Lucerne and witness the carving of my effigy on the face of the huge rock. The monkey's opinion—well, I don't know what they think, or whether they think at all. There is really such a resemblance between them and many of the visitors who every day surround their cage that one cannot speculate as to what might be their opinions. One thing is certain, the monkey family holds its human imitators in considerable contempt, for there are some of them over in the house who, I am sure, are continually turning somersaults to show how upside-down most of

those same humans are in their notions, and how all the while they are talking about "advancing," they are fast developing *backwards*.

Only a few days ago I was exasperated beyond endurance, and had it not been for my friend Nash whose word with me is law, I should have torn up one of my floor boards in my excitement. It was just after dinner and I was dozing with my head on my paws alongside of Minnie, you see, when I heard a whispering near my bars. It came from two humanesses, one of which had endeavored to imitate my friend the camel in a tremendous *hump* placed on her back, and if the humaness had got down on all fours it would really have been a good imitation. The other had quite as successfully impersonated the peacock in the gorgeousness of the many hued garments in which she was decked, as well as the peacock tail—*trail* I think she called it—which she swept after her along the ground. Well these two halted before my cage, and woke me from my doze, Miss Peacock whispering to Miss Camel, "Dear me, how like!" and Miss Camel whispering back, "Yes, dear! what a wonderful resemblance." So I just turned my head on my fore paw and I saw—it almost makes me go at that plank in my floor in earnest when I think of what I beheld!—A big buttoned-up, strutting, pudding-chested, yellow-kidded, shiny-booted humanite, who had, with the help of razor, scissors, pomatum, hair parted in the middle, and various other contrivances, *tried* to make himself look like me. "What a lion face," said Miss Camel. "What a kingly leonine form!" piped Miss Peacock, and then both together, looking direct at me, "how m-a-j-e-s-t-i-c! what a wonderful resemblance indeed!" What! I resemble him? Shade of my ancestor, slain and *riddled* by Samson, but this was too bad, grr-w-w-grr-w-w, and there was a swish of my tail against the bars of the cage with a crash and roar that made these "higher" animals scamper away in a convulsion of terror as though the Puma had broken loose, or the Tasmanian gentleman in black (he of the wicked name, with whom, until I came here, I never had acquaintance), was exercising his *devilish* propensity upon them. Dear me, how that roar and swish of my tail did frighten those "higher" animals, "whose eyes" they say, "have power to quell the very fiercest of the animal kingdom." And the manner of their going! ha ha, it was anything but "majestic." Anyhow, I was clear of the Peacock, the Camel, and that "fellow that looked like me," for that day.

One more growl and I have done. Why do these humans call us the "animal *kingdom*" and themselves only the human *race*, if it is not that they acknowledge our superiority? Surely a kingdom must be greater than a mere race! They call me "King of Beasts."—I know what their flattery means. How can they help it now after having so long made a "lion" of me? Wasn't I a king in the Garden of Eden? Don't I figure on the old Assyrian and Egyptian temple walls with the addition of angel's wings? Wasn't my mouth, through all the long and glorious years of the Venetian republic, the receptacle for the tremendous secrets of the awful and thrice dreaded Council of Ten? And to this day does not my form from the column of St. Mark watch over the side which ebbs and flows by the "City of the Sea?" Has not England, that nation upon whose possessions the "sun never sets," used me long as an emblem of her mighty sovereignty? How else then should they call me? But I know what their flattery means. I am praised and given all these titles because of the vanity of the humans as well as to excuse themselves for endeavoring to attain the development they practically strive after. O, I know them now! As to their somersaults and their theories I have nothing to do with them; but one of their theorists—Darwin I think he is called—claims to have been developed from an ape. Now, that fellow over there in the monkey house, who is continually turning heels over head as a mere expression of contempt for the "higher order," might give quite a different opinion. Indeed, he might object to the proposed relationship were he to quit his topsy-turvy business for a moment and "rise to explain."

I have said that since I had been caged up here, I have learned something of these humans—many of them have improved upon acquaintance besides my friend Nash.

Many a time when I have been taking my after-dinner nap would I have been "stirred up" with the stick of some bifurcate, or have my paws tickled by the umbrella of some bifurcatess, had it not been for him. Humaness Nash, I don't see much of. She it was who took my cub Rosy home to nurse. She must keep her eye on that girl! I wouldn't like her to put too much confidence in Rosy, or take her to bed with her much longer—Rosy's "sickle razors" grow very fast—or some of these nights there might be a "Nashing of teeth."

Ah, here comes our beef—no more growls to-day—I'm hungry and dinner is "metal more attractive" than "jawin' back" to humans—Thanks friend Nash for this fourteen pound piece, and my wife is equally as thankful for her twelve pounder. Come Minnie, the banquet waits, gr-w-w.

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞ No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

W. H. CUNNINGHAM, Chenango Bridge, Broome Co., N. Y., will exchange a few first class White Leghorn Hens or Pullets, for a good Revolver, Double-barrel Shot Gun, or good Buggy Harness. Must be new, or nearly so.

WM. J. CHINNICK, Trenton, N. J., will exchange a Skye Terrier Dog, 8 months old, from imported stock; 1 pair brown winged Turbits; 1 pair white Fans, 3 odd Pouter Cocks, for Pouter hens, Antwerps, Carriers, (mated), and odd hen Carriers, Lop Eared Rabbits, or offers.

E. S. WHITING, Plainville, Mass., will exchange a few pairs of nice Black African Bantams, for a nice Double-barrel Shot Gun, or a good Silver Hunting Case Watch. Correspondence solicited.

JOHN WYKOFF, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange an Orange and White Setter Dog, 2 years old, well broken, warranted staunch and true on point, for a good Muzzle-loading Patent-breech Shot Gun, 11 or 12 bore. Dog fully warranted worth $75.00. Gun to be sent on inspection. References given.

L. GORDON, Sloansville, N. Y., will exchange first-class Houdan Cockerels, and young Rouen Drakes, for Brahmas, Cochins, Bantams. White Leghorns, White-crested Muffed Polish, White Guinea Fowls, Silkies, Cayuga, or Call Ducks, a Pekin Duck, Sultans, or a Muscovy Drake.

FANCIER, Box 314, Worcester, Mass., will exchange choice White Fantail Pigeons, both crested and smooth neck, worth $5.00 and $10.00 per pair, for good Pullets of any breed for laying, fancy points not required, Nursery Stock, Jewelry, or offers.

L. J. NEWHARD, Allentown, Lehigh Co., Pa., will exchange fine Partridge Cochins, Fowls and Chicks, and Black Bald-head Tumblers, for good Potatoes. Will guarantee satisfaction.

SMITH & BRO., Stony Brook, N. Y., will exchange fine Dark Brahmas, Brown and White Leghorn Chicks, also Game Bantams, and Aylesbury Ducks, for Spangled Hamburgs, Polish or French Fowls.

E. P. CARPENTER, Mendota, Ill., will exchange 2 Setter Pups, one 10 months old, the other 2 months old, for any Sporting Implements of value, or Stuffed Birds. (The pups are well bred.)

DR. J. THOS. BUSSEY, Emmittsburg, Md., will exchange P. Cochin Cock, 1 Hen and 1 Chick, and several Brown Leghorn Cockerels, for P. Rock or Houdan Pullets, or Fancy Pigeons, or offers; also D. Brahma Cockerel, (Sharpless, crossed with Williams Cock), for D. Brahma Cockerel. Same strain.

S. V. BECKWITH, Winsted, Conn., will exchange three Flying Squirrels, raised by hand, very tame, pretty pets, for trio Creve Cœur Chicks, or offers. Stock must be first-class.

G. A. S., Box 700, Worcester, Mass., will exchange Scroll Saw, foot power, ($20), and 18 Tumbler Pigeons of various colors, 3 mated pairs, rest odd or young, for P. Cochins, Leghorns, P. Rocks, D. and L. Brahmas, Bantams, Poultry, Pigeon Exhibition Coops, or offers Postal cards.

JOHN F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., wants to exchange 3 good Violins, 1 Double Violin Box, 1 Bird Organ, 1 Bound Volume of Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, 1 Electric Battery, 1 Show Case, 1 Rifle, 2 Old Style Family Clocks, Fowl and Pigeon Exhibition Coops, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Squirrel Cage, 2 Parrot Cages, 1 Red Bird and Cage, a good singer, 1 Accordeon, in good condition, 1 Pool-Wheel, also Fancy Pigeons, for offers. Speak quick.

F. A. PENNINGTON, Delaware City, Del, will exchange 1 pair White Pouters, 1 pair White Carriers, 1 pair Red Carriers, 2 pairs Blue Carriers, 2 pairs Black Carriers, 1 pair Yellow Barbs, 2 pairs Black Barbs 1 Red Barb Cock, 1 pair White Fans, 1 White Ruffle Hen, for Blue or Red Fans, or Black, White, or Red Ruffles.

ISAAC VAN WINKLE, Box 13, Greenville, Hudson Co., N. J., will exchange a few Fancy Pigeons, for Brown and White Leghorn, and Plymouth Rock Pullets and Hens. My stock has won 50 first premiums in two seasons.

E. L. LEWIS, Ansonia, Conn., will exchange 100 choice Black, Red, and Derby Stags, bred for the pit, and 1 fine Setter Pup, for a Breech-loading Shot Gun, light jointed Pole and Reel, or offers; also Wright Foultry Keeper, new, for Dead Shot or Sportsman's Guide.

NOVELTY PRINTING CO., Albany, N. Y., will exchange fine young male Mocking Birds, for all kinds of old second-hand Novels, or other books.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

JOHN F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange for offers Pigeon and Hen Manure, by the barrel or bushel.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

BALLOU'S TREASURY OF THOUGHT, 579 pages in cloth, good and new, will be exchanged for offers in Poultry and Pigeons, by G. A. S, Box 700, Worcester, Mass. Postal cards.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

BOOKS TO SPARE.

1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation ..... "
3. Mendelsohn's Elijah..... .. .. "
4. Mendelsohn's St. Paul.....Ditson's.
5. Handel's Messiah..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle..... ..Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
12. The Romance of History: England. By H Neele.
13. Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of C. Dickens, by F. G. DeFontaine

BOOKS WANTED.

1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
2. Bryant's Poems.
3. Drake's Biographical Dictionary.
4. White's Natural History of Selbourne.
5. Walton's Complete Angler.
6. Poems by "H. H."
7. Shelley's Poems.
8. Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England.

Some volumes of Harper's Monthly, and many other books.
Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books.
Write to WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

WARREN W. EMERSON, Cranford, Union Co., N. J., wants from 10 to 12 early hatched Black Hamburg Pullets. Must be good, cheap, and large, delivered at my place C. O. D.

JAMES M. LAMBING,

PARKERS' LANDING, PA.

Breeder of

HIGH CLASS PEDIGREE LIGHT BRAHMAS

AND

IMPORTED BLACK HAMBURGS.

TWO VARIETIES, ONLY.

EGGS AND CHICKS FOR SALE.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

JERSEY, ALDERNEY, AND GUERNSEY COW.

HOW TO

Choose, Manage and Breed to the Most Profit.

Illustrated. Price, $1.50.

Address FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

MOORE'S

WORK ON PIGEONS,

Now Ready for Delivery,

PRICE,

In Paper Cover, - - - - - - - - - - 30 cents.
In Cloth, - - - - - - - - - - - 50 cents.

PREPAID BY MAIL.

LARGE DISCOUNT TO FANCIERS

Desiring to present it to their customers.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L and D Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.
H. PARHAM, Lima, O.

IF YOU WISH TO EXCHANGE

ANYTHING

From a *spinning wheel* to a *farm out West*, patronize the

EXCHANGE COLUMN

OF THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL!!

For twenty-five cents you can insert an "Exchange" or a "Want" of not more than 48 words.

Y O U

have something that you do not "want," offer it "for exchange" in our column.

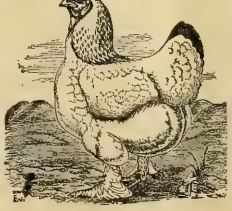
TRY IT ONCE!!!

THE JOURNAL can be had at any news stand. Or at Schock's Cigar and Stationery Store, Tenth and Callowhill Streets, Philadelphia.
Price, **10** cents single copy.

RABBIT BOOK FOR THE MANY.

Containing the HISTORY OF THE RABBIT from the earliest times. Descriptions with illustrations of all the show and fancy varieties, and full directions for their selection, breeding, and management; the treatment of their diseases, and the construction of their dwellings. Sent post-paid on receipt of 30 cents. Address FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.



WM. E. FLOWER,

SHOEMAKERTOWN, PA.

LIGHT BRAHMAS,

EXCLUSIVELY.

I am prepared to ship Eggs from my best stock, carefully boxed, to Hatch.

See D B. adversement elsewhere.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, SEPTEMBER 25, 1876. No. 37.

AFTER.

After the shower, the tranquil sun;
After the snow, the emerald leaves;
Silver stars when the day is done;
After the harvest, golden sheaves.

After the clouds, the violet sky;
After the tempest, the lull of waves;
Quiet woods when the winds go by;
After the battle peaceful graves.

After the knell, the wedding bells;
After the bud, the radiant rose;
Joyful greetings from sad farewells;
After our weeping, sweet repose.

After the burden, the blissful meed;
After the flight, the downy nest;
After the furrow, the waking seed;
After the shadowy river—rest!

Southern Magazine.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

McCANN *vs.* HUON.

1. Mr. J. M. McCann, in No. 35, says that "The skunk is active throughout all the year—equally so in winter as in summer."

The *American Cyclopædia* says:

"They (the skunks) remain in their burrows from December to the middle of February, remaining dull and inactive."

Prof. Goodrich says: "During the winter, in the cold parts of the country, these animals (the skunks) keep close house in their burrows, in a dozing, but not torpid state."—*Animal Kingdom, Vol.* 1.

2. J. M. McC. says: "The skunk is active by day as well as at night."

J. K. Lord, F. Z. S., says: "The habits of the animal are strictly nocturnal."—*British Zoology.*

Other authorities might be quoted, but space will not allow, and the above should be enough. It is a curious fact, that those who have caught their skunk, Audubon, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and the French gentleman in Connecticut—all caught them in the night. And it is another fact, that in the Philadelphia Zoo, you can have no good sight of the animal during the day.

3. Mr. McC. says: "I met one this summer in the full glare of the sun!"

Yes—an alligator was caught one day last week, in the Hackensack river, N. J., and a whale was captured a few years ago, in the Delaware, almost within sight of Philadelphia! Does that argue that the Hackensack is the home or native place of the alligator, or the Delaware river that of the whale?

4. J. M. McC. says: "No animal *ever* digs a horizontal hole."

Indeed! The mole, badger, mink, vison, prairie-dog, rabbit, chipmunk, and others, all dig what must be termed horizontal holes. How would you have them construct their homes? None of the animals named are such fools as to think they could live long in *perpendicular* holes.

5. Mr. McC. says: "The skunk in these mountains *usually* lives in a hole excavated under rocks or in the hill-side, *often* far from the water."

The italics are mine. "Usually," means that sometimes he lives somewhere else, and "often," that he does go near the water, now and then. That is, that the skunk accommodates himself to the mountain or level plain, as the case may be. And pray, if he excavates a hole *under* the rock, or in the *hill-side*, is it not a horizontal one?

J. G. Wood says: "His (the skunk's) residence is by the side of some still pool." This is, we may presume, where the animal is not in a mountainous country.

6. Mr. McC. says: "I know of no purely carnivorous animal that hibernates."

How about the bat, the boa, the alligator, the crocodile, the anaconda, and other serpents, and the tenrec, a resident of the torrid zone, who passes three of the hottest months of the year in a state of hibernation? These are all purely carnivorous, which the skunk is not, as he makes many a good meal on fruits and nuts.

7. Mr. McC. says: "There is nothing aquatic in his (the skunk's) habits."

J. G. Wood, Dr. Lord, and others, say that "he will catch wild fowl while they are asleep on the lake or pond"! Now to do which he must have some aquatic skill and knowledge. How does my friend McC. know? assertion is not proof. It is *said* that a cat detests the water, yet upon investigation we find that most of the cat kind will, upon occasion, take to the water without fear or trembling.

8. "The authorities are right about the offensive secretion," says Mr. McC. That may be, but the doctors disagree. Dr. Lord, and J. G. Wood, do not believe the "offensive secretion" is for the purpose of defense. As for Huon, he believes still—despite Mr. McC.'s opinion to the contrary—just what he stated in "Zoo Notes, No. 35," which he will here repeat as his belief, and the reason for it.

"The badger has no such weapon, the pine martin, the weasel, the ermine, or the fisher; and yet they all live in the same localities, and feed in the same robber-fashion, and have exactly the same enemies to contend with."

I have preferred bringing authorities to bear upon the subject, rather than trust to my own eyes and observations, though I exercised both in my years of country life, when I often examined the burrows of the skunk, found the remains of many of his victims, and scented his sweet perfume, but where I was never able to see more than one alive in day-time, and that one by mere chance.

HUON.

A correspondent writing from Newark, N. J., asks, "Is immaculate spelt with one or two m's? I have looked through several dictionaries, and no two agree." That may be the case when those dictionaries are in "Spain," but when they are in the United States or Europe, that *word is spelled* with *two* m's.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

At this season of the year, when our city homes are gathering in their truant inmates, many of whom have been drinking in energy and inspiration for their coming duties, from sea breezes and mountain air, many plans are being formed for the approaching winter. Schools are rapidly getting into working order; business plans are being laid; societies, clubs and associations of all kinds are re-uniting; new organizations are forming; the lecture season opening; entertainments and excitements are vieing with each other for precedence, and the community generally is in a state of hopeful preparation which only comes in its fullness once a year.

It is, therefore, especially suitable at this time to consider the claims of the *home*—that center from which may emanate so large a proportion of life's elevating, invigorating and gladdening influences. It is doubtless, just now, a prominent subject in the thoughts of many householders. Dwellings are being renovated, cleansed, refurnished and decorated, alterations made in the style and manner of living, new arrangements formed to suit the new conditions that have sprung up. But the special point to which we desire to call attention is the *happiness* of the home. It is true, that this is but one out of its many blessings, but it is the foundation upon which they may all be built with most security. This is often lost sight of by conscientious persons, whose main desire is to inculcate virtuous principles. They often wonder that, with so much effort, they yet fail, but never dream that had they tried as earnestly to create happiness as they have to promote well-doing, these failures might have been successes. "Be good and you will be happy," is a frequent admonition of parents to children. With at least equal justice might it be said to the parents, "Make your children happy and they will probably be good." The memory of a happy home is the best preparation that can be given for the duties and cares of mature life, and its continual influence is the most successful teacher of every good quality.

Too many of us are inclined to think that happiness is a chimera which can never be reached, an illusion of the fancy which can never be realized. We put it far from us in the unattainable future; we make it consist in wealth which we cannot gain, in station which we cannot reach, in events which we cannot control. Meantime, we are daily throwing away the means that lie close around us, by which tranquil, temperate, and permanent felicity may be secured. It is no phantom of the imagination, no improbable something in the far distant future; it does not depend upon rich and costly surroundings, or a fortuitous combination of events. The happiness of which we speak may be the boon of every family, the priceless treasure of every household. It may dwell with the poor as well as the rich, the simple as well as the learned. To believe this to be possible is one great step towards securing it. We cannot work successfully without faith in the end pursued. The household that is united by family affection holds the keys of its happiness in its own hands. By loving kindness, gentle courtesy, sympathy and good will; by self-denial, forbearance and patience; by bringing the various talents and qualities of each member to bear upon the good of the whole, the foundation stones of a happy home may be securely laid.

It is sometimes affirmed that the wife and mother is wholly responsible for this duty; that it is her sole province to create a paradise, which her husband has only to enter and enjoy. This is manifestly a most unjust demand, and one impossible to fulfill. Whatever enters *into* the home forms the elements of its joy or its sorrow. If the husband bring home with him a clouded brow, pre-occupied thoughts, a cold and indifferent manner, or a peevish and dissatisfied spirit, it matters little that the wife has striven with all her energies to make a happy home; his entrance has poisoned it and nullified all her efforts. Both must work together to this end, if it is to be reached; both must bring sympathy, the kindness, and good will to task; both must leave self behind as a secondary object, and devote themselves to the needs and pleasures of the rest; both must together lay plans and make arrangements according to their means for the comfort and enjoyment of the family.

In the disposal of the dwelling nothing more directly tends to promote family happiness than a cheerful, bright, inviting sitting room, or family parlor. It needs no expensive decoration or costly furniture, but only such comforts and ornaments as the taste and purse can easily supply. It should freely admit every member of the household, and give a warm welcome to their various amusements and occupations. From that room all loneliness, silence, and gloom should be banished; private vexations and petty trials should be left outside; only love, sympathy, good humor, pleasant feelings and inspiring thought should be allowed to enter. Especially should such a room be provided for the long winter evenings about to come upon us. Many a weary spirit may thus be cheered, many a restless youth be drawn from enticing temptations to pure and simple pleasures, many a seed of happiness be sown that shall develop into rich and noble fruit.

In all our plans, then, for the coming winter, let a happy home be included. As each one shares its privileges, so each one can do something to secure and to brighten it. Let all combine to this end, from the oldest to the youngest, and whatever the winter may have in store for us, of outward joy or sorrow, it will surely yield a deep and quiet foundation of happiness that nothing can destroy.—*Public Ledger.*

Crow Story.—A correspondent of the Portland *Advertiser* gives the following interesting story:—There must be odds in crows as well as in deacons. Your correspondent, whose letter was published yesterday, describes the performance of some crows of his acquaintance who could only count one. I have known others which counted three with accuracy and ease. A farmer in Maine, who had a large cornfield in which the grain was just sprouting above the soil, was greatly annoyed by the depredations of crows, which used to congregate in great numbers in a clump of trees near the boundary wall, and after vociferously talking the matter over for awhile, swoop down among the spreading rows. This was some years ago, before farmers and others had learned that the crow more than pays its board by destroying the insects, which are much more expensive pensioners upon the agriculturist than crows; and the farmer vowed vengeance upon the corn-pullers, and laid in wait for them often and long without success. In the center of the cornfield was a small board shanty, and the farmer noticed that when he was in this building, although he was quite concealed from the crows, they would never come down to be shot. As soon as he left the field, however, they would come down by hundreds. They could evidently count one. The idea occurred to him to test their further skill in mathematics. The next day he took his son to the shanty, and after a time sent him home, thinking that after the crows had seen one person leave the field they would suppose the danger past and come down. But they wisely kept aloof, and not until after he had himself started for home, did they venture to alight in the corn. The next day he took two persons with him with the same result; first, one person left the field, then another, the crows cawing their approval but remaining in their safe position, and not until the third person had been seen to depart from the field would the cunning creatures trust themselves within gunshot of the little building. The next day half a dozen persons entered it. Presently one of them went back across the field. The crows mentioned the fact among themselves, but kept their distance among the trees. Another person went away with the same result. Directly a third emerged from the building and disappeared. The unhappy crows, having reached the end of their mathematical rope, came down in platoons, to their deferred breakfast, unaware of the three armed enemies still remaining in the building, who at once opened fire upon the poor birds, whose great misfortune was that they were unable to count more than three. This experiment was tried repeatedly with six, seven, and eight persons, but the crows never failed to take the position that there could be no more than three, and when three departed they invariably descended to their doom.

POULTRY DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE POULTRY CENTENNIAL.

It does not seem generally understood among fanciers that all the first rules and regulations relative to the exhibit of poultry, &c., at the Centennial, have been rescinded, and new ones promulgated. But such is the case. *No* entry is demanded. The authorities furnish *coops* at exhibition and *feed and attendance free.* Although the entries are free, no more than ten pairs or trios of one variety, from the same exhibitor will be received. They can be entered in pairs, trios, or flocks, the latter to consist of not over 12 to 15 birds. Awards will be in pairs.

All the expense the exhibitor will have is express charges on his birds. The entries from "*abroad*" are "numerous," over three hundred we understand are already "booked" from Canada, and more than that number will be sent from England. The "Lord Clive" is at Liverpool having the steerage fitted up with "pens" &c., and will sail early next month with a poultry man of experience in attendance. The United States—must look to her laurels—must wake up, or be caught napping. It seems to us fanciers hardly realize the importance of this great exhibition. There is yet time, provided action is taken at once, as the entries will not close until Oct. 1st.

American fanciers, you have birds that can hold up their heads in any company—send them to Philadelphia next month. Mr. John E. Diehl, the gentlemanly superintendent of the Poultry Department of the Centennial, is exerting every endeavor possible, to make the approaching display the greatest ever held in any country, and he will succeed.

All exhibitors will be given a ticket that will admit them to every place on the grounds during the entire display.

G. O. BROWN.

THE CONNECTICUT STATE FAIR.

The eighth annual exhibition has just closed at "Charter Oak Park," Hartford, and we chronicle the first prominent exhibit of fine poultry this season.

Taking into consideration the fact that it is early in the season, and for the most part the old fowls look their worst; moulting, &c., the show was a very creditable one. The judging was performed in a very satisfactory manner, by that veteran judge, and courteous gentleman, Charles H. Crosby, Esq., of Danbury.

Below we give a partial list of the premium awards on poultry, pigeons and pets:

Largest and best collection, Whitney & Woodward of Hartford. Gold medal.

Asiatics—Light Brahmas—Whitney & Woodward, 1st and 3d. J. W. Mahon, Hartford, 2d. Dark Brahmas—D. C. Waterhouse, New Haven, 1st; P. W. Hudson, North Manchester, 2d. Partridge Cochins—D. C. Waterhouse, 1st and 2d. Buff Cochins—P. W. Hudson, 1st and 2d.

Games—Black B. Reds—P. W. Hudson, 1st and 2d. Game Bantams, B. B. Red—S. Hartwell, Washington, 1st; J. K. Camp, Winsted, 2d.

Leghorns—White—H. S. & C. A. Pitkin, Hartford, 1st on fowls, 1st and 2d on chicks. Black—S. L. Barker, Avon, 2d. *Dorkings*—J. K. Camp, 1st. Silver Grays—C. B. Davis, Higganum, 1st, J. K. Camp, 2d. *Plymouth Rocks*—S. C. Pierson, West Meriden, 1st; John Hills, Hartford, 2d.

Houdans—D. C. Waterhouse, 1st.

Polish—E. S. Brewer, Hartford, 1st for Silver muffed and bearded.

Hamburghs—J. K. Camp, 1st for Silver; J. W. Tuller, Hartford, 1st for Golden.

Turkeys—S. Hartwell, 1st on old, 2d on young; S. C. Colt, Farmington, 2d on old, 1st on young.

Ducks—Pekins—S. Hartwell, 1st; Whitney & Woodward, 2d. Rouen—E. S. Brewer, 1st. White Crested—G. C. Washburn, Hartford, 1st.

Pigeons—Whitney & Woodward, Carriers 1st and 2d, Antwerps, 1st, Runts, 1st and 2d, Turtle Doves, 1st and 2d; E. Palmer Tiffany, Hartford, 1st and 2d on White-crested and smooth headed Fantails, 1st on Blue, Red, Black and Mottled Fantails, 1st on Ring-neck Doves.

Pets—E. Palmer Tiffany, 1st, Lop-eared Rabbits. S. C. Colt, 1st, Angoras. J. Daniels, Hartford, 1st for Fox Squirrels. A. P. Seymour, West Hartford, 1st for Flying Squirrels, 1st for Chipmunks, 2d for Red Squirrels. J. W. Mahon, 1st for Esquimaux Puppies. Geo. D. Curtis, Hartford, 1st for Java Sparrows. C. B. Davis, 1st for White Guineas.

POSTAL CARDS.

MR. EDITOR:—I was much pleased with the letter of P. Card in the Journal of Sept. 4th, in relation to no Postal Cards answered. I have been treated in like manner by some of the Fancy when making enquiries of them on postal cards as to prices of birds: a record of all such I have kept in my mind for future use.

I desire to say to all such, that I have been called on by two young friends, who have farms and ample means to indulge in the fancy, for a list of persons from whom they could purchase poultry and pigeons: and the names of those who do not answer postal cards, were omitted from the list.

POSTAL CARDS ALWAYS ANSWERED.

ALEXANDRIA, VA., Sept. 8, 1876.

THE CHICKENS OF 1876.

IN ENGLAND.

Are we to have an unusual display of chickens this season or not? Will they be more numerous or better in quality than usual? We think they will be tolerably numerous; but we very much doubt whether great strides have been made in quality. So far we have heard of nothing equal to some which were shown long ere this, in the bad season of 1875. Since the April snow we fancy that the youngsters have thriven very well, but that disastrous storm killed large numbers. Cochins have not shown up at all well so far; one or two late 1875 birds have been shown as usual, but Mr. Burnell, of Southwell, has brought out something which will place him very high again among Buffs. Mr. Sedgwick, too, has achieved his usual position with early chickens. What a pity he does not maintain it, when *all* the cracks appear, instead of retiring for the winter. Dorkings have not done wonders so far, but there are some promising birds in several yards we know; a few of which we have seen, but they are no advance upon previous years. Brahmas have so far dropped back, for we have not seen a single dark bird of merit; even Mr. Lingwood has failed to score yet, and among lights the chickens of a young exhibitor are the only birds, or nearly so, of any pretentions to

merit. So far we have not seen anyone else show a good cockerel, and the pullets of all are very moderate indeed. Spanish have so far confined themselves to the notorious Oundle birds, about which we need say nothing here. We have seen a number of game fowls, but a really high class cockerel of any color has not put in an appearance, and in this breed we have usually heard of something very good long ere this. Where are the Creves? Not a chicken of any kind to be seen. Has Mr. Wood retired; and will no one fill his place? Has poor Mr. Dring no successor? Will no one come to the rescue? Houdans are somchow reduced to promiscuous exhibitors. We could hardly name one real go-ahead Houdan man, where a year or two ago there were so many. These birds are too good to drop. There have been several good chickens shown, but nothing of any merit at all, we believe. Polish and Malays have put in no appearance at all. Hamburgs have been confined to a very few pens, and those chiefly golden pencilled; yet there is more excuse in this breed, as they are not hatched so early as hardier varieties. Game Bantams have, of course, made an appearance, and strangely, Mr. Entwisle is never behind with *them*. Sebrights too have been winning, and we hear Mr. Leno has a large number; he is not yet worsted. Leghorns have appeared, but it is rather late; we ought to have seen a number of this precocious breed long ago. Duckwings have been winning some time; but we wonder more of them are not shown. Altogether, then, though we are satisfied that there are plenty of birds, they seem to be behindhand, and so far as can be judged, the quality is not up to the usual standard. Another month will, however, make a great difference. We shall have had the production of Rochdale, Bury, Bingley, Manchester and Liverpool in the north, and of Weymouth in the south, at all of which chickens are shown in force, and for which, we believe, the northern fanciers scour the whole district. It is a treat to visit these first great chicken shows, and compare the most minute points of future champions. There birds appear which, in many cases, stick to the top of the list the whole season, or make an impression upon the judge, which, like first love, is not easily erased; and in spite of fresh appearances, he is insensibly drawn, as it were, to the same birds show after show. Let us hope, whoever judges, the best may win. We shall jealously watch the awards, and uphold fair play, as the only means of holding together a fancy which is as ennobling in its simplicity as it is beneficial to the mind and body of the whole community.—*The Pigeon.*

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE POSTAL CARD AND STAMP NUISANCE.

The individual who signs himself P. Card, evidently is not a victim to the business of breeding chickens, or we think he would not feel exactly as he does. Really he does not appreciate the situation, and we have not an unkind word for him.

Will some one of the Fancy please explain to us, and give us *solid* reasons on *What benefit is it to poultry breeders to answer postal cards?* There seems to be a large number of persons to do an extensive correspondence on P. Cards, on such subjects as "What is your *lowest* price for a Brahma Cock?" "What strains are your birds?" &c. We have spent a fearful amount of time, ink, patience, and postage, in reply to such innocent inquiries, but after this we *never*, NEVER, NEVER hear from them again. We would like to hear from one breeder who in *aggregate* of sales from such inquiries ever received as much money as his *postage* amounted to, to say nothing of time, stock, and labor. Our idea is, if all poultry men would unite and hang on their advertisement, "*No postal cards answered*," "*All letters of inquiry must enclose stamp for reply*," then would more than half our time and postage be saved. It was related of the celebrated? Jim Fisk, that at one time he cut off the free passing of his railroad employees over the ferry between New York and Jersey City. On being reasoned with and informed that many of his men did not *always* have three cents *cash* for ferry fare, he closed the argument by triumphantly remarking, "*If a man hadn't got three cents, it made no difference which side of the river he was on.*" We would say to correspondents, if you havn't got three cents to spare, better not think much about buying fine poultry. But when you write us, if you would have us think you *mean business*, and are not a mere inquirer from motives of curiosity, and really wish to convey a favorable impression, when you write us put a three-cent stamp on the *outside*, and another on the *inside*, then will your pap-fed P. M. *not* feel it his duty to inform you that he hopes you will pay your debts before buying fancy fowls, and you will not feel the necessity of telling him to "get into his hole behind the counter and mind his own business." Then will your bright-faced boy, meeting you on your way home, *not* say, "Dad, the man you wrote to, asks ten dollars for a rooster," but will simply say, "Marm's got a letter for you." Then will your gentle spouse NOT meet you at the gate, and with a postal card between one thumb and forefinger and your nearest ear in the other, inquire in dulcet notes, whether "you are agoing to buy a ten dollar rooster or get that pump fixed?" If you have done the thing "manfashion," and enclosed stamp, you may take the letter unconcernedly *out in the barn* and read it, and if she asks "who it was from," (as she probably will,) you can inform her it's from a man who wants to build you a *wagon*. And when the rooster comes, perhaps you will tell her that Tilden or Hayes sent it, and that you feel *awful* about the $1.60 express charge, and say to her you wont pay it, and will not take that d——d rooster anyway. But in the A. M. you can have an imaginary row with the express agent, (they are generally mean cusses anyway,) so you are obliged to pay charges after all. When she asks you for money, you will perhaps say, "Hard times, can't collect anything." But after your hens begin to lay, and your neighbors come every Sunday and hang on the fence, and squirt tobacco juice pretty much all over your backyard while admiring your new Brahma rooster, each in his turn taking home a setting of eggs, you without doubt will give the wife the egg-money, because it *belongs* to her, and when she has netted something in this way, (which is almost certain,) you will probably tell her the whole transaction, and how much smarter men are than women.

But to be serious. However convenient postal cards are when *judiciously* used, we assert that to the breeders of poultry they have been and are a downright continual curse and nuisance, and better it would have been for the fraternity had they never been issued. Correspondents are not *always* in the right, and let us say here (although Mr. A. D. Warren is not an acquaintance of ours, and the Lord knows we don't breed games) "Go in Mr. Warren; stand firm in your position. You have done the whole poultry fraternity a hearty favor by an exhibition of *backbone*. As to the 'tail' question, we don't presume to be posted; but if the man undertook to abuse you (and we fully believe he did) please hang on to that $12. Do! Get it into specie, and every time that birds crow, *jingle it*. And when we meet you at Buffalo and Boston shows—

'Oh! yes, we all
Shall be dar'—

we hope to have the pleasure of taking you by the hand and inquiring after your best health, and the specie, and the wry tails."

Some of these poultry correspondents are getting obstreperous. They threaten all sorts of things on the slightest provocation. Next thing they will kick a man out of *his* poultry society because he fails to answer a postal card. We have seen at least one instance where a prominent breeder was bullied and insulted by a poultry journal because he failed to write a "piece" for said paper.

Young Breeder.

For the Fancier's Journal.

PEREGRINATIONS OF UNICORN.

The buzzing engine bore me swiftly o'er hill and dale, through the waving fields of grain, past the pretty village, into the busy town. This was in the southern part of "York State."

I naturally looked around for my friend who anticipated my visit, and we were soon engaged in conversation on various topics, from "dead beats" and "frauds" exposed and being exposed, and others in perspective, to the chances of the two leading political Presidential aspirants whom we presume have been nominated by "reform within the party" and whose private lives we are daily having placed before our eyes by ambitious newspapers, and the inquisitive reporter. When our conversation had turned into the chicken channel, I tell you we made things rattle.

Now A. K. thought he had some pretty fair specimens of poultry, pigeons and rabbits. Those Hamburgs with jet black plumage and round, solid, smooth, white ear-lobes, with graceful carriage and artistic contour were beauties on which the eye could rest with pleasure, and wherever I see fine specimens of this variety I (know it's wicked) envy the owner.

His rabbits and pigeons are first-class, and his fondness for those feathered pets is passionate. But here are the Games, yes *games* (you know what that means) fit for the show or the pit; there is a lithe graceful fellow, high stationed, clear hackle, willow legs, bay eyes, perfect shoulder, straight breast-bone, no "duck-foot," neat and "handsome as a picture," proud and courageous. Black Breasted Red, long may your name wave o'er this land, and should you ever succumb to the steels of an opponent, may it be inch by inch till your life-blood has ebbed, and you die with the words "I will *never* say beat," thus perpetuating the proud name of your race, and leaving behind in the heart of your owner "foot prints on the sands of time."

But what is that, a Brass Back? "No, that is one of my crosses which I have named Mosby." And do you sell them for show birds? "No, they are a cross for a far different purpose, you know that Bl'k B. Red we just passed is a fine exhibition bird, and at the same time the *game*ness is there, but I don't think it would prove so strong an antagonist as this, for several reasons. The *Am. Standard* tells what birds must be to have a chance with others at the show, and if you get them beautiful and *gamey* so much the better. I have seen game-cocks which scored into the nineties, prove what is called "dead game," but many not having the natural vim of the well bred pit cock would "stand and be counted" out; now this breed is one of my crosses, as I have said, especially for the pit, and in my estimation has the necessary qualifications to make it in a majority of cases the winner, but another man breeding for the pit would have an entirely different opinion as to station and general characteristics."

Don't you think it rather absurd for a man to boast over his Game beating a "Buff?" "Well you know such fellows haven't been in the business very long, and experience is the best teacher, that even a "Buff" might whip a Game (when unwell) and even then, in due time, prove himself true to name."

Don't you think "Young Breeder" had better not boast so much over the pugilistic qualities of his Brahmas? "Yes, but don't you remember he said they could whip a "so called" Game? and you well know there are several who have "that kind," and of course, in this case, it is an easy matter to make a Game whistle under the barn in a jiffy, but since the "proof of the pudding is in the eating," when this necessary adjunct is brought to bear upon those "so called" Games, their breeders realize that they have been laboring under a delusion, and the sooner the vile things are in the pot the better for the name they are "so called" to represent.

Yes, I see, but now don't you think that the flesh of the Game is better eating than any you know, more sweet and juicy? "Yes, I *do* without a doubt, but tastes differ; *You* may like clams, *I* may not; *You* may like tripe, *I* may not; *You* may think the Game the best eating in the world, while *I* might consider the Brahma much its superior." That is very true, but I don't like to see a man who keeps Brahmas, constantly lauding them to the skies, to the detriment of every other breed. If "Young Breeder" keeps any other "kind" what does he do it for, unless he considers there are *others* besides Brahmas equally entitled to merit? "Y. B." like most fanciers has a "hobby" and if he wants to sell eggs or fowls he must "sling a little ink" just to see how it will look in print, and to hear "himself crow," then he will be the better able to talk to strangers, and have a better opportunity to dispose of surplus stock; but come with me and I will show you a gentleman who keeps Games *I* consider of the "so-called" type, for the reasons you will soon perceive." Away we sauntered till we had reached the "so called" breeder; here in a yard were running several old cocks and hens promiscuously, and seemed as far from the name they represent as could be easily imagined.

I asked if they didn't quarrel, "Oh! no! have a little spat, now and then, it's soon over, and then are very peaceable. I think I can put the spurs on those cocks and *whip any thing* in America; they have a noble lineage, and their pedigree extends to a very remote period. The man of whom I bought those fowls from which I bred, said he would put a $1,000 on this strain, best three in five any time; now I have heard a great deal about your Tartars, Prince Charles, Strichnines, Heathwoods, Claibornes, Billy Beards, Dusty Millers, Derbys, Rattlers, Hennies, and I have heard considerable about the "Repelers" of a man in this town, but all of them will have to "git up and git" when one of *my* fowls goes for 'em, *sir*; (waxing warm) my game cocks can whip any thing on the face of the earth. I know of many who think they have the true bred Game, but you just put one down in my yard, and he will have to *dust*; no use talking, gentlemen, I have got a good thing there and I know it."

We also believing there was "no use talking," for this broad world is full of just such fellows, continued our march to various other fanciers where we were most cordially welcomed, and whose fine stock we were pleased to view.

Regretting that I did not have more time to look around, but hoping to be there again, in due time, was soon comfortably ensconced in the cars, and once more whirling on my way.

IRON DURING MOULTING.

A good article to use in the water given your moulting fowls to drink is the tincture of iron. It is very handy and cheap, and should be accessible constantly during the critical time when old fowls are changing their plumage. It is strengthening, palatable, and works like a charm in its way as a stomach tonic. A tablespoonful of the tincture to a quart of water is sufficient. To be had at any drug store.—*Poultry Nation.*

—Slaughter of Birds for Plumage.—Mr. Alfred Newton writes a striking protest to the London *Times* against the wholesale slaughter of birds for the sake of ornamental feathers. He quotes the proceedings of a single sale of feathers to show that to supply that sale alone 9700 herons (or egrets) must have been destroyed. All these feathers are said to have come from India last autumn. Mr. Newton observes that no country could supply 10,000 herons in a single breeding season without nearly rooting out the stock. Moreover, 15,000 humming birds and upward were included in the sale, of which 140 were of a single kind. As far as we know, none of these birds really diminished the stock of food available for man, so that in destroying them for mere show we empty the world absolutely of a certain portion of its beauty and happiness—while the beauty is certainly by no means made up in the ornamentation of feminine toilets which is thus procured. In this age of fine moralities does no one really bestow a thought on the morality of such reckless spoilation of life as this?

Sportsman's Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE CENTENNIAL BENCH SHOW.

Friend Wade: Thinking your readers who were not fortunate enough to see this great display of highly bred dogs, may desire to learn something of it, and the manner in which it was conducted, I send you this hastily prepared paper for publication.

The exhibition opened, as you are aware, on the 4th of September, lasting five days. The benches were about eight feet long, and four feet wide, raised thirty inches from the ground, with projecting roofs to exclude sun and rain. Each bench contained two dogs, tied to rings in one end of the stall. The whole management, under the care of the able, courteous, and indefatigable superintendent, Mr. Charles Lincoln, of Detroit, was a complete success. Everybody was delighted with the thoroughness of the affair, and Mr. Lincoln falls in for his full share of praise. The show was crowded from the opening to the close. The sportsmen and fanciers from all parts of the country were in attendance in full force, and it was a subject of remark, the number of ladies among the sight-seers.

In addition to the medals offered by the Centennial Commission, many of the sporting papers, and individuals offered silver cups, and other valuable trophies for competition in the classes of sporting dogs. These attracted canine celebrities from all quarters, and occasioned a good deal of goodnatured chaffing on the part of their owners as to their respective merits.

Commencing in the order that the dogs were arranged on the ground, we first take up the hound class, beginning with the foxhounds: of these over fifty were on the benches, comprising representatives from three rival packs in the vicinity of Philadelphia. First in order was the "Leopard" pack owned by Jonathan Yerkes of the Leopard, Delaware Co., Pa. He showed eight couples of fine dogs. Next in order came the West Chester pack, represented by fifteen magnificent hounds, showing the finest blood and breeding. Their owner, Jefferson Shaner, is an enthusiastic fox-hunter, and captured the "Turf, Field and Farm" silver cup, for the best couple of foxhounds in the show, with his "Dandy" and "Chip."

Next comes the Marshalltown pack, owned by Frank Clayton, a veteran fox-hunter of three score and ten; he was on the ground during the entire show, his hunting horn swung to his side, with which he "woke the echoes" now and then, answered by every hound in the show in concert. Mr. Clayton owns fifty hounds and showed eight couple of good dogs, showing quality.

Of harriers, there was a small show, but good. Mr. Ahrens of Baltimore sent a very handsome pair of imported bitches that were much admired.

In the beagle class there was a good show in numbers. John E. Diehl of Beverly, N. J., sent three very nice ones, and there were several good dogs from a distance, but I am unable to give the owners' names.

Of Dachshunds there were ten on exhibition, eight from West Philadelphia, seven of which were owned by L. H. Twaddell, one ("Billy Bowlegs") by Rathyen & Trauter of Port Richmond, and one from W. Schueller of London, England. There was a silver collar for the best dachshund of any age; it was taken by L. H. Twaddell's "Unser Fritz," eight months old.

But it was in the setter class that the competition was closest and most exciting; over three hundred setters were on show, including the best of the "blue bloods," and many celebrities among the plebeians.

L. H. Smith of Strathroy, Ontairo, was on hand with the field trail dogs "Leicester," "Paris," "Llewellyn," and bitches "Petrel," "Countess," and "Victress." "Paris" won the Philadelphia Sportsman's Club cup for the best setter in the show.

The cup for the best imported English setter, between one and two years, went to L. H. Smith's (Strathroy, Ontario,) Llewellyn." There were several other imported English dogs on the ground, but the Canadian dogs were a little too much for them.

The Gordon setters were a strong class in numbers, and fine in quality; only one imported one, a bitch, appeared for competition; she is very nice, named "Loo," owned by Wm. M. Tileston of the "Forest and Stream," N. Y. City.

In the native Gordon class, however, it was hot and heavy; there were no special prizes offered for this breed, and it is not yet known who are the lucky winners of the Centennial medals. It would be invidious to particularize and mention owners, unless I could include the whole lot, which their large number and want of space forbids. I will only say that those who missed seeing this lot of Gordons, will probably never have an opportunity again to see a like number level in quality, rich in color and markings, and altogether first-class.

Dr. A. Russell Steachan, New York city, showed some stock, white, and tan Gordons that pleased me much; they looked like brisk, merry workers, and the color is just now very fashionable in England. I fancy they have a little more steam in them than the black and tan have, and look as though they can go the pace.

Another large class was the Red Irish. I noticed quite a number of the true blood red color, but the bulk were a little off in shade, showing that yellow tinge that effectually kill their chances to win on the bench. Among the imported ones was "Floss," owned by J. C. Cooper, Limerick, Ireland, and "Ailleen," owned by J. K. Milner, (of the Irish Rifle Team,) Dublin, Ireland. Ailleen won the silver tea service offered by the "Forest and Stream" of New York, for the best Red Irish setter bitch, and takes it home to Green Erin. The "Chicago Field Cup" goes to Rufus 2d, native Red Irish, owned by M. Von Culin, Delaware. He is a nice dog and of good color.

And now I come to the Native English class. Here the field was very large and the competition heavy. Many of the most distinguished dogs in America, put their claims for consideration; the Bismarcks and Gildersleeves were out in full force. About forty of old "Bismarck's" sons were shown; and old "Busser," eleven years old, looking hale and hearty, was here to do battle for the Gildersleeves; a large family of sons and daughters were on hand to attest the merit of their venerable sire.

The famous "One-eyed Sancho," nine years, owned by F. T. Taylor, attracted much notice from his well-known field qualities. Space prevents our noticing many fine dogs in this class. The silver mounted whip went to J. Ayres' "Glen," Capt. Clay's prize, a silver whistle, to "Bess," and the Scott gun, value $350, for the best setter in the show, went to "Guy Mannering," bred by C. S. Raymond, and owned by Dudley Ollcott of Albany.

The Detroit Gun Club cup for the best setter from Michigan, went to John E. Long's Juno, who also took the cup offered by C. S. Westcott for the 2d best American bred, setter bitch.

The Pointers were a large class and of even quality. G. A. Strong's black dog "Pete," one of the finest dogs it has ever been our good fortune to see, came to the front for the Philadelphia Sportsman's Club silver cup, for the best pointer in the show. There was a fawn colored dog from Baltimore, whose name and owner we did not ascertain, that was very near the thing. This class numbered up to fifty, and was a very even lot throughout.

In my next I will take up the Spaniel and non-sporting breeds, and give a general glance at them. T. H. L.

ITEMS.

The St. John's papers report an extraordinary catch of seals this season, 340,050 in all. The people on the shore even had unusual luck, for the heavy winds driving the ice toward the land, seals were driven with it, the result being that in two townships, Tillingate and Fogo, the fisher folk who were unable to get to sea, made more by staying at home. All hands, women and girls with men and boys, sallied out to make prizes of all the luckless animals. The least estimate for those two places was over 50,000, valued at $150,000.

HOW A DUTCHMAN GOT EVEN.—Once on a time there lived a jovial Dutchmsn, whose first name was Hanness Von Shrimpetiffel. He had a wife. He also had a little grocery where beer and such personal property was sold. He gave credit to a parcel of dry customers and kept book with a piece of white chalk on the head-board of the bedstead.

One day Mrs. Shrimpetiffel, in a neat fit, took it upon herself to clean house and things. So she did, and she cleaned the head-board, and with soap and water settled the old man's accounts by wiping away every chalk mark.

Pretty soon, before long, the old vender of things came into his house and saw what ruin his frau had wrought. Then he said:

"Mein Gott, Frau Shrimpetiffel, what for you make a ruined man of me, I guess not? You make wipe away all dem names and figures what I owe dem fellers what's going to pay me before they get ready, and I loose more as swei hundred tollar!"

His frau left the room in fear and disgust. When she returned, he had re-covered the head-board with marks. Then said she:

"Hanness, you have make them all right again, don't it?"

"Well, meine tearer frau, I make the figures all right, but I put down some petter names as dem old fellows vot you wiped out!"

INVENTION.—Yankee ingenuity is something that cannot be solved by quadratic equations or computed by the principles of calculus. It is as puzzling as a juggler's trick, and its manifestations are as varied as a kaleidoscope. It has produced superior wooden nutmegs, and double back-acting wagon-jacks, not to mention the less important invention of the steamboat and the electric telegraph. While it has partially failed in perfecting the wonderful Keeley motor, and completely bursted in discovering perpetual motion, it has more than redeemed itself in the invention, after one hundred years of persistent study and labor, and unexampled self-sacrifice, of a machine for counting eggs as they are layed. An idea of it may be gained from the following, clipped rom an exchange: "It is adjusted to the hen, forming an ornament rather attractive than otherwise, thus blending the agreeable with the useful, and when an egg is layed the number is recorded on a strip of paper." It will be seen at once that, as a labor-saving machine, this apparatus has few equals. Indeed, next to the steam engine, the electric telegraph, the champagne cocktail, and the Bogarduskicker, it is the greatest invention of modern times. And then its cheapness. Even when nickel-plated and furnished with an extra duplex, back-acting balance-wheel, it costs but seventeen hundred dollars, thus being within the reach of all. The utility and value of such an apparatus will be evident to every one who has had anything to do with investigating the conduct of hens. It is now on exhibition at the Centennial, and is attracting considerable attention. The inventor is unknown, but certain wise individuals claim that his name is Archimides Woodcock, and that his residence is in the little village of Hoppergrass, Connecticut.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

A lady in the *Floral Cabinet* says: "That much nonsense has of late been written about autumn leaves, I know, and many failures have been caused thereby. But they can be preserved so that they will be really beautiful. I have never yet seen full instructions on the subject. My knowledge has been gained by experience, which I will give for the benefit of those who yearly, 'when the melancholy days come,' gather the bright-hued leaves, press and give them one thin coat of varnish, only to have them wither and curl up. Much depends upon the selection of leaves. Many lose their beauty. The best I know are hard and soft maple, hickery, quivering aspen, cottonwood, pear, scrub, and black and white oaks. White-oak leaves are beautiful, but fade soon. Sumac leaves and the crimson leaves of the sassafras are the very best. Leaves can be preserved by pressing, and then dipping them in melted wax or ironing them with a waxed iron. But the colors are much more brilliant when ironed and then well varnished, and will keep their colors full as long. Gather the leaves and iron them the same day, and iron them dry. A little practice will teach you how hot to have your irons. You must have a good supply of leaves, as you will spoil many. For bouquets, bunches of leaves can be kept on the twigs by careful ironing. Frames should be large, or you must select very small leaves. Large frames will give most satisfaction. They need not be put together very neatly, as the leaves will hide all imperfections. Tack strips of pasteboard on the frame, as some leaves will not adhere to wood. If medium size, very heavy pasteboard alone will do. Put in your glass and picture first, and fasten firmly with strips of muslin pasted around the edge. Put common brown glue in a large baking-powder can and fill two-thirds full of water; soak over night, then boil slowly. Have it thick and hot. Pour out a little in a saucer and dip in the lower half of the leaf, press it on the frame, leaving the upper half loose. They will curl slightly after a time and have a more natural appearance. If the frame is oval begin at the top, and finish the bottom with a rosette of leaves, having several long slender ones, like scrub oak or sumac. On square frames groups of leaves can be put on the top, bottom, sides, and corners. For the center of these use everlasting flowers, berries, or acorns.

"To preserve choice leaves, arrange on cards, or form into bouquets on heavy paper and frame. A pretty design is a basket made of cones or moss, arranged to look as if filled with leaves and ferns. It must be framed flat against the glass. This arrangement will be sure to please. Ferns can also be made into many lovely designs. They must be gummed on paper or put into books, as ironed, or they will curl. The secret of success in pressing autumn leaves lies in ironing them dry and using plenty of varnish. White is usually recommended. I prefer common furniture varnish. Leaves for cards varnish on one side, for bouquets on both sides. Frame immediately after the work is done. Give two or three coats of varnish. Follow faithfully these directions, and you will be astonished at the brilliant beauty imparted to the leaves. They can scarcely be distinguished from wax autumn leaves. Engravings look better framed in leaves than chromos, and small oval frames, or wreaths of leaves, look well hung on the long cord above large pictures. Wreaths of grasses and everlasting flowers can be hung in the same way."

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"The body of the laborer becomes bent and distorted by his daily toil, so that even in repose it remains fixed in the attitude acquired during years of exertion. So the habits forced upon us by necessity become at last so confirmed that we cannot throw them off when the necessity has ceased, the pressure which was painful at first, being continued, gives a bent to our thoughts and feelings which become a second nature, thus we see minds as well as bodies fixed in immovable and inflexible distortion."

"SELF-MADE; OR OUT OF THE DEPTHS,"

By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, is proving to be one of the most popular works ever written. It is published complete and unabridged, in two volumes, under the names of "Ishmael" and "Self-Raised," both of which have passed into the eighth edition. We advise all in search of good books, to get these at once and read them.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

The opinion which has obtained in most minds with regard to our domestic animals as well as those which still exist in a ferine or wild state, is that they are simply "the beasts that perish," and are governed and controlled in their daily round of life by the power of instinct only. The thought that they are or could be endowed by the Creator with a thinking or reasoning faculty similar to that with which we are possessed, seems not to have been very generally entertained. So extensively has this opinion prevailed, and so little thought has been given to the subject, that were we to put the question whether animals do in reality think, or are capable of reasoning from proposition or fact to conclusion, we should in all probability be answered in the negative by a very large majority of people, and for the simple reason that they have never given to the subject sufficient consideration to enable them to arrive at any other conclusion. Let us however examine the subject from a common sense standpoint, and take the evidence of our own observation and experience. What we term instinct is "that faculty by which all animal life is directed to do whatever may be necessary for its preservation and reproduction," or "the operation of the principle of organized life by the exercise of certain natural powers directed to the present and future good of the individual." But in our intercourse with our domestic animals we are daily cognizant of some power or faculty greater and higher than mere brute instinct, some intelligent faculty which in man we call mind, working in and through the actions which come under our observation. If then we admit that animals are possessed of such an intelligent faculty, capable of receiving ideas, why may we not also conclude that this faculty is not only receptive in its nature and operation, but also active and capable of entertaining and revolving ideas, and therefore of exercising a reasoning power. A story is told of a little bantam cock, who, standing upon the wheel of a cart, observed a young swallow fall from its nest under the eaves of a barn. The cries of the parent birds brought together a large concourse of their mates who seemed to be holding a consultation on the accident, when the little bantam flew down from his perch upon the wheel, picked up the young bird and carried it in his beak to the roof of the barn, and reaching over placed it again in the nest. Now we submit that here was an instance of deliberate thought and reason emanating from the mind of the bantam which enabled him to take in and comprehend the situation of things, to plan deliberately how the necessary relief could be applied, and to put those plans into execution. This was evidently no action on the mind without the intervention of a reasoning faculty, it was not an act of mere instinct but an act of a mind capable of receiving impressions, and determining by a process of reasoning, the necessary means to be employed in the needed assistance. No human mind could have better conceived; no human will have better executed its plans, why then should we not concede to the little bantam the same power or faculty as that upon which we should rely under the same conditions and circumstances.

Let us take another example. A gentleman of the city in which we reside owned a dog about one year old, which was the constant companion of a little boy about four years of age. On a certain day the boy got possession of a hatchet which he had been forbidden to touch, and went about hacking things generally, and endangering his own legs. After watching him for a short time the dog approached, took away the hatchet from the boy, carried it to the garden and buried it, and when the child attempted to dig it up, the dog drove him away and laid himself down over the buried hatchet, effectually preventing the boy from recovering it. Instances are again and again recorded of exhibitions of this thinking and reasoning power in the horse, dog and cat, and we are not prepared to doubt its existence in any animal, but rather to ask in the language of Dr. Clark "wherein is man superior to his humble relations whom we call animals?" "It is not," says he, "that he thinks and reasons, for animals assuredly think and reason too. It is not that he has a soul, for many of the most essential arguments which prove the existence of an immaterial principle in man, the unit in which are centered his life, thought, love and will, the unit from which they proceed will also prove the existence of a like unitary center in the animal." The horse who called his companions to assist in breaking the ice that he and they might drink of the water confined beneath; the dog who being placed by his master to guard the treasures of the poor widow, and in the darkness of the night kept his faithful watch against the attack of his own master; or the cat who pursued and returned the lost canary unharmed to its mistress or protected the sweetmeats from infantile fingers, and held the culprit a prisoner until the arrival of its mother, were assuredly governed and controlled by the same faculty which guides or restrains our frail, human natures, and sustained themselves by a conscientiousness and a sense of moral obligation which would put many of us to shame. We have said that the mind is that intelligent faculty by which we receive ideas and sensations. Now we know that animals are also possessed of a power or faculty by which they receive sensations or impressions, and the higher they range in the order of being the more intelligent they become, and the more susceptible are they to these mental impressions. This

is partially true during the period of maternity, and their offspring are affected in various ways by these impressions, not only in form and color, but also in individual markings and characteristics. The old story of Jacob and the flocks of Laban has been verified again and again in modern days. We are placed upon a plane of life above that of the animals by which we are surrounded and from our

"Austere
And calm indifference we little care
Whither they come or go, or whence or where."

But because we are thus exalted, and endowed by the Creator with larger and nobler faculties and gifts, does it follow that we should take cognizance of them only as brutes, created solely for our use, abuse or gratification, too often forgetful that they are created by the same being who gave us life, and that he has endowed them with faculties and powers suited to their enjoyment and modes of life, and for aught we know, with thought and reason akin to those by which we hold communion with the world around us, with the stars in their courses, and with him who is the great fountain of life. 'Tis true they have not the power of human speech by which they can communicate to us the workings of their minds, but does this necessarily indicate the absence of the mind? Do not they communicate to each other their thoughts, their sympathies, their heart-aches, as they relate the toils and trials they endure, or the kindness they receive from man, who, being above them in the great order of creation should be their friend and protector rather than the cause of most of their sorrow and suffering.

Dr. Stables, in a series of papers on the "Newfoundland Dog," after stating his conviction that animals have a reasoning power or faculty and are capable of being taught, says: "From a good many years' study of animal life, I have drawn the following inferences, which the reader may adopt or discard as he pleases. First, that the theory that animals are mere automatons is ridiculous and sinful.

That all animals have vital and probably immortal souls.

That the difference between the soul of man and that of a lower animal, is in degree, not in kind.

That the souls of the different lower animals also differ in degree from each other.

That different animals possess different gifts of instinctive intelligence, enabling one animal, although placed lower in the scale of existence, to perform certain actions of which another higher animal, placed under the same circumstances, would not have been capable.

That the relative size of an animal's brain to that of its body, as also its shape, determines the amount of that animal's intelligence as well as its capability of being educated.

That animals are responsible beings.

That instinct is a form of reflected intelligence transmitted from the parents to their offspring."

Dr. James Freeman Clark, in a paper on the soul of animals, says: "Life reacts upon the body. A sight, a sound, a few spoken words, a message seen in a letter, cause an immense revulsion in the physical condition. Here mind acts upon matter, showing that in man mind is not merely a result but a cause. Hence men have generally believed in the existence of a soul in man. They have not been taught it by metaphysicians, it is one of the spontaneous inductions of common sense from universal experience. But this argument applies equally to prove a soul in animals. The same reaction of soul on body is constantly apparent. Therefore regarding the soul as a principle of life, or as an immaterial principle of activity, there is the same reason for believing in the soul of animals that there is for believing in the soul of man." If, then, it is true that all animal life is guided and directed by a faculty higher than mere instinct, that they are endowed with powers of thought and are capable of reason, in short, that they are possessed of a soul differing from the soul of man only in degree. What a change should the thought work within us in all the relations which exist between us and them, and with what different feeling should we regard them and their welfare.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CORRECTION.

FRIEND WADE:—

I find in the article on Trumpeter Pigeons, page 418, No. 35, hooded-roses, instead of *hooked-roses*. Eaton's engraving should be 1860, instead of 26 years ago.

Yours truly, MARBLE.

OFFER OF PREMIUM.

EDITOR OF FANCIERS' JOURNAL:

Please state in your paper for the benefit of the American fanciers that I offer a gold medal, value one hundred dollars, or the same amount in coin, at the option of the winner, for the best collection of high class pigeons, not less than five varieties, owned by the exhibitor at the Centennial show, such as Pouters, Carriers, Short-faced Tumblers, Owls, Barbs, Trumpeters, or any other high-class varieties. Yours respectfully,

L. BURLINGAME, 36 DEY STREET.

NEW YORK, Sept. 16, 1876.

CORRECTION.

FRIEND WADE.

DEAR SIR:—I sent you an account of three pigeon races, which you published in your valuable journal last week. First was a race from Pottstown, as I stated in my letter, distance 40 miles, and of which you have made an error and put it 50 miles. The next error you have made in the race from Paoli, which I stated to you in my former letter was won by Robert T. Moore, time, 20 min. 40 sec., and which you published in THE JOURNAL 26 min. 40 sec. By correcting these errors you will much oblige the Philadelphia Fanciers. Hoping great success to THE JOURNAL, I remain yours,

T. GRIST.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 12, 1876.

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

MANCHESTER, Aug. 25th, 1876.

MY DEAR MR. WADE:

I enclose you the full set of my friend Mr. Nichols' articles on the Spanish fowl.

Some people here (who know nothing about the matter) have been very busy abusing Mr. Nichols for telling how to trim Spanish fowls for exhibition. Spanish fowls have been slightly trimmed for exhibition from their first introduction. All leading exhibitors, including one of the leading poultry judges, have so trimmed them, and no bird of this breed wins or stands a chance of winning without such trimming as is described by Mr. Nichols. And as far as it goes it is as necessary to success as the trimming of game fowls. The outcry against Mr. Nichols in this matter may be summed up as follows:—Disappointment of a few charlatans amongst exhibitors who wish all such matters kept as secret as possible, and editorial buncombe on the part of the editor of a contemporary. A MANCHESTER FANCIER.

P. S.—Hereafter I will send a weekly letter. My spare time has lately been taken up by the Agricltural Society. We will have a big show here in two weeks.

[The articles on Black Spanish will appear as soon as we can prepare the illustrations.—ED.]

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—Got his foot in it.—One of Dr. Crawford's horses the other day opened his mouth and put his foot in it. Strange as it may appear, we are stating a literal fact. The horse actually caught his shoe calk in his mouth, and, but for an accidental discovery, would have been ruined.—*Warsaw Times.*

—Liverpool.—The site of this great commercial city was formerly a marsh or pool, where the liver, a bird resembling the crane, nested and lived, and was found in no other place in England. The bird is now extinct, though specimens are preserved in the British Museum, and a counterfeit presentiment in silver is worn in the cap, as a badge, by the Liverpool policemen.

—Discovery of a Lobster-Bed.—Only two years ago an extensive colony of lobsters was discovered in deep water a few miles off Long Branch, New Jersey. There it has probably existed for centuries. Some of the largest lobsters now found in American waters are obtained there. The eastern fisheries whence this market formerly received, and from which New York still continues to obtain its supplies, have been so heavily and constantly drained of these crawfish, that the coast is nearly exhausted of the larger specimens, and those now taken do not often exceed three pounds each in weight.

These fish, taken off Long Branch, sometimes attain thirty pounds in weight; and one specimen, we are informed, weighed as much as forty pounds. Those of large size are apparently of great age, their heavy, black, misshapen claws not unfrequently are covered with moss, similar to that found on the backs of veteran sea-turtles. The overgrown fish are not marketable, their flesh being tough and leathery. In fact, those weighing beyond ten pounds each are very indigestible and unwholesome, and shuld not be eaten.

It was formerly supposed that this variety of the crustacea found upon our coast was identical with the European lobster, but naturalists have since proven that they are a distinct species. They are generally taken in traps made of willow branches and baited with offal. The contrivance attached to a cord and buoy is sunk by means of a weight. The supposition formerly entertained, that they annually divest themselves of their shell, like the crab, is untrue. The latter during the shedding period frequent the shore or very shallow water, where its enemies cannot follow, and even in this comparatively secure position it is guarded by a hard-shell crab. The New England coast, where lobsters thrive in a remarkable manner, is characterized by bold shores, deep water, and but few marshes overflown by the tide, where the crab delights to relieve itself of its old armor and wait for its new covering to harden.

Lobsters are extremely sensitive to any jarring upon the water, and it is well-authenticated that they have lost their claws upon the concussion produced by thunder and by the discharge of a cannon. The restoration of claws thus lost, or from their frequent and desperate encounters with each other, in which the vanquished party generally leaves one of his limbs in his adversary's grasp, may be readily noticed, as the new limb but rarely attains the size of its undisturbed companion.

These crawfish are said to have abounded, previous to the war for Independence, in New York harbor, but during the war entirely forsook that water, owing, it is believed to the discharge of cannon. In the water they are extremely rapid in their movements, and when alarmed can spring to a great distance. They generally retreat to holes among the rocks and throw themselves into small openings with remarkable dexterity. They are very prolific, nearly fifteen thousand eggs being counted under the tail of a female, which did not include the large number that had not then passed from the body. The eggs are deposited in the sand and are rapidly hatched by the influence of the sun.

Stale lobsters are very unwholesome and often produce temporary and sometimes severe illness to those who have partaken of them; consequently it is important to select live specimens for boiling, which should be prepared for the table and eaten within twenty-four hours after.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—"The infinitely complicated correlations which exist between the organisms of every district, and which must be looked upon as the real conditions of the struggle for life, are mostly unknown to us, and are very difficult to discover. We have hitherto been able to trace them only to a certain point in individual cases, as in the example given by Darwin of the relations between cats and red clover in England. The red clover (*Trifolium pratense*) which in England is among the best fodder for cattle, requires the visit of humming-bees in order to attain the formation of seeds. These insects, while sucking the honey from the bottom of the flower, bring the pollen in contact with the stigma, and thus cause the fructification of the flower, which never takes place without it. Darwin has shown by experiments, that red clover which is not visited by humming-bees does not yield a single seed. The number of bees is determined by the number of their enemies, the most destructive of which are the field-mice. The more the field-mice predominate, the less the clover is fructified. The number of field-mice, again, is dependent upon the number of their enemies, principally cats. Hence in the neighborhood of villages and towns, where many cats are kept, there are plenty of bees. A great number of cats, therefore, is evidently of great advantage for the fructification of clover. This example may be followed still further, as has been done by Carl Vogt, if we consider that cattle which feed on red clover are one of the most important foundations of the wealth of England. Englishmen preserve their bodily and mental powers chiefly by making excellent meat—roast beef and beefsteak—their principal food. The English owe the superiority of their brains and minds over those of other nations in a great measure to their excellent meat. But this is clearly indirectly dependent upon the cats, which pursue the mice. We may, with Huxley, even trace the chain of causes to those old maids who cherish and keep cats, and consequently, are of the greatest importance to the fructification of the clover and to the prosperity of England. From this example we can see that the further it is traced the wider is the circle of action and of correlation. We can with certainty maintain that there exists a great number of such correlations in every plant and in every animal, only we are not always able to point out and survey their concatenation as in the last instance.

Another remarkable example of important correlations is the following given by Darwin. In Paraguay, there are no wild oxen and horses, as in the neighboring parts of South America, both north and south of Paraguay. This surprising circumstance is explained simply by the fact that in that country a kind of small fly is very frequent, and is in the habit of laying its eggs in the navel of newly born calves and foals. The newly born animals die in consequence of this attack, and the small, deadly fly is therefore the cause of oxen and horses never becoming wild in that district. Supposing that this fly was destroyed by some insect-eating bird, then these large mammals would grow wild in Paraguay, as well as in the neighboring parts of South America; and as they would eat a quantity of certain species of plants, the whole flora, and, consequently again, the whole fauna of the country would be changed. It is hardly necessary to state, that at the same time the whole economy, and consequently the character of the human population would alter.

Thus the prosperity, nay, even the existence of whole populations can be indirectly determined by a single small animal or vegetable form in itself extremely insignificant."—*From "The History of Creation."—Haeckel.*

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

FABULOUS ANIMALS.

"They wove bright fables in the days of old,
When reason borrowed fancy's painted wings;
When truth's clear river flowed o'er sands of gold,
And told in song its high and mystic wings."

Philosopher and poet in the olden time, and the bard and minstrel of the middle age, peopled forest and stream, lake and mountain, with strange wild forms—some monstrous and terrible, others light, airy, beautiful. But when the sun of civilization beamed brighter and clearer over the earth, these creatures of the land of Fairy faded and paled before its ever increasing splendor—retired to lonely caves in lonely lands, and are now seen only by shepherds on the mist-wrapped mountains far from the haunts of men and the song of the engine. The beautiful Fairy no longer dances in the ghostly moonbeams to the sound of elfin music. The treasure caves of the Dwarfs are closed among the hills, and their gems and gold are hid from the eyes of man forever. The fiery eyes of the Basilisk are harmless now, and the Hippogriff no longer soars away with knight or paladin to deeds of arms or fields of chivalry. We know that these strange creatures never

walked the earth or soared through the fields of heaven—that they are only the dream created beings of an infant race, yet we love to think of them as living animals, for they have been glorified by painter and sung by poet, and in losing them we know—"That a glory has departed from the earth." The Phœnix with its gold and crimson plumage, feeding on frankincense and odoriferous gums—filling its nest in the palm tree with cinnamon, spikenard, and myrrh, breathing out its dying breath amidst perfume—the young arising from the ashes of the parent bird, is a beautiful conception, worthy of

"the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Down the corridors of time."

The Griffin was a strange creature, having the body of a lion and the head and wings of an eagle. It built its nest of gold among the inaccessible mountains, and laid therein an egg of agate. The old chroniclers say that its claws were used for drinking cups by the knightly Crusaders during the days of chivalry. The Seemurg was a Persian bird. It was possessed of prophetic wisdom, and could speak the language of every nation. Like the Hippogriff of the middle ages, it was the companion of heroes, and bore them through the clouds to foreign wars, or to the combat with genii or dragon. The snow-white Roc soared over the mountains of the Orient with the elephant in its talons, and the wisest men in Europe believed in its existence in the days of Galileo and Shakespeare. The Basilisk was the king of serpents, and wore on his head a royal crown. Pliny, the Roman naturalist, says, "he kills the shrubs by breathing on them, and splits the rocks, such power of evil is there in him." The only animal that could resist his venom was the weasel—the only plant he could not wither was the rue. He was produced from the egg of a cock hatched under toads and serpents, and he immediately expired if he but heard his father crow. The Mermaids combed their golden hair on the island rocks, or sighed for human lovers in their ocean gardens. The Kraken threw its serpent arms around the storm-tossed ship and drew it under the waves of the northern seas. And so imagination filled the earth and air with animals unknown to us.

Peru, when discovered by the Spanish adventurers, was a strange, beautiful country. Inhabited by a race far advanced in civilization; the plains were filled with cities, and the mountain-tops were glittering with golden temples of the Sun. The wild recesses of the Andes were believed by the Indians to be the haunts of an animal of wondrous beauty, which they called the *Glow Beast*. Its only eye was a blazing carbuncle, which, at night, illuminated the tropical forests far and wide, and obscured the splendor of moon and stars. It could not be captured by man, because it clouded its light with a curtain of exquisite plumage, or dazzled him with its intolerable brilliancy. Yet the Spaniards, mad with the lore of gold, searched for it everywhere, as De Leon did in the wilds of Florida for the Fountain of Youth.

In the wild legends of the Arabians it is related that their Prophet was borne into Heaven on the back of a wonderful flying animal called *Borak*. He had the body of a horse joined to a human head. His color was milk-white; the hair of his neck of fine pearls; his ears emeralds, and his eyes two sparkling hyacinths.

In the frozen northern seas, where the icebergs float like stately palaces with minarets and towers, and the snow is sometimes red as blood, or green as emeralds, and the Northern Lights shine over land and ocean with a glory greater than the sun's, lived the mighty serpent of the sea. The old Scandinavian writers say that it attained a length of 600 feet, its head closely resembling that of a horse, its eyes black and sparkling, and its mane as white as snow. The Norwegian poets compare its progress to the flight of a swift arrow, and say that it revolves sometimes in a circle around the doomed vessel, whose crew thus find themselves assailed on every side. Its hiss, they said, was like the roar of the wind when the storm was on the sea. Though such a monster never lived in the ocean, sailors of the northern seas sometimes "see, or dream they see," it even yet. If these brief sketches of some of the strange creatures that have excited the lore, or awakened the fear of people long ago, contribute anything to the pleasure of the youthful readers of the FANCIERS' JOURNAL, my object is attained.

J. M. MCCANN.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.
☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.
☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

JAMES H. GODDARD, Newport, R. I., will exchange 1 Hen, 1 Pullet, and 1 Cockerel, Spangled Leghorns, for Bantams, or offers.

E. H. SMITH, Hollis, Me., wishes to exchange 7 Light Brahma Pullets, 1 Cockerel, (Williams strain), 1 pair kip boots, new, for Double-barrelled Gun, good shooter. Please send offers.

F. G. PATTERSON, Portland, Me., will exchange pearl case opera glass, in good order, that cost $18.00, for offers; also Guinea Pigs, Fancy and Common Pigeons, at their value, for Pullets of any good breed for laying. "Postals" solicited.

J. E WILMARTH, Lock Box 95, Taunton, Mass., will exchange Light Brahma Hens for a trio of Silver Grey Dorkings. Fowls must be good; mine are the same.

HENRY LIVELY, No. 37 N. Prince St., Lancaster, Pa., will exchange 4 D. Brahma Hens, 1875 hatch, Herstines stock, for 6 early hatched Houdan pullets.

GUSTAVE HUNOLD, 46 Page St., Providence, R. I., has 1 red Irish Setter Bitch, 2 years old, well broken; 1 fine Liver and White Pointer Bitch, 7 months old, to exchange for good Double-barrel Shot Guns, Ferrets, or a good Rabbit Hound that will bark at a hole, or for offers.

G. A. S., Box 700, Worcester, Mass., has 19 vols. Atlantic Monthly, in extra binding, to exchange at $3 per vol. for offers in high-class Cochins, Leghorns, Brahmas, Turkeys, Bantams, P. Rocks, P. Ducks, Chester White or Berkshire Pigs. Make offers. Postal cards.

W. H. WILTSE, Sharon, Mercer Co., Pa., will exchange Buff Cochins, S. S. H., G. P. H., or Marble Medallion, called the Morning Glory, for Wt. C. B P. Creves, Wt. Dorkings, LaFleche, or offers.

G. O. RUDIN, Evergreen, Ala., will exchange "Wonders of the World," "Footprint of the Ages," "Work's on Shorthand," numbers of Fanciers' Journal from 26 to 52 inclusive, Vol. 2, 11 numbers, "Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry," for "Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry," bound, "Doyle's Illustrated Book of Poultry," or offers. Write.

FRED H. ANTHONY, Box 610, Hornellsville, N. Y., will exchange 4 Duckwing Bantam Stags, 1 Cock, 1 trio of Black Sumatra Chicks, 1 Duckwing Stag, 1 Black Red Stag, 2 Blue Red Stags, 1 Derby Stag, 1 Black Red Muff Stag, 1 Pile Muff Stag, all warranted pure bred, for any kind of Bantams, Fancy Pigeons, 1, or a pair of Berkshire Pigs. What offers?

B. HULSE, Box 23. Allentown, N. J., will exchange Fancy Poultry and Pigeons in variety, for Dominique Leghorn Hens or Pullets, Red Jacobins, Blue and Yellow Owls, Barbs, Bearded Tumblers, Runts, and Trumpeters.

O. C. BARROWS, Bristol, R. I., will exchange a nice Earth Closet, nearly new, black walnut, for nice Houdan or Dominique pullets.

DR. STANTON, Milton, Pa., will exchange Black Red Games, or Sebright Bantams with double combs, both varieties guaranteed to be full blood, for Light Brahmas. Will give good stock, and none but good wanted.

A. C. VAN DOREN, Washington, N. J., will exchange 1 pair Red Squirrels, in new cage, for 2 good Singing Canaries.

J. C. LONG, JR., 39 North 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange 1 pair Blue Owls, and 1 pair Blue Chequered Antwerps, good birds, for a good trio of Plymouth Rock Chickens, well grown.

P. O. BOX NO. 9, Milton, Pa., will exchange 1 pair Black Tumbler Cocks, 1 pair Brown Tumblers, 1 pair White Pouters, 1 good Revolver, seven-shooter, 1 pair Bald Heads, 1 pair Duchess, 1 Mottled Fan, for Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

E. P. CARPENTER, Mendota, Ill., will exchange 2 Setter Pups, one 10 months old, the other 2 months old, for any Sporting Implements of value, or Stuffed Birds. (The pups are well bred.)

NOVELTY PRINTING CO., Albany, N. Y., will exchange fine young male Mocking Birds, for all kinds of old second-hand Novels, or other books.

JOHN F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., wants to exchange 3 good Violins, 1 Double Violin Box, 1 Bird Organ, 1 Bound Volume of Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, 1 Electric Battery, 1 Show Case, 1 Rifle, 2 Old Style Family Clocks, Fowl and Pigeon Exhibition Coops, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Squirrel Cage, 2 Parrot Cages, 1 Red Bird and Cage, a good singer, 1 Accordeon, in good condition, 1 Pool-Wheel, also Fancy Pigeons, for offers. Speak quick.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale, Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

THE NEW STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE, OR FANCIERS' AND BREEDERS' DIRECTORY, (Rev. Neitz,) and The Cholera Preventive and Exterminator, by A. J. Hill.—T. D. Adams, Franklin, Pa., will exchange the above books for Cocker's Manual, by F. H. Gray.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

BOOKS TO SPARE.

1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation ..... "
3. Mendelsohn's Elijah..... "
4. Mendelsohn's St. Paul.....Ditson's.
5. Handel's Messiah..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle.....Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm L. Bailey.
12. The Romance of History: England. By H Neele.
13. Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of C. Dickens, by F. G. DeFontaine

BOOKS WANTED.

1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
2. Bryant's Poems.
3. Drake's Biographical Dictionary.
4. White's Natural History of Selbourne.
5. Walton's Complete Angler.
6. Poems by "H. H."
7. Shelley's Poems.
8. Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England.

Some volumes of Harper's Monthly, and many other books.
Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books.
Write to WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

MARCUS LONG, Mertztown, Berks Co., Pa., wants a small Greyhound. Give price, size, and age.

JAMES M. LAMBING,

PARKERS' LANDING, PA.

Breeder of

HIGH CLASS PEDIGREE LIGHT BRAHMAS

AND

IMPORTED BLACK HAMBURGS.

TWO VARIETIES, ONLY.

EGGS AND CHICKS FOR SALE.

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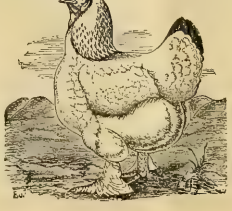

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"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, OCTOBER 2, 1876. No. 38.

BLIND NED.

Who is dat ar a playin'? Shucks! I wish I wuzn't blin';
But when de Lord he tuk my eyes, he lef' my yeahs behin'.
Is dat you, Mahs'r Bob? I t'ought I reco'nised your bowin';
I said I knowed 'twas you, soon's I heered de fiddle goin'.

Sho! dat ain't right—jes' le' me show you how to play dat tune—
I feel like I could make de fiddle talk dis afternoon.
Now, don't you see dat counter's jes a leetle bit too high?
Well, nebber min'—I guess you'll learn to tune her by an' by.

You's jes' like all musicianers dat learns to play by note;
You ain't got music in you, so you has to hab it wrote:
Now dat ain't science—why de debbil don't you play by yeah?
For dat's de onlies' kin' ob music fittin' for to heah.

Do you suppose, when David wuz a-pickin' on d harp,
He ebber knowed de difference atwixt a flat an' sharp?
But any tune you called for, he could pick it all de same,
For David knowed de music, dough he didn't know de name.

Dis yeah's a splendid inst'ument—I 'spec' it cost a heap:
You ra'ly out to let me hab dis fiddle for to keep—
It ain't no use to you, sah; for, widout it's in de man,
He kain't git music out de fines' fiddle in de lan'.

It quires a pow'r ob science for to fiddle, sah, you see.
An' science comes by natur'; dat's de way it is wid me—
But Lord! dat Bill! It 'muses me to heah him talkin' big;
You nebber heered a braggin' fiddler play a decent jig!

Dat Bill, he is a caution, sah! I wonder now whar he
An' oder folks I knows of—yes, I wonder whar'll dey be
In hebben, when de music's playin', an' de angels shout—
If Bill should jine de chorus dey would hab to put him out.

—*Sunday Chronicle.*

SCANDAL-MONGERING.

There are those in every denomination under the sun, engaged in the contaminating and polluting occupation of slandering; not only the living, but the dead are not free from their venomous fangs. If it was in the power of God and man to convince them of their utter degradation, civilization would no longer be compelled to tolerate their presence. Our rivers and lakes would be filled to overflowing with drowning, venomous scandal-mongers. Our oceans would be a moving mass of decaying pestiferous miscreants. Our atmosphere would become impregnated with a stench deadly to those not engaged in the contemptible occupation.

It is beyond the power of rational beings to comprehend the depth of debasement of the obnoxious character—vampires. What we term the dregs and rubbish of mankind are the nobility compared with those who are forever and eternally protruding their snouts into the jaws incident to life. They will proceed in a cool-scientific manner to cut and slash neighbors, holding their mutilated forms up to the gaze and ridicule of the world. This, the ignoramus will tell you, is a part of civilization. Call it if you please by its true name, heathenism of the lowest, basest kind. Of all the words in the English language there is only one that will express nine-tenths of the absurd, damnable scandal afloat in community,—lie.

Deep as hell itself, will the scandal-monger delve for one morsel of truth, whereon to build the superstructure of obnoxious falsehood. Sensible people shun the loathsome, detestable, wholesale vender of scandalous and diabolical falsehoods as they would a venomous reptile. There is nothing in the wide world that will tend to dehumanize man, rendering him unfit for earth, heaven or hell, more than scandal-mongering. The slandering class of humanity are morally, cowards; intellectually, fools; and sociably, detestable.—*Vermont Farmer.*

A NARRATIVE OF TRAVEL IN EASTERN HIGH ASIA.

Lieutenant Colonel Prejevalsky of the Russian staff corps has written a narrative of a journey through Mongolia, the Tangut country, and northern Thibet, which has recently been translated and published in England. Colonel Prejevalsky, at the suggestion of the Russian Geographical Society, and with the support of his own government, undertook to head an expedition to northern China, and spent three years between Pekin, Lake Kohonor, the Ala-Shan Mountains, the Mongolian Plateau, and the tracts adjacent to the sources of the Hoang-ho and the Yangtze-Kiang. The term "commander of an expedition," which he applies to himself, raises a smile when we find that his subordinates mainly consisted of a young companion, Michael Pyltseff, two or more Cossacks from Lake Baikal, and a faithful dog named Faust. Leaving Kiakhta, on the Russian frontier, in a Chinese post cart, Col. Prejevalsky came to Urga, and thence via Kalgan to Pekin. Here he remained for some time laying in stores, purchasing camels, horses, guns, ammunition, and boxes to pack skins and specimens, and gaining such information about the nature of the country as Chinese indifference or open hostility would permit. From the Chinese capital he went north to Dolon-Nor, "an important place of trade," and then back to Kalgan, at which place he "re-formed" his caravan. The re-formation, however, seems to have consisted principally in the appointment of two new Cossacks and the purchase of one more camel. Here he mounted the plateau of Mongolia, and the faces of the travelers were turned to the west, and eventually to the southwest. Traveling leisurely, they came to the town of Bautu, or Poto, caught a sight of the Yellow River, made an excursion into the mountainous regions of the Ala-Shan, and had an interview with its prince of "amban," whom he describes as addicted to opium, and extremely despotic and corrupt. At this point they had hoped to reach the Lake of Koko-Nor, which was only four hundred miles distant. But want of means and an insufficient passport compelled them to retrace their footsteps all the way to Kalgan, and eventually to Pekin, for money, supplies, and ammunition, and thus refreshed and inspirited the adventurers again turned west, retraversed the Ala-Shan range, explored the province of Kansu, and reached their terminus in Lake Koko-Nor and the Shuga Mountains. Here they were doomed to experience a fresh disappointment. They were compelled by utter exhaustion of resources and loss of camels to give up all idea of reaching Lhassa, when only five hundred miles or twenty-seven days' journey from that famous but inaccessible

capital. So they turned back with heavy hearts and empty pockets; and spending a spring in Kansu, made the march over the desert of Gobi back to Urga during the heats of summer, and reached home in the month of October, 1873, after three years of arduous exploration and fatigue. Colonel Yule summarizes their results by showing that they traveled in that time over 7,000 miles of country; that they collected more than 100 specimens of animals, large and small; 1,000 specimens of birds, 80 of reptiles and fish, 3,500 of insects, and 5,000 of plants; and that without hardy frames and a resolute spirit, they must at more than one point have given up the attempt in sheer despair.

The climate appears to have presented every horrible variety, aridity and cold predominating. In Mongolia the spring must have been detestable. Ice was seen in May. Gales blew constantly, raising clouds of sand and dust mixed with fine particles of salt. At intervals came rain and hail and fine sleet. Once, when in Ala-Shan Mountains, the party had carelessly pitched their tent in the dry bed of a torrent, they were nearly washed away by a deluge. A dismal tract, called the sands of Kuzupchi, near the Hoang ho, was the acme of desolation—yellow hillocks of sand, no plants, and the only living things gray lizards. This solitude is peopled by local tradition with the departed spirits of Chinese slain by Chenghiz Khan. A similar region, but of vaster extent, was the desert of Ala-Shan; so extensively as to be called *Imgeri*, or "sky" by the Mongols. In the whole of this country the stunted vegetation seemed to grow under compulsion, and to be born with the elements of decay in every blade or plant. But even this was surpassed by the plateau between the Shuga Mountains and the Baian-Kara-ula range, at the extreme point of the travelers' exploration to the west of Lake Koko-Nor. Breathing is impeded; marching is difficult; fuel will not burn, fire will not light, nor water boil; a cold winter is succeeded by a howling spring, and this by a summer of rain and hail, and it is only during the short interval of clear autumnal weather that caravans of pilgrims can accomplish a hasty journey to the capital of Thibet. No wonder that we read that the two months and a half spent in this region were the worst part of the expedition. The party lived in a *yurta*, or tent, given by the prince of Koko-Nor, which took to pieces easily, was eleven feet in diameter and nine in height, and had an opening in the side three feet square, through which the travelers crept in and out. The sides were lined with felt, and fire was lighted in an iron grate in the center. They rose two hours before midnight, boiled brick tea pure, and cooked wheaten cakes, or devoured a horrible compound of the said tea thickened with baked flour, butter and salt, tasting like soap. Then came the packing of the *yurta* and the baggage, and a march of six, seven, or twelve miles at most was the day's work. Hurricanes of sand and dust overtook them, and they were forced to halt, go through the process of unpacking, and chop up frozen meat. After all this, they stalked game under difficulties in order to supply their larder. At this time, too, their boots were worn out, and their furs were in tatters, and the whole system was so unnerved and prostrated that a good night's rest was impossible, even after the fatigue of marching and the weariness of the chase. These arctic experiences were exchanged, on the return home, for the July heat and the suffocating tornadoes of the Gobi Desert, through which they made forty-four marches with parched throats and aching heads. It was here the faithful dog Faust died, and even the camels almost gave out.

The suspicions of the inhabitants who were met with at intervals of civilization or who accompanied the author, compelled the travelers to have recourse to all sorts of expedients in order to record their observations. Mongols of an inquisitive turn of mind were told that a field-glass was of use to descry game at a distance, and this enabled Colonel Prejevalsky to substitute a compass for the "artful machine," and record the bearings of places. In Chinese towns and villages he lost heavily by exchange, and by what he calls rascality and roguery, though we fear this process of attrition is not peculiar to Chinese money changers. At Bautu he was lodged in a filthy apartment, and mobbed by the populace and some ruffianly soldiers. At the town of Ding-hu the incidents were even more unpleasant. A mandarin, bearing a strong likeness to Mr. Borrow's Spanish alcalde who could not understand why the author of the "Bible in Spain" went up hills to see "prospects," wanted to know the object of the visit, and objected to the passport as a forgery. Then a curious official inspected all the packages, and evidently wanted to abstract a rifle and a revolver. Matters were compromised by the surrender of percussion caps and some gunpowder for two-thirds of their value. And there are other instances of Chinese pilfering, audacity and bombast. But much as the author disliked this race and their habits, he has no better opinion of the Mongols. They live in *yurtas*, or tents of felt, which would be snug and comfortable were it not for the filthiness of the inmates. Their subsistence not depending on agriculture, but on flocks and herds, they are slothful and apathetic unless roused into action by horse-racing, pilgrimage, gossiping excursions from one encampment to another, and the chase. They rarely walk; but, on the other hand, they can endure the extreme of cold for fifteen hours at a stretch, seated on their camels. They are also described as cowardly, cunning, and inquisitive.—*Selected.*

The Power of Kindness.—A Cadiz letter says: "Notice had been posted in all the public places, that on a certain day the bull called 'El Moro' would be introduced into the arena, and that, when he should have been goaded to the uttermost fury, a young girl would appear and reduce the animal to quiet subjection. The people of Cadiz had heard of 'El Moro' as the most magnificent bull ever brought into the city, and it soon became known that the girl thus advertised was a peasant girl of Espara, who had petted the bull, and fed it and cared for it during the years of its growth. On the appointed day the vast amphitheater was filled with an anxious, eager crowd. Three bulls had been killed and dragged away, and then the flourish of trumpets announced the coming of the hero of the day. With a deep, terrific roar, 'El Moro' entered upon the scene. He was truly magnificent—a bovine monarch—black and glossy, with eyes of fire, dilating nostrils and wicked looking horns.

"The picadores attacked him warily, hurled their banderillos (small, dart-like javelines, ornamented with ribbons, and intended to jade and infuriate). The bull had killed three horses off-hand, and had received eight banderillos in his neck and shoulders, when, upon a given signal, the picadores and matadores suddenly withdrew, leaving the infuriated beast alone in his wild paroxysms of wrath. Presently a soft, musical note, like the piping of a lark, was heard, and directly afterwards a girl not more than 15 years of age, with the tasteful garb of an Andalusian peasant, and with a pretty face, sprang into the arena, approaching the bull fearlessly, at the same time calling his name, 'Moro! Moro! Ya voy!" At the first sound of the sweet voice the animal ceased his fury, and turned toward the place whence it came, and when he saw the girl he plainly manifested pleasure. She came to his head and put forth her hand, which he licked with his tongue. Then she sang a low, sweet song, at the same time caressing the animal by patting him on the forehead, and, while she sang, the suffering monarch kneeled at her feet. Then she stopped and gently removed the cruel banderillos, after which, with her arms around 'El Moro's' neck, she led him toward the gate of the torril."

A New York paper announcing the arrival of a vessel says: "The only passengers were T. B. Nathan, who owned three-fourths of the vessel and the captain's wife."

Poultry Department.

CHICKENS FOR PROFIT.

A gentleman of our acquaintance at New London, Conn. has recently been keeping a debit and credit account with a yard of about twenty fowls, consisting of Leghorns and Asiatics. The feed for the time (about six months) cost $2.75, during which time the hens laid five hundred and forty eggs, which, at 25 c. per dozen amounted to $11.25. Who says that keeping chickens is not a source of profit?

SWELLED CROP, OR CROP-BOUND.

A correspondent enquires "what can be done for a fowl when its crop is swollen and distended to thrice its ordinary dimensions?"

This is a common occurrence with over-fed, or carelessly fed birds in confinement. The remedy is very simple, and where the fowl is a valuable one, it should be applied, seasonably. An attendant should hold the afflicted subject firmly, while another person should make an incision at the under edge of the crop-skin, transversely, and of sufficient length to *clear the crop out* clean. The trouble is caused by undigested food that has caked in the crop. After emptying the sack, the skin of this opening should be closely sewed up again, with fine white (not colored) silk; and if the bird be placed by itself afterwards for a week or two, and fed upon soft food, it will usually recover without further trouble.

If neglected beyond a certain time, this stoppage in the crop will destroy the fowl, of course. But the suggested remedy is so easily managed, that if the hen is worth saving, the experiment may be made successfully by any one who can use a needle and silk handily.

CHICKENS THAT HAD A NURSE.

This summer two of my hens took a freak such as I have never before known, and which may indicate that fashionable ideas and follies are extending into quarters where least suspected. One of my Brahma hens was lamed early in the summer. She had fourteen chickens, all hatched by herself. As soon as her lameness appeared, a small black hen, part Bantam, took the young chickens and divided the responsibility with the mother. The nurse did the scratching and providing for the family, including the mother, while the latter, as the largest, did the brooding. The way the Brahma made the little black nurse "stand around" at feeding-time was comical enough. The Banta's humility was like that so often required and so seldom seen in human servants. The strange copartnership continued until the chicks were turned off by both mothers to shift for themselves.

Another hen, also part Brahma, with whom I had put eighteen chickens, also took as nurse a small hen of the common barn-yard breed. This hen did not hire a nurse until the chickens were nearly three weeks old, and she had already begun to lay a new litter of eggs. The nurse, as in the other case, did most of the work, the other mother hen eating the seeds and insects that the smaller one had scratched from the ground. Neither of the nurse hens took any notice of the chickens until the brood was two or three weeks old. Neither was mother to any of the chickens except by adoption, and I could not see that any compulsion was used.—*Rural New Yorker.*

OLD EGGS.

The yolk of eggs will keep for many years after the whites have disappeared. This has been tested by experiment.

The Manchester *Mirror and American* says that twenty four years ago a gentleman in a suburban town packed several eggs in a box of oats, and put them in an out-of the-way place in the attic of his store, with the intention of testing their condition at the end of a year's time. Forgetting all about them, nearly a quarter of a century had passed, when, in overhauling the contents of the attic, he came upon the box in its hiding place. Upon breaking the eggs, the shells of which appeared sound, the whites were found to have totally disappeared, while the yolks remained dried and quite hard. The oats in which the eggs were packed were sound as the day when they were put in the box, and the gentleman has planted several, with a view of discovering whether they retain their vitality. In the box was found a memorandum giving the date on which the eggs were deposited.

For the Fancier's Journal.

"SOY" FOR POULTRY.

When making up my stores for winter's use, I fill all the spare bottles with what I call "soy," for the use of my poultry. I use it as seasoning to the "mixed feed" of meal that forms their morning meal in winter, and I have found it so good for keeping fowls healthy and in a profitable condition, I feel as if I could scarcely keep poultry without it. Now, when tomatoes are cheapest, is my time for making it. As *I* have profited by the experience of *others as recorded upon* The Journal's *pages*, so I give my experience in return.

I cut into thick slices twenty-four ripe tomatoes, and put them over the fire in a kettle that will hold as much again. While they are cooking I chop fine, eight large onions, adding them to the mass in the kettle. I also add six spoons best cayenne pepper, four spoons ginger and two spoons salt, and I allow all to *simmer* together for an hour at least, when I add two quarts of vinegar. Permitting the mass to "come again to a boil," I move the kettle to the back of the stove, when I let it cook slowly for an half hour longer. This I put away in bottles, using corks sealed, if I have the corks. If corks are not at hand, I use beef's bladder, cut into bits and tied over the bottle's mouth. If I have not that at hand, I fill the bottles to within an inch of the top with soy, filling the remaining inch with melted beef or mutton tallow.

If I have a plentiful supply, I add a tea cup full to the morning's meal for fifty fowls two mornings in the week.

Farmer's Wife.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

POSTAL CARDS.

You know I am always contrary, and therefore will not be surprised if I do not quite agree with your "P. Card" correspondents. Still I do not disagree for the sake of being contrary, but for the purpose of ventilating the subject a little for the good of some, like myself, who do not agree with the aforesaid writers. Now I perfectly agree with them that in *many* cases it saves time and money—that no one should write anything about his stock or prices that he should not be willing the whole world should see. Particularly is this true at the present time in the poultry business, when some of our heaviest guns in the fraternity are treating us to

their "*little unpleasantnesses.*" I also quite agree with them that for a man to offer goods for sale, and then ask his customers to pay him three cents to tell them about his wares is also rather a cheeky transaction to say the least, if you look at it with the eyes of a purchaser rather than those of a seller.

All these, and some others I perfectly appreciate, and yet am opposed to Postal cards, except in cases where acknowledgments come in, when brevity is a virtue.

But if I want to purchase stock, either to breed from or exhibit, I want to know all about it. For exhibition it is not so important, for then you want something to win honors, which when worn, stand in the light of "borrowed plumes." But when it comes to purchasing breeding stock it is a very important matter as on its selection, depends our future success, and, I claim that I, at least, cannot fully describe what I want on a postal, nor can any one fully satisfy my inquiry on one. No doubt "A" can ask the price of a trio of chickens on a Postal card, and "B." can give a price in the same manner. Because if "A." should think so little of the subject as to ask a general question, "B." could give him a general answer, for he would argue at once that "A." did not mean anything, or did not know what he really did want, and therefore did not require a very *particular* answer. Now in writing this I do not allude to inquiries for circulars that can be made as well by P. card as any other way. Nor do I mean such general questions as may be asked in that way. But I do mean that I cannot buy *what I want* nor sell what a customer may want by P. card correspondence only, and am also satisfied that most breeders and purchasers feel as I do. And while on this subject let me say for the benefit of those who do use them : I am not refusing to answer inquiries by P. card or to P. cards, for I always answer them just as readily as letters, but I would advise all who use them, to *write with ink*, give P. O., State, and County, and *also the name of the writer.* I have received cards written with a pencil, so completely *rubbed off* that I could not decipher a word. I have also had them without either name of writer, P. O. address, County, or State, and have now on my desk more than one hundred such cards that I presume the writers of which are *cussing* me for not answering. Again, I say, I do not believe in imposing return postage on an inquirer for my goods, but will be only too happy to answer all inquiries whether by letter, or P. C. at my own cost, when the inquiry is for my stock. But when it comes down to a matter of a purchase or sale, I do not believe in the use of a P. C., because I do not think there is territory enough on the back of one to ask or answer questions intelligibly on, and would advise all to use letters in such cases.

I did mean to sign my name to this at the outset, but will adopt the plan of the other, and subscribe myself

P. Card, Sr.

AN ASTONISHING EGG STORY.

It is very well known that John W. Corning is Sergeant at-Arms of the New York State Senate. Last winter he attended the session of the Legislature for the first time, and though almost continually absent from home, he, with the assistance of his accomplished wife, discovered a new and wonderful process for producing chickens from eggs without artificial heat or the kindly ministrations of the parent hen. Mrs. Corning, knowing well John's partiality for toothsome cakes, and the many dishes of which eggs from a part, prepared to greet him with a good dinner every time he came home. In order to carry out her designs, it became necessary to have fresh eggs, and therefore during the fall a large quantity was packed away in salt, and carefully placed in the dry part of the cellar. From time to time during the winter the eggs were taken out and used. The long conclave of the Senate, without a holiday, just before its adjournment, kept John sometime from home, and it was resolved to keep the rest of the eggs until he came to stay, there being no fatted calf in the neighborhood. Finally he came, and with him news of a final adjournment of the session. The eggs were then brought forth, but on examination it was found that nature had been at work in the salt, and had made some advance toward incubation, quite enough to render the eggs unfit for culinary purposes. As the season then was becoming quite warm and house-cleaning was in order, the débris which had accumulated during the winter, including the eggs which were left, were sent away and deposited on the east side of a highway running out of the village, between the canal and creek bridges. Here, amid coal ashes, the contents of straw beds and other accumulations, the eggs were left and thought no more of for the time being. But there was life in that mass as will be seen. Close adjoining this place of deposit, Mr. Tappenden, who lives at the south end of the canal bridge, milks his cows, and one morning, while so engaged, heard a chicken crying, the cry coming from the rubbish. On going there he found a little fellow calling for his dough, which he took home and fed. A few mornings after he found several more, and for a week thereafter went regularly to the place and carried away newly hatched chickens, until he had procured a large brood, nearly all of them doing well. There was a mystery about the case, and only last week the real truth came to light. Mr. Tappenden has now a fine flock of spring chickens, and he told the writer that he expected to take the premium at the fair next week on artificial hatching, though he said the honor properly belonged to John W. Corning —*Rochester Express.*

COUNTY FAIR AT MERIDEN, CONN.

BY OUR STAFF CORRESPONDENT.

The Meriden Poultry Club at this place, imbued with the "spirit of the fancy," have made their maiden effort in the way of an exhibition of fine poultry at the Agricultural Fair. Having just purchased from Mr. James Shepard, about one hundred of his patent exhibition coops, a large room in the public hall was arranged for the reception of the fowls, and in a few hours every coop was filled. They made a splendid display, and it was the general remark that there was not a poor bird in the hall. During the three days of the fair the room was crowded nearly all the time, and in the evening it was almost impossible to get through the crowded aisles. We were told that many birds were sold at remunerative prices. The exhibits were not confined to a few breeders, but each member of the club seemed to desire to do his part. Thus the eleven entries of White Leghorns bore the names of seven different breeders. The judging was performed by that prominent breeder of White Leghorns, J. Boardman Smith, assisted by Jacob Lockrow, of Meriden.

We note the following awards :

Brahmas. Light—Elijah Loy, 1st and 2d. Dark—Levi E. Coe, 2d. *Partridge Cochins*—J. McCall, 2d.

Leghorns. White—W. B. Hall, 1st; Elijah Loy, 2d. Brown—E. J. Crawford, 1st; J. McCall, 2d. Dominique—W. W. Mosher, 1st; E. J. Crawford, 2d. Black—W. A. Reed, 1st and 2d.

Plymouth Rocks. S. C. Pierson, 1st and 2d.

Am. Dominiques. C. P. Ives, 2d.

Houdans. W. A. Reed, 2d.

Black Spanish. Levi E. Coe, 2d.

Black B. R. G. Bantams. C. Loeffler, 1st.

Ducks. Pekins—W. S. & H. E. Savage, 1st and 2d; Aylesbury—John Thorrett, 1st; Common—John Thorrett, 1st.

China Geese. Almon Andrews, 1st; Common—N. S. Baldwin, 1st; Elijah Loy was awarded first premium for collection of Pigeons; 1st on Ferrets; also, 2d on Lop-Eared Rabbits. L. Bridsey, 1st on Lop-Eared Rabbits, and 1st on Newfoundland

Puppies. E. J. Lewis took 1st on Angora, and 1st on English Rabbits.

Miss Allie. E. Castelow was awarded 1st premium for pair of White Rats.

All things considered, the exhibit was a grand success. The Club is in a flourishing condition, has over sixty active members. The officers are C. P. Ives, President; J. P. Parker, Treasurer; L. P. Chamberlain, Recording Secretary; E. E. West, Corresponding Secretary. They propose holding a "grand exhibition" the first week in January, at which time they hope to have a large number of entries, and will make every effort to make it an object for breeders to bring out their "prize-winners." We predict for the new society a long, and prosperous career. At some future time we will give a few "points" we learned there, and a description of some prominent yards. Many of the breeders have been to large expense to procure good birds, and have built fine and substantial houses. We hope to be able to visit them again ere long.

Before leaving the hall we wended our way to the second floor, and here we beheld a dazzling array of exhibits. Prominent among them at the right we came very nearly breaking the tenth commandment as we gazed upon the splendid display of the Wilcox Silver Plate Co. What with the handsome combinations in flower-stands and vases, elegant designs in water pitchers and castors, and those charming jewelry cases, it certainly made one almost wish he were wealthy for about ten minutes. Following down the tables, the handsome show of bronzes, from the Bradley & Hubbard Co., attracted a great deal of attention and at the lower end of the hall, the sweet tones of the Cimbella and orchestral organs, exhibited by the Schoniger Organ Co., of New Haven, held a large audience in breathless enchantment. Passing to the other side we find the exhibit of piano stools, manufactured by Mr. E. D. Castelow. They were very handsome, and of every style, pattern and value, some thirty-three styles being shown. Mr. C. interested us greatly in his vivid description of his factory, and at some future time we hope to be able to accept his kind invitation to visit him. A large wreath, some *six feet* in circumference, composed of sixty different varieties of seeds, and encased in an elegant frame, was a center of attraction. It was a result of the patient labor of Mrs. Castelow. The floral display was large and profuse, that furnished by Mr. Henry S. Forbes being very prominent. There were many other exhibits worthy of note, but time and space forbid, at least I fear you will say so. In closing, we must return thanks to the genial officers of the society for the many courtesies received.

AN INFERNAL MACHINE

Is said to have been recently invented somewhere in the south, called "the torpedo chicken," which was lodged in poultry-houses where night fowl-thieves were occasionally found prowling about, for the purpose of blowing the intruders to pieces—smashing arms, heads and legs indiscriminately.

I would not apologise for this class of offenders by any means, but I can not discover the justification in this sort of butchering maneuver, since it can hardly be thought just, by any reasonable being, that a fowl-thief should be *murdered*, or have an arm or leg blown off, for this offense.

The thievery is a wrong, and it should be punished. But I see no sense in committing a far greater wrong, by such foul means as is suggested through the use of this "infernal machine," which a late southern journal asserts "went off" in somebody's hen-house the other night, and in the morning they found a man's hand shattered from the wrist, lying near the chicken-house door.

Those who are compelled to resort to such severe measures as this to protect their poultry, will sleep, I should say, with a much more quiet conscience if they go out of the business, altogether. All the chickens in the town where this injury occurred were not worth a human limb; and the injury done was both irreparable and heartless, as I look at it.

Proper guards against depredations in our fowl-houses by night or by day are well enough, and there can be no valid objection urged against reasonable cautionary measures. But the man who would smash the limbs or head of a fellow-being, in this way for such an offense, possesses the spirit to commit any other deed of harshness that his ill temper might suggest; and is by far too ill-natured ever to become a good poultry fancier. This is my judgment, and I charge nothing for the frank expression of it.

George.

IMPORTATION.

Warren, Mass., Sept. 21, 1876.

Dear Editor:

I received to-day a very fine trio Yellow Duckwing Games from J. C. Cooper, Limerick, Ireland. They arrived in good condition, and are the finest I ever saw.

Yours very truly,

C. S. Lincoln.

Not having heard from the debating societies in relation to the conundrum, "Why do hens always lay eggs in the daytime?" Hans Schnider says: "Because at night they are roosters."

The King of all Cats.—Talk about cats, says the London *Telegram*, none of them equal Cato, the recently deceased, the property, when alive, of Mrs. Stevens Rogers. The animal lived twenty years, lacking one month, and when he departed, was mourned for by a large circle of friends. Cato was a religiously inclined cat. Told, "Cato, it's time you went to bed," his catship walked solemnly to the chair or stand, and placing his paws over his face to shade his eyes from the glare and glitter of a sinful world, engaged, apparently, in earnest devotions.

Mrs. Rogers is an old lady and rather feeble. Cato used to go to call her up in the morning, would wait around until she was ready to go down stairs, and then would mimic his mistress in the manner of her descent. Mrs. Rogers was compelled to steady herself by leaning against the balusters; the cat regularly went through the same exercise; but upon getting within three or four steps of the landing he would spring clear down at a leap, and then look around in a way that said distinctly: "Why don't you come down in that way?"

Mrs. Rogers one day fainted, and attention was called to the fact by Cato, who ran to the old lady's daughter and succeeded by pulling, and pushing, and crying to call her from another part of the house to the mother's assistance, probably this being the means of saving the latter's life.

There used to be kept in the house a little box in which from time to time were deposited pennies for procuring food for Cato. Cato understood the arrangement, and would watch over his pile carefully as could any little boy, manifesting anxiety whenever the supply of cash ran so low as to be suggestive of short rations. If the box of coppers gave out altogether, Cato knew enough to go to the next pocketbook. Cato would allow the canary to hop around upon his back, and would play at "catch-paw" with it upon the floor.

When Capt. Rogers died the cat manifested the utmost grief, and would sit and watch the portrait of his deceased master exactly as if he saw a resemblance between it and him. James, a son of Mrs. Rogers, came home, and one day concluded he would have a smoke. He purchased a pipe and tobacco, and laid them on the table, at once interesting exceedingly Cato, who commenced calling "Papa, papa," as he used to do when Capt. Rogers was still alive. A comb was set apart for the cat's use, as a matter of fun, and daily Cato came to have his toilet made by some member of the family.

When finally he was taken sick the neighbors of Mrs. Rogers used to come in to see him; and when at the very last Cato saw he was going, he raised himself up in his bed, waved an adieu to his friends, and sunk back into the sleep from which he never fairly woke.

Pigeon Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

Southport, England, Sept. 9th, 1876.

My Dear Mr. Wade:

A prominent fancier writes me as follows: "One of my pigeon pens seems to be infected with roup; birds in that pen are always subject to it. A yellow discharge comes from their nostrils and mouth which is very difficult to cure. What should I do with it? and how should the birds be treated?"

I will answer the above questions through The Fanciers' Journal, hoping my letter may be of some use, as the above subject has troubled almost every fancier, especially in the fall of the year when pigeons and fowls are moulting, or about to moult.

First of all, the house must be made quite secure against damp and drafts—without these precautions no cure can be found. There must be also a supply of pure air, and to get pure air without drafts, the room should not be too low over head for the number of birds kept in it.

To disinfect the room after the above conditions are secured, thoroughly scrape out every particle of dirt and dust. Then with a whitewash brush wash over the whole of the floors, walls, and ceiling, and the inside and outside of all boxes with hot water with which there must be mixed when hot, a quarter of a pound of carbolic acid to every three gallons of water.

Next make a wash as follows: take unslaked white lime enough to make two gallons of whitewash; mix one-fourth of a pound of flour of sulphur with crude petroleum oil to the consistency of a thin batter; put it in the bucket with the lime, add two gallons of water, boiling from the kettle; add three ounces of carbolic acid after the wash is made, and again thoroughly wash the place with this wash; and give the place a third coat of whitewash, made of lime and water only, on the third day after the second washing. The first two washings should succeed each other as quickly as possible. The first washing with carbolic acid and water should by no means be omitted, as it penetrates deeper than a thicker wash, and destroys infection and the eggs of insects, which are too deep for the thicker wash to reach.

The carbolic acid used should be the common fluid acid, such as is sold to use on ships, at an English shilling or twenty-five cents a pound. The "carbolic powders," "disinfecting powders," &c., generally advertised, are weak preparations of a little acid mixed with burnt clay, air slaked lime, venetian red, &c. &c. I propose to give what my experience has proved to be the best modes of treating the diseased birds, by next steamer.

Yours truly,

A Manchester Fancier.

PIGEON EXPRESS

At Eureka, recently Mr. Fitch, the operator at the Atlantic and Pacific Telegraph office, sent by stage to Tybo, a common tame dove or pigeon, with instructions to attach a message to it and turn it loose immediately on the arrival of the stage at Tybo. The next morning the bird was found in its cote in this town, having returned some time during the night. On one of its legs was a string, but the paper upon which the message was written was gone, having probably been pecked off by the bird. The distance between the two places on an air line is about eighty miles. There is no telegraphic communication with either Tybo or Belmont, and Mr. Fitch intends to procure a number of regular carrier pigeons to work between Eureka and those places. It is a novel operation in this country, but we can perceive no reason why it should not prove a successful one.—*Cal. Express.*

Items.

There is an experiment on foot and print newspapers without ink.—*Ex.* Some people think they can be printed without money, we should judge, by the slow way they pay their subscriptions.

Rare Fish.—Mr. Lovell of Yarmouth took in his weir last week a rare fish, which was shipped to Wood's Hole. It was called by the professors a *Tarpum*, or Jew fish. It was five feet long, was estimated to weigh fifty to sixty pounds, and had scales two or three inches in diameter. It was of a silvery color, except the head and back, which were of a darker hue.

Corn-Cobs as Fire-Lighters.—Corn cobs are extensively used in Europe for fire-lighters. They are first steeped in hot water containing two per cent. of saltpeter, and after being dried at a high temperature, are saturated with fifty per cent. of resinous matter. These lighters, which are sold at from three to four dollars per thousand, are employed with advantage and economy in private houses and for lighting furnaces.

An ingenious device is practiced in Cochin China for the capture of eels, which consists in cutting pieces of bamboo as thick as the arm into sections of about three or four feet in length, the divisions of the interior being broken out, with the exception of the one at the end, which forms the bottom of the snare. At the entrance is placed a slight grating of bamboo, and some bait, either of fish or earth-worms, is introduced into the interior. The bamboo is then laid at a slight depth in the mud, and the eels enter the hollow tube, in which they can scarcely move, and cannot turn themselves, and are consequently taken captive. The bamboos are taken up every morning, and the eel, which holds on very firmly to the interior, is pulled out by means of a strong hook.

The Common House-Fly.—We take the following from the *Catholic Times:* The familiar house-fly (*musca domestica*) is apt to be considered an unmitigated pest. It is, therefore, time to call attention to some recent investigations of a chemist which go to bear out the pious axiom that every thing has its use. This observer, noticing the movements of flies after alighting, rubbing their hind-feet together, their hind-feet and wings, and their fore-feet, was led to explore into the cause, and he found that the fly's wings and legs, during his gyrations in the air, became coated with extremely minute animalculæ, which he subsequently devours. These microscopic creatures are poisonous, and abound in impure air, so that flies perform a useful work in removing the seeds of disease. Leanness in a fly is *prima facie* evidence of pure air in the house, while corpulency indicates foulness and bad ventilation. If these observations are well-founded, the housekeeper, instead of

killing off the flies with poisonous preparations, should make her premises as sweet and clean as possible, and then, having protected food with wire or other covers, leave the busy flies to act as airy scavengers.

The other evening, a young lady abruptly turned the corner and very rudely ran against a boy who was small and ragged and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said: "I beg your pardon. Indeed I am very sorry." The small, ragged and freckled boy looked up in amazement for an instant; then, taking off about three-fourths of a cap, he bowed very low, smiled until his face became lost in the smile, and answered, "You can hev my parding, and welcome, miss; and yer may run agin me and knock me clean down, an' I won't say a word." After the young lady passed on, he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically, "I never had any one ask my parding, and it kind o' took me off my feet."—*Indianapolis Herald.*

Rare Collection of Birds.—Robert T. Barker of New Bedford has a remarkable collection of birds. The list includes California valley quail, plum-head paroquets, Madagascar paroquets, Australian love birds, white Java sparrows, common Java sparrows, chestnut finches, zebra finches, bobolink, African lone bird, African weaver-finch, African fire-finches, Nonpareils, English chaffinches, East Indian wax bills, a female cutthroat finch, English sparrows and linnets, Tomikeno finches, a number of mule birds, being a cross between goldfinches and canaries, chaffinches and canaries, and linnets and canaries; English siskins, African gressbeaks, German and Western Island canaries, Brazilian cardinals, Virginia nightingale, European bulfinches, East Indian silver bills, Jamaica parrot, and Cinnamon canaries. In the water of the room where they are kept is a good-sized eight-sided aquarium, containing gold and silver fish, horn-pout and shiners, and surmounted by a fountain covered with a large glass globe, in which cork-balls are continually tossed up by the action of the water. Another room contains a number of cages and perches, where are kept Cuban blackbirds, Australian mottled paroquets, a Florida grackle, robins, East India "mino" Brazilian and African parrots, Australian white cockatoo, and western and a Florida fox squirrel, the latter so tame that he will sit in his master's lap and permit himself to be fondled. A Mexican ant-eater completes the list of these strange pets.—*Boston Transcript.*

Fly-Catching Rats.—Mr. C. B. Odell, at his hotel on Front street, says the Newburgh (N. Y.) *Telegraph*, is the happy owner of a fly exterminator, which for thorough work is unsurpassed by anything we have ever seen. In one of the windows, fronting on Front street, where samples of his wares are occasionally shown, a rat began several weeks since to make sly visits, and secure a good meal as often as he came by catching the many flies which are on the panes of glass. He grew very expert at it, and though at first quite shy, soon became emboldened when he found he was not disturbed in his foraging expeditions, and would pursue his business not at all intimidated by spectators who were only separated from him by a pane of glass. He obtained entrance to the window by gnawing a hole through the wooden base, coming from below. For weeks he has pursued his fly-hunting business undisturbed. One Sunday one of the waiters discovered him in the act of introducing a friend or member of his family to his foraging ground. The new comer was very shy, and only put his head through, while the old *habitue* tried to coax him to the window. He would catch a fly, gravely hand it to his friend, who would as gravely eat it, and look for more. By degrees he lost a little of his fear, walked out, and soon became an expert in the new business. Either one or both may be seen almost any day by any one who may be patient enough to wait for their appearance a short time. It is certainly a very novel sight and well worth a few minutes' time to see.

Study of Botany.—No study is more charming, and few are more useful, than that of botany. It ought to be taught in every school, and to every class that has passed beyond the mere rudiments of an education, especially in every farming district. Every teacher of a district school ought to be able to teach it practically.

The science of botany teaches the student the structure of plants, their mode of growth, their various forms and names, and their useful or injurious properties. In its applications to agriculture, it reveals the diseases of vegetation, and often their causes and remedies; unfolds the reasons for many of the processes of the horticulturist, such as hybridization and artificial fertilization, and the numerous modes of propagating by extension and by seed; explains how plants feed and grow, and are improved for special purposes; and tells the origin and habits of cultivated plants and weeds. Botanical knowledge requires no costly apparatus, is easily acquired, and is of great value to the farmer.

If the teacher is competent, it is the easiest thing in the world to interest the young in this pursuit. We hope the time is coming when all the children in our public schools will be taught to know the names and properties of all the natural objects that come under their observation daily, when they will be taught to observe, to investigate, and to think. This knowledge would constitute the most useful and the most precious part of all their education. —*Ploughman.*

Sagacity of Elephants.—How They Conducted Themselves in the Great Iowa Storm.—Howe's circus was showing at Indianola when the storm of the Fourth came on, and, because of injury to the railroads, was compelled to remain there until the track was temporarily repaired, on Friday evening. Then the circus started for their next place of exhibition. When about eight miles out, one corner of the bridge gave away, and three cars, containing animals, ran off the track and turned over into the mud very gently. The first car contained horses, the second an elk and a camel, the other three the five elephants. The small animals were easily liberated, but the elephants were all in a heap. To remove them the car was cut away, exposing the tops of the unwieldy animals' backs. Then was exhibited the intelligence which marks these half human brutes. They obey every command of the keeper, crawling on their knees, turning on their sides, squirming like eels, and assuming more wonderful and novel positions than was described on the show-bills. When released from their perilous position, there was not a scratch upon them, and no school-boy ever gave more emphatic expressions of relief from confinement than did those elephants. They tumbled, swayed back and forth, and did everything but talk.

The remaining distance to the city was made overland, and a happier crew never started on than were those animals. The cool breezy atmosphere, and the bright moonlight were all-inspiring. As the bridges were gone at each stream, the elephants took fresh enjoyment of their liberty. At no time were they obstinate or disobedient, but seemed to realize the situation. On arriving at DesMoines, railroad cars had to be procured, which was not easily done, as ordinary cars are too low. Some were finally found, which was about one inch higher than the tallest elephant's back They were brought alongside and the platform properly placed, when "Jack" noticed that it was a strange car, seized the door frame with his trunk, gave it a vigorous shake and then tried the floor. Satisfied that it was strong he marched slowly in the car, placed himself lengthwise, gave a rocking motion, and humped up his back. A bolt overhead hit his back, and he marched straight out of the car. "It's no use," said the keeper, "he won't go back there again." The ribs which supported the roof were removed, the elephants closely watching the operation. When this was done "Jack" went in, swayed the car, humped his back, found everything all right, trumpeted his satisfaction, and went to eating.

THE

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JOS. M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

CONNECTICUT STATE FAIR—CORRECTION.

Our report of this show in last week's Journal, gave Mr. D. C. Waterhouse the credit of taking 1st and 2d on Partridge Cochins, whereas 1st on both young and old was awarded to Mr. P. W. Hudson, of North Manchester, who also exhibited some extra choice Dark Brahmas.

DISEASES OF DOMESTIC POULTRY.

As we go to press, Burnham's new book "Diseases of Domestic Poultry" is laid upon our table. For lack of time we leave its review until our next number. It will be mailed post paid by us to any address upon receipt of fifty cents for edition in paper covers, or seventy-five cents, bound in cloth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GAME COCK.

MR. EDITOR:—I would ask Game Fanciers, "through the Journal," what we are to understand by the term *Game cock.* Can any one tell. GREENHORN.

SHOW AT NORWICH.

JOS. M. WADE, ESQ., FANCIERS' JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR.—At the New London County Agricultural Society's show held at Norwich, Conn., Sept. 19th, 20th, and 21st, I was awarded 1st prize on Dark Brahma fowls, 1st prize on Black Hamburgs, 1st prize on B. B. R. Game Bantams, as yon will see by list of awards which I mail you to-day.

Yours very truly, WM. H. RATHBONE.

UNCASVILLE, CONN., Sept, 25th, 1876.

A NEAT CHICKEN HOUSE.

BRAHMIN, Sept. 12th, 1876.

FRIEND WADE:

I am very busy building an addition to my large chicken house, and I calculate it's going to be about the neatest thing in the country. The addition is 30 x 20; 1st story nine feet in the clear; has two tiers of pens 3 x 6, sixteen to the tier. Shall have an elevator to get into 2d story, where I shall have eight large pens, and if necessary, large exhibition coops on top for single birds. I have plenty of glass, but the whole can be warmed by the stove in the main building if necessary.

Two of the leading fanciers were here on Monday last.

Hoping you will do well; Yours truly,

YOUNG BREEDER.

RESULT OF ONE EXCHANGE.

EDITOR FANCIERS' JOURNAL:

I have been an interested reader of the Journal for over two years. In all that time every correspondent who has referred to the Exchange column has cuffed it without mercy, while not a word of good-will or thanks for its favors, has appeared in its behalf With your permission I will give my experience which is on the side so seldom heard from.

Some time in the winter I noticed that Dr. J. L. Connelly (Vice-Prest. Ill. State Poultry Association) of Harristown, Ill, wished to exchange some fine poultry for a fine dog. Having a magnificent young St. Bernard that I had no further use for, I made him an offer. Owing to various causes, the chief of which was the exorbitant price of the dog (as he considered) the exchange was not consummated until July 1st. In Journal of June 5th, was an account of one of the dog's exploits in taking care of a drunken boy. Now I certainly wish to cast no reflection on the Doctor's temperance proclivities but he at once concluded that that was the dog he wanted. Accordingly in a few days I received a small car load of his prize-winners, which were all that his pen or my fancy had painted them, and *more* too. To say that he was pleased with the dog would be drawing it entirely too mild. Judging by his letter I would say he was frantic, his wife delighted, his children delirious, his neighbors happy, and the whole village wild with enthusiasm. The dog was unanimously chosen President of their Fourth of July celebration, the Doctor, Vice-President, and the honors were even reflected away back on your unworthy scribe as the following testimonials received will show, viz., one demijohn of old bourbon, expressage pre-paid, one invitation to lecture, one order for chickens, two requests for autographs, and it is whispered that the Doctor's *youngest* neighbor bears a part of my name.

Perhaps you think this a great hullabaloo about a dog-trade and so it is, but I want the readers of the Journal to know that one fair, square exchange, with which both parties are pleased, has been brought about by the EXCHANGE COLUMN.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—FERNS FOR MATTRESSES.—Every country neighborhood has woods which are full of ferns and brakes, which usually die and go to seed without doing any good, save as a gratification to the sense of sight. The softer parts if stripped from the stems and dried in the sun, retain their toughness and elasticity for a long time, and are said to be superior to straw and husks, and even to "excelsior," for stuffing mattresses. The ticks, when filled, should be firmly stitched with a mattress needle, using strong linen twine, and making the intervals between the stitches an eighth of a yard.

—THE CAL. BOTANY COMING.—A correspondent of the Santa Barbara *Press* writes from San Bernardino county as follows: At Crafton, one of the most desirable inland retreats for invalids in this southern country, we find a delightful group of sojourners from all parts of the world, and among them those enthusiastic botanists, Prof. Lemmon and Dr. Parry, who are searching every canon and hillside and scouring the very desert to hunt out any unknown individuals of the California flora. They are generously remembering the Santa Barbara college in their collections. We were interested to see in their hands a recent letter from Dr. Asa Gray, assuring them that the long promised work on the botany of California was receiving its last touches, and would soon be in the hands of the printer.

A WINGED WORD.

It was but a little word
Yet it took wings,
Like unto living things,
And flew away;
But one dark day,
Mid gloomy clouds and rain,
The "word" came back again
Like any bird.

Came back to trouble me;
But not alone;
My winged word had grown
Into a sentence,
And brought repentance
For a spoken thought,
That had but wrought
Me misery.

Words are like thistle-seed;
Mind *what* you sow,
And *where* your blossoms grow.
When once they've flown
On wings of down,
Across the fertile field,
A harvest they will yield:
The warning heed!

—Seaweed and Celery.—It is probably a matter of curiosity to some, what is done with those large wagon-loads of sea-grass which are to be seen moving into the country, about this time of the year. Their design is to cover celery. A coating only six inches deep will protect the plant from the most intense frost. Celery raisers all around Boston use large quantities of this weed, which costs to deliver about $4 a ton. During July and August is the best time to procure the material, as it seems old Nepune mows his fields then and the waves wash the hay, if it may so be called, upon the beaches in unlimited quantities. It is used also to some extent for compost, containing, as it does, soda, iodine, and other valuable ingredients.

—Bite of the Rattlesnake.—A post-office agent traveling in Texas, tells of the successful use of the gall of a rattlesnake as an antidote for the bite of that reptile. In the case spoken of relief was almost instantaneous to the patient, who was writhing in paroxysms of great pain, rapidly swelling and becoming purple. A friend of the writer, who spent several years in California and New Mexico, saw the same remedy successfully used among the Indians in the latter country. In one instance an Indian's dog near the camp was bitten in the nose by a large rattlesnake. The Indians immediately opened the reptile and administered the gall. The cure was rapid and effectual.—*St. Augustine (Fla.) Press.*

—Inhabitants of Mammoth Cave.—In addition to its eyeless fish, the Mammoth Cave furnishes a beetle which is totally blind; two varieties of eyeless spiders, one brown and the other white; a blind centipede with very long hairs, by which the creature guides itself, and a blind crawfish. Regarding the last of these Dr. Tellkampf remarks that "the eyes are rudimentary in the adults, but are larger in the young." Prof. Hazen caught a specimen "with the eyes well developed."

In reviewing these facts Mr. A. S Packard says: "It seems difficult for one to imagine that our blind crawfish was created suddenly without the intervention of secondary laws, for there are the eyes *more perfect in the young than in the adult*, thus pointing back to the ancestors unlike the species now existing. We can now understand why embryologists are anxiously studying the embryology of animals to see what organs or characteristics are inherited, and what originate *de novo*, thus building up genealogies, and forming almost a new department of science, —comparative embryology in its truest and widest sense."—*Scribner.*

—Reptiles in Newfoundland.—As a natural and somewhat curious feature, it is mentioned that the island of Newfoundland, though abounding in game, is not infested with reptiles. The absence of snakes and toads in Ireland, for many years has been the subject of comment; but we believe the peculiar condition of Newfoundland has attracted but little general attention. Captain Chearlney writes:—"In Newfoundland there is not a snake, toad, frog, or reptile of any sort. There is not a squirrel on the island, no porcupine, moose, or minx; whereas, with the exception of the porcupine, wanting in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, all these creatures are found in the neighboring provinces. The Arctic hare is found in Newfoundland, but neither in Cape Breton nor Nova Scotia." Captain Hardy, an English officer, calls attention to other deficiencies. He visited Newfoundland at midsummer, and could not help remarking the fact that fireflies were not to be seen here; while in Nova Scotia they swarm by thousands, their scintillations adding beauty to the pall of a quiet night. The island is full of bogs and swamps, which render it difficult to account for the total absence of reptiles.—*Ploughman.*

—The Glaciers of California.—John Muir delivered a lecture on the Glaciers of California last evening at Dashaway Hall, beginning with a description of a glacier as a river of ice which is fed every Winter by snow, and slowly moves down the mountain side till it melts. There was a time when the western slope of the Sierra Nevada was covered by a vast sheet of ice, one immense glacier, and as the quantity of snow decreased, or the climate became warmer, the ridges of rock came through, dividing the original one large glacier into a multitude of small ones, each confined to a cañon. There are now fifty-five glaciers in California, most of them small. One in Shasta has its lower end at an elevation of 9500 feet above the sea, but most of them do not come lower than 11,000 feet, and the average speed of their movements probably does not excede a mile in three hundred years, though in Switzerland some move at the rate of a mile in fifteen years. That country has 1100 glaciers with an average area of a square mile each. Here the average area, as well as the number, is considerably less. The glaciers carrying large boulders, which, under the pressure of immense weight grind deep into the rocks over which they pass, have done much to give shape to the mountains, and canons, the domes, cliffs and chasms of the Sierras. The lecture was received with much favor by the audience.

—A Leaf-Plant.—A friend, whom we were visiting a few weeks since, gave us a leaf from a plant in her window, and told us to pin it up where it would get as much sunshine as possible, and watch the result. It was an oval-shaped leaf about two inches long. We fastened it to a sash on the eastern side of the house. After a few days there were signs of life at one of the points on the edge of the leaf. The end of the vein was expanding like a bud. Slowly the development went on until a tiny plant was formed there, with roots, and stem, and leaves. Without soil, without moisture, without any signs of a germ, from just such a point as you find a score or more of on the edge of an ordinary leaf, this specimen of vegetable life came forth to excite our wonder. When the new plant was an inch or so long, we planted it in a pot, and it is growing there.

Before we cut off this plant another point on the edge of the leaf began to bud. Soon roots appeared, then a stem, and then branches, as in the former case. We have now two plants in pots from the leaf. The production of those two seems to have exhausted its vitality, and it has begun to shrivel. We are assured that each leaf of the plant we have potted will, when full grown, have this same power of producing perfect plants from the ends of their veins.—Rev. Dr. Babb, *San Jose, California.*

—Okra, a species of mallow from two to six feet high, which grows profusely at the South, and has heretofore served chiefly to thicken soups with its pods, is on the verge of promotion to higher uses. It has been talked of for paper stock for these twenty-five years, and has in fact been successfully used for paper at various times since 1860, being one of the comparatively few discoveries at the South. The first suggestion, that the outer fibre of the plant could be so used, was made by a French officer in Algeria, but it was of no practical value, this fibre bearing too small proportion to the whole plant to make it pay. Dr. Read, of Richmond, Va., first discovered the adaptation of the whole plant to paper making, and patented his discovery eleven years ago; since then several Northern mills have tried it, and a Mobile mill made a good enough paper to use for newspapers. The only reason the manufacture has not been prosecuted is the lack of material, and it is yet to be introduced to any extent, even in the South. It would make a profitable field crop and will grow in any part of the Union. It requires a pressure in bleach-boiling stronger than is necessary for any stock now used, in order to have the paper white, and boilers would have to be constructed with reference to this. The paper is remarkably tough, and in this respect better than almost any other now used for newspapers.

—Save The Rose Leaves.—Amidst the wonderful variety of roses introduced through the praiseworthy enterprise of scientific florists, the damask rose has fallen into undeserved neglect, and its cultivation into strange disuse. Numberless as are the hybrids whose vivid colors and piquant odors at present delight all lovers of flowers, yet it must be admitted that for fragrance the damask still retains its pre-eminence. It were perhaps not extravagant to aver that all the improvements of culture and hybridization have been made at the expense of that quality which gives the

rose its commercial value as the source whence is drawn the world's supply of one of its most exquisite perfumes and delicate voring extrats.

It seems strange that, with all-pervasive spirit of enterprise that characterizes many portions of our vast country, the cultivation of the damask rose should have allured no capitalist to compete with the East in producing otto of roses and rose-water. In the country, where space is not a matter of consideration, the suggestion to raise damask roses by the quantity may not be ill-timed; for that its culture may be made conducive to the comfort of a family by furnishing several refined accessories to the table and toilette may be easily shown. This is not the season, however, most advantageous for setting out such a plantation, and we will give hereafter a few recipes useful to such as may be fortunate enough to be surrounded by a profusion of roses, enabling them to lay up a little winter time enjoyment from the summer's supply of floral wealth. Let it be premised that recipes demand damask roses to be prepared in perfection, but it is believed that other very sweet roses may serve as a substitute.

—The Condor —The Indian tries to catch the condor by stratagem. He employs him to fight in a ring at those bull-fights which are the favorite amusements in that part of the world. He does not attempt to attack the condor openly, for he knows how strong he is, and he wishes, besides, to take him alive. He procures the skin of a cow, and hides himself beneath it. Some pieces of flesh are left hanging to the skin, and are sure to attract the condor. He comes pouncing on the prey, and while he is feeding with his usual greediness, the Indian contrives to fasten his legs to the skin. When this is done, he comes out of his concealment, and the bird sees him for the first time. He flaps his wings and would fly, but that his feet are entangled; and more than this, a number of other Indians come running up and throw their mantles over him. We can tell you an anecdote about the condor's power of life. A miner in Chili, a very strong man, once saw a condor enjoying his feast on the mountains. He had eaten so much that he could not fly, and the man attacked and tried to kill him. The battle lasted a long time, and the man was nearly exhausted. But in the end he thought he was the victor, and left the condor dead, as he imagined, on the field. Some of the feathers he carried off in triumph to show his companions, and told them he had never fought so fierce a battle. The other miners went to see the condor, when, to their suprise, he was standing erect, flapping his wings, in order to fly away. A bird with such power of life continues to exist years and years. Indeed, the condor is said to live for a century. We named not long ago the eagle, the raven, the parrot and the swan, as the four century-living birds. It appears that we must add the condor to the number.

—The learned Schleiden eloquently paints the wonders of the deep: "If we dive into the liquid crystal of the Indian Ocean, the most wondrous enchantments are opened to us, reminding us of the fairy tales of childhood's dreams. The strangely-branchong thickets bear living flowers. Dense masses of *Meandrineas* iand *Astreas* contrast with the leafy cup-shaped expansion of the *Explanarias* and the variously-branching *Madrepores*, now spread out like fingers, now rising in trunk-like branches, and now displaying an elegant array of interlacing tracery. The coloring surpasses everything; vivid greens alternate with brown and yellow; rich tints, varying from purple and deepest blue to a pale reddish-brown. Brilliant rose, yellow, or peach-colored *Nullipores* overgrow the decaying masses: they themselves being interwoven with the pearl-colored plates of the *Retipores*, rivaling the most delicate ivory carvings. Close by, wave the yellow and lilac sea-fans (*Gorgonia*), perforated like delicate trellis work. The bright sand of the bottom is covered with a thousand strange forms of sea-urchins and star-fishes. The leaf-like *Flustræ* and *Escharæ* adhere like mosses and lichens to the branches of coral, the yellow, green, and purple striped limpets clinging to their trunks. The sea-anemones expand their crowns of tentacula upon the rugged rocks or on flat sands, looking like beds of variegated ranunculuses, or sparkling like gigantic cactus blossoms, shining with brightest colors.

"Around the branches of the coral shrubs play the hummingbirds of the ocean; little fishes sparkling with red or blue metallic glitter, or gleaming in golden green or brightest silvery lustre; like spirits of the deep, the delicate milk-white jelly fishes float softly through the charmed world. Here gleam the violet and gold-green Isabelle and the flaming yellow, black, and vermillion striped coquette, as they chase their prey; there the band fish shoots snake-like through the thicket, resembling a silvery ribbon glittering with rose and azure hue. Then come the fabulous cuttle-fishes, in all the diaplanous colors of the rainbow, but with no definite outline.

"When day declines, with the shades of night this fantastic garden is lighted up with renewed splendor. Millions of microscopic medusæ and crustaceans, like so many glowing sparks, dance through the gloom. The sea-pen waves in a greenish phosphorescent light. Whatever is beautiful or wondrous among *fishes*, *Echinoderms*, *jelly-fishes*, and *polypi*, and mollusca is crowded into the warm and crystal waters of the Tropical Ocean."—*From preface to "The Ocean World"—Figuier.*

—Plain Living.—There can be no question that much that is considered necessary nowadays is not so in truth, especially with respect to what we eat and drink. We put into our stomachs what costs us no little money, but does us fearfully more harm than good. We pay more for our food in order that we may have the luxury of dyspepsia, and complain of hard times and poverty, when if we lived more plainly we should have abundance, and be at the same time both healthier and happier.

A Swedish Counsellor, who had emigrated to Minnesota, determined to make the experiment at how little cost he could sustain life for a year. He found that on Indian meal the cost of living was only about five dollars. The Scotch peasants, who are proverbially strong both in body and mind, live almost entirely on oatmeal and kail, a kind of cabbage.

If you wish to see how little is necessary for subsistence and even enjoyment, go and watch an Italian laborer on a railroad, while he takes his favorite dish of polenta. This is made by stirring Indian meal into boiling water until a thick mass is formed, much more solid than our ordinary mush. This is divided into large pieces by a string. A lump is taken into the hand and eaten with a slice of sheep-milk-cheese to give it a relish. Yet the Italian can accomplish more work than the German, who eats and drinks much more heartily.

The Hindoo is distinguished for the simplicity of his diet, and, though lacking in energy, has a wonderful power of endurance. Two meals a day of rice, or thin cakes made of meal and water, is all that the majority have for their subsistence. There is really no need that any one in a country like this should starve. Sir John Herschell states that bread may be made of some kinds of saw-dust, such as will sustain life. According to Dr. Lyon Playfair, a man may lay a pound of flesh on his body most cheaply by a diet of beans or peas, the cost in England being sixpence, or less. The usual cost at which people maintain their bodies in good condition is many times this amount,—the difference being spent in the gratification of the palate.

—African Hippopotamus Hunters.—The late Dr. Livingstone, in his "Last Journals," gives the following interesting account:—"At the Longwa of Zumbo we came to a party of hereditary hippopotamus hunters, called *makombwé* or *akombwé*. They follow no other occupation, but when their game is getting scanty at one spot they remove to some other part of the Longwa Zambesi, or Shiré, and build temporary huts on an island, where their women cultivate patches; the flesh of the animals they kill is eagerly exchanged by the more settled people for grain. They are not stingy, and are everywhere welcome guests. I never heard of any fraud in dealing, or that they had been guilty of an outrage on the poorest; their chief characteristic is their courage. Their hunting is the bravest thing I ever saw. Each canoe is manned by two men; they are long light craft, scarcely half an inch in thickness, about eighteen inches beam, and from eighteen to twenty feet long. They are formed for speed, and shaped somewhat like our racing boats. Each man uses a broad, short paddle, and as they guide the canoe slowly down the stream to a sleeping hippopotamus, not a single ripple is raised on the smooth water; they look as if holding their breath, and communicate by signs only. As they come near their prey, the harpooner in the bow lays down his paddle and rises slowly up, and there he stands erect, motionless, and eager, with the long-handled weapon poised at arm's length above his head, till, coming close to the beast, he plunges it with all his might towards the heart. During this exciting feat he has to keep his balance exactly. His neighbor in the stern at once backs his paddle, the harpooner sits down, seizes his paddle, and backs too, to escape; the animal, surprised and wounded, seldom returns the attack at this stage of the hunt. The next stage, however, is full of danger. The barbed blade of the harpoon is secured by a long and very strong rope wound round the handle. It is intended to come out of its socket, and while the iron head is firmly fixed in the animal's body, the rope unwinds, and the handle floats on the surface. The hunter next goes to the handle and hauls on the rope till he knows that he is right over the beast; when he feels the line suddenly slacken he is prepared to deliver another harpoon at the instant when

hippo's enormous jaws appear with a terrible grunt above the water. The backing of the paddles is again repeated, but hippo often assaults the canoe, crushes it with his great jaws as easily as a pig would a bunch of asparagus, or shivers it with a kick of his hind foot. Deprived of their canoe, the gallant comrades instantly dive and swim to the shore under water; they say that the infuriated beast looks for them on the surface, and being below they escape his sight. When caught by many harpoons the crews of several canoes seize the handles and drag him hither and thither, till weakened by loss of blood, he succumbs."

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

"CATCH," AND MY WHITE MICE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MR. J. M. WADE:

I see your paper every week, and I read all the stories in it about the chickens, and the pigeons, and birds, and dogs. I remember about the dog "Sport," that got stuck in the street water pipe, and the last one about "Spot," that plays so many parlor-tricks. I have got a little black and tan Terrier, too. His name is "Catch." He is very small, and we have to keep him at home close, or he would be lost or stolen—because he is so pretty, and smart and cunning. He weighs only five pounds and a half, and is two years old.

I am very fond of Catch, because he is so bright and intelligent, and he keeps our house free from rats and mice, better than any cat would, I think. And speaking of mice is what made me write this letter. I have got a cage of beautiful *white* mice that my father brought home last spring for me—three of them. They are cunning little fellows, and I have nice good times with them every day.

I keep them in a cage, wired all around at the bottom of the sides, or else they would gnaw out of it. And they are not much trouble, while I like them to play with better than with Guinea pigs. Now I must tell you about these mice and my little terrier dog, and what happened to them. You can print it in the FANCIERS' JOURNAL if you think it would interest your readers, as the other stories have pleased me.

There were four white mice, at first. One of them got *baked*, unfortunately. He gnawed his way out of his nice cage one night, and the oven-door of the stove was open. He went into the oven, and when Bridget came down in the morning she closed the door, made the fire, and "cooked him," without knowing it. He was smothered there.

The other three I have taught to do little tricks, and my pet dog "Catch", who will catch a grey or brown mouse quick as a flash, if he sees one—at first watched for *these* sharply. But I have got them so well acquainted now, that they play together the same as if they were all of one little family. I place a mouse on Catch's nose, another on his back, and the third hanging to his tail, and he will run round and amuse himself with them for a long time without offering them harm.

They will eat from the same plate with him, drink milk from the same dish, and lie down snuggled up to him, just as if he were their mother, instead of being, naturally, their mortal enemy. Isn't this a great result? But it is easy to accomplish, with a little management in the right way. It gives me great pleasure to watch the antics of these pets, and my little dog has been taught to perform several of the same tricks that "Spot" does. "Catch" will walk on his hind legs, toss up a cracker from his nose at the word, and catch it as it falls, leap the hoops and bars, pretend to smoke a pipe, and take a little parcel up or down stairs for me, very promptly, when I tell him.

I think we shall have to look after him though, about the white mice. I don't trust him alone with them, when they are out of the cage. He might snap them up. But, so far, they have agreed nicely together, and I thing a great deal of my pets, whose pranks and simple habits give me and my playmates much pleasure, from time to time. You asked your young readers to tell their stories, and so I send you this. Yours respectfully,

GEORGEY.

[We are pleased to have you write to us of your pet, Georgey, and wish more of the young people would follow your example. Hardly a boy but has some pet whose doings would interest others. For such we will always find room. ED.]

Exchanges.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

GEO. A. WILSON, Box 907, Fitchburg, Mass., will exchange high-class B. R. G. Bantams, one trio fowls, five trios chicks, for S. G. Dorkings, W. F. B. Spanish, or American Dominique pullets. What offers? Gentlemen speak quick.

BOX 25, Emmitsburg, Frederick County, Md, will exchange one Pheasant Game Hen, one Duckwing Game Hen, one B. B. Red Game Hen, for P. Rock, L. or D. Brahma Hens or Pullets, Maltese Kittens or Game Bantams.

P. H. HORNE, Stoneham, Mass., will exchange No. 1 Brown Leghorn Chicks, (suitable for exhibition,) or double-barrelled Shot Gun, uninjured, but little used, cost $18, for small sized English or German Beagle Hounds, or Harrier, or offers; also one Fox Hound, for any of the above.

J. F. FERRIS, Hartford, Conn., would like to exchange an exceedingly choice pair of Golden Sebright Bantams, (the cock is winner of several first premiums, and is one of the best in the country), value $12, for something useful—(as well as ornamental.)

GEO. A. STOCKWELL, Worcester, Mass., will exchange Hale's Dictionary of Poetical Quotations, $2; Life of Michael Angelo, 2 vols. $3.50; Robert's Italian Dictionary, (new) $5; Foresti's Italian Reader, (new) $2; Foutana's Italian Grammar, (new) $2; Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 3 vols, $4; Bell's Shakespeare, 9 vols. $5, for offers in poultry.

A. C. HELTZELL, 807 N. 2d St., St. Louis, Mo., will exchange an Italian Grayhound dog, small and fine, one and a half years old, half brother to "Agnes," winner 1st prize at Springfield Bench Show, for an equally good Italian Bitch Pup four or five months old, Dark Brahma Chicks, Angora or Dutch Rabbits.

HAYDN H. TSHUDY, Litiz, Pa., will exchange B. Leghorn Cockerels, P. Cochin Cockerels and Pullets, Dark Brahma Cockerels and Pullets, and Tumbler Pigeons, for P. Rock, S. S. Hamburg, and B. Leghorn Pullets or Maltese Kittens.

A. M. CAREY, Selins Grove, Pa., will exchange four beautiful Maltese Kittens, and a lot of desirable Fancy Pigeons, for choice Pullets or Hens of following breeds: B. L's., W. L., L. B., P. C., B. C., S. S. H., or Houdans or offers.

J. W. HARTMAN, Westchester, Pa., has Owls, Yellow-wing Turbit Hens, Dutchies, Blue Antwerps, Trumpeters, Carriers in colors, Red Barbs, 1 Young Blue Pouter Cock, Blue wing Swallow Hens a d 1 mated pair, Outside Tumblers in colors, Jacobins in colors, Moorcups, 1 Hen and 1 mated pair, Archangels, and many odd birds of the different kinds; also one Chester White Boar, eleven months old; wants in exchange, Yellow and White Barbs, mated, 1 good size pocket Seven-shooter, Earth Closet, or Commode, or offers.

W. W. ELLIOTT, McEwensville, Pa., wishes to exchange fine "Willians" Light Brahmas, (75 and 76 hatch.) for a good Black Carrier Cock, Turbits, Owls, Moorcaps, Magpies, Antwerps, Swallows, or Trumpeters. Make offers. No objections to postals.

LEO. A. DONCH, No. 3, Mayre St., Dayton, Ohio, will exchange for anything that won't eat, my stock of Partridge Cochins, D. Brahmas, Brown Leghorns, B. B. Red Games, and 1 pair A. Dominiques. Stock first class. Postal cards taken at par.

J. F. FERRIS, Hartford, Conn., will exchange fifty good White Leghorn Cockerels, value $2 to $5 each, and one hundred Pullets, value $3 to $10 each, for offers of saleable merchandise. Lots of stock of every kind to trade. No trouble to write.

W. D. HUMPHREY, JR., Tarrytown, Westchester Co., N. Y. would like to exchange one pair of Tarter Game Fowls, the pair weighing about ten pounds, (breeding stock), Cock 3 and Hen 2 years old; 1 milch Goat, 1 Kid, 7 months old, 2 Game Hens (pit stock,) 1 pair of B. B. R. Game Bantam Chicks, 1 Derby Stag, bred for the pit, white legs, for Plymouth Rock Hens, or Poultry Books.

P. W. CAREW, Toledo, O., will exchange two Black Red Game Hens, one weighs 5 lbs. 12 oz., for "Cooper on the Game Fowl"; 1 Red Pile Bantam Cock, for a Pullet; No. 1 Dark Brahma Cockerels, from "Bea Brummel," and William's Pullets, for offers. Satisfaction guaranteed.

JOHN A. LORD, Kennebunk, Maine, will exchange choice White Cochin, Light Brahma, and Plymouth Rock Chicks, for foot-power Grindstone and Cabinet-Makers Tools. All to be of the very best quality.

F. G. PATTERSON, Portland, Me., will exchange pearl case opera glass, in good order, that cost $18.00, for offers; also Guinea Pigs, Fancy and Common Pigeons, at their value, for Pullets of any good breed for laying. "Postals" solicited.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

MAPLE GROVE YARDS, Sullivan, Ohio, has 4 Pekin Drakes, Yearling Am. Merino buck, two Berkshire boars, Land and Water fowl, 30 varieties to exchange for good Sewing Machine, double Harness, Corn-sheller, popular books or offers. Fair exchange or none.

W. F. MUCHMORE, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange, direct from the factory, a new Parlor Organ, nine stops (warranted), value $275, for a first class breech loading shot-gun, ten or twelve bore, with appendage. Write for full particulars

W. J. ROW, Greensburg, Pa., will exchange a Thoroughbred Berkshire Sow or a Jersey Bull calf for a pair of Prince Albert Suffolk pigs, 6 mo. old or over. All letters &c. answered.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND—By Temple Sydney, printed in 1773, embellished and illustrated with upwards of one hundred beautiful copper plates. E. H. Diehl, Delanco, N. J., offers above for sale.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work State condition and lowest cash price.

BOOKS TO SPARE.

1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation ..... "
3. Mendelsohn's Elijah..... "
4. Mendelsohn's St. Paul.....Ditson's.
5. Handel's Messiah..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle.....Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
12. The Romance of History: England. By H Neele.
13. Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of C. Dickens, by F. G. DeFontaine

BOOKS WANTED.

1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
2. Bryant's Poems.
3. Drake's Biographical Dictionary.
4. White's Natural History of Selbourne.
5. Walton's Complete Angler.
6. Poems by "H. H."
7. Shelley's Poems.
8. Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England.

Some volumes of Harper's Monthly, and many other books.
Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books.
Write to WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

MARCUS LONG, Wertztown, Berks Co., Pa., wants a small Greyhound. Give price, size, and age.

POULTRY CO., Thompsonville, Ct., wants choice thoroughbred Fowls, Ducks, Bronze Turkeys, Pigeons and Rabbits, at cheap prices. Give full description with price.

BOX 122, Lexington, Mass., wants a Blue Fan Hen. Must be very fine, or will not be taken. Please send price, giving description. Postal cards not noticed.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., wants 1 pair each of extra Black, Sky Blue, and Dun Jacobins; also Brown and White Leghorns Will give Fancy Pigeons, Poultry, or reasonable cash prices. Make propositions immediately, and I will reply.

PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L and D Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.
H. PARHAM, Lima, O.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

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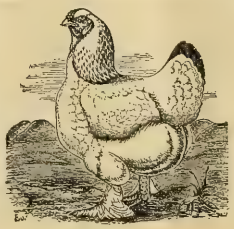

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FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, OCTOBER 9, 1876. No. 39.

"TO BE LEFT TILL CALLED FOR."

"'To be left till called for.' Young un, what's your name?
Don't know where you're going? don't know whence you came?
Got your baggage with you—all your little frocks?
Looks like dad's old kerchief tied around the box.

"Tell us, now, who brought you. Came down on the train?
Big conductor left you, then went on again?
Is the fam'ly comin'? Queer folks them, I guess—
Thought they'd sent the baby forward by express.

"Hullo, Jack, my hearty! Who's the little girl?
Eyes as big as a saucers, hair all out of curl.
Must belong to some un. Tell us, don't you know
Who's the party owns her? where she wants to go?

"Don't ye look so frightened. Needn't be afraid—
No one's goin' to harm ye, pretty little maid.
I'm a rough old codger—mean well, all the same;
Tell us, now, my pretty, what's your little name?

"Once I had a young un, looked a heap like you;
Cheeks about as rosy, eyes of chany blue.
Lots of rides I gave her on this very line
When I stoked the engine Number Forty-nine.

"Thought her dad was splendid; not a bit afraid;
Loved the black old fireman, my sweet little maid;
Used to take her with me often as I could;
Popped her in the tender on a log of wood.

"Brakemen used to joke me—'twas a funny place,
My own pretty baby, with her milk-white face.
But I couldn't keep her—lived till she was seven;
Then one day she left me; guess she went to heaven.

"Parson said God did it when we watched her start;
S'pose He knows His business, but it broke my heart.
Somehow you look like her. If your folks don't come,
I'll kidnap you, baby—carry you off hum.

"Who's that spruce young feller coming down the street,
Lookin' round for somethin'?—you, or I'll be beat!
'Uncle Ned,' you call him. Yes, you'll go with him;
(God wouldn't send an angel to cheer up poor old Jim.")

Harper's Bazar.

THE INDIAN CROW.

A stranger arriving in India is at once introduced to two of the greatest curiosities of the country. As his vessel slowly steams up the Hooghly and almost before the custom-house officer has come on board, her rigging has been invaded by at least one kite and two or more crows, all busily scanning from aloft every nook and corner of the deck with a keen eye to No. 1. Should any uncovered dish be incautiously conveyed from the galley to the saloon, its contents run a strong chance of being swooped off by a kite; and any droppings of food are as certainly pounced upon by a crow.

Leaving the vessel, the new arrival loses sight, temporarily, of the kites; but on reaching his quarters he is certain to reëncounter the crow; yes, absolutely certain wherever he subsequently travels, there he will find this amusing and omnipresent bird; and from the first he cannot fail to notice, and be amused by, its audacious antics. On the morning after his arrival, let us imagine him seated in the veranda, discussing his first *chota házree* (literally, "small breakfast," a light and early meal universally taken in India). No sooner are the viands placed before him than he will see two or three crows alighting on the veranda rails. Ignorant as yet of their tactics, he will quietly discuss his buttered toast, and perhaps introduce himself to the birds by throwing them little fragments thereof. Greedily devouring the inch, they quietly prepare to take the ell. Something calls him away for a moment, and he returns to find the thieves retreating with his toast or egg; and he sits down highly amused at their impudence.

Perhaps this scene occurs in his room, all the Venetian shutters of which are wide open. As he sits down to his meal, he will see a crow sitting on the top of the Venetian, and peering sideways and curiously into the room; and should he for a moment leave the table, he only returns to find his toast and the crow gone together.

Having thus generally introduced the Indian crow to our readers, let us proceed to describe his habits, character, and accomplishments.

Our friend rejoices in the learned name of *Corvus splendens*, and this designation has been evidently applied to him in derision, or perhaps on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. The natives only know him as *kaw wá* (pronounced cow-wá), and apparently name him from his caw. He is certainly in no way (except in genius) a *shining* bird, as will be admitted when I describe him. Take a rook give him the curved beak of the raven, and the gray neck and eyes of the jackdaw, and you have a tolerable picture in size and color of *Corvus splendens*, or, as he should be more appropriately called, *Corvus latro*. Our friend, though found throughout the Bengal presidency—I may say throughout India, is not generally a gregarious bird, like the rook; you commonly meet him in families of from three to five individuals, and never, as a rule, at any distance from the haunts of men. I regret to be obliged to admit that he prefers to live by plunder rather than by honest labor. Everything is fish that comes to the nets of those pillagers; they will plunder alike the stall of the *bunya* (dealer in grains and flour), or the butcher; they will gorge on sweetmeats, or pilfer fruit; and eagerly will they tap the toddy pots hanging from the top of the palm; while with still greater gusto they will revel on the white ant when it swarms into the air as a perfect winged insect at the commencement of the rains. They will plunder the nosebags of horses, remain in close attendance on the kitchen, carry off young chickens from the fowl-yard, devour strawberries and tomatoes, await the daily shakings of the tablecloth, or carry off a greasy duster, and, in short, be in constant readiness to carry off anything and everything.

They generally get the first pickings of carrion, and are always to be seen in the company of vultures when engaged in their sanitory operations. I have seen a crow deliberatively sit on the back of a gorging vulture, and try to pull out of his beak a choice bit of carrion, the vulture being quite at the mercy of his agile tormentor. Frogs, the young of birds—except of their

own kind, for "there is honor among thieves"—mice, weak rats, and small and helpless creatures generally, especially the young of the squirrel, are eagerly carried off and devoured.

They are very fond of the cattle tick, and in search of this pest you will see a crow deliberately climbing up a cow's tail, and carefully examining its root and neighborhood for any hiding tick. Cattle generally value this partiality; and I have actually seen a cow lift its tail, as if to help the crow in its ascent. The neck and ears of oxen and buffaloes are also carefully examined for ticks.

Though possessed of such a bad character, the crow is universally tolerated as a comic pest, amusing alike to native and European.

A thief so accomplished must necessarily be wary and vigilant, and this quality is the only recommendation we can adduce on behalf of our friend. You may as reasonably hope to catch a weasel asleep, as to find a crow with his weather eye closed; and this habitual wariness, even at night, often gives the alarm of danger. As the cackle of geese once saved the Roman Capitol from the thieving Gauls, so the cawing of crows has repeatedly given warning of the prowling thief or burglar. Crows will always announce the presence of, and try to mob, any animal that goes abroad at unseasonable hours; thus they will mob the tiger or jackal, the owl or bat; and they invariably make an immense commotion on the appearance of a snake.

As a further illustration of the wariness of the crow, I may mention his thorough knowledge and immense fear of a gun. A crow will worry you in one of the many ways familiar to the tribe, and you will try to get rid of him by shouting and gesticulation. He will hop away a few paces, or fly a few yards, and then stop and look at you from both sides of his head. But point a gun at him, or even raise a stick to your shoulder, and he will at once fly in dismay, looking behind him all the time. This fear of a pointed stick seems to prevail with crows everywhere. But whence originated this mortal fear of a gun or stick? Believers in the theory would adduce it as an illustration of development, due, perhaps, to the presence of gun-using Europeans in the country; but then the crow at Dan dreads the gun or raised stick just as much as the crow at Beersheba, and it is quite possible that neither ever before saw a gun; and it is certain that there are thousands upon thousands of crows which have never seen, heard, or even dreampt of a gun, though equally certain that each one would exhibit the same dismay on seeing one.

As an offshoot of this wariness, let me notice the extraordinary confidence of the crow. I have frequently seen my little son run out to a collection of strange crows with some food in his hand; they would receive him in their midst, take the food scattered, and even try to rob him of it; but they would never allow me to be so familiar with them, but would retire at once to a respectful distance. How was this? They confided in the young child, but dreaded the father, both absolute strangers to them. Reason was clearly here at work; they knew that the child was more artless than the man, and confided in him accordingly.

I have alluded to the teasing and worrying propensities of the crow. Let me adduce some instances, which every Indian reader will indorse. During the hot weather it is a common practice to sleep out of doors, and thus endeavor to secure the sleep denied in the stifling room. Toward the small-hours the air generally cools a little, and sleep then steals over the tossing and weary frame, and daybreak finds you fast asleep; then it is that a crow will alight as near as possible, and awake you by his cawing; or if your bed is under a tree, he will rouse you by cawing, or by dropping twigs or other materials upon you. What is the use of shouting or throwing your slippers at him, in hopes of scaring him away? The mischief is done, and sleep has departed, and so has the crow, thoroughly satisfied with his cruel mischief.

A large astronomical telescope stood in the veranda of my study, in full view of my writing-table; now why should a particular crow delight in perching upon the tube of the instrument, cawing all the time, to distract me from my work? Why should he do this daily, and only cease when I rested an empty gun against the tripod? He had nothing to gain but the mere delight of teasing me. Perhaps a corvine apologist may say he was astronomically disposed, and wished me to tell him something about the starry wonders; but I scout this idea.

I have thus alluded at some length to the wariness and mischievous propensities of the crow; let me now adduce a good quality, notwithstanding his otherwise filthy habits and tastes. He is a very clean bird and never goes without his daily bath, for which, if possible, he prefers running water. Crows are very fond of bathing in irrigation rills, and often vex the gardener by destroying them in the exuberance of their antics. They flock in crowds to a shallow river side and then afford a most lively spectacle. I have stated that crows are generally not gregarious, like the rook, and I will now illustrate the exceptions to the rule. In addition to their bathing assemblages, they have remarkable parliaments, which I have frequently watched in the distance with great amusement. These are always held in quiet out-of-the-way places and always on the ground, and to them flock the brotherhood from all quarters. The proceedings are absolutely silent, and seem mainly to consist in small knots of individuals exhibiting their graces before one bird; they will hop round him in various attitudes, look at him first with one eye, then with the other; and all the while the central individual will be supremely indifferent to their attentions. Perhaps the proceedings will be varied by a disconcerted crow hopping to another group, there to exhibit his or her charms. This silent session will be maintained for an hour, and then suddenly break up with loud cawing; just as if the crows were being released from a disagreeable duty, and were rejoicing in their escape.

I never could make out what these assemblages are for; they are not amatory, for they occur as often before as after the breeding season; and they are not judicial, for they are absolutely silent, and no results follow.

(*To be Continued.*)

—A letter to the Hartford *Times* says:—Young Tiffany's chameleon shed its skin this morning. When my attent on was first called to it, I thought it was an imposture—for the little reptile looked just as if it had on a little night-gown of fine lavender-colored muslin, tied or tucked in at the neck and top of the tail. This strange garment gradually parted in openings. While this process was going on, the chameleon, which was on the floor, and had a thread tied around it, held at one end by Willie Tiffany, would very unexpectedly and suddenly make vigorous little rushes and darts across the floor, to the length of its string, and to the great discomfiture of the ladies who were gathered around it, watching the shedding process. On such occasions the ladies would run screaming to a corner of a room, the suddenness and rapidity of the small "varmint's" movements whenever he started seeming to deprive them of all presence of mind. The chameleon got hold of what he could of this cast-off garment and tried to swallow it. Upon examining segments of the cast skin under a magnifying glass, it was seen to be full of perfectly circular holes, arranged in the most regular and orderly manner, and the texture resembled that of the crown of a bonnet, though not quite so close.

Your voiceless lips, oh flowers, are living preachers;
Each cup a pulpit—every leaf a book—
Supplying to my fancy numerous wonders
From loneliest nook.

Poultry Department.

MOULTING.

The season of moulting, that is, the time when birds discard the old plumage and take on the new, is the most critical in their existence, both because of the time of year in which it occurs, and the demands which are made upon the system.

The frequent losses of birds at this season have caused the experienced fancier to give the extra care, both in food and shelter, the case seemed to call for; and he always regards it as a season of rest from egg-producing.

The extreme heat of summer is in itself debilitating. The system of the bird is relaxed, and scarcely more food is taken than is necessary to sustain life, so it is noticeable that birds beginning early in the summer to moult, are long out of plumage, and it often happens if an epidemic prevails among poultry, they are the worst sufferers.

In the early autumn the worst foe of the moulting bird is dampness. The poultry keeper is apt to forget that the extra ventilation the heat of summer made imperative, is now not only unnecessary, but injurious. He forgets that the muggy days of autumn, with the heat so debilitating, the damp so penetrating, and the cold so chilling, are felt as keenly by his fowls as by himself.

Many poultry men advise the addition of a tea-spoonful of the "Douglass mixture" daily, during the moulting period, to the drinking water. O hers think the simple sulphate of iron sufficient; others again provide water in iron vessels at this time. All unite, however, in advising more than the usual allowance of meat, plenty of lime, bone dust, or burnt shells and bones, and an occasional feed of hemp seed.

The "Douglass mixture" is simply the solution of one ounce of sulphuric acid and one-half pound of sulphate of iron in two gallons of water. It is used by those fanciers who consider "the ounce of prevention" necessary, as some people take a regular course of medicine spring and fall "for fear they might be ill."

For our poultry, no such dosing is needed. Give fowls pure air, quarters clean and free from vermin, runs sheltered from sun, rain, and snow, pure water often, and in a shaded place, with good nourishing food, permitting them always to have free access to lime, or burnt bones, or shells, and our word for it, fowls are better without than with "mixtures" of any kind.

FEATHER-EATING FOWLS.

Take a small quill feather about three inches long, pass it through the nostrils about half way. The operation will not harm them in the least. If its mate pulls it out, serve him the same way. I breed the Black Spanish, which are the worst feather-eating breed that I know of, and it is always a sure cure. If the bird is treated this way on the runs, it is better to tie the feather across the upper bill. H. D. G.

RIGHT, FOR A THOUSAND CROWNS!

"Young Breeder" hits the nail on the head in No. 37 of The Journal, on the "Postal Card Nuisance." He is right. If a man "means business," he will go to the expense of a three-cent stamp to make his inquiries, and enclose another for an answer, when he writes to a breeder about fancy fowls, or pet stock. For one, *I* do not answer postal cards, except to forward a printed circular, when *that* is simply applied for. This is well enough.

But the other style, of asking a dozen questions on a postal card, to be answered by a three-cent stamped letter, is not the thing. And I agree with "Young Breeder," that poultry men who really have a large correspondence to respond to, have found this "a curse, and a nuisance," that ought to be abated.

If I want to purchase a wagon or a sewing-machine, I will write and seal my letter. And I enclose a stamp *always* when I seek any information that is to benefit me, individually. So, 'rah for "Young Breeder!" Do it again.

B. G.

Boston, Sept. 25.

CENTENNIAL.

New York, Sept. 22d.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

While in Philadelphia visiting the Centennial, I thought I would take a day off and visit the Baltimore fanciers.

I called, about eight o'clock in the morning, on Mr. Gladdess, the well-known Short-faced Tumbler fancier, but before showing me his birds, he went with me to Mr. Mordecai's lofts, where the exceedingly fine collection of Barbs were of especial interest to me, being a Barb breeder and fancier myself.

I regretted the absence of Mr. Mordecai, though his son did the honors of the place most acceptably. I enjoyed my call, and the long pigeon talk we had together. At Mr. Gladdess', upon our return we saw, what I should say, was the best collection of Short-faced Tumblers in America. His black and black-mottled Russian Trumpeters were also very fine. He also showed a very fine collection of Toys. Mr. Gladdess is indeed an enthusiastic fancier. After showing me his loft, which in its arrangements is perfect, we went to the library. Among other works he has a large collection of books relating to pigeons. I think he is the owner of every known book on pigeons. Our next call was at the loft of Mr. Becker. His collection of Pouters is especially fine. I think some of our New York gentlemen will have to look out for him at the Centennial exhibition. Returning to Philadelphia, my first duty in the interest of pigeons, was to see Mr. Diehl, Superintendent of the Poultry Department of the Centennial exhibition. He showed me through the Pomological hall, where the exhibition is to be held. The building is 200 × 250, and admirably adapted for the show. Mr. Diehl hopes to have a large show of good birds, and promises them every comfort and the best of care. As England is to be very largely represented, it will be to the interest of American fanciers to do the best they can, and to show all the good birds in their possession.

Barb.

A CURIOUS SUGGESTION IS MADE

By a correspondent, in view of the rapidly increasing quantities of poultry of late years bred in this country—who asks "Is there no apprehension that we may have too much of this thing, in America? Is it not probable that this rapid multiplication of chickens may be carried too far? And may we not get over stocked, at the increasing rate we are now going in this business?"

We do not as yet discover that the production of poultry and eggs among us is so increased as to be noticeable, from the *prices* demanded in our markets. Eggs are no cheaper year by year, and chickens bring on the average quite as good figures as hitherto

—among consumers. The demand is the regulator of all supplies. We see more *good* poultry in market than formerly, but we do not find it, generally speaking, any cheaper than it has been for a decade of years.

A great monarch in former times, speaking of the better comforts he desired to procure for his people, declared that he "would be rejoiced to know that poultry was so plentiful within the limits of his realm, that every peasant might be able to put a good fowl or two in his pot, at least every Sunday in the year." And surely every dweller in the country, in the United States, would be able to do this, if all our farmers and out-of-towns people bestowed a fair share of their care and leisure in rearing poultry among us.

No! We see no need for alarm. It may be that an undue share of attention may be given to mere "fancy breeding," with the expectation of realizing upon the sale of the product continuous extravagant prices. But all this will regulate itself. Within less than ten years, enormous strides in actual improvement of the breeds have taken place, and breeders have multiplied wonderfully.

We are now reproducing annually quadruple the number of *good* birds that were raised of indifferent breeds a dozen years ago. And where half a score of years since we had one known fancier or poultry-breeder, we now have scores who have been hard at it, many consecutive seasons, and who are still busily engaged in the work, and who continue to find satisfaction and profit in it. First or last *all* they can produce are disposed of. There is no glut in the market. Some do better than others, for various good reasons, and under more favorable auspices in trade.

But, as a general rule, the good work goes forward, constantly. And we see no occasion to anticipate, for many years yet, that the trade in poultry will not continue to improve, and that the more *good* fowls we can turn out, either in bulk for market, or in *lesser* quantities for dissemination as breeding-stock, among the continually increasing number of eager amateurs and fanciers—the better it will be for the community, and the more profitably it will result to those who devote their attention to the business judiciously, in a large or small way.

THE "HARD TIMES" WE HEAR OF

In business circles generally, do not seem to have affected the poultry and live-stock traffic as seriously as might have been expected. The call for *good* stock is steadily improving; and our best breeders have large orders to be filled, at remunerative prices.

Those who have dealt with the public honorably, have already done well, and will continue to prosper in the future.

The "hard times" do not reach them, sensibly, and their trade continues to average good returns from year to year.

This is as it should be, and as the event will continue to prove, while such men prosecute their business honestly and fairly. We have no means of knowing in any particular instance that one of this mentioned class, more than another, has been singularly fortunate—but we can say in general terms that where they have given their time and attention to the work, our best fanciers have found their business steadily increasing, and we know many cases where the busy, honorable workers have been handsomely remunerated.

With the increase of population, and the constantly increasing demand there is for poultry, both for breeding and for market, the interest in breeding and raising poultry must also increase. As it is—new societies are being formed, new men are entering into the traffic constantly, and we feel assured that the prospects of all concerned must continue to improve as long as we all strive to excel in each one particular fancy, and as long as we work with the Golden rule for our motto.

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

HUNTING THE DEER IN SOUTH JERSEY.

A week's shooting once a year among the pines of southern New Jersey, is all the vacation my employer and my meagre salary will allow. There is a quaint, old fashioned village called Tuckahoe, nestled on a curve of a river of the same Indian name. Tuckahoe contains one low whitewashed tavern, whose creaking sign board bears a huge yellow star on a blue background, with Star Tavern, Zach. Busby, Prop., in flaming crimson, painted beneath. At this tavern I made my headquarters, making occasional sallies about the country in search of game and fish. Quail, woodcock, snipe, hay-birds, pheasant, squirrels, rabbits, etc., abound on the outskirts of the village. Deer, too, in some seasons are quite plentiful in the swamps and thick uplands, and I thought, Mr. Editor, that a sketch of a Jersey deer hunt, as participated in by myself last November, would not, perhaps, be unacceptable to your readers.

* * * * * * *

It had been arranged the night before that we were to meet at the Star Tavern, the next morning by four o'clock, and here I was up at three, standing on the tavern porch blowing my blue fingers and impatiently awaiting the arrival of the party. The November moon was at its "full," and beamed brightly and coldly on a brown landscape which was as visible as by sunlight. Mists, in low ragged blotches, were scattered over the ground. Soon I espied a ragged hat underneath which was a brown scarred face, approaching the tavern. The head, to which there was no perceptible body or legs, was smoking a clay pipe in a most life like manner. The pipe disappeared and the head shouted, 'Helloo, Logic! be that you?" Before I had time to reply, a body and legs attached themselves to the head, and Gruff, the one-armed deer hunter, emerged from the mist and stood before me. He was a man about forty years old, with an habitual stoop in his shoulders, and long shaggy red hair which evidently had not felt comb or shears for a long time. He lost his left arm during the rebellion, and had as a substitute a wooden one with an iron hook, with which he hauled about his wife and children in a most lively manner when intoxicated. Gruff was a man of peculiar ideas, and one of them was an abomination for doubled barreled guns. He always used a gun with but a single barrel of that type known among sportsmen as a "poke stock." Gruff claimed to have once killed with this gun, a doe and her fawn at one shot. He related this exploit to me before a crowd of gunners, some of whom were on the hunt that day. I believe it to be a fact. But I am digressing.

Following Gruff was his son, a little fellow so short in stature that his head had not appeared above the mist, leading ten or twelve dogs, mostly Virginia deer hounds, secured with thongs of raw hide.

One by one the gunners arrived, until the whole party—six in

all—assembled. After partaking of some "home distilled," we trudged briskly down the road, led by Gruff with the dogs. A walk of four miles down a road over which pine trees mingled their foliage, shutting out the heavens, brought us to where a cow path led to the stand which I was to occupy. Wishing a "lucky shot" to the others, with a companion to direct me, I turned into the woods. The huckleberry bushes (of which the brush was mostly composed) were wet, and I was compelled to wrap the tail of my coat around the gun locks to keep them dry. Squirrel chattered and barked in the tall trees; an occasional pheasant (?) would jump up with a *whirr*, causing me to shiver with sudden fright, and fly into a swamp along whose borders we were traveling. My "stand" was a gum tree stump, standing some dozen yards from a ridge which skirted the swamp along its entire length. About a hundred yards distant was another ridge over which my companion mounted guard. Deer, gentle reader, always select ridges for running, when disturbed by dogs. We heard the baying of the dogs when the deer was "jumped," and an occasional shot as the deer passed by a stand, but not the signal of his death—a blast on a fog horn, carried by Gruff. The shadow of a lightning stricken cedar which stood in the sunlight, grew smaller and smaller, but still the cry of the dogs came no nearer. I danced wonderful "double shuffles" and jigs to exercise my wearied legs.

I was aiming for amusement at a red squirrel that was sitting on his haunches a few yards off, grinning and chattering at me in a most spiteful manner, when a most terrific crashing of the bushes caused me to look, and there was the long-looked for deer—a buck—with tongue hanging out one side of his mouth, bounding swiftly by me. At sight of the deer, a terrible nervousness seized me, and in vain I tried to bring the gun to my shoulder, my arms refused obedience. "There goes the deer, shoot Logic, shoot!" shouted my companion. "Wait a minute," I replied while great drops of perspiration gathered on my brow. I was seized by that curious disease, the "buck fever." At the sound of voices the buck stopped forty yards distant, trembling and head erect as if listening. With no small effort I shook the "fever" off, and bringing the gun hastily to my shoulder, fired while the deer was motionless, taking no aim, however. The buck sprang several feet into the air, and like a flash of light disappeared in the swamp.

I was sitting mournfully on the stump thinking of what a superb opportunity for killing a deer I had missed, when the dogs ran yelping by. Gruff soon after passed on a long easy gallop, and as he passed he cried, "Missed 'im, Logic, jist as expected." A quarter of a mile, judging by their sound, the dogs stopped as if the deer had been brought to bay. Soon Gruff returned to where I leaning in a melancholy state of mind on my gun, and said, "You've killed 'im, by Ghoul!" And so by some unexplainable accident I had hit the deer, though I am positive that I took no aim when I fired. I did not tell my fellow gunners this, but bore the honors as if I deserved them.

A blast on the horn brought the party together at the spot where the buck lay dead. He was a large buck with five prongs to his horns, and would weigh (on the authority of Gruff) near two hundred and thirty pounds. He was hit behind the fore-shoulder with three buck shot, two of which had passed entirely through him. As the successful shot, I was entitled to the choice piece—the hind quarters—and the horns. The hide belonged to the dogs, or rather to Gruff, their owner. The other parts were equally divided among the rest, by myself, blindfolded. The horns, nicely polished and mounted, now adorn the cornice of my book-case.

Paul Logic.

Nature is a perfect housekeeper; she knows better what is wanted in her house than any one can tell her.

KENNEL NEWS.

I have waited to write to you about my puppies until it was publicly announced that both "Leo" and "Luticè" had taken first prizes, at the Centennial Dog show, which was done yesterday. Luticè had ten puppies, seven dogs and three sluts, and being born Sept. 2d, they were but two days old when put upon exhibition.

One dog died the day it was born; another died the second day of the show; maybe Luticè had laid upon it, or it had been hurt by her chain; and still another dog died last Saturday. "Luticè" killed it, I think, by trying to remove it into a manger, or it may be she had lain upon it.

Mr. P. R. Scherr's "Zoe" was also there, and she also took a prize. She was only a year old the 22d of this month, so was classed among the puppies.

Mr. Charles Lincoln told me he had written an article for the *Forest and Stream* about them, and Thos. Nast, after looking at them, took my address. They received a great deal of attention.

Edw. B. D'Estiville Picot.

Quail Shooting.—The Calaveras *Chronicle* has the following pointed suggestion for those who shoot quail in an unsportsmanlike manner: "At the commencement of the quail season we have a word or two to say to hunters: Give the birds a chance. Don't assassinate them by lying in ambush at their watering places and roosts. That is murder in the first degree and ought to be punished by imprisonment for life, at least. No sportsman shoots at a bird sitting, to say nothing about taking a meaner advantage of them. Give the birds a chance."

A Wild Turkey Suggestion.—The Pogonip Club of Santa Cruz propose providing a small sinking fund with which to send East to purchase a few wild turkeys and prairie chickens; $150 will purchase a sufficient number with which to swarm our woods in three or four years. They of course will have to be protected by an act of the Legislature for that length of time. Our mountain sides and canyons abound in berries of all kinds on which the turkeys would keep rolling fat, and the stubble fields in the valleys would furnish splendid forage for the chickens. Every sport and hunter in the county should contribute liberally towards it.—*Santa Cruz Courier, Sept. 8th.*

Instinct.—Professor Hammond, of New York, relates many instances of instinct in animals: "If the entire brain be removed from a frog, the animal will continue to perform those functions which are immediately connected with the maintenance of life. If the web between the toes is pinched, the limb is immediately withdrawn. If the shoulder be scratched with a needle, the hind-foot of the same side is raised to remove the instrument. If the animal is held up by one leg, it struggles. If it is placed on its back, a position to which frogs object, it at once turns over on its belly. If one foot is held firmly with a pair of forceps, the frog endeavors to draw it away. If unsuccessful, it places the other foot against the instrument and pushes convulsively to remove it. Not succeeding it writhes the whole body from side to side, and always in a forward direction. All these, and even more complicated motions, are performed by the decapitated alligator. I have frequently seen the headless body of the rattlesnake coil itself into a threatening attitude, and when irritated, strike its bleeding trunk against the offending body. On one occasion a teamster on the Western plains had decapitated one of these reptiles with his whip, and, when bending down to examine it more carefully, he was struck full in the forehead. So powerful was the shock to his nervous system that he fainted, and remained unconscious for three minutes. A natural historian relates that a viper whose head had been cut off moved determinedly towards its hole in the wall.

THE

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THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.

Judging from the condition and high class of the pet stock that we have seen in the yards of the prominent fanciers lately, and from the reports that have come to us of the extensive preparations being made, we are confident that the larger exhibitions for the coming season will be upon a grander scale than have ever before been attempted.

The veterans are not to be alone in the field, they will have quite a number of *new men* to contend with; some new only to the show-room, others but tyros as breeders, but showing by the specimens their yards contain that they have entered heart and purse into the cause. Some of these we know of as having in their yards, birds that are coming on splendidly for the coming season, and they are birds too, if beaten, the fight will be so close and the winner so good, the defeat will be a glory.

We are glad to chronicle these facts. This fresh competition is needed to keep the old prize-winners up to their work. So long have they won the laurels, that they consider it almost as a matter of course that 1st, 2d, and specials shall be theirs. The prospects are that the new comers will push the old war horses into doing their level best.

We welcome these new breeders to the brotherhood, their fresh blood will give new life to the stream that sometimes ran sluggish. It has been our labor of love to help bring about this desirable end—to keep up the old interest and awaken in fresh hearts the desire for this work in all its manifold particulars. For the furtherance of the good we solicit for The Fanciers' Journal—the only weekly devoted to the fanciers' interest in America—the patronage of fanciers, new and old, as subscribers, advertisers, and as contributors to its columns of their experience, to the end that its weekly issues may be constantly more acceptable as guide books to the tyro, that he may learn *where* he may best obtain the stock he desires, and *how* he may successfully care for them when obtained.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF FANCIERS.

We are informed by the secretary, Mr. C. J. Ward, that the second annual exhibition of the N. A. of F. will be held at Chicago, Illinois, commencing Feb. 12th, and continuing to Feb. 18th, 1877. Mr. Ward says the prospects for a large and successful exhibition are very flattering, and it is the hope of the managers to be able to meet all obligations promptly, and also to pay off the balance due exhibitors at the show of last winter.

We hope our eastern fanciers will bestow a liberal share of patronage on the show at Chicago. It is not only best they should do so, but it is to their interest. The managers will no doubt be very *careful* that no *mistakes* occur to mar the good-feeling of the fraternity.

LITERARY NOTICES.

By the mail for this week we have received the first number of the first volume of the Dominion Poultry Gazette, published by the Associated Fanciers of Ontario, with Capt. R. H. T. McMillan as business manager. We wish this new journal success.

"Wallace's Monthly," devoted to domesticated animal nature, also came to hand. One of the best of its class we have ever seen.

By the same mail we received the "Guide to the Zoological Garden of Philadelphia"—the resort with which the ready pen of Huon has made our readers so pleasantly familiar. This little guide should be in the hands of every family, whether they have access to the "Zoo" or not, for, aside from its character as guide book, it is replete with interest to the lover of Natural History. Its price in paper covers is but twenty cents.

That most interesting monthly, the "Semi-Tropical," came also to hand—reminding us of days spent in the land of the orange, the olive, and the banana—with the memory of the delicious guava still upon us. The luxuriance of the semi-tropical forests with their bewildering rank growth of foliage, gorgeous blossoms redolent with perfume, the note of the mocking bird in our ear, and the brilliancy of the wonderful birds upon our memory like some wild dream; what wonder that we welcome this paper, the report from this wondrous and almost unknown land, to our table. The paper itself is worthy of patronage. It is printed in good style, is well edited, and contains a mass of information valuable alike to North and South. Terms, $3.00 a year, post-paid. Published by Chas. W. Blew, Jacksonville, Fla.

The "Germantown Telegraph" is always welcome as one of the very best family newspaper we have ever seen. We are always sure the selections we place before our readers from its columns will not only be acceptable, but instructive and worthy of attention.

C. B. Elben writes us that his stock of Black African Bantams are, if anything, better this year than ever before. He had extraordinary good luck last year. All birds he sold for show birds taking first premiums at the different shows throughout the country. Mr. Elben is very thorough in what he undertakes, and has no doubt as good specimens of Black African Bantams as can be found even in England. He has made a specialty of this breed and deserves a liberal patronage. He will deal justly by all who patronize him.

We would take this opportunity to caution our subscribers *to be careful of their copies of* The Fanciers' Journal *if they wish to have them bound*, as some of the editions are already exhausted.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—It is a good year for marvels. Large quantities of wheat were destroyed by fish last winter in California, this singular fact being explained by the submersion of the fields by high water, during which the fish luxuriated on the tender grain shoots. C. R. P.

—A beautiful shrub grows in Santa Cruz Co., California called, white red wood. It is called *red wood* because the limbs and leaves are identical in form and character with those of the ordinary redwood, except in the *color* of the leaves, which in this case are lily white, and of a beautiful waxen appearance. It has been said in

one instance, near Duncan's Mill in Sonoma County, shoots bearing colorless leaves sprang from the ordinary red wood root. Some have supposed the cause was being grown in the shade, but research proved that the situation of the plant made no difference. Rats are very fond of the young shoots, and destroy them wherever found.

—Prof. E. S. Morse says, "Only the female spiders spin webs. They own all the real estate, and the males have to live a vagabond life under stones and in other obscure places. If they come about so often as to bore the ruling sex, they are mercilessly killed and eaten. The spider's skin is as unyielding as the shells of lobsters and crabs, and is shed from time to time in the same way, to accommodate the animal's growth. If you poke over the rubbish in a female spider's back yard, among her cast-off corsets you will find the jackets of the males who have paid for their sociality with their lives,—trophies of her barbarism as truly as scalps show the savage nature of the red man."

—Spanish Moss.—*Tillandsia usneoides*—So named after Prof. Tillandsius of Albo. It is a genus of *Bromeliaceae*, grows on the boughs of trees, notably on those of the evergreen oak. It hangs like a tuft of long gray hair, in somewhat the same fashion as certain lichens-*usnea*, in European forests, giving to the trees a sombre, strange, and weird aspect. This moss does not increase much from seed, but by pieces blowing on the other branches, and thus new colonies are formed. With yards in length of this "moss" hanging in every direction from a grand live oak tree, it seems to make the perfection of arborescent beauty.

J. M. McCann.

—The decorations of the Jewish temple Emanu-El, of San Francisco, for the Centennial services, were unique as well as elaborate. From the ceiling to the gas jets in the gallery, were suspended twenty-five streamers seventy-five feet long. Arches of evergreens and flowers rose gracefully between the organ gallery and the altar railings. In front of the organ a twenty foot flag was draped in the form of a shield,—and 2,000 yards of flag cloth was used to make gorgeous with festoons, the magnificent edifice. *The inside of the Holy Ark was draped with stars, and on the heavy curtains that covered the Ark were hung two immense flags. On top of the Ark was an elegant life-sized painting of Washington.*

—We were reading lately in the *Times* of a scene at the Zoo that was at once interesting and curious.

The nursing of the pheasant chicks by the cock pheasant. The old bird was a hybrid between a Reens pheasant and a Cheer, and a large dirty blotched plumaged bird. The cock pheasant rose from its bed when it saw me, and the babies scattered themselves in the grass. A lady approaching us, the cock pheasant made a great fuss clucking and running 'round and 'round like an old hen with a disturbed brood.

Another time the cock pheasant was reposing in the grass hovering the baby pheasants, while the hen was walking about a short distance off and paying not the slightest attention to her family.

—The common red squirrel is said by Professor Storer, in *Nature*, to be exceedingly fond of flowers, and it is thought that he destroys far more flowers than any bird. The flower is bitten from the stalk precisely as a nut would be, and held between the paws of the animal, while the little ovary at the base of the blossom is eaten. It has been observed by Thomas Belt that in England the humble bee (*Bombus terrestris*) does more harm than good to the red clover, since it bites a hole through the corolla and extracts the nectar, so that it is of no use in fertilizing the flowers. That the bees undergo a process of education is shown by the fact related by Mr. Belt that at the beginning of the season these bees visit the flowers of the scarlet runners in a legitimate manner; but soon learn that it is easier for them to get at the nectar by cutting holes at the base, and later on their acquired experience teaches them to attack the buds in the same manner.

—Amphibious Fishes.—In the swamps of the Gambia, after they have been dried by the tropical sun, there are to be found here and there beneath the surface, clods of earth, uniform in shape and usually about the size of a man's two fists. These clods inclose living animals, which have been led by instinct to hide themselves away towards the close of the rainy season, and before the coming of the season of drought, by burying themselves in the mud while it was yet soft and before it had been hardened by the scorching rays of the sun. On breaking one of these lumps of mud it is found to be a sort of pouch or cocoon, with thin walls, and with projections here and there corresponding to the form of the animal concealed within. Its larger end is rounded, but its narrower end is closed by a slightly convex lid with a narrow opening in the center. If the surface of the cocoon be even gently touched a pretty loud cry is heard, which Natterer has compared to the mewing of a cat.—*Popular Science Monthly for September.*

—Some time ago, writes a veterinary surgeon to a Chicago paper, I was requested to perform a singular operation. I had to cut two coins out of the flesh of a living horse. Both were healed in the connective tissue just beneath the skin; the one on the right shoulder a few inches above and behind the shoulder-joint, and the other a little deeper, a few inches below and behind the shoulder-joint.

The first one proved to be a Papal silver coin, with the likeness of Pio Nono, and the other a simple American dime with the Goddess of Liberty. Both coins, according to the information given me by the owner of the horse, were inserted there by a quack for the purpose of curing the animal of his lameness. Neither of these coins, however,—neither that with the portrait of His Holiness, nor that with the image of the Goddess,—proved to be as infallible a remedy as the quack may have expected, for the horse was lame yet, notwithstanding that the coins had occupied their peculiar purse under the skin of the living animal for over two years.

—The Pottery Tree.—Among the many vegetable products of Brazil the pottery tree of Para is not the least worthy of note. This tree, the *Moquilea utilis* of botanists, attains a height of 100 feet up to the lowest branches. The stem is very tender, seldom much exceeding one foot in diameter at the base. The wood is very hard, and contains a very large amount of silica—not so much, however, as the bark, which is largely employed as a source of silica in the manufacture of pottery. In preparing the bark for the potter's use it is first burned, and the residue is then pulverized and mixed with clay in varying proportions. With an equal quantity of the two ingredients a superior quality of ware is produced. It is very durable, and will bear almost any amount of heat. The natives employ it for all manner of culinary purposes. When fresh the bark cuts like soft sandstone, and the presence of the silex may be readily ascertained by grinding a piece of the bark between the teeth. When dry it is generally brittle, though sometimes hard to break. After being burned, if of good quality, it cannot be broken up between the fingers, a pestle and mortar being required to crush it.—*Engineer.*

—"In middle and northern Chile, generally in the fall and during the dry weather, may be seen 'cobwebs' covering some of the banks of the creeks, and many times on the flat lands. These webs are filled with innumerable red ants. By close examination it is found that the ant makes this web as a protection against a voracious enemy, a worm of light yellow color, with a black head and about one-quarter of an inch long altogether. This worm ejects a fluid over the swarms of ants, and after destroying them in this way swallows them at his leisure. Cattle in feeding upon the grass sometimes with their tongues take up also the cobweb with the worm inside, and the worm taken alive in the stomach, or the fluid swallowed, is positive death. The animal becomes stupid, the eyes red and bloodshot, and in a little while it lies down upon its side, where in a short time it expires. Upon examining the intestines they are found destroyed as if by acids, and the paunch is affected in the same manner. The lung is inflamed and the body of the animal is very warm. The legs become stiff before death takes place. All the usual remedies for poison have been tried without effect.

—" The following question is one that the uneducated often asks himself without being able to find a satisfactory answer; and the learned have not been more fortunate in their interrogations: Whence comes the salt and other substances held in solution in the ocean? In other terms, what is the cause of the saltness of sea water? Some persons take delight, very foolishly, in satisfying childish curiosity by silly answers. Born near the shores of the Mediterranean, with the sea always before my eyes, I once, when quite a child, addressed this question to those who were near me. Some persons who pretended to be very clever, told me that the sea was salt, because certain ships were charged to throw into it regularly large pyramids of salt like those we see heaped up on the banks of our salt-pits. It is not irreverent to say that the theories presented by certain *savants* to account for the saltness of the sea are not much more to the purpose than the naive explanation with which I was answered in my childhood. Some of them, indeed, state that the salt is engendered spontaneously at the bottom of the sea; others that the tributary rivers are sufficient to supply it. If our readers will turn back to the first few pages of "The World before the Deluge," they will understand the very simple geological explanation that we are going to give of the origin of different substances dissolved in sea water. In

the first stage of our planet, before the watery vapors contained in the primitive atmosphere were condensed, and before they had begun to fall on the earth in the form of boiling rain, the shell of the earth contained an infinite variety of heterogeneous mineral substances, some soluble in water, others not. When rain fell on the burning surface for the first time, the waters became charged with all the soluble substances, which were reunited and afterwards deposited; accumulating in the large depressions of the soil. The seas of the primitive globe were thus formed of rain water, holding in solution all that the earth had given up, collected in large basins. Chloride of sodium, sulphate of soda, magnesia, potassium, lime, and silicium, in the form of soluble silicate; in a word, every soluble matter that the primitive globe contained formed part of the mineral contingent of this water. If we reflect that through all time up to the present day none of the general laws of nature have changed—if we consider that the soluble substances contained in the water of the primitive seas have remained there, and that the fresh water of the rivers constantly replaces the water which disappears by evaporation—we have the true explanation of the saltness of sea water." "It is a simple theory, it is true," adds M. Figuier, "but one that we have found nowhere, and the responsibility of which we therefore claim. The chloride of sodium is by no means the only substance dissolved in sea water. It contains, besides, many other mineral substances; in short, every *soluble salt* on the face of the globe, and, along with them, portions of different metals in infinitely small quantities"—*Figuier, in Ocean World.*

—Kisber in Hungary.—We have received from Captain Anstey, R. E., now in charge of the renovation of the cemeteries at Sebastopol, the report of the Hungarian stud-farms which he made for our government, as official delegate, in 1873. Inasmuch as the Derby winner, Kisber, originally Mineral colt, which received its Hungarian name only a day or two before running, was foaled in these stables, a few extracts cannot but fail to be interesting. Kisber, signifying "the home farm," is near the famed fortress of Komorn. It comprises about 1500 acres of good soil, but in the absence of rain, becomes too caked for the horses; and after much wet, too muddy. The buildings are by no means favorably spoken of, and Col. V. Soest, the commandant, complains of its exposure to the prevalent east winds, and the consequent colds and influenza, which have necessitated the removal of weaned foals to more sheltered stables three miles off. Formerly there was a training ground here. This, however, has been done away with, and now all the thoroughbred yearlings are sold by auction—subjects of the Austro-Hungarian empire being alone allowed to bid for them. The estate was bought in 1853 from the Batthyany family, and the first stallion, Deerslayer, was purchased along with five brood mares, five younger ones, and eleven colts, fillies, and sucklings for £1400. In 1854, the stud was largely increased from the Piver stables. In 1855, came Revolver, Grapeshot, and Chief Justice; in 1862, Teddington and Daniel O'Rourke, with several brood mares. When Sir Tatton Sykes' stud was sold, the Austrian government bought thirty-six brood mares; and in 1864, The Pride of England, a roan Norfolk horse, was a noteworthy accession, in color and quality, to the already splendid haras. On Captain Anstey's visit, Mineral colt appears on the list of those that were then at their dam's heels; little, however, thought he then, that this comparatively insignificant youngster would one day gain the easiest Derby victory since that of another foreigner, Gladiateur. Kisber's sire, Buccaneer, he describes as the best stallion in Austria; indeed, large extra sums were, at the time of his purchase, offered in order to get him back again to England. He had developed in Austria most dangerous man-eating propensities, however. Though quiet in his stall, he was not to be trusted in the riding school, where, shortly before the visit of Captain Anstey, he had bitten off the fingers of his groom."—*Land and Farm.*

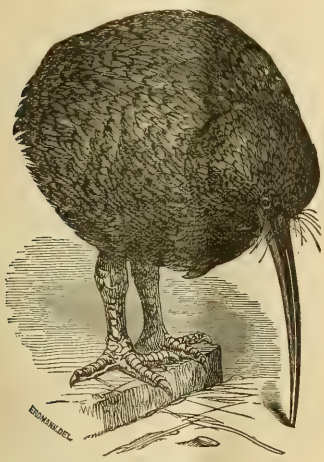
—Ornithology as a Recreation.—It is easy to see several reasons which account for the popularity of ornithology as a rural recreation. In the first place, it can be pursued everywhere. Even the barest common has its birds, and yet there is just such sufficient diversity among the birds which haunt similar localities in different countries to interest the mind and induce philosophical reflection on the causes of this variation. Indeed, the number of problems which the study of birds presents, is another reason why it is so generally fascinating. The mere dillettante can amuse himself in solving these, while the professed student finds many which baffle his closest scrutiny. The migrations of swallows, for instance, were until recent years beset by the same haziness which attended them in Gilbert White's mind. People, sensible enough on other points, gravely affirmed that the approach of winter drove the *hirundines* to their hibernating quarters, hollow trees or the bottoms of rivers. The claims of overlapping species, of partial migration, of the abundance or paucity of allied species in different years, of the curious changes of color in the plumage of many shore birds without their undergoing a molt, together with that special *crux*, of most departments of natural history, what constitutes a species? are specimens of the speculations to which ornithology addresses herself But even more difficult and delicate inquiries remain on such points as the presence of instinct and violation of bird life. The disappearance, whether partial or total, of different species from the several provinces of Great Britain, forms another interesting branch of study, and others might be indicated if the extent and variety of questions which imperitively demand an answer from the scientific ornithologist had not been sufficiently demonstrated. Perhaps the being brought face to face with nature while prosecuting these and the like inquiries, and freedom from the drudgery involved in the use of the microscope indoors, enter largely into the pleasures of the bird lover. And yet ornithology demands in the open air minute and extended observation, large powers of discrimination and comparison, and an enthusiasm that never flags at disappointment. The ornithologist might almost be weighed against the comprehensive standard of virtues required of the angler in the seventeenth century. He must be untiring and eagle eyed, sanguine yet disinclined to believe on insufficient premises, a clever antagonist, a well taught disciple of the inductive method, skillful at forming an hypothesis, but slow to admit its truth without the most rigorous collection of instances and testing of their agreement. Such an "admirable Crichton" is the scientific ornithologist of the nineteenth century, and among our countrymen such men can be counted on the fingers.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

—Wild Cattle of Chillingham.—At the first survey we made from a vantage-ground we saw the white forms of the animals we were in search of, in a little valley dotted over with thorn-trees at no great distance off. And as we hastily arranged our plan for circumventing them, a figure emerged from a neighboring copse, who proved to be no other than our ally cattle-keeper. Under his experienced guidance we made our approaches with extraordinary good luck. Threading a convenient plantation as gingerly as if we were after moose in a Canadian forest, with the breeze blowing steadily in our faces, we found ourselves standing under a screen of saplings, within some sixty yards of the herd. There they were, feeding in peaceful unconsciousness, cows and bulls and a couple of nursling calves. Very graceful and game-looking animals they were, and certainly well worth the long journey. Near as we had approached, we were too far off to distinguish those pink ears that are the special mark of the Chillingham breed. But we could admire their muscular shapes, their small, well-shaped head, their clean-cut limbs, and free springy action. The wind came straight from them to us, and there was not a touch of taint in the air. But at last a group that were feeding a little apart from the others grew restless and uneasy. Having seen some fallow deer, who had been disturbed by our passage, trotting leisurely down the park, they had taken the alarm; and it was a piece of our marvellous good fortune that they had had no warning otherwise. The flushing of a pheasant or even the twitter of a startled blackbird is quite sufficient to spoil a stalk upon them: and it is no little matter following them afterwards, up hill and down dale, when they have taken refuge in the recesses of the woods. Now they moved leisurely away, suspicious of they scarcely knew what, switching their cream-colored sides with their tails, and snatching at the herbage as they went along. The master bull gave the lead, another and a heavier, with a powerful barrel, and pendant dewlap, brought up the rear at some little distance. As the park-keeper told us, this straggler had been the sultan of the herd till only a couple of days before, when he lost the supremacy in fair fight. As a rule, the beaten bull withdraws himself apart like a rogue elephant, and becomes dangerous. But this fellow was supposed to be meditating vengeance, watching his opportunity to surprise his successful rival at a disadvantage and maim him with a sudden rush. Generally speaking these cattle are harmless enough: at the sight or scent of an intruder, their shyness sends them off in a stampede. But there is always a risk when they have got little ones with them. Like deer, they hide their calves in the grass or the bracken; and should the nursling be startled suddenly or awaken with a cry, the whole of the herd will charge to its rescue. When the bulls are brought to bay too, they make some savage charges; and the present Lord Tankerville had a narrow escape when he went to dispatch an unlucky brute that had put out his shoulder by an accident. They are literally wild cattle, for it is absolutely impossible to tame them. Their keeper has tried repeatedly, and failed invariably; and animals who have been familiar with his appearance since their birth are just as shy of him as of any other mortal.

At present they number nearly sixty, so it is happily probable they will go on increasing and multiplying But at one time, according to the legend, the famous stock had been brought so low that the sole survivor was a cow in calf, which call, most providentially, proved a male.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

—The Kiwi-kiwi.—We learn from the *Christian Weekly*, that the home of this strange wingless creature is in New Zealand, and there it is much sought for, inasmuch as only royalty is allowed to appear in the mantles manufactured from their skins.

Study for a moment the strong feet, outspread, firm. With these they secure their insect food, jumping with great force upon the ground, and so starting from the rich mould of the wild-wood, the crawling busy creatures, just beneath its surface. The kiwi-kiwi has its home among the tree-roots in the recesses of the forest, where it dives down into the richness of the fern-leaves with



singular adroitness! It is a fleet-footed traveler, and can during the day elude pursuit; the natives hunt it most successfully during the night, when with torches and spears they worry it down, confusing it no doubt with their yells and flashing lights.

The plumage is formed of curiously shaped flat feathers, each being wide and furnished with a soft, shining, silken down, for about a third of its length, and then narrowing rapidly towards the extremity, which is a simple shaft, with hairlike webs at each side.

The quill portion is small and short, and is overlapped by the down when the feather is removed from the bird. The prevailing color is chestnut brown, each feather being tipped with a darker hue, the under parts being lighter than the upper. Imagine its beauty and glossiness. Truly, royal taste is to be commended!

The kiwi-kiwi must look droll enough when out on a merry chase; it steps over the ground almost as rapidly as the ostrich, and with head "set back," neck raised, and long beak extended, plies its sturdy legs with right good will. The hunter must look carefully, for the ins and outs of the wilderness are better known by bird eyes than by human vision, and the wild-wood creature has some reserved strength, a pretty determined will, and love of life.

Until quite lately the Apteryx, (which is its other name,) was regarded as a fabulous bird, but when specimens were taken to England, and inqiries led to a knowledge of its life and habits, its name and uses were entered upon the list of other recognized bird families. But the isolated strangers preserve a natural shyness, hiding during the day among the straw, (as at home the frequented ferns gave pleasant shelter,) often looking puzzled with the ways of things, and keeping out of sight almost constantly.

The eggs of the Apteryx are something wonderful; the bird weighs a little over four pounds, and each egg weighs between fourteen and fifteen ounces, its length being four inches and three-quarters, and its width a little more than two inches, thus being nearly one fourth the weight of the parent bird. The long curved beak of this bird has the nostrils very narrow, very small, and set on each side of the tip, so that the busy seeker can pry out the worms and other food, without being dependent upon the eyes. The height of the kiwi-kiwi is about two feet.

Three species of Apteryx are known—one most remarkable for the puffy downiness of its plumage.

—Yesterday, August 2d, a visit to Penn's Grove, the country residence of Mr. Woodward, editor of the *Alta California* gave me a chance to examine closely a Century plant while in blossom. The plant in question is but thirty years old, and was moved to where it now stands twenty years ago It has been wonderfully prolific, as the young plants, children and grand-children, that border the walks and drives through the extensive grounds prove.

The plant gave the first signs of blossoming early in June, and now boasts a peduncle thirty-nine feet in height, with a circumference where it first appears above the leaves, seven feet from the ground, of twenty-eight inches. Besides this main flower-stalk eleven others have shown themselves, the tallest, being scarcely half the height of the central. A cluster of seven buds and blossoms, which the wind had kindly broken off, was given me to examine at my leisure, and, though the blossoms contained not an element of beauty, and their odor was disagreeable in the extreme, I found much in its study, of interest. Of the seven, one is a blossom past perfection—one has just opened, the remainder are buds that, I am assured, will open one each day until all are done. The flower in perfection is eight inches in length, and as I see it in the vase before me, seems all calyx and stamens. The long and thick calyx I find upon close examination to be in three parts, the receptacle, the flower-cup and the long, thin, irregular sepals that give the flower its ragged appearance. The receptacle is of light green color, while its continuation, the flower cup, is of a dusky yellow. This flower-cup I note in the freshly opened blossom is filled to the brim with a transparent gelatinous mass, disagreeable alike to taste and smell. In the fading blossom, I notice this is reduced to an almost gum, and thickly covered with pollen, and scarcely more than covering the bottom of the cup. (Query; has it been absorbed for the nourishment of the seed, or has it evaporated?) The pistil of to day's blossom is but half the length of the stamens, while in the flower of yesterday it exceeds them by one-half an inch. The stigma is three cleft, the fissures being filled with a sticky pulp which glistens in the sunshine, and to which I notice much pollen adhering. Opening the pistil, I find three tiny ducts leading through to the center of the receptacle, surrounding and adhering to which are numerous flat, circular, white seeds in six long rows. The anthers, six in number, are of bright yellow, and are rich in pollen. Their length in the perfect flower is seven-eights of an inch, and they describe but a slight arc upon the slender filaments; whereas in the blossom of yesterday the filament has lost nothing in length, but is shriveled to almost a hair's breadth, and upon their tips the anthers dried and withered, hang in little rings.

The blossoming of the Century plant is said to be its death, and it may prove so here, though now not an appearance of decay is to be seen. Indeed, within the slight paling that surrounds the wonder, I noticed four scions just pushing above the soil. Mr. Woodward has always been proud of his plant, because of the exceedingly rank growth which characterized it above all others in its neighborhood, and more pleased is he now than ever that it should have put forth its glory in this the Centennial year.

Pacific.

—The Baltimore Oriole.—Cecilius Calvert, second Baron of Baltimore, has a hold upon the recollections of mankind far surpassing that secured by any monument in the noble city which he founded, in the fact that the most charming bird that makes its summer home in the parks of that city bears his name. That bird is the Baltimore oriole—*Icterus Baltimore* of Linnæus. Its plumage is patterned in orange and black, the baronial colors of the noble lord's livery, and Linnæus only paid an appropriate compliment to the source to which he owed his specimen of the new species when, in 1766, he recognized the coincidence in the name.

Then, as now, the orioles were among the most beautiful and conspicuous of woodland birds. From their winter retreat under the tropics they return northward as the warm weather advances, arriving in Maryland during the latter part of April, and reaching Central New England by the middle of May. In these migrations, performed mostly by day, they fly continuously and in a straight line high overhead. About sunset they halt, and uttering a few low notes, dive into the thicket to feed, and afterward to rest. They do not go in flocks, but singly, or two or three together. The males come to us in advance, and instantly announce their presence by a loud and joyous song, in the execution of which they continually emulate one another during the week or more that elapses before the arrival of the females. But

this emulation does not end with vieing in song; they have many pitched battles, chasing each other from tree to tree and through the branches with angry notes. The coming of the females offers some diversion to these pugnacious cavaliers, or at least furnishes a new *casus belli;* for while they devote themselves with great ardor to wooing and winning their coy mistresses, their jealousy is easily aroused, and their fighting is often resumed. Even the lady-lovers sometimes forget themselves so far as to savagely attack their fancied rivals, or drive out of sight the chosen mate of some male bird whom they want for themselves. This is not all fancy, but lamentable fact.

Mademoiselle Oriole is not so showy as her gay beau. Persuade the pair to keep quiet a moment, and compare them. They are in size between a blue-bird and robin, but rather more slender than either. The plumage of the male is of a rich but varying orange upon all the lower parts, underneath the wings, upon the lower part of the back, and the outer edges of the tail; the throat, head, neck, the part between the shoulders, wing quills, and middle tail feathers are velvety black; the bill and feet are bluish; there is a white ring around the eye, and the lesser wing quills are edged with white. In the female the pattern of color is the same, but the tints are duller. The jet of the male's head and neck is rusty in his mate, and each feather is margined with olive The orange part of the plumage is more like yellow in the female, and wing and tail quills are spotted and dirty. Three years are required for the orioles to receive their complete plumage, the gradual change of which is beautifully represented in one of Audubon's gigantic plates. "Sometimes the whole tail of a (young) male individual in spring is yellow, sometimes only the two middle feathers are black, and frequently the black on the back is skirted with orange, and the tail tipped with the same color." Much confusion arose among the earlier naturalists from this circumstance.

The singing of the males is at its height now that the females have come, and they are to be heard, not only from field and grove and country way-side, but in the streets of villages, and even in the parks of cities, where they are recognized by every school-boy, who calls them fire birds, golden-robins, hang-nests, and Baltimore birds. The lindened avenues of Philadelphia, the elm-bowered precints of New Haven, the sacred trees of Boston Common, the classic shades of Harvard Square, and the malls of Central Park, all echo to their spring-time music.—*Ernest Ingersoll, in Harper's Magazine for September.*

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE SILKWORM.

The Silkworm (*Phalæna Bombyx*) came originally from China, in which country the art of making the fibrous substance of the cocoon, available for textile purposes was known and practiced by the Chinese 2,700 years before the Christian era. It was not until the sixth century that the silkworm was introduced into Europe by two monks who brought some eggs from India to Constantinople.

The eggs of the silkworm are of a pale slate color, semi-transparent, about the size of a mustard seed, and flattened on top. They are deposited upon paper or cloth by the female butterfly, who dies immediately after performing this, the sole object of her existence. In Japan, paper is specially prepared for this purpose; though a sheet of white writing paper will answer very well. As soon as the eggs are laid they are wrapped in thin paper and placed in a cool and well ventilated chamber, until the following spring.

The eggs are hatched in various ways according to the climate. In China and Japan, the papers of eggs are taken from the chamber in which they have been kept since they were laid, and hung up in sacks, care being taken that all are equally exposed to the atmosphere, so they may hatch at about the same time. In Europe artificial heat is used in hatching, and in California they are placed in a room heated by the sun's rays. In about three days after exposure the good eggs will hatch. The worms at this period of their existence are very small, (about one-half of an inch long) and of a dark color. They are voracious feeders however, and grow rapidly if well and carefully fed. The principal food of the silkworm is the leaf of the Mulberry tree (Morus alba) though they will eat lettuce and other plants. As soon as the worms appear they are placed on open trays or boxes made of paper, and fed frequently, giving them small quantities at a time. At the end of the third day they become torpid, assume a whitish hue, and refuse to eat. This is their first moulting and they must not be disturbed until they awake. After passing this stage, the color of the worm changes to a dark ash color and they must be plentifully supplied with food. They pass through four moults or sleeps, and at the expiration of the fourth moult, are of a dark grey with a reddish hue. They continue to grow lighter for about seven days when they assume a yellowish color, their backs taking on a shining, and their mouths a reddish hue. A great quantity of food is now needed, and they will devour an almost incredible quantity, and must be kept supplied with food constantly. At this time the worms, which have now attained a length of about three inches, are seen to crawl around, and frequently raise their heads as if looking for a place to construct their nest, that is to spin the cocoon in which they envelop themselves. They must now be provided with something to which they can attach their cocoons. In the large cocooneries in China and Japan, mats are used for this purpose, upon which the worms crawl and perform this, their last and most important work. A very good receptacle for the worm when ready to spin is formed by twisting one-half a sheet of note paper into a cone (similar to those used by grocers and others), and after placing the worm therein, tacking them to the side of the wall.

At the expiration of about eight days, the cocoons can be gathered and dried in the air; they are then placed in warm water and the silk unwound, the chrysalis being placed in bran.

For seed, the very best cocoons should be selected, that is, the largest of them and such as are firm and of a bright color, and so far as possible an equal number of each sex. The male cocoon is slender, pointed at both ends; the female being larger and oval shaped. In about ten or fifteen days after the silk has been taken off the cocoon, a moth will emerge (from the bran in which the chrysalis was placed,) in the shape of a large butterfly of a greyish white color, having four wings, two eyes and two feathery plumes or horns. The male usually appears first, and is known by his small size and the continual fluttering of his wings. The female is larger, of a lighter color, and seldom moves. These are to be paired and placed on sheets of paper, and left in darkness; as soon as pairing and mating is concluded, the female deposits her eggs and dies immediately. One ounce of eggs will produce about forty thousand silkworms. The length of the thread on the cocoon varies from six hundred to a thousand feet.

BRAVE CARLO'S ADVENTURE.

Editor of Fanciers' Journal:

Seeing the account in your pleasant weekly of the performances of certain pet dogs, &c., I send you an interesting episode in the history of my own canine—a fine large Newfoundland, so-called, though I think probably he is a cross of this breed with the Shepherd dog.

During my former residence in the country, for Carlo is now nine years old, we resided near a broad river, where this animal, who is very fond of the water, often resorted for a swim. He is an unusually strong dog, and weighs now 115 pounds. He had been taught to fetch a billet of wood that was thrown out into the stream, and when the children went to bathe, he always accompanied them, enjoying the sport in the water amazingly.

I thought to teach him to swim by the two little ones, and to catch their bathing-dresses and assist them in deep water; so if

they chanced ever to be in danger, he might help them out. Not supposing, however, that the case would ever arise where Carlo's aid would be needed.

One warm afternoon, my little son six years old, (a great favorite with this dog) shied down alone to the river with him, and began to pitch sticks into the water from the bluff, sending Carlo after them. His feet slipped when too near the brink, and the boy went into the river. The nurse had missed him a few minutes previously, and having seen him with Carlo, she ran towards the water just in time to see him tumble over the bank.

He could not swim. The water was eight or nine feet deep where he fell, and he went under! Nurse rushed to the edge of the stream and set up a howl of fright and agony; "Billy was drowning!" "*Catch him, Carlo!*" she shrieked. "Quick, Carlo! seize him!" she yelled, as the little fellow sank and rose, and struggled.

The dog was returning shoreward, with a stick in his mouth. He dropped it the instant he heard nurse's shout, and made for the spot where Billy was in trouble.

The bank was so high that he could not mount it, but he caught the child by the skirts at first, and Billy's body was so turned by this movement that he could seize the dog's neck—which he did, right vigorously—though this forced Carlo's head and muzzle down quite into the water.

Still the faithful brute paddled away, and bore the baby down stream two or three rods—where the water was shallow. Here he quickly got his feet upon hard bottom, and with a snort took the almost exhausted boy up and safely ashore; to the great joy of his alarmed and distressed nurse, who told us the story half an hour afterwards, as I have now related it.

Carlo is not for sale, as you may well understand. But I thought this brief record of his bravery and usefulness would not be uninteresting to your readers. And so I have written it out for your "Young Folks' Column."

Portland, Me. B. B. W.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

I will tell you a little story of the fidelity of a dog to his master. It was told me by my guide as we sat for a little rest upon the mountain which divides the Beaverkill from the Neversink, and while my own faithful dog Jack rested his head upon my knee.

"Your dog seems to love you?" said my guide.

"Yes," I replied, stroking his silken ears while the animal looked into my face with his large brown eyes. "I never gave him a kick or a cuff in my life," I continued. "I appeal to his sagacity and intelligence, and govern him by the law of kindness."

"He would lose his life for you, no doubt," said Arnold.

"Yes," I answered; "I have no truer friend."

"Do you see that farm-house at the base of yonder mountain?" said Arnold, pointing in the distance.

I shaded my eyes and looked in the direction named.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, my father lived and died in that house," said Arnold; "and if you will listen while we rest, I will tell of how there was mourning in that house once over the death of a faithful shepherd-dog who died by his master's hand."

"I will listen with pleasure," I answered.

"My father," said Arnold, "was a drover who purchased stock, and when a herd was collected drove them to tidewater, and then shipped them to New York for sale. He usually rode horseback, and was always accompanied by his faithful shepherd dog Prince.

"My father was a man of warm heart. He never was cruel or unreasonable, and his faithful dog was his constant companion. One day he mounted his horse, to return from Rondout to his home in Delaware Co. He had realized more than three thousand dollars from the sale of his herd of stock in New York, and had placed his money in a portmanteau, which he had securely fastened, as he thought, to his saddle. Father had ridden many miles, and was nearly to his home," continued Arnold, "when he shot his dog."

"Shot his faithful dog?" I said with astonishment.

"Yes," said Arnold; "but he did it innocently, and the deed made mourning in his home. The old man got nearly crazy over it, for his heart was as tender as that of a child. You see," continued Arnold, "when a few miles from home the dog commenced to bark and bite at the horse's fetlock. Father spoke sharply to the dog, saying 'Prince, be quiet.' The dog cringed to the earth for a moment, but soon continued his antics again, and barking more furiously than before. As it was in the heat of August, and the dog never was known to act so strangely before, the thought flashed to father's mind that the foor creature was affected with the dreaded hydrophobia.

"'Prince,' said he, 'what makes you act so?" The animal once again cringed to the earth, while his eyes flamed with excitement. Father spurred his horse, the dog followed with quickened pace, and when he jumped and bit at my father's feet the dreaded thought came with full force that the dog was mad—that his death must follow the stern fact. He pulled his pistol from his pocket and pointed it at the cringing brute. Loth to shoot his faithful dog, he replaced the weapon, and once more hurried away. Again the dog followed and renewed his attack, but in a fiercer manner; and when father saw the saliva flowing from his mouth, all doubt as to the poor animal's madness disappeared. Once more he pulled his pistol from his pocket; once again the dog cringed to the earth; father took deliberate aim, and the poor brute gave a cry of pain as the hot blood spurted from his breast. Again the unerring bullet went to the dog's heart. Father rode quickly away, sickened with the sight. When a mile away from the spot where he had shot his dog, a thought flashed upon his brain. He felt for his portmanteau, containing his money. *It was gone.* It had become unfastened and was lost. All was clear as a noonday sky to his mind then. The poor, faithful dog had quickly noticed his master's loss, and had recourse to the only means within a brute's power to convey the intelligence to his master. Sick and faint, he rode to where he shot poor, faithful Prince, but no dog was there. A trail of blood lay in the sand for a long distance, and father followed it, humbled and dispirited. In the dim distance he saw his dog lying in the road, and as he drew nearer he saw his portmanteau covered by his body. He alighted from his horse and saw the blood still oozing from the faithful creature's wounds. He called him by name, and the dying brute looked to his eyes while gasping for breath, and seemed to say 'Good-bye, master; you cruelly killed me because I could not talk. Don't tell the little children at home how I died.' The hot tears came to father's eyes as he smoothed poor Prince's head. His eyes soon closed, he gave a convulsive gasp for breath, and all was over. Poor Prince was dead.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"To exchange for cash" or "greenbacks," "wanted a purchaser," or "wanted an offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange Fancy Pigeons and Game Chicks, for a "No. 2,751, Geo. Parr Excelsior Scroll Saw," with attachments and saws, or a Fleetwood Scroll Saw.

ELMER SMITH, Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., has one pair of Black Tumbler Cocks, 1 pair White Fans, 2 pairs Brown Tumblers, 1 pair Dutchess, 1 pair Baldheads, 1 trio White Ducks, 1 Seven-shooter Revolver, 1 Accordeon, for which I want Fancy Pigeons, or a Scroll Saw. Stock must be good, as mine is.

JOHN CUSTER, No. 921, 2½ St., Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange 1 trio Sultanas, 1 trio Brown Leghorns, good fowls, for a male Mocking Bird; also 1 Italian Greyhound, worth $38.00, for anything but live stock.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., will exchange Lt. Brahmas, P. Cochins, (Felch & Williams stock,) and a Graves' Incubator, for a small Black and Tan Dog.

A. A. WYLLIE, Bowmanville, Ontario, has a long Silver Chain, one Printing Press, will print a form 2½ by 3½, with two Fonts Type and Type Cases, one Printing Press, for printing cards, clothes, &c., three Fonts Type; will exchange for Fancy Pigeons. What offers?

W. E. TERRILL, Middlefield, Conn., will exchange German Silver Cornet, B, cost $45, very little used, for nice Brown Leghorn Pullets, (and a cockerel, if not related.) Must be fine stock. Write at once.

C. E. L. HAYWARD, Peterboro, N. H., will exchange one trio or more of strictly first-class Partridge Cochins, White Leghorns, or Black Bantams, for Poultry of other varieties, or Pigeons. I also have for exchange a fine lot of White Booted Bantams, and Yellow Fantail Pigeons.

J. R. HOLTON, 40 State St., Batavia, N. Y., will exchange a pair of Blue Bald-head Tumblers, (breeders); also White Fans, for Black or Blue Fans, or a good pair of Pouters. Write at once.

T. H. CONNOR, Blackinton, Mass., will exchange first-class White Leghorns, or beautiful Pekin Ducks, for Plymouth Rocks, or any kind of Bantams, excepting Black Reds or Red Pile.

H. BURCHARD, Box 737, Corry, Pa., will exchange one good pair of P. Rocks, well grown, for a pair of good Canaries, (male and female, old birds,) also 1 pair of Mexican Game Bantam Cockerels, (game to the last,) for offers; 1 trio of extra good Dominique Leghorns, for Mocking Bird or Red Bird.

A. C. VAN DOREN, Washington, N. J., will exchange one Cock and three Hens, B. B. Red Derby Games, for three Strychnine Game Hens, marked as near alike as possible, and first class as mine are.

ELMER SMITH, Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., has to exchange 2 B. B. Red Game Cocks, 1 B. B. Red Game Stag, 2 Black Red Hens, 1 Blue Hen, 1 Black Hen, 8 young Game Hens, 1 Bull Pup Bitch, 1 House Dog, 2 pairs Maltese Kittens, 1 trio Silver Spangled Hamburgs, for Partridge Cochins or Brown Leghorns.

WEATHERLEY, Druggist, cor. Huntingdon and Coral St., Philadelphia, wants to exchange Solid Yellow Fantails, Solid Yellow Turbits, Yellow Owls, and 2 pairs of extra young Antwerp Carrier Pigeons, bred from my imported birds, and brothers to those I used in the ball ons ascending from the Centennial grounds. It is unnecessary for me to mention about the duty they performed, as all the newspapers gave full account at the time. Make offers.

O. S. RACKLEFF, Deering, Me., will exchange one pair of Yellow Wing Swallows, for a pair Blue Barless Swallows, Red Swallow Hen, for male. The Swallows are good birds. I expect the same. Postal cards answered.

P. H. HORNE, Stoneham, Mass., will exchange No. 1 Brown Leghorn Chicks, (suitable for exhibition,) or double-barrelled Shot Gun, unjured, but little used, cost $18, for small sized English or German Beagle Hounds, or Harrier, or offers; also one Fox Hound, for any of the above.

A. C. HELTZELL, 807 N. 2d St., St. Louis, Mo., will exchange an Italian Grayhound dog, small and fine, one and a half years old, half brother to "Agnes," winner 1st prize at Springfield Bench Show, for an equally good Italian Bitch Pup four or five months old, Dark Brahma Chicks, Angora or Dutch Rabbits.

A. M. CAREY, Selins Grove, Pa., will exchange four beautiful Maltese Kittens, and a lot of desirable Fancy Pigeons, for choice Pullets or Hens of following breeds: B. L's., W. L., L. B., P. C., B. C., S. S. H., or Houdans or offers.

J. W. HARTMAN, Westchester, Pa., has Owls, Yellow-wing Turbit Hens, Dutchies, Blue Antwerps, Trumpeters, Carriers in colors, Red Barbs, 1 Young Blue Pouter Cock, Blue wing Swallow Hens and 1 mated pair, Outside Tumblers in colors, Jacobins in colors, Moorcaps, 1 Hen and 1 mated pair, Archangels, and many odd birds of the different kinds; also one Chester White Boar, eleven months old; wants in exchange, Yellow and White Barbs, mated, 1 good size pocket Seven-shooter, Earth Closet, or Commode, or offers.

F. G. PATTERSON, Portland, Me., will exchange pearl case opera glass, in good order, that cost $18.00, for offers; also Guinea Pigs, Fancy and Common Pigeons, at their value, for Pullets of any good breed for laying. "Postals" solicited.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

MAPLE GROVE YARDS, Sullivan, Ohio, has 4 Pekin Drakes, Yearling Am. Merino buck, two Berkshire boars, Land and Water fowl, 30 varieties to exchange for good Sewing Machine, double Harness, Corn-sheller, popular books or offers. Fair exchange or none.

W. J. ROW, Greensburg, Pa., will exchange a Thoroughbred Berkshire Sow or a Jersey Bull calf for a pair of Prince Albert Suffolk pigs, 6 mo. old or over. All letters &c. answered.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale, Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

WALLACE'S AMERICAN TROTTING REGISTER.—Box 86, Basking Ridge, N. J., wants Volume I of the above, in exchange for other books.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

HISTORY OF THE EARTH AND ANIMATED NATURE, by Oliver Goldsmith.—Oliver D. Schock, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., wants Volume II of the above. State propositions and condition of work.

BOOKS TO SPARE.

1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation ..... "
3. Mendelsohn's Elijah..... "
4. Mendelsohn's St. Paul.....Ditson's.
5. Handel's Messiah..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle.....Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard.
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
12. The Romance of History: England. By H. Neele.
13. Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of C. Dickens, by F. G. DeFontaine

BOOKS WANTED.

1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
2. Bryant's Poems.
3. Drake's Biographical Dictionary.
4. White's Natural History of Selbourne.
5. Walton's Complete Angler.
6. Poems by "H. H."
7. Shelley's Poems.
8. Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England.

Some volumes of Harper's Monthly, and many other books.
Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books.
Write to WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

WEATHERLEY, Druggist, cor. Coral and Huntingdon St., Philadelphia, wants a partner to manufacture and sell a valuable Cement, unequalled by any now in the market. Will cement marble, stone, glass, china, or any other substance, and is very durable.

H. S. SHECKENMILLER, McEwensville, Pa., wants lowest cash prices for a good pair of Ferrets. Write immediately, if you have Ferrets to spare.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., wants 2 Solid Yellow Turbit Cocks, Black, Blue, and Dun Jacobins, 1 W. F. B. Spanish Cock. Will exchange Poultry and Pigeons in variety, or will buy at reasonable prices. Stock must be fine. Write at once.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch, Williams, Hersteins*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.
H. PARHAM, Lima, O.

JAMES M. LAMBING,

PARKERS' LANDING, PA.

Breeder of

HIGH CLASS PEDIGREE LIGHT BRAHMAS

AND

IMPORTED BLACK HAMBURGS.

TWO VARIETIES, ONLY.

EGGS AND CHICKS FOR SALE.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

WM. E. FLOWER,

SHOEMAKERTOWN, PA.

LIGHT BRAHMAS,

EXCLUSIVELY.

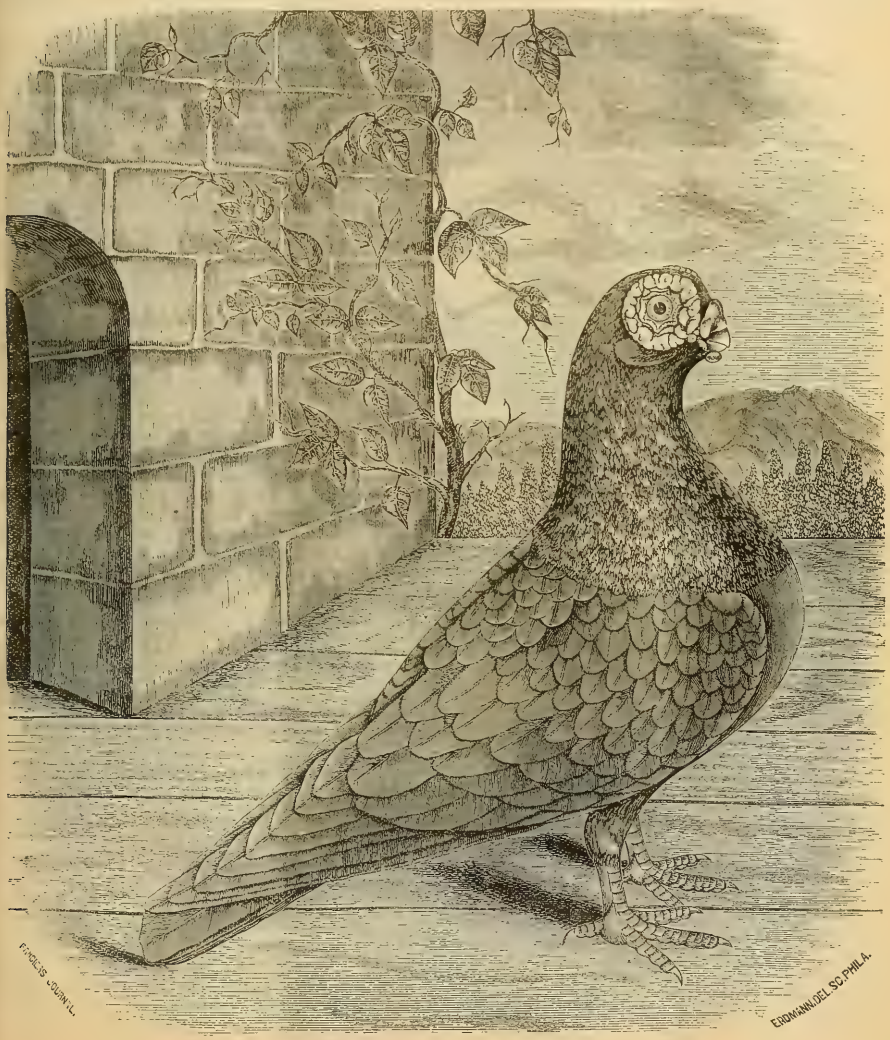
I am prepared to ship Eggs from my best stock, carefully boxed, to Hatch.

See D B. advertisement elsewhere.

FANCIERS' JOURNAL
AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, OCTOBER 16, 1876. No 40.



RED BARB COCK. (See description on page 477.)

FATE.

BY BRET HARTE.

The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare,
The spray of the tempest is white in air,
The winds are out with the waves at play—
And I shall not tempt the sea to day.

The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,
The panther clings to the arching limb;
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play—
And I shall not join the chase to-day.

But the ship sailed safely over the sea,
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;
And the town that was built upon a rock
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

THE INDIAN CROW.

[Continued from p 462.]

Crows are gregarious *in the hour of danger;* let one of their number be injured, and all the crows in the neighborhood will flock to the spot, to help or sympathize, and evince their interest by loud caws. This peculiarity often gives occasion to a cruel joke at their expense; after some manœuvering, a crow will be shot, and instantly his brethren, now unmindful of the gun, will flock to his rescue, wheeling around with loud cries; and so solicitous are they, that two, and even three barrels may be discharged into their midst with fatal effect; and only then will they vociferously adjourn to the nearest tree, and thence pour out their torrents of corvine abuse. A milder joke consists in capturing a crow, and releasing him with a colored rag tied to his leg. As usual, his brethren have assembled in angry numbers; but he is in no hurry to rejoin them; glad to escape at any price, he bolts away in the nearest direction, and perhaps one or two give chase, to ascertain all particulars; but there is no falling upon and smiting the liberated captive, who soon returns, rag and all, to his original haunts. The natives are very fond of running a feather through the nostrils of the crow or stringing a cowry (a small shell, current as money) through them, and I have even once caught a crow on to whose neck a cervical vertebræ of a camel had been forced. In each case the individual gets accustomed to the ornament, and his friends do not exclude him from their society. As regards the crow with the bony necktie, I had to break the ring with some force before I could liberate the animal; and then he departed rejoicing.

The crow is not gregarious in building; each pair builds apart, and pays but little attention to the structure or locality of the nest. Trees of all kinds are equally handy, and the proximity of dwellings is not objected to. Building operations are carried on soberly and noiselessly during the latter half of February and the whole of March, and the labors of incubation are mutually shared. I have ascertained as an undoubted fact, that crows, while incubating, leave their nests largely during the day; that is, they perch outside, keeping watch, but at night they sit closely. The same remark applies to sparrows, minas, and kites; and in corroboration of this, I will mention a singular fact. On one occasion I made a collection of eggs; and one day some crows' and minas' eggs were brought from a distance, and rather roughly, all huddled together in an earthen pot. They were placed in a drawer until I had leisure to blow them; but professional engagements caused me to overlook them. On the third day I heard mysterious sounds in the drawer, and on opening it found a young crow and mina chirping piteously. I tried hard to rear these strangely-hatched birds, but both died. When the young—generally three or four—are hatched, the parents are indefatigable in their feeding attentions, and necessarily so, for more voracious nestlings can hardly be met with. Long after they have left the nest, you will meet a family, say on the high-road, the parents busily analyzing the chance food, and the young birds clustering round them with flapping wings and gaping beaks, crying loudly for choice tidbits, which are continually being dropped into their mouths by their faithful parents. The enemy of crows during incubation, is the koël, or Indian cuckoo, which chooses the nest of the crow for his nefarious purposes, as the European cuckoo generally does that of the hedge-sparrow. Consequently, the koël is invariably mobbed by crows whenever they come across it, although the imposed upon and bereaved parents nourish the changeling most affectionately. As the koël is smaller than the crow, its young one does not eject more than one or two young crows from the nest. It screams wildly while pursued by the crows, as if fully conscious of the punishment it deserves.

Crows are not at all amusing in captivity, and, unlike their English congeners—the magpie, raven and jackdaw—seem to lose all their cunning and knavery. I tamed one once; but the only faculty he exhibited was insatiable hunger combined with imbecility; the other crows seemed to despise him, although he flapped his wings imploringly to them; but they helped themselves unresistingly to his food.

Let me now record some corvine anecdotes which came under my own observation. I was enjoying chota házree with some friends on the *chabootra* (a masonry platform) just outside the veranda of their house, and a plated egg-stand was on the table. All this while, and unknown to us, a crow had been watching us from a closely adjoining tree; we had occasion to go indoors for a few moments, and, on returning, found an egg and its cup missing. On inquiring, the *khidmatgár* (table attendant) said: "Kâwa lé giya"—a crow has taken it away. (Natives always ascribe breakages and pilferings to crows, as English servants do to cats). Hardly crediting this, we were discussing the probability; when lo! the plated egg-cup came rattling down the tree; and the emptied egg-shell soon followed; and then friend crow slunk abashed, as if detected. He enjoyed his egg all the same. On another occasion an English dog of mine was enjoying a bone out in the open, and in close attendance were two crows, who made several futile attempts to pilfer the bone. At last, after a distinct consultation, one crow hopped off with dejected mien, and then, unconcernedly, approached the dog from behind. Suddenly he seized him by the tail, and the dog at once viciously snapped backwards, to avenge the insult. In a moment the crow in front flew off with the bone, followed by its able ally; and so, like Mother Hubbard's disappointed pet, "the poor dog had none."

Here is an instance of how a crow was once outwitted. One day a young fish-alligator (gaviâ), about four feet long, was brought to me; and I directed it to be placed in a small tank fairly stocked with fish. He evidently enjoyed himself; and in a month I was told that the tank was fishless. Shortly after, the hungry alligator was seen to seize and devour a paddy bird (one of the egrets), which came to fish for frogs; and two days after, *mirabile dictu!* an unlucky crow which came to drink was seized and devoured. After this feat the alligator remained dinnerless for some days; but, fortunately for it, the rains set in, the tank overflowed, and our saurian friend floated away to the Ganges.

I must conclude this account by describing the amusing pastime of crow-hawking with a bird not much larger than the sparrow-hawk. As it is not allowed to kill, the crow is either captured or allowed to escape, none the worse for the encounter. On this occasion it was beautiful to observe the birds trying to outwit each other. The crow, never losing its presence of mind, dodged and counter-dodged the hawk, but without avail; and after an exciting aerial combat it was borne to the ground, but only to renew the fight with "beak and claw" until separated by an attendant. True to its salt, a brother crow came cawing on to the scene, to see what the hubbub was about (we were on a bare plain, miles away from the station), when it in turn was flown at by the hawk with the same amusing result.

Much more might be written about the Indian crow; but I think I have sufficiently shown that it is one of the most knowing and most knavish birds in existence.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Poultry Department.

THE WORK OF THE DAY.

At this season, above all others, the watchful eye of the poultry breeder is needed everywhere. Not only must the diseases peculiar to the atmospheric change from the extreme heat of summer to the frosts of winter, be guarded against, but any falling off in condition, incident to the decrease in the supply of food afforded by nature, must not be permitted. From this on, the time for preparation for the show-room is limited compared with the work to be done, and the experienced breeder well realizes, that, having every element of nature to work against, only the most constant and unremitting care will result in success. The old breeder knows this, doubtless he has learned it by hard lessons. But the beginner cannot realize it. He does not understand that extra care in providing against the elements, in furnishing more food and of a more nourishing character, will keep his fowls *up* in condition and save much disappointment and expenditure a couple of months hence. He does not realize that it is easier to *keep up* than to *bring up* the condition of his stock. Then too, the work of preparation for winter must not be neglected. Here again the lessons learned by experience are not forgotten. The fancier, who last year had not provided sufficient house-room for his birds, and in consequence had them plucked and, that evil of all others, feather-eating engendered, this year has commodious quarters. The one who last year, for lack of place, must keep his sick and diseased fowls with the healthy, this year has a hospital pen or house. If last year he was obliged to be at the mercy of the retail dealers, having to pay the highest prices for grain because he bought in driblets, and of course was out of feed when feed was highest; this year he has his bins constructed, and, watching the markets, has laid in his stock when he could buy reasonably. When his family stores are garnered for winter, he has a store of small potatoes and loose-headed cabbages put aside for his poultry. A supply of sand and gravel too, is placed under cover, to spread beneath the roosts, also to form the feeding places for his poultry.

Some put aside a stock of hay, others save the falling leaves, to throw in the pens when the birds are kept prisoners by the storms of winter, among which the grains for food are scattered; thus compelling the fowls to take the exercise they otherwise would not, and thereby preventing much of the mischief that follows in the train of idleness. Some have barrels and boxes, convenient and sheltered from the action of the weather, in which to save the droppings either for use in the garden next spring, or to sell, thereby adding no despicable sum to the credit side of the poultry account. When in the fall cleaning, the straw beds are renovated, they do not permit the straw to be burned, but put it carefully away in barrels or bags for the nests for sitting hens; saves it not more for economy's sake, than because being broken and worn fine, it is superior to anything else for the purpose. These are but items in the long list of preparations needed for winter, and with so much to do there is no time for delay.

SOUTHERN TIER SOCIETY.

At a regular meeting of the Southern Tier Poultry and Pet Stock Society, held July 6th, 1876, the name of the Society was changed to the Southern Tier Poultry Society.

C. J. White, *Secretary.*

YOUNG BROWN LEGHORNS.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

I recently saw an enquiry in your paper respecting the appearance of young Brown Leghorn chickens. To which I reply: Brown Leghorn chicks, when about one week old, should have the center, or back stripe, a *very* dark brown, as well as the two narrow stripes on either side; while the two intermediate stripes should be brownish white, and where the edges of these different stripes join, the down will show nearly the same color as the general back plumage of the mature fowl.

The stripes on the heads of cockerel chicks will not extend up so far, nor be so clearly defined, as those of pullets, though there are exceptions; the cockerels will have a more reddish appearance, and will lose their tail feathers; but a rich appearance of red at a few yards distance, speaks well for the stock.

As the chicks fledge, the primary and secondary wing feathers should show a dark slaty brown, the ends of feathers showing a light spot, making a dotted appearance.

Young B. L. chicks not unfrequently show white spots on or near the ends of the feathers; these will grow off, but not so if on whole or half of the larger end next the body. B. L.

FATTENING DUCKS AND TURKEYS.

In preparing poultry for either the table or market, says the *Rural Home*, it must be remembered that their flesh will be found to partake, to a great extent, of the flavor of the food on which they have been fattened; and as they are naturally quite indiscriminate feeders, care should be taken, for at least a week or so before killing, to confine them on selected food. Boiled potatoes are very good feeding, and still better is ground corn and oats cooked with the potatoes, and fed warm. This feed gives the skin a golden hue, and the flesh a sweet, juicy and nutritious taste.

BERKS COUNTY FAIR.

Reading, Sept. 25th, 1876.

Mr Wade:

Dear Sir:—You will please find a list of premiums awarded to exhibitors at the Berks Co. Agricultural fair, held in Sept. 1876. The display had been better this year than heretofore, owing to the stimulus of the Berks Poultry and Pet Stock Association.

White Leghorns—Dr. Heckman, 1st prem. fowls.
" J. Dorwart, 2d prem. chicks.
Brown " Dr. Heckman, special.
Partridge Cochins—Dr Heckman, 1st prem. fowls.
" L. Roland, 2d " "
Light Brahmas—J. Rehrer, 1st " "
" " 2d " chicks.
Buff Cochins—J. Gottshall, 1st " fowls.
Pl. Rock— " special.
Dark Brahmas— " 2d " chicks.
" —Nicholas Vogel, 1st " fowls.
Houdans—J. Gottshall, 1st " "
S. Spangled Polish—Mr. Marshall, 1st " "
Silver Penciled Hamburg—Mrs. Grim, special.
Silver Spang. " Wm. Lighthusii, 1st " "
" " " J. Gottshall, 2d " chicks.
White Holland Turkeys—Mr. Potts, Chester Co., 1st " "
W. F. Blk. Spanish—Dr. Heckman, 1st " fowls.
" " " Mrs. Goodhard, 2d " "
Pekin Ducks—Wm. Lewis, 1st " "
" " Mr. Potts, 2d " "

Pigeons, mixed coop—Wm. Dickel, 1st special.
" Fantails—Jos. M. Freese, 1st "
" Tumblers, Blk —Nich. Vogel, "
" " Speckled—" " 2d "
Rabbits, Himalayan—Wm. Dickel, 1st "

There was a four-legged chicken, of Buff Cochin Mixture, on exhibition, and was a real curiousity.

I remain yours,
Dr. Heckman,
Sec't'y Berks Co. Pet and Stock Association.

A HEN THAT MEANT BUSINESS.

About a year ago, says the *Ventura Signal*, a hen laid a number of eggs in a warehouse in this city, and with a yearning for motherhood, she immediately commenced sitting, and in due course of time brought out a brood of fourteen chickens. As no one came to claim the hen and her progeny, the owners of the warehouse gave the chickens to a notable housewife, who took both until the chickens were old enough to wean. The hen was then returned to her old haunt, when she immediately commenced making her second deposit. With her usual success she again brought out thirteen chickens. This time one of the clerks took them home. After weaning the chicks, the hen was again returned to her old trysting place. True to her instincts, she laid her third litter of eggs, and again hatched out thirteen chickens. This time another clerk has taken her home and is rearing her young.

CAN A POULTRY FARM PAY?

This question has been fully answered in the affirmative by our neighbors the French. Hitherto with us the attempts have ended more or less in failure; but is that a reason, if a proper method is adopted and due care and supervision exercised, that we should not succeed in the future? From the accounts I have before me of the French poultry farms, I gather that if we follow their example and breed for sale, just as ordinary farmers do their sheep and oxen, there is no apparent reason why a fairly remunerative profit should not be realized by poultry farmers in this country. My belief is that all attempts hitherto in Great Britain have been undertaken and carried out on fallacious bases. The mania for prize-winning and fancy exhibiting has helped to bar success Again, too expensive and elaborate buildings, &c., have been another cause of failure. Look at some of our most successful breeders; ordinary wooden houses have been enough for them, and their birds have everywhere gained commendation. Let, therefore, economy and real, not elaborate, efficiency be our aim.

1st, Let there be plenty of space in the open runs. The poultry will find for themselves much good and wholesome natural food, and so save extra feeding. 2d, Let the home feeding be regular and liberal, but not excessive; your birds then will always be in good health and condition. 3d, Whether you purpose producing eggs or meat for the table, choose suitable breeds for each object. Do not, however, use too many different breeds, as that involves complications in your houses, yards, and accommodation generally. 4th, Let your personal supervision be constant, and employ only the best and most trustworthy assistants.

To take another line of argument. A farm, say, of fifteen or twenty acres will only support a certain number of sheep or oxen according to its fertility of soil; all other feeding stuff, oil cake, &c., will have to be paid for extra, and that in high proportion. Calculate out the product of this in beef and mutton for the market. So many oxen or sheep of such and such weight can be raised, but what can we say of poultry? In this case so much does not depend on the quality and richness of soil; and a greater weight of poultry at less cost, as I purpose showing in my next article, will be raised than could be of beef or mutton.

Poultry, it is true, are liable to disease, so are sheep and oxen. With twenty acres, too, if properly managed, nearly every requisite might be raised for the stock kept. Could this be done in ordinary farming? Barns, cattle-sheds, granaries, etc., would, in the case of an ordinary farm, be on a much larger and more expensive scale than need be for a poultry farm.

There is only one question that seems to me of vital importance now left for consideration—Is there a good and conveniently situated market for your poultry, easy of access, and where fair wholesale prices can be obtained? If so, I can see no reason to doubt success.

I have for the last eight or ten years raised poultry in a large way for my own consumption (selling only at times the surplus), frequently having three or four hundred birds young and old in my yards, and averaging over five thousand eggs per annum, with always a fair supply during winter from young pullets. The direct gain in money was comparatively small, inasmuch as my runs were contracted, so entailing extra feeding, and little produce went to market, and that not of the best description; but indirectly my butcher's book was greatly relieved, and I always had a pleasant variety of food for the table. I bred Houdans, Brahmas, Chinese and common Geese, Peruvian and common Ducks.

As to the question of breeding for actual profit, I have not hitherto tried it; but so convinced am I, from my past experience as an amateur, that it will or should pay, that I intend shortly, in conjunction with a friend of mine, to undertake poultry farming on a fairly large scale, beginning moderately at first, and eventually, if successful, extending our sphere of action.

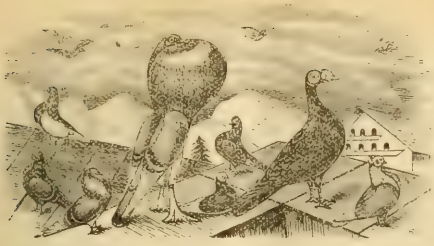
So far I have given you and your readers my ideas and experience, hoping that others will take up this question and give us the benefit of their advice; in any case they must look upon the question in the proper light—viz., profit and loss.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

A CROWING HEN.

A writer on superstitions says: "All along the border between England and Scotland a crowing hen is regarded as a portent of death. A few years ago an old woman, in the parish of East Kilbride, heard one of her hens crow near the house. She mentioned the circumstance to a neighbor, saying that no good would come of it. Not long afterwards her husband died. A month passed by, and once more she heard the fatal sound, which was followed in a few days by tidings of the death of her son. A week later the hen crowed again, and the eldest daughter died. The old woman could stand this no longer. In her desperation she seized the unlucky fowl, wrung its neck, and threw it into the fire. Wiser people have burned men and women with less show of reason."

A Wonderful Bird.—Extraordinary is the rooster now residing at Grand Rapids, Mich. Generally these pugnacious birds contend only with one another, but this cock flies at higher game. First, he wrestled with a three-year-old colt, hitting him with his spurs and flying at his nose, and finally compelling the colt to retreat. Then the victorious rooster tackled a cow. She tosses him on her horns like a plaything, but he invariably comes up smiling and renews the combat. 'Tis a drawn battle, thus far, with odds in favor of the rooster. The same proud bird fears not the face of any man, and lately compelled one who interfered with him to retreat in a very demoralized condition.

Rain water will, after having stood some time, be found by examination under a microscope, to contain worms identical with those taken from the throat of a chicken suffering from gapes.



Pigeon Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

OUR ENGLISH LETTER.

No. 2.

England, Sept. 16th, 1876.

My Dear Mr. Wade:

In my last I wrote about the cleaning and disinfecting of the pigeon house. In this letter I propose to write on the treatment of the birds, and the prevention of disease. After the house has been thoroughly dried, and the floor well sanded, the birds may be put back in it, but such as have the discharge at the mouth and nostrils should be kept separate from the healthy.

TREATMENT:

Wash out the mouths, nostrils, and throats of the birds with a strong brine made of clean salt and as much hot soft water as will dissolve it. Use the brine warm. If the bird is weakly the brine must be weakened. In about an hour's time after the brine washing, again wash out the mouth with pure, soft, warm water, and immediately anoint the mouth and nostrils with Condy's red fluid. If the bird is strong it is best to use the undiluted fluid; but if weak, use a solution of one part of fluid to four of soft water. If the disease has gone so far as to make the bird's breath have a bad smell, or the discharge to become yellow, take an old bread crust—quite old and dry, and free from mould—soak the crust in hot water, add enough vegetable charcoal to make the sop as black as good black ink—take care to have the bread thoroughly saturated with the charcoal—and fill the pigeon's crop half full of the mixture, giving it in a warm state. If the bird is weak it will require to be kept in an artificially warmed place. If the bird is in good flesh a black pepper-corn or two may be given it with advantage, but beware of over stimulating a weak bird.

Some birds with a thick, yellow discharge and bad breath are in good flesh and strong. Such subjects should, after the brine washing, Condy's fluid and powdered charcoal treatment, be given a small capsule or two of castor oil.

Charcoal treatment should be used in all cases in which there is a foul breath, and given as above; it is good for a bird either in health or sickness. By all means beware of administering pure vegetable charcoal unmixed with bread, biscuit or meal, as I have found to my cost it is very likely to kill the bird by stoppage in the small intestine; but when mixed with food there is no such danger.

Carbolic acid is an excellent disinfectant for the floors and walls of any place, but my experience is against its use as a medicine for any living thing; however much it may be diluted, it is still a poison. For the dressing of all wounds, canker and sores, on animals as well as pigeons, I would use the undiluted Condy's red fluid, as it disinfects without poisoning.

Many fanciers may not have the opportunity of buying vegetable charcoal. I have found the home made article better than any I could buy, made as follows:—Cut willow twigs, (other similar shrubbery will do) into lengths of three or four inches, (the thin ends are the best, as the bark makes the best charcoal) put an inch of sand on the bottom of an old iron pan, put in the twigs, cover with an inch or two of sand, and put the pan on a hot fire until the charcoal is made.

The treatment indicated will be found efficacious in most cases—of course when the system is too weak, no treatment will avail.

After disinfecting and cleaning the house, securing it from damp and drafts, the next important matter is food, on which subject I propose to write in my next.

Yours truly,

Manchester Fancier.

RED BARB COCK.

Our illustration this week is a life like representation of a Red Barb Cock, owned by our artist, Henry Erdmann, of Philadelphia. Mr. Erdmann not only knows how to illustrate a good bird, but how to breed and appreciate one when bred. The illustration is a portrait in every sense of the word, as every part of head and body was carefully measured to get the correct proportions. The front view of the head is in every point drawn from exact measurements, and any one doubting the statement can test the matter by examining the bird at the coming Centennial Pigeon and Poultry Exhibition. Mr. Erdmann is one of the fanciers who places his pets above a money valuation; in fact, it is not safe for him to see a good bird for sale, even when his loft is fully stocked; as ten chances to one he will own the coveted bird. The question will not be "can I afford it?"

MATING EXTRAORDINARY.

Seeing in many numbers of your invaluable paper, invitations to fanciers to send you accounts of extraordinary matching or mating among birds, I take the liberty of sending the following as likely to interest brother fanciers. I have now in my loft an African owl cock that I mated with a hen of the same kind; they lived harmoniously together, and raised last season five pairs of young. During the winter I had the misfortune to lose the hen, when the cock, being a lively little fellow, set about finding another wife for himself. After a few days he succeeding in finding a wife in an unmated agate hen, who in due course of time laid the usual couple of eggs, he (the owl) assisting her regularly in incubating them; but when flying about the loft I noticed he was paying marked attention to a blue Antwerp hen, who, in a fortnight after the agate laid, also laid him a couple of eggs, the owl, in the most exemplary manner, assisting both his wives; the result being that the agate's eggs are hatched, and the young ones are progressing favorably, the owl regularly feeding them, and also assisting the Antwerp in incubating her eggs, which are due in about four days. If they also hatch, I will write you further on the subject; but I think that, as the young already hatched get bigger, the owl will find plenty to do to help the one hen.—*N. in Poultry Review.*

A good idea is being carried out in England, says the *Semi-tropical*:—Carrier pigeons are being trained in some of the light-houses, so as to adapt them to the service of pilot boats. After a while, numbers of these pigeons will be distributed to pilots, who, in case of an emergency when help is needed, can send a dispatch to the light-house for what is required. The dispatch will be sent at once to the nearest telegraphic station, and the needed assistance be at once rendered. This is no doubt an innovation which promises to be the means of saving both life and property, and deserves imitation among all civilized maritime nations.

THE

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

HERRON *vs.* WARREN.

A lengthy letter for publication from Mr. Herron of Indianapolis, relative to his controversy with Mr. Warren of Worcester, Mass., has been upon our table for some little time. This letter contains many original affidavits and much matter of interest to the case. But, as Mr. Herron proposes to bring it all before the American Poultry Association, and as, if they take action upon it, the whole will be given to the public in *their* report, we shall not publish it entire. A little part of it, however, in relation to the action of the *Poultry World* in the matter, taken just now, when the publishing of Mr. Warren's letter in that paper for September is fresh in mind, we propose placing before our readers that they may draw their own conclusions.

As to the controversy proper, we have not, nor do we intend to give an opinion editorially. We do not consider ourselves called to judgment. Our mission is ended, when, having placed the matter squarely and fairly before our readers, each one is left to judge for himself.

"Mr. Herron writes:—"It is a rule of mine never to pay for anything until I receive it, and as a business man I feel like offering an apology and an explanation for treating Mr. Warren differently from the rest of mankind.

"I wanted some choice game fowls; seeing Mr. Warren's glaring advertisement in the *Poultry World*—an apparently respectable, high-toned paper, and considering the fact of Mr. Warren's advertisement appearing therein, a guarantee on the part of the editor and proprietor to its subscribers, that Mr. Warren was what he claimed to be, I sent him my money. After returning the bird, because he was very far from what he was represented to be, I was cheered by seeing the following in the March number of the *World*.

Dishonest Dealers.—Those dealers in poultry who fail to do as they agree are, fortunately, few and far between. We have as good an opportunity to know whereof we affirm in this matter as any one; and it is our deliberate conviction that poultry fanciers, as a class, are as honest as any other class of men living; but there must be a black sheep occasionally, and our object in this paragraph is to request all who have dealings with any dishonorable dealer to report delinquencies to us. All such complaints shall be placed on file at this office for reference, and we will do all in our power to co-operate with our friends to expose offenders. Such an union will do much to deter as well as expose. Let the would-be dishonest dealer feel that he is compassed about by a great cloud of witnesses leagued against him.

"I immediately wrote to Mr. Stoddard, Ed. and Prop. of the *Poultry World*, as follows: 'I desire to call your attention to my statement in The Fanciers' Journal of June 12th, relating to some of A. D. Warren's transactions, and request you to publish the same. I am a subscriber to the *Poultry World*, and was induced to send Mr. Warren my money from seeing his advertisement in that paper, feeling satisfied that you, at least, thought he would deal honestly.

"To which I received the following reply: 'We are sorry to disappoint you, but we could not print such a long statement, and especially against a man who has dealt so long and had in the main given such satisfaction to a multitude of customers.

H. H. Stoddard.'

"Had Mr. Stoddard replied, 'We cannot admit controversy to our pages,' and then have left this letter of Mr. Warren's unpublished, his course would have been consistent with his continued, in fact *persistent*, indifference to the standing of those advertising in his columns.

"As long as the amount due for advertising has been paid, it is all right. The people must find out by *trying* what the advertisments amount to. Such a course may do for a general newspaper, claiming to be no more than a directory, but for the *organ* of a *fraternity* like the poultry fancy, it seems scarcely the thing."

Let us look at Mr. Stoddard's treatment of the case. Can we not almost read his opinion? Had he regarded his patron as maligned, would he not have invited the controversy to the *World* that the calumny might be refuted? Do you, Mr. Warren, value the judgment that professes itself biased? and that will note the facts of but one side of the case? What does he mean by "*such* satisfaction? such as Mr. Herron complains of? Had Mr. Herron been the larger income to the purse of Mr. Stoddard, would Mr. Stoddard have refused his case a hearing? These are questions that will arise. The letter in the Sept. number of the *Poultry World* by Mr. Warren, we may possibly review, giving some correspondence—as Mr. Warren believes in publishing private letters—that we have at hand to show Mr. Warren's opinion of our action in the matter when it was a little less warm for at least one of the contestants than it is now. We shall withhold it unless driven to it. Feeling ourselves in the right, we are prepared to defend the position we take, always.

At the New London Co. Agricultural show, held at Norwich Sept. 19th to 21st, Gates, Tweedy & Co., secured 1st premium for largest and best collection of poultry, 1st on each Light Brahma fowls and chicks; 1st on each Partridge Cochin fowls; and chicks; 1st on Black Leghorn fowls and chicks, also 2d on chicks; 1st and 2d on Leghorns; 1st on Brown Leghorns; 1st and 2d on Plymouth Rocks, and 1st on Pekin Ducks.

To all whom it may concern.—Especially those to whom we have sent bills of late. Will you not remit the amount due us for advertising, subscription, or books ordered, at your earliest convenience? Remember that we, to furnish you with the periodical and to place your advertisements before the public, are at a great expense, and an expense which we must meet without delay. If it is impossible to meet the bills presented, or if time will be required, do us the favor to so inform us, that we may know upon what we may depend. To those who have met their bills promptly, and those who have paid in advance, we return our thanks.

Errata.—For Edw. B. D'Estinville Picot, page 465, line 19, column second, read Edw. B. d'Espinville Picot.

In Centennial letter, No. 39, page 463, read Gaddess for Gladdess.

An Isolated Fancier.—Mr. D. A. Cowell, one of our *live* subscribers, writes us from Lake City, Hinsdale Co., Colorado, where he has recently removed: "I am the only subscriber to your Journal in this San Juan Country, and have the only lot of fine bred chickens. Common eggs are worth $1.00 a dozen, and will remain high for years to come, as it is over two hundred miles to a railroad station. This is a mining camp of over 2,000 inhabitants, everything is lively, the mines are wonderfully rich. Any information I can give you, would be pleased to do so."

[We cheerfully accept the offer of Mr. Cowell for we know that there is much transpiring around Lake City that would interest our readers.]—Ed.

By a misprint we gave the 1st premium on Houdans, at the Conn. State Fair to Mr. Waterhouse, whereas it was awarded to Mr. Chas. B. Davis, of Higganum.

CARDS AND CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Laurel Hill Poultry Yards, Norwich, Conn. Gates, Tweedy & Co., prop. Have Lt. Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, Plymouth Rocks, Brown and White Leghorns.

Amos G. Day, Ithaca, Tompkins Co., N. Y. Breeder of Polish fowls, Brown Leghorns, and Golden Hamburgs.

James M. Skiles, Jr., No. 9 Margaret St., Alleghany City, Pa. Breeder of fancy pigeons.

G. Walton, 121 Haverhill St., Boston. Fancy dogs and pigeons.

Wm. B. Atherton, Newton L. Falls, Mass. Makes White Polish a specialty.

Arthur Nicol, Cataraqui, Ont. Breeder of the leading varieties of poultry and pigeons.

Willow Lane Poultry Yards, Doylestown, Pa. W. T. Rogers, Prop. "Silver Penciled Hamburgs a specialty. Stock second to none."

Premium list, and rules governing the 3d Annual Exhibition of the Illinois Poultry Association. Geo. V. Frink, Sec'y., Bloomington, Ill.

Correspondence.

Mr. Editor:

Can your correspondent "Collie," in No. 12 of your Journal, (March 23,) inform me where I can procure a young Scotch Collie answering to the description given by him.

Yours very truly, Jno. W. Trafton.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 2, 1876.

Mr. Wade:—

There's a question come up in our poultry club, in all this talk about Herron vs. Warren. We wonder if them gold bands on the legs of Mr. Warren's birds look just the same to him as they do to us. And we wonder, if the judges are expected not to know who any of the birds' owners is, how they manage to know that those with Warren's mark on ain't Warren's. Maybe you can give us some light. I was just thinking about that Buffalo show two years ago. I could'nt go. I was lame, laid up with rheumatiz. Johnny P———, he went, and came down to my house straight from the show the first night, because he knew I was rather anxious about it and worrying because I could'nt get out. Ss says I "Johnny, whose got the best birds?" "Don't know, there ain't no names on the coops, nor there ain't any catalogues going to be sold till all the judgin' is done. I didn't know nothing only Warren's birds, *he's* got *his'n* all tricked off with brass rings, or copper or something round their legs."

Now we just wonder why, if Mr. Warren can fix his birds up so, the man that has the next coop could'nt tie a string with a tag with his name on, round the leg of his bird? J. H.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

BEFORE THE LEAVES FALL.

I wonder if oak and maple,
  Willow and elm and all,
Are stirred at heart by the coming
  Of the day their leaves must fall.
Do they think of the yellow whirlwind,
  Or of the crimson spray,
That shall be, when chill November
  Bears all the leaves away?

"If die we must," the leaflets
  Seem one by one to say,
"We will wear the colors of all the earth,
  Until we pass away.
No eyes shall see us falter;
  And before we lay it down,
We'll wear, in the sight of all the earth,
  The year's most kingly crown."

So, trees of the stately forest,
  And trees by the trodden way,
You are kindling into glory
  This soft, Autumnal day.
And we, who gaze, remember
  That more than all they lost,
To hearts and trees together
  May come through ripening frost.

—Putrid blood injected into the veins of a living animal is not mortal unless several drops are used; but the blood of an animal thus poisoned causes death in less than two days, in such minute quantities as a trillionth of a drop.

—Professor Bloch reports that a piece of meat, through which a constant electric current was allowed to flow, remained unchanged in color and smell after six days' exposure to atmospheric influence; whereas another piece similarly exposed, but without the current, became putrid at the end of the six days.

—A correspondent of the Slatington *News* writes to that paper from Weatherly that a man named Buck, while out berrying near that place, came across a rattlesnake, which he killed, and which upon being measured was found to be seventeen feet and three-quarter inches long. That beats the Welsh Mountain snakes.

—According to Pettenkoffer, the air in our houses becomes unwholesome when the carbonic acid in it, provided it be derived from the respiration of animals, rises from the normal proportion of 4 parts in 10,000 to 1 part in 1,000. The experiments of Dr. Angus Smith, and Dr. Hammond, have shown that the organic matter in the air, which increases in proportion to the amount of carbonic acid, is by far a more deadly impurity than the gas.

—Accustomed as may be the dwellers in large cities to the constant rumble of vehicles over the stones in the streets, it is pretty certain that such disturbances are not without their consequences on the nervous centers. M. Fonssagrives asserts that he cannot consider such perpetual vibrations as harmless even for those born and bred in cities, and that it is very assuredly a genuine cause of eristhisme, and that to it may be ascribed that prevalence of nervous temperaments and diseases peculiar to the inhabitants of large cities.

—"The idea that the Judicial officer is supposed to be vested with ermine, though fabulous and mythical, is yet most eloquent in its significance. We are told that the little creature called ermine is so sensitive to its own cleanliness that it becomes paralyzed and powerless at the slightest tonch of defilement upon its snow-white fur. When the hunters are pursuing it, they spread with mire the pass leading to its haunts, to which they then drive it, knowing that it will submit to be captured rather than defile itself. And a like sensibility should belong to him who comes to exercise the august functions of Judge."—*Judge John L. T. Sneed.*

—Grasshopper Grass.—Wherever the pastures of Western Missouri have been destroyed by the grasshoppers new varieties of grass have sprung up, which the oldest inhabitant never saw before. The principal of these is a green bunch-grass of luxurious growth, which now covers pastures and door-yards where only blue grass has grown for many a year before. Stock eat it with avidity. Some persons assert that it is buffalo grass, while others see in it a resemblance to other grasses of the plains and mountains west of us. We hope that its development will be

studied by some expert in the botany of this continent, for its origin may throw a new and important light upon the origin of migration of the locusts. The seed was evidently brought here and deposited by the swarm that laid eggs in this region last fall. If brought here from Kansas or Colorado only, its identity would surely have been determined ere this by old plainsmen who are so numerous hereabout. It has put forth no seed-stalk as yet, and perhaps in this climate it may not go to seed this year. Who will first inform us whence it came and what may be expected from it?—*Kansas City.*

—The Spanish Government has appointed a commission to inquire into the physical conditions and possibilities of the Philippine Islands. A professor of botany is to accompany the expedition to report on the nature of the flora of the interior, and on the condition and extent of the forests. A careful survey is to be taken of the entire group, and a map, drawn up on a large scale, is in consequence to be published The mountain ranges are to be the objects of a special investigation; the height of all the salient points is to be accurately ascertained, and all traces of metallic products to be noted. The officers in charge of the expedition are to take such notes of observation as shall enable them on their return to draw up an exhaustive monograph on the entire physical condition of the islands. It is to be expected that many branches of scientific inquiry will profit by this research in a so long neglected and most interesting region.—*Phil. Ledger.*

—A New Worm.—A disagreeable reptile, known in Turkish as the calcale, has lately made its appearance in the cotton plantations in the Thracian Chersonesus. The calcale is a species of worm represented as being especially fond of the cotton and melon plant and being likewise partial to the vine. Its feeding hours, like those of "good society," are during the night, when it crawls up the stem of the plant and sucks out the juice. In the daytime it lies hid in the earth, and the peasants are consequently obliged to hunt for it at night. When the calcale appears in cotton and melon fields, its total extermination is only to be compassed by planting the field with grain, which it will not touch; and this process must be repeated during at least two successive years. In vineyards the remedy employed is to dig up the earth to a considerable depth around each plant. The villages on the European coast of the Hellespont produced large quantities of cotton for exportation, and the appearance of the calcale worm in their plantations is therefore looked upon as a real disaster.

—A Fish Story—A Florida correspondent of the Atlanta *Herald*, in the course of an interesting communication regarding Florida fisheries, says: "The best fishermen in Florida are the pelicans and ospreys. A pelican consumes about a peck of fish a day. They flock about the straits and inlets by thousands. Supposing there are 2,000,000 pelicans in Florida—and there are certainly more than that—they would eat 500,000 bushels of fish each day, or 182,500,000 bushels per year. The millions upon millions of white and blue cranes, herons, curlews, gulls, fishhawks, kingfishers, and other water fowl, devour thousands of bushels of fish every twenty-four hours. An experienced cracker estimates that 700,000 bushels of fish a day are required to feed the birds of Florida alone. This would make 225,500,000 bushels each year. Add to this the billions of fish swallowed by sharks, bass and others, and the sum total will reach nearly 2,000,000,000 bushels destroyed by feathered and finny fishermen on the peninsula in twelve months. At first glance these figures appear enormous, but let any man make his own estimate, and carefully figure it up, and he will find them under instead of over."

—Frosty Mines.—The *American Journal of Science and Arts* contains an account of a curious fact that the miners in Clear Creek county, Colorado, have discovered. It is particularly noticeable in the Stevens Mine, about 12,500 feet above the level of the sea, on McClellan Mountain. After a depth or distance of ninety feet from the surface, the crevice matter, in which the silver is found, is frozen solid. Summer and winter have no visible effect to change its temperature, nor is there ever any perceptible thaw. Pick and drill fail to work the frozen mass, and the only way the workmen proceed is to kindle a large fire at night against the matter and in the morning to pick at the disintegrated ore. After this curious fashion the mine has been profitably conducted for two years. From ninety feet, where the cold was struck, the tunnel has proceeded inward, now nearly 200 feet, and the cold is in no way diminished as yet. Other mines in the neighborhood show the same singular condition, and in all of them the depth under ground is such that the frost cannot possibly penetrate there. The conclusion reached by the contributor of the article is that it is a relic of the glacial era. Whatever its origin, it is certainly a singular and interesting fact, and the method of mining, although profitable, is as simple and primitive as could well be devised.—*Phil. Ledger.*

—Hèrèditè.—The *Bangor Whig* has this report from Orono, Me.: "Some four years ago Mrs. B., living on that part of Marsh Island now known as Webster, visited her neighbor, Mrs. P., one afternoon, for a social chat, and was ushered into the parlor by the attendant to await the arrival of Mrs. P., who soon made her appearance. The ladies conversed very freely for a few minutes; when suddenly a novel sight attracted their attention, and on stepping to the mantel they discovered that eleven mice had during the preceding cold day coiled themselves up on the warm chimney, and their tails stuck out upon the mantel, through a crack in the finish of the room. As quick as thought Mrs. P. left the room, and returning with a carving knife, deliberately cut off the tails of every one of them, with evident satisfaction, and kept them to show to her husband as proof of the truth of the story, when he should return home at night. The next day she performed the same operation upon four more, and our informant adds that for the next three years the cat would bring in, occasionally, young bob-tailed mice."

—An interesting plant is a native to California, and there bears the name of Soap root. It is interesting from the uses to which the root and its fibrous covering are put. Its blossoms are of a delicate creamy white, and bear much resemblance in their form and fragrance to the blossoms of the hyacinth. Blossoming, as it does the first after the rains begin, and covering field after field with the delicate beauty, it is of all flowers an especial favorite.

Its root is a tunicated bulbous, covered with a thick fibrous mass of a deep brown color. The solid part of the bulb possesses soporific qualities. It was first used by the Indians, later by the Spanish, and later still by miners as a substitute for soap; while at the present time one of the most popular washing fluids, which form so important a part of the Californian economy, has professedly, this root for its base. Within a few years the preparation of the husk, stripping the wiry hair-like substance from its covering, and preparing it for the use of the upholsterer and cabinet maker, has become in San Francisco an important local industry, and one which, as it affords a cheap substitute for and is fully equal to hair, and for the very objectionable pulu—dust of the pulu or tree fern of Australia—the people are not slow to recognize.

Pacific.

—The Truffle.—The truffle is a species of underground fungus largely used in French cookery to give a peculiar rich flavor to meats. It comes principally from France, where it is always found in oak or beech woods, and can only be gathered through the agency of the keen scent of dogs or pigs especially trained to hunt for it. Both from the difficulty of obtaining the fungus, and from the fact that it is a delicacy highly prized by epicures, it brings in all markets a large price; and thus truffle-hunting has long been a remunerative calling for the French and Italian peasantry. In appearance, the truffle is a blackish mass, covered with protuberances and weighing from an ounce to several pounds; when cut open it presents a marbled appearance, and its reproductive portion (it is sexless) is found in the veins in the shape of minute sacs which never open, each containing several spores, possessing spine-covered or honey-combed surfaces.

Numerous attempts have been made to cultivate these fungi, but with little or no success. Sprinkling the earth with water, in which the parings of truffles have been steeped, has resulted, it is stated, in producing them; and they have likewise been obtained by the slow process of planting calcareous soil with acorns and waiting for the saplings to reach a few years' growth, when the truffles could be gathered among the roots. Still, no particular method of cultivating the truffle is in existence; and since they are found completely isolated from anything that could produce them, we are left in the dark as to how they are originated, or at best with merely the supposition that, at an early period of their development, they are parasites of the tree roots, or the theory that, like oak galls, they are due to the stings of insects.

The truffle is to some extent found in this country, principally in Virginia.—*Ger. Telegraph.*

—Instinct of Fishes.—I have seen (writes Mr. Kidd, the eminent naturalist) some singular instances, mentioned in various works, of the tameness of birds and beasts, and I well know, from oft-repeated experiments, what may be done in this way. My object, on the present occasion, is to direct your attention to sundry experiments I have been making with fish. Of minnows I had, two years ago, no fewer than thirteen, ranging about in a large glass globe, and I taught them not only to know me, but to recognize the sound of my voice, whilst I whistled to them some

lively air. On such occasions they would all rise to the top of the water, salute me by touching my lips as I bent closely over the bowl, and actually leap up and play with the extremity of my nose! They would, moreover, fondle over me, by rubbing their silvery sides against one of my fingers, which I purposely dipped into their watery habitation—in this particular imitating the fondness of a cat, when she pleasingly purrs, erects her tail, and draws close to your person, to evince her perfect state of happiness. The usual fate, however, peculiar to all pets awaited mine; one by one, as the heat of the weather increased in intensity, they gave up the ghost, and my glass globe was consigned to the silent shelf. A few months since, my eye chanced to rest on the same globe, and there was awakened in me the fondest remembrance of my former tiny friends. You may guess the consequence. I have procured more, confining myself, however, to three only; and I have actually accomplished with these what I did with the others, or very nearly so, for they every day become more and more affectionate and attached. How their exquisitely delicate structure, and still more delicate constitution, will bear up against the coming dog-days I cannot say. I fear the worst. I keep them in cold well-water, fresh twice a day; and they suffer themselves most willingly to be taken in the naked hand, whilst being transferred from the globe to a basin, during the change of water. Surely the law of kindness is all powerful. Would that it were more universally tried.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

For the Fanciers' Journal.

PETS AND THE FATE OF SOME OF THEM.

BY HUON.

No. 4. The Pet Tiger.

"You are more inhuman, more inexorable—
Oh, ten times more—than tigers of Hyrcania!"

Shakespeare—Henry VI.

In the great carnivora house of the Zoo, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, resides a fine specimen of the Royal Bengal Tiger, man-eater of the first quality, and known, to distinguish him from another tiger in the same building, by the name of "Jim," who on a late occasion made himself a first-class tragedian, and though "Jim's" victim is the principal subject in this paper on pets, yet must a few words be said about "Jim" himself by way of preface.

"Jim" is now a full grown tiger; he has never eaten a man himself, nor any part of one, as he was taken out of his native jungle when he was but four months old, but his father and mother, grandfather and grandmother before him, were for years and years respectively the scourge of more than one Bengalese village.

Halchen. "How came he to leave home at such a tender age?

Grampy. "Some natives, exasperated at the numerous outrages and murders 'Jim's' parents had committed, went for them on a certain day, and finding the old gent some distance from home, shot him, and carrying his head to the proper officer received the government reward, $25, for it; they then returned for his gentle lady-wife, who they knew would not forsake her young cubs, or even leave them alone for a moment, except in search of food. It was but a matter of short time before the mother was served as the father:—her head taken to the government office, and her cubs, two in number, (sometimes there are four or five in a family) carried away captive to a tiger school in Calcutta, there to be trained to menagerie life, or fitted for a Zoo Garden, and there 'Jim,' remained until he had cut his teeth, when he was sent marked 'C. O. D.' to Jamrack, the London animal dealer, and from there to the "land of the free," though Jim, behind his iron bars says "he don't see the free."

Halchen. "What a cruelty to kill the father and mother—making the poor cubs orphans."

Grampy. "No! 'Jim's' father and mother had made several orphans in their time, and perhaps had eaten the orphans themselves afterward."

Halchen. "Did 'Jim' come to our Zoo direct from Jamrack's?"

Grampy. "No, he has been traveling round some. He seems to like the country. Most foreigners when they arrive here, walk at once to the polls and vote, and ask for an office, but Jim has done neither, and will most likely end his nine lives in his present home in the Zoo."

Halchen. "What became of the other cub?"

Grampy. "Ah, thereby hangs the fate of a pet, and the tragedy I have mentioned already. The other cub was sold to a gentleman, an American, residing in Calcutta, for the sum of twenty rupees ($10), who desired it for a pet."

Halchen. "A pet? What a strange pet!"

Grampy. "No! pets have been made of all creatures from snails up."

Halchen. "Snails for pets! Those cold, damp, slimy things we find in our cellars, and kill with a pinch of salt?"

Grampy. "Oh, no, my verdant Halchen, those are slugs, quite different creatures. The pets were the vineyard snails (*Helix pomatiæ*), an edible which the French like as well as you do oysters. I once knew a gentleman who petted a dozen of them for four years, when much to his regret one spring night they all made their escape, each carrying away his house on his back! Yes, pets have been made of spiders, snakes, lizards, turtles, lions, tigers,—in short of every thing—from a Zoophyte up. Every one to his taste. Let us proceed with our pet tiger; which I should have told you was a female, and had been given the name of 'Nena'. Being in the sucking stage of existence 'Nena' was brought up by hand, and soon grew quite playful, amusing and very fond of her master, following him round the house mewing all the time, cat-like. When 'Nena' became a year old, her play got somewhat rough. A very young tiger has some fun in its nature, but after it is a year old there is none. By that time he begins to know he has razor claws that will make terrible gashes, and, as his heart is getting as hard as was Pharoah's after the first plague, he feels like using them. One of 'Nena's' particular sports was to lie on her back with paws in the air, waiting to be caressed by her master, while day by day, the silky coated brute grew larger, stronger, with play rougher and fiercer, until the tap of her paw, though sheathed in velvet, was no joke. The servants of the house had never taken kindly to 'Nena,' nor had she to them, and now when she opened her mouth, her long, sharp, white teeth struck terror to their hearts, and as her temper was getting very uncertain there was no knowing on whose head she would empty the first vial of her wrath. Savage as she was however, there seemed one soft spot in 'Nena's' heart big enough to hold a pet, and this was apparently filled by a house dog with whom she would romp and play for hours at a time as two kittens might with one another. Doggy however had but his day, for in one of their plays, when 'Nena' was about thirteen months old she became offended at something, and in the midst of the romp she suddenly sprang upon her poor playfellow and with one savage bite killed him on the spot. After that the servants were in bodily fear, and begged that 'Nena' should be caged, which being done, so enraged her, that her master in pity set her free again, saying 'she was only a child tiger, would do no harm if let alone—it was the fault of those who teazed her if 'Nena' behaved ill,' and once more she was the terror of the house. You see her owner, as with all owners of pets, only saw her fair side—to him the brute appeared gentle and even grateful. Every evening, early, she would lie in the veranda on a piece of carpet spread for her; later, as the nights grew cooler, she would quietly creep inside the house, and when the nights became too cool—there is a winter in Calcutta, in February the thermometer falls to 70°—then Nena would mount to the foot of her master's bed, and cuddling up to his feet, lie there the whole night long! Still to the servants the brute grew fiercer and fiercer, her play rougher, her temper more fitful, and her sweet voice now grown to a roar,

comprised a double octave, extending from the lower C to the upper, and when going through her scale she would shake the very marrow in the bones of the servants, while the green glare of her flashing eyeballs would freeze th m with terror. More than once had she knocked some one of them down, and one day her conduct became so *dead*ly comical that all in a body revolted against her, one and all declaring they would live no longer in companionship with such an unmitigated fiend.

"That fixed the fate of 'Nena' as far as her master was con cerned, and next day the poor dear girl was shipped off to Jamrack, where, by a strange coincidence she again met her brother 'Jim.' With him she was sent to America, and finally they both came to take up their residence side by side in 'our Zoo,' and here was enacted the tragedy which ended the poor thing's rather eventful life.

"For some reason or other 'Nena' had taken a dislike to her brother 'Jim,' a fact very apparent when they were first placed in the Garden, and that was the reason that strong iron bars separated the two, though they did not prevent the assault by 'Jim,' which caused ultimately the death of 'Nena.'

"The way of it was this :—You see, 'Jim' each day used to promenade for several hours all round the four sides of his iron-railed cage, and he never came on that side nearest 'Nena,' but what she would set up a snarl and a growl of the most ill-natured and savage kind.

"One morning, I can't tell what had provoked the brute more than common, but seeing the long, beautifully marked tail of 'Nena' protruding through the railing on his own domain, he with solid grip seized it between his teeth, and a fearful uproar was the immediate consequence! The initiatory yell of pain was of course given by 'Nena,'—in the next instant it was echoed by 'Jim' the other tiger—was taken up next by 'Pompey' and 'Minnie,' and now, leopards, jaguars, cougar, ocelots and lynx, were all yelling, making a perfect pandemonium of the place, driving one half of the visitors from their almost fiendish presence. Poor 'Nena!' This was the roughest treatment she had ever met with; to escape it, she seemed willing to sacrifice her beautiful tail, and for that purpose she braced herself square against the bars that she might have the greater power to free herself. This brought her hind legs into 'Jim's' cage, which no sooner did the infuriated beast see, than, quick as lightning, he seized upon one of them and sinking his terrible teeth into his victim's flesh and bone, he, in a moment, crushed one third of her leg to a mass of pulp. By this time the yelling and uproar was perfectly fearful. Every animal in the building, even to the hyenas, and some squalking macaws which were outside of the building, joined in the infernal uproar.

Halchen. "Were not the keepers on hand?"

Grampy. "Of course they were, from the first of the fray, and had been endeavoring but in vain to separate the brutes. None dare enter the cages however, and blows from the long iron scrapers were of no more account with Jim than pounding him with a boiled carrot would have been! Finally, the ring end of a long iron scraper was forced into the brute's mouth, which was turned round by the united strength of two men, thus forcing him to open his jaws and free the imprisoned and now thoroughly mince-meated leg.

"Poor 'Nena!' howling with pain and rage, she hobbled back to the farthest corner of her cage, and there lay down to examine her wounds, which were—the lower part of her leg entirely chewed up, and her thigh torn almost into shreds, and denuded of skin by the terrible razor claws of 'Jim!' And now commenced that instinctive act of self amputation, by which, when wounded, the tiger in his native jungles saves his life. 'Nena' deliberately ate up, save the mere skin and its beautiful striped fur covering, all that was left of what, but a few moments before, was an active and powerful limb! Then she laid her down to sleep as indeed 'Jim' had already done, as though nothing strange had happened to either!

"Next morning, however, there were evident signs of mortification taking place, and cold water through a hose was copiously poured upon the wounds of 'Nena' at intervals of 30 minutes through the day, but all in vain. A consultation was called of prosector Chapman and the keepers.

"Result.—Musket loaded and executioner appointed. Superintendent objected—said the report of a musket would be injurious to the other animals—besides it was shooting away $3,000! Could not the animal be saved? Otheranimals in other "Zoos" had had false limbs made, and thus had hobbled through life! and so the musket was set aside, and "Nena" had a respite from death. But 'Jim' had not got over his spite yet, and the very next day after the respite, finding 'Nena' lying up against his side of the cage, with her tail protruding under the lower bar, he again seized that already wounded caudal ornament between his teeth, and this time stripped it of fur and flesh from root to point.

"Woes me now for 'Nena'—leg might be mended but tail never! No false tail maker has yet opened shop hereabouts, and consultation No. 2 was held. 'Strychnine' was the verdict. So a basin of water well seasoned with that delectable drug was given her, of which, unsuspecting soul, she drank *quantum suf* to send her to the immortality of tigers. In an hour from the time she drank of the poison, her groans commenced, first loud and strong, then weaker and weaker, and at the end of the sixth hour after she had taken the poison, poor 'Nena,' who but for the decrees of fate might have been the pride of the jungle, was gathered to her fathers."

ITEMS.

Our graces, like evergreens, grow most in the low vale of affliction, even as the stars are most luminous and lovely when nearest the horrizon.

"Patience is always crowned with success. This rule is without an exception. It may not be a splendid success, but patience never takes anything in hand that it does not succeed with in some form."

Every parent is like a looking glass for his children to dress themselves by. Therefore, parents should take care to keep the glass bright and clear, not dull and spotted, as their good example is a rich inheritance for the rising generation.

There is a native dog in Newfoundland now 16 years old. He is gray, and his fangs have fallen out; but he is provided with a cozy kennel and food that does not need much mastication. Around his neck is a glazed collar bearing three medals, one of silver and two of gold. One of the latter is from the Royal Humane Society of England, the other is a gift from an American captain, and the silver medal is from a former Mother Superior of St. Michael's Convent in St. Johns. All three testimonials are in recognition of the animal's sagacity in saving lives.

The Biggest Snake Story Yet.—Some time ago, says the Owen *News*, Mr. Robert Williams, near this place, heard one of his wife's ducks making a noise as if something was after it; he got out of bed and went to where she was, but could not see or hear anything. He went the second time, but with the same result. He told his wife he guessed the duck had gone crazy. Next morning he went to where the duck was sitting upon her eggs, under a brush-pile, and, imagine his astonishment, he saw a large black snake coiled up under the duck, his snakeship having swallowed twelve eggs. Mr. Williams cut his head off, cut him open, took the eggs out and placed them under the duck, and eleven of that dozen eggs hatched. Mr. Williams' word is as good as his bond.

Exchanges.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"To exchange for cash" or "Greenbacks," "wanted a purchaser," or "wanted an offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

FANCIER, Box 642, Williamsport, Pa., has Partridge Cochin Fowls and Chicks; La Fleche Cockerel, can't be beat; also Pullet, 50 L. Brahma Fowls and Chicks, Felch, Williams & Plaisted stock; one Black-and Tan Pup; one King ratter Pup, very fine. Make offers of L. Brahma Cock or Cockerel, fit to win first; Golden Sebright Bantams, or anything that won't eat. Postals answered.

I. H. ROBERTS, 4507 Rubicam Ave., Germantown, Pa., will exchange for W. C. B. Polish or Brown Leghorn chicks, a pair of fine English Greyhounds, thoroughbred; full pedigree.

F. D. BAILEY, St. Clairsville, Ohio, will exchange one trio White Leghorns, for nickel-plated Revolver, seven-shooter. Must be good, as my fowls are.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., will exchange Lt. Brahmas, P. Cochins, (Felch & Williams stock,) and a Graves' Incubator, for a small Black and Tan Dog.

O. S. RACKLEFF, Deering, Me., will exchange one pair of Yellow Wing Swallows, for a pair Blue Barless Swallows, Red Swallow Hen, for male. The Swallows are good birds. I expect the same. Postal cards answered.

A. C. HELTZELL, 807 N. 2d St., St. Louis, Mo., will exchange an Italian Grayhound dog, small and fine, one and a half years old, half brother to "Agnes," winner 1st prize at Springfield Bench Show, for an equally good Italian Bitch Pup four or five months old, Dark Brahma Chicks, Angora or Dutch Rabbits.

F. G. PATTERSON, Portland, Me., will exchange pearl case opera glass, in good order, that cost $18.00, for offers; also Guinea Pigs, Fancy and Common Pigeons, at their value, for Pullets of any good breed for laying. "Postals" solicited.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

D. R. WIDMER, 43 Mill St., Germantown, Penn., will exchange for good bred Newfoundland pup, from 2 to 6 months old, good bred Game Chickens, either Black Reds, Brown Reds, or some that I have which is a cross between Brown Reds and White Hackles. All warranted as represented

E. J. CRAWFORD, Middlefield, Conn., will exchange 6 good Pullets and one Cockerel, Light Brahmas, for P. Cochins, W. or Brown Leghorn Pullets, or for early Pullets of any breed or cross.

F. M. LOWE, Fitchburg, Mass., has for exchange Light Brahmas, Partridge Cochins, Black Leghorns, and B. R. G. Bantams, all first-class birds, some of which have taken first and special premiums. Make offers.

S. B. HEATON, Monroe, N. Y., has 10 Tumbler Pigeons, 1 pair mated, the rest odd and young, six young Rouen Drakes, a trio Muscovy Ducks, and 1 pair of Light Brahmas, early hatch, to exchange for Bronze Turkeys, Fancy Pigeons, Books, or something useful that don't eat.

LOUIS B. SMITH, 375 West Church St., Elmira, N. Y., has to exchange one pair of Blue Pied Pouters, for 2 Jacobin Cocks, 1 White and 1 Yellow; or a Blue Pied Pouter Hen, a German Nun Cock, for either a White or Yellow Cock; and 1 pair White Fans, for either Black Jacobins, Carriers, Turbits, or Barbs.

PHIL. M. SPRINGER, Springfield, Ill., will exchange one pair of Pea-comb Partridge Cochin Fowls, or one Cotswold Ram Lamb, or Scotch Collie Pups, or Light Brahma Chicks, for White Carrier Pigeons, Canary Birds, Terrier Pups, or Maltese Kittens.

GEO. F. SEAVEY, Cambridgeport, Mass., will exchange the following Cocks for Hens of the same kinds: Blue Carriers, White, Black, Blue, and Red Fantails, Black, Red and Yellow Jacobins, White and Blue Berlin Button-head Tumblers, Red-wing Turbits. None but first-class birds wanted; will give the same.

GEO. F. SEAVEY, Cambridgeport, Mass., will exchange the following Hens for Cocks of same varieties: Blue-crested Fans, Red-crested Fans, Red Mottled Fans, Dun-wing Turbits. Must be first-class.

G. A. STOCKWELL, Worcester, Mass., will exchange Defoe's Works, 1 vol., $1.50; Swift's Works, 1 vol., $1.50; Modern Origin School, Zundel, $2; Half Hours with the Best Authors, 2 vols., $4; 10 vols. Dickens, and 5 vols. Scott, at $1.50 each, for P. Rocks, Cochins, Brahmas, Leghorns, Turkeys.

O. H. MOORE, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange Light Brahmas, (Williams strain,) or S. S. Bantams Fowls, for Pekin Ducks, or offers.

"TROUBLE," care "Fred.," Box 508, Rochester, N. Y., wants a good Milch Cow, Horse, Real Estate, Carriage, Buggy, Cutter, Harness, or offers, for Lumber Wagon, Marble-top Counters, Show Cases, Soda Fountain, &c. Offers for pair B. Cochins, Young Coon; 2 Bitch Pointer Pups. Postal cards? Oh! Don't.

I. W. WOODFORD, Vienna, Trumbull Co., Ohio, has one pair of first-class Dark Brahma chicks to exchange for B. Leghorn, Creve Cœurs, or offers in Polish Chicks; also one good Game Pit Fowl, one year old, to exchange for P. Rock Cockerel. Postals accepted.

J. F. FERRIS, 74 Lexington Ave., New York, will exchange fifty good White Leghorn Cockerels, value $2 to $5 each, and one hundred Pullets, value $3 to $10 each, for offers of saleable merchandise. Lots of stock of every kind to trade. No trouble to write.

A. SEEFER, P. & R. Express Office, Harrisburg, Pa., wants to exchange 2 Setter Pups (Dogs), 3 months old, bred from thoroughbred English Setters, for Fancy Pigeons, or offers. Satisfactory reference given to pedigree of Setters.

G. DILLENBERGER & SON, 69 Clifford St., Providence, R. I., will exchange 16 fine Ferrets and 9 Lop-eared Rabbits, from imported stock, for A No. 1 B. B. R. Game Pullets, Warren stock, or Homing Antwerp Pigeons, or Belgian long breed Canary Cocks, or good singing German Canary Cocks.

L. R. SPONG, West Fairview, Pa., will exchange 1 pair Splashed Pouters, 1 pair Blue Pied Pouters, 1 Blue Pouter Hen, 1 pair Tumblers, 1 pair Fantails, 1 Trumpeter Cock, lot of 3-bushel Burlap Bags, lot of Connecticut made Baskets, 1 Cheese Case, (wire sides,) 1 Tobacco Knife, 4 lbs. Pepper, 1 lb. Cloves, lot of Demijohns, all sizes, for White Leghorns, B. L's., L. B. &c., Turkeys, Gee-e, Ducks, &c., &c., or anything at all.

A. E. ABBOTT, East Hampton, Hampshire Co., Mass., will exchange 1 pair S. S. Hamburg chicks, 1st premium; 1 S. S. H. Cock, three first premiums; 1 pair G. S. Hamburg chicks, 1st premiums; and a few cross-bred Game Chicks, for offers.

JACOB L. OTTO, Washington St., Easton, Pa., offers the following in exchange: 1 Houdan Hen, nearly white, (Bicknell,) 1 plain S. S. Polish Cock, 2 each G. and S. S. Hamburg Cockerels, 1 pair White Chicks, 1 pair Golden Polish Pullets, 2 pair Ring Doves, Churchill's System Midwifery, by Huston. Treatise on Diphtheria, by Dr. Trail, Rudolph's Pharmaceutical Directory, Sagar Lighting Machine, 1 new Silver-plated Call Bell, 5 new popular-make Base Balls, 2 Wax Dolls, real hair and moveable eyes; for Poultry Books, Printing, Bantams, Pigeons, Games, or offers.

G. C. PEASE, Reading, Pa., will exchange Fancy Pigeons, for small Printing Press, Cage Birds, Parrots, or offers.

B. HULSE, Box 23, Allentown, N. J., will exchange Fancy Pigeons in variety, for No. 1 P. Cochin or L. Brahma Cockerels, Black African or Japan Bantams, or R. and P. Ducks; and Essex Pigs for Yorkshire Pigs.

T. H. HAYDEN, West Stafford, Ct., will exchange a few singing Canaries, 1 pair Ring or Turtle Doves, 1 B. B. R. Game Bantam Cock, 1 Black African Hen, for Fancy Pigeons. Write soon. Do not care for premium birds.

Book Exchange.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering one Book for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Ware, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

WANTED.

1. A Treatise on the Art of Breeding and Managing Tame, Domesticated, and Fancy Pigeons; by John Matthews Eaton, and published by the author, 7 Islington Green, London. 1852. Illustrated.

The Treatise of 1858 is not wanted.

2. A set of Six Matchless Engraved Colored Portraits, Life Size, by Wolstenholme, viz: The Almond, Black Mottle, Red Baldhead, Yellow beard Tumblers, Black Carrier, and Blue Pied English Pouter.

3. A colored Diagram, or a plan of Building or fitting up a Pigeonary, embellished with Tumblers, Pouters and Carriers.

We think there are several different diagrams, and would like all of them.

4. A set of six splendid Life size engraved Portraits of The Fancy Toy Pigeons, colored, viz: The White Fantail, Yellow Jacobin, Silver Owl, Blue Turbit, Black mottled Trumpeter, and the Black Barb.

All of above pictures published by J. M. Eaton.

A liberal offer would be made for any of the above in good order.

Any information regarding John Matthew Eaton's life and works would be gratefully received.

WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

Wanted.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

GEO. F. SEAVEY, Cambridgeport, Mass., wants solid Black and Red Turbit Hens, Dun Crested Fan Hen, a pair each solid Yellow, Blue and Dun Turbits, pair Yellow-tail Turbits, Blue-tail Turbit Hen, Dun wing Turbit Cock, Yellow and Dun Berlin Button-head Tumblers.

J. S. E. MONDS, Schenectady, N. Y., wants a second hand breech-loading rifle, (a repeater preferred,) and a muzzle loading double shot gun, No. 12 bore.

PEDIGREE A NO 1

I have shown L. and D. Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch*, *Williams*, *Herstines*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13.

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J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

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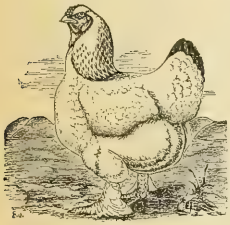
Y O U

have something that you do not "want," offer it "for exchange" in our column.

TRY IT ONCE!!!



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AND
POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, OCTOBER 23, 1876. No. 41.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow
If you listen to all that is said as you go;
You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew—
For meddlesome tongues must have something to do,
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed
That your humble position is only assumed—
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited—keep perfectly cool—
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead—don't stop to explain—
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress, and old-fashioned your hat
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited, whatever they say—
For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion, don't think to escape,
For they criticize then in a different shape:
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid,
But mind your own business—there is naught to be made—
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please;
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease.

HUON vs. McCANN.

Mon ami Huon, "Zoo Notes," No. 25 makes use of the following language—the italics are mine—"To his hole in the ground the skunk retires *when winter sets in*; he does not lay up any food, but being in excellent condition at the time he stows himself away, he lives on his own fat, dozes out his life till the *warm sun of spring* calls him forth." This language can only be made to mean that the common skunk does this *every where*, and *invariably*—whether among the snows of the north, or in the warm and balmy winter air of southern lands. In proof of his assertion in No. 37 FANCIERS' JOURNAL, he quotes *The American Cyc'opœdia* as saying—"they remain in their burrows from December to the middle of February." It will be seen that this is essentially different from his original statement—that he "dozes out his life till the *warm* sun of *spring* calls him forth." His authority was no doubt speaking of the skunk dwelling in high northern latitudes. My friend Huon quotes that very pleasant writer, Prof. Goodrich, as saying: "During the winter *in the cold* parts of the country, these animals keep close housed in their burrows, in a dozing, but not torpid state." Here again Huon has not followed his authority—what the Prof. says of the animal living in a land of ice and snow—*mon ami* says of him *every where*, and thinks there would be no difference in the habits of a skunk during the winter season in the frozen regions around Hudson's Bay, and one living among the orange bowers of Florida, or the hills of Tennessee! Surely there are intelligent readers of this JOURNAL, living in various sections of the Union who could set this question, concerning one of our most common animals, at rest for ever. I see no necessity of applying to the English savants for information on the subject. Here in West Virginia I know that the skunk leaves his foot-prints in the snow, and roams through field and forest all the year. I reaffirm that I have *often* seen the skunk abroad by day, and I know that his habits are *not* strictly nocturnal. I repeat my former assertion—no animal *ever* digs a horizontal burrow, and assert that many do live in perpendicular ones—the craw-fish being a well-known example.

This line would represent a horizontal burrow.————

Now let us look for a moment at some of the subterranean "homes without hands," and see if they will answer to this description. "The burrow of the chipping squirrel is rather complicated in structure, and is always made under the shelter of a wall, an old tree or a bank. The hole descends almost perpendicularly for nearly a yard, and then makes several devious windings in a slightly ascending direction."[1] Would any one think of calling this a horizontal burrow? Would any one assert that the labyrinths formed by rabbit, or prairie-dog, with rooms above rooms connected with each other by perpendicular galleries were merely horizontal tunnels?

And again—"The burrow of the woodchuck is rather long, running to a distance of twenty or thirty feet from the entrance, which is almost invariably placed under the shelter of a projecting rock, or on the side of a hill. It descends obliquely for a few feet, and then rises gradually toward the surface of the ground."[2]

Speaking of the elephant shrew, the same author says, "it forms its home by first boring a nearly perpendicular shaft, and then driving its burrow at an angle."[3] But how does the armadillo build his palace under the earth? "They are mostly nocturnal animals, concealing themselves by day, and coming out at night in search of food. The burrows in which they live are generally about thirteen or fourteen feet in length, descending in an abruptly sloping direction for some three or four feet, and then taking a sudden bend and inclining slightly upwards."[4] "That part of the tunnel of the duck-bill just above the water's edge is almost perpendicular."[5]

Have we found a horizontal burrow yet?

Huon says in "Zoo Notes," No. 25, that the home of the skunk, "which is always built with an eye to murder, consists of a *horizontal* hole, *always* dug near a pond or still pool of water." In No. 37 he ventures the opinion that "he does go near the water, now and then." So he does when he wants a drink. I live beside a beautiful stream of water flowing on through meadow and woodland, but I have never found the burrow of a skunk near it—they are back on the hills. The skunk is *not* an aquatic animal. I wrote "that I know of no purely carnivorous *mammal* that hybernates." I did not assert that there were none that did so.

In regard to the "offensive secretion," in *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, page 762, we read—"So confident does the skunk seem of the

[1] Homes Without Hands, page 50. [2] *ib*, page 52. [3] *ib*, page 32. [4] *ib*, page 60. [5] *ib*, page 71.

efficacy of its peculiar mode of defense, that it permits itself to be approached till it is just on the point of being seized, which, however, is only attempted by the inexperienced, when the battery is discharged. Dogs flee at once, and rub their noses on the ground till they bleed." Doesn't every one know that the skunk *uses* this "offensive secretion," as a means of defense? Was he ever known to attempt any other? It may have other uses too, but the skunk can't help that. I see the bison defends himself from a pack of wolves with his horns—*ergo*, I conclude they were given him for *that* purpose, though many feebler animals have none. Would Huon say that they were intended only to be made into knife-handles and combs? I see a rattlesnake save its life by striking its poisonous fangs into its assailant; I conclude that they were intended not only to enable it to procure his food, but as defensive weapons also—though I know that the black snake is without them though he has the same enemies to contend with in the struggle for life. James M. McCann.

[We hope our readers distributed over the States and Territories will give us the benefit of their experience with this interesting (at a distance) animal, as Mr. McCann says, they could easily settle this question of its habits.

Our own knowledge is very limited. Early in the *fall* of 1856 while passing over a meadow a few miles north of the city of Lowell, Mass., in *broad daylight* we noticed a black and white animal about the center of the meadow, and made for him. He did not move but stood his ground ably untill we got within about 12 yards, when we concluded that was near enough and sent a heavy charge of shot through him. He dropped at the mouth of a hole. It would have been an easy matter for him to escape had he cared to do so—but he acted as though he had "rights which we were bound to respect."—Ed.]

IMPORTANCE OF SALTS IN FOOD.

Mr. Foster has made some interesting experiments on dogs and pigeons which show that animals suffer and die when inorganic salts are altogether absent from their food, although the other nutritive constituents may be abundant. In all the animals tried, there was a condition of muscular weakness, tremor, and general exhaustion. In the dog, the muscles of the posterior extremities, from the second week of the experiment onward, gradually assumed a paralytic character, as when the function of the spinal cord is weakened. The activity of the cerebrum was also impaired, as was evident from the bluntness of the senses and apathy of the animal. Later on, increased excitability often appeared; the dogs were terrified at any quick motion; one had a brief attack of madness, but soon crouched down, trembling and growling. On being taken out, it ran forward and knocked its head violently against a wall. After the animals had been deprived of salts for some time, the juices of the intestinal canal either lost their digestive power or were not secreted in proper quantity, and nutrition was thus interfered with. Death took place, however, from the alterations in the nervous system, before there had been time for it to occur from inanition. The quantity of salts necessary to life is smaller than is generally supposed, but the exact amount required is still to be determined.

The experiments amount precisely to a scientific exposure of the unnaturalness and consequent abnormality of the use of sifted wheat-flour, the principal food of women and children, and of too many men. The inorganic salts are almost absent from this artificial food, the chief material weakness of modern pseudo-civilization. Mr. Foster's experiments are contributed to the *London Medical Record*.

Those writers who lie on the watch for novelty can have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation.—*Johnson*.

THE ANTS OF AFRICA.

I do not think (says a traveler) that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate, they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long, regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm. When they grow hungry, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. The elephant and the gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains. They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of sleep, and obliged to rush out of the hut and into the water to save my life; and, after all, suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants will kill a rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are, in reality, very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleared of all abounding vermin—such as immense cockroaches and centipedes—at least several times a year. When on their march the whole insect world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a bashikouay army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep—even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an immense leap. Instantly their strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful. The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed to the path of the ants as the most cruel manner of putting them to death.

Oysters.—The oyster, when spawning, does not cast its eggs like other fish, but dissolves, as it were, a part of its own body, which passes off in long, slender threads, as fine as a spider's web, upon which are congregated millions of little eggs, not visible to the naked eye, but which, when put under a powerful magnifying-glass, astonishes the beholder by their number. It is estimated that about seventy per cent. of the spawn is destroyed by fish, and about ten per cent. from other causes, leaving twenty per cent. to find their way into market. These little seed cling to whatever they touch, generally old oysters; and the many little shells one often sees clinging to large oysters are but the growth of these seeds. When oysters have spawned in a clear space, and free from fish enemies, their growth is very rapid until they attain the size of a quarter of a dollar, and it is at this period of their existence that the oystermen take them for transplanting. The shells are very thin, and the inside meat scarcely larger than a shirt-button, and having the rest of the shell filled with a milky fluid, which in time, forms the body of the fish. Oysters, after they are transplanted, are, with a few exceptions, not fit to eat under three years. It might be supposed that the oyster, with its hard shell, was free from danger, but such is not the case. He has two deadly enemies—the star-fish and the borer. The former will fasten on the mouth of an oyster, and in a short time suck the life out of him. The latter, with his little saw and gimlet bill, bores through his shell, and, once through, the oyster is soon destroyed.—*Exchange*.

Poultry Department.

"TO THE INEXPERIENCED FANCIER."

"A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought becaus it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thought; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, tomorrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense, precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another."

The above extract from the writings of one of America's greatest minds is a good prescription for those persons in this world who are afflicted with the disease of self-depreciation, of a sort of morbid modesty, of a want of confidence in the suggestions of their own minds; which state tends to produce a willing dependence, an exaggerated receptivity in the individual. I don't think I would take ground against the statement that the fault in people is oftenest the opposite one, that most people have *too much* respect for their own opinion, and that simply because it is *their own*. If that is the truth, I do not refer to *most* people. I will refer to the exceptions. I am the more willing to write these thoughts because I do not doubt that many of the self-distrustful people possess excellent ideas, and, if they would cherish them and speak them, might increase their own usefulness without becoming too bold and overweening, as they may dread. I request the editor to give these remarks a place in this paper because I think they may apply to the case of individuals who might offer suggestions in matters to which this paper is devoted, but who keep silent because they despise their own "flashes," and are lighted (or fancy they are) only by the "lustre of the firmament of the bards and sages." In plainer English, there are multitudes who might give us the benefit of their thinking upon pigeons, fowls, pets, and the heeding of them, would do much good, even to the professors and old heads. I know that editors have large waste-baskets; for many people write for the sake of seeing in print what they wrote on a sheet of note-paper, and not because they have aught to say. I do not wish to be the cause of burying Mr. Wade beneath a heap of ill-spelled manuscript; nor do I say that he will not fill up his waste-basket partly with these same writings. But I do say this to you, my fellow fancier, tho' you be but a beginner: if you have a notion pop into your head some day, hold to it, and if you find it at all tangible, tho' you do not succeed in carrying it out, send a word about it to The Fanciers' Journal. Don't despise your own thought because you have not yet read it written by the "bard," Wright or Burnham, or the "sage," Eaton or Tegetmeier. May you not have a clew which will lead another, if not yourself, to a discovery? *Don't despise your thoughts because they are your own.* I would not have the self-confident people more self-confident. But let us get hold of what the bashful ones think and we may get jewels. Don't go to the other extreme, and despise others' thoughts which do not chance to agree with your own. P. B.

[We hope every reader of The Journal will give the above careful consideration, and send their "Flashes" to the Editor of this Journal, who will see that, no matter how crudely it is written, it will be put in proper shape to be presentible to its Readers. Ed.]

WHEREAS.

Whereas L. E. Lang had in his possession a Partridge Cochin pullet belonging to D. G. Eacker of Havana, N. Y., and was stolen from his coop during the last show of the Southern Tier Poultry Society, held in Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 5th to 8th, 1876,

And whereas L. E. Lang refuses to appear before the Executive Committee to answer charges preferred against him by Mr. Eacker, and admits that the pullet *was* stolen and he knew it, and knows by whom stolen, but says he will not *"squeal"* on them.

Therefore, *Resolved*, that L. E Lang, of Elmira, N. Y., be expelled from the Southern Tier Society, and that he be debarred from ever being an exhibitor at any future poultry show of this society.

Resolved, that these resolutions be published in all the poultry papers.

C. S. White, Sec. S. T. P. Soc.

Elmira, N. Y., Aug. 25th, 1876.

POSTAL CARDS!!!

These unique cards were invented for the accommodation of the public as well as to satisfy the growing demand for a cheap transmission of brief messages. It is not always necessary for a person to give the why and wherefore of advertising: "No postal cards answered." I never *did* so advertise but sincerely believe it to be a safeguard against interrogative correspondents, who don't mean *business*; there are a great many *cheap* poultry "fanciers" in this land; that particular class who purchase "fancy eggs" for $1.00 per doz. and think *that* is "too high;" who buy Pouters for $5 or $10 per pair, and think *that* is awful; who can't see how people will make such fools of themselves as to pay $20 for a pair of rabbits, or $25 for a young "well broken setter."

If I should say that Brahma cock cost me $50, that Setter $100, that pair of Pouters $75, that pair of Rabbits $35, and $12 *per doz.* for the eggs from which chicks were hatched, they would move farther and farther away, fearing me to be an inebriate or lunatic. Now this class of human beings delight to ask questions, and if they write you on a postal and get a postal in return, they are so much "in," and "a penny saved is a penny gained" you know. If it was simply *to order*, I don't think very serious objections would be raised against postal cards in poultry dealings, but when it comes to unnecessary, provoking *questions, then* patience ceases to be a virtue. I well remember the first time I saw this advertisement ("no postal cards answered") of a Connecticut gentleman, I thought he must be a "snob," one of your "swells," but upon having an introduction at one of the shows, I formed a very different opinion.

When I receive a postal, my Postmaster presents it with a "smile so childlike and bland" and I read the P. card: "Please inform me by return mail your *lowest cash* price for a pair of S. S. Hamburgs? I want to take 1st premium at our show, and want Standard of Excellence fowls; state your cheapest price quick."

The next card reads thus:—

"The setting of eggs you sent me didn't hatch well, got only 10 chicks out of 13 eggs, ain't you going to send me another setting?"

And the next card thus:—

"The rooster you sent me wasn't spotted according to Standard; if you ain't going to make it right I'll expose you."

It isn't very nice to have my business of that nature on a postal card for the P. M. to scan and peddle my bad luck (?) to every loitering P. O. individual. *No sir*, I don't want the patronage of your penny men, if they can't expend six cents for *information* concerning your fowls they might as well stay on the other side of the river, and yet some who send these little missives are earnest and sincere in the matter. I have had orders on them and sent fowls through them, but as a GENERAL RULE it don't pay, so now I use my judgment about answering, and while some receive prompt attention, others are as quickly tossed into the waste basket.

I well remember how I was "worsted" in a trade (poultry) and to give all who might see the card the benefit of a laugh, I briefly wrote my complaint on a card and mailed it. A few days elapsed when I received the following, verbatim reply, ending thus:—"Can't you aford eny thing but postle cards?" The P. M. must have seen it, and reported to interested friends, much to the disgust of this reliable (?) breeder, and the satisfaction of myself.

QUILIBET.

[There is a side of this P. C question not yet touched upon by our contributors. Many fanciers are engaged during the day for other parties, and their correspondence passes their employers hands. When P. C's are used they would be very likely to be read, commented upon, and as all are not fanciers, their subject-matter might prove a source of ridicule to the recipient. An envelope with a large rooster upon it is a terror to some would-be fanciers.

Our advice is, do not use postal cards except for a brief yes or no. The fancier using a plain return envelope is more likely to make a customer, than one sending an illustrated one. This matter of printed envelopes is very much overdone.—ED.]

MY EXPERIENCE.

"Amateur," in Vol. 2, page 691, says: "Some say corn is not fit to feed hens. Some say it should only be fed in small quantities; but I say let them have all they want of it, and the more they want of it the better, in cold weather." You should have added to such a statement, Amateur, your residence and the object you have in keeping poultry, as a beginner, residing in a climate differing from yours, or desiring to keep poultry for a purpose other than yours, or keeping a bird differing from those you fancy, taking your experience as advice, might follow it and be the loser. For in nothing is the old adage "What is *one's* meat, is *another's* poison," more applicable than in poultry. The feeding of corn depends 1st, upon the kind of fowl kept; 2d, upon the season of the year and the changes of temperature to be endured; 3d, upon what the birds are kept for.

My ideas are not obtained alone from reading, very far from it. From the very beginning I have kept a record of my day's doing, and looking back, by being able to balance effect by cause, I have found the bottom of what others have seen but the surface. Now *I don't approve of feeding corn the year round.* Corn, if it be broken, is very good for a feed once a day during cold weather; but as egg food, or for keeping a fowl in condition and in plumage it has not the material in its component parts.

One rule will not apply to the feeding of all kinds of poultry, because what would produce eggs in the nervous, active birds, would produce fat in the Asiatics, rendering them useless.

It is this trying to care for all by one rule that has brought into saying, "the big birds eat the most, and make the least return." It may be true that they will eat the most, if they can get it, but actual experiment has proven to me that an Asiatic is profitable on less than would keep one of the smaller kinds in condition.

As to climate, observation and experiment have also proven to me that poultry in the Southern States and California can bear different treatment from those having to endure the changes of season in the Eastern and Middle States. I think the feeding of corn during the heat of summer is one cause of the dreaded chicken cholera. Corn is heating and hard to digest. During the heated term, the system of a bird is wholly relaxed, digestion is very slow. I think the corn produces a fermentation that poisons the blood. Nor is this thought alone, it is the result of careful study, comparison and experiment.

In the extreme west and south, where, though warmer, the temperature is more equable, birds keep their tone, and corn could be given the year round, and prove neithe ealthy nor profitable.

My way of feeding my poultry is the result of much experimenting. My object has been to obtain the greatest amount of good for the least expenditure of time and money. In my poultry house are two bins; one sufficiently large to hold the wheat for at least a winter's use. The other smaller, and used for a mixture of bran, middlings, coarse oatmeal, and during the winter, corn meal. To this second bin I add one-half ounce of best cayenne pepper to every 100 pounds of meal.

I feed but twice a day excepting when the birds are confined indoors by winter storms, then I add a noonday meal of cracked corn, whereas always at night I feed only wheat, and that neither screenings nor damaged grain, but good clean wheat. On the back of the kitchen stove is always a kettle, which my wife calls the "stock-pot." It is washed out every day, and so keeps perfectly clean and sweet. It has a tightly fitting cover of tin, made on purpose, with one half so it can be raised with a hinge—so it can be opened readily, yet the cover taken off easily, and still the aroma be prevented from passing off with the steam.

Into this kettle all the scrapings of the plates are put, also the potato parings and the waste of vegetables. Into it the water from the boiling potatoes and vegetables is drained. All the odd bits and bones that would otherwise be thrown to the dog, cat, or left to attract rats, find there a place. Leavings of milk, in fact everything eatable that would otherwise be thrown away goes there. If odd bits of meat and bones are not plenty, the order to the butcher includes a few cent's worth of waste meat or a sheep's pluck. As I said before, the kettle is on the stove all day, and after dinner, if it is not already full, boiling water is added to bring the contents within two inches of the top. Of course by night the "soup" is thoroughly cooked. When the fire is made in the morning the kettle is put over the blaze and its contents very soon are scalding hot. I then empty it upon a pan of the mixed meal I brought in the last thing at night, mix thoroughly and take to my chickens, dogs, and cat for their breakfast.

I have certain places in each run where I feed in the morning, and once a week I make upon those places, bonfires into which I rake the bones that have accumulated through the week, adding a few oyster shells, thus removing the litter, and furnishing charcoal, calcareous matter and ashes to my poultry. It is curious how little will be left of the ashes, after the birds have rolled in and picked them over. As soon as I have emptied the kettle it is washed, and with a little water in, again put upon the stove, ready for the scraps that might come with the getting of breakfast. To be sure this looks like a little trouble, but it is like everything else there is system to; working by rule it all comes in right and easy.

A neighbor of mine was troubled very much by feather-eating fowls. He says he found his remedy in pounded borax, which he discovered by a mere accident. He had been pounding some borax in a wooden box, and leaving it for a few moments he found his Black Leghorns eating it greedily. Afterwards, seeing it did them no harm, he furnished it to them, and very soon after

feather-eating ceased entirely. Query, what did the birds find in the borax that satisfied the craving that they had had before for the feathers or blood? You've noted a great many remedies in your paper for vermin, but I have not seen a mention of carbolic powder. I have used it and found it perfect as both disinfectant and vermin exterminator. I merely dust it through the feathers of a bird, using a common flour dredge. With that so applied, with coal oil used freely over the roosts, by burning out the nests of sitting hens after each hatching, by whitewashing twice in the twelve months, and making a smudge once, I have kept my premises perfectly free from vermin of all sorts.

You see I make a business of this my pleasure. I introduce regularity, economy, and cleanliness. Were it not play it would be termed work. But profitable play I have found it. Play to my mind in affording relief from the cares of business; and profitable from the well-filled credit side of my poultry account.

The Journal has seemed to me a sort of lyceum where we could give each other our views and experiences, and make comments as well, not in a quarrelsome or self-sufficient way, but with the desire to enlarge our knowledge. As at the Farmers' Club, no one should hesitate to express an opinion, so, brother fanciers, use pen and ink freely; always giving speaker Wade the privilege of bringing down the gavel when we get long winded, or to speak more correctly, to use the manipulator when we are too long drawn out. And yet don't be *kept* down. Come to the surface every chance you can get. You will wonder at the extent of your experience if you once begin to tell it. Try and see.

Eliphalet Stowell.

SUNDAY IN THE BACKYARD.

No boy to-day to feed chickens. He is busy now with his Sunday-school lesson and teacher. One of these days he will be older and tougher; then he won't be frightened at going up stairs in the dark, but will "lie around loose" during the sunlight of the Sabbath, and visit the teacher in the evening. It's a labor of love to care for the birds one whole day in the week. Even Brahmas get surfeited with what we consider the choicest of offerings, and march off for their dessert, consisting of worms and other mysterious, delicious morsels, which their sharp eyes discover but ours do not. Wish some good souled fancier would come around to-day and talk chicken. Is it not a hardship to show people fowls, who do not pretend to know one variety from another, and after "trotting out" your best bird (an old prize-winning veteran,) to have them ask, "What breed it is?" This fever is a queer one. Why is it that one fancier likes Brahmas, another Cochins, another Games, another Bantams, &c.? and each seems to take little interest in any except his favorites. You are correct, Unicorn, each fancier should not abuse his brother's favorites. But what's a fellow to do, if his toes are trodden upon? We feel, Unicorn, that you are one of the right sort, and we would be much pleased to make your personal acquaintance. There's Vidette—he's a trifle on his high-heeled boots. The word "endwise" seems to stick *endways* in his own crop, where it must have originated, as it cannot be found in our article in The Journal or the same copied in the *Bulletin*, which leads us to soothingly enquire, does not Mr. Vidette sometimes "go off at half-cock?" Then, too, having possessed himself of a couple of hairs, (probably trophies from his boarding-house hash) he with knife (and fork) brandished aloft, boldly *proclaims himself* a scalper, terrible to be encountered. Let us suggest to Mr. Vidette not to "*buy*" this season, but to wait a couple of years and at the end of that time, if he has accumulated knowledge of the Brahma, as he seems to have done *this* year, it may be time then to "*buy*," and if the breeder who sells, mates them up well, and the eggs hatch, and the boy feeds 'em, and the rats don't catch 'em, he may, perhaps, produce some chicks fit to be shown somewhere back in the country *where they don't use any Standard*. In Mr. Vidette's dainty pursuit of knowledge, and his exultation over the discovery of facts which ought to be part of the *practical* knowledge of any one who has bred Light Brahmas two or three seasons, pausing over and deliberating upon the items of information, which he "likes or does not like," he forcibly reminds us of the old fable of the ass betwixt the two bundles of hay. As to the ultimate destiny of said ass, and all asses similarly situated, he will undoubtedly through the columns of the *Bulletin*, seek the information of Mr. James Best, and Mr. James Best being the *best* known expounder of such problems, will probably afford the information to the *best* of his ability. But as a subscriber to the *Bulletin* we hereby respectfully request of the editor thereof, that these innocent questions and answers of Mr. Vidette, and Mr. James Best, concerning Light Brahmas, be conducted by private correspondence, or, at least, that a sort of Primary Department be established in the *Bulletin*, say opposite one of the pages devoted wholly to cuts, where these two gentlemen while ventilating themselves, each for the other, may at the same time be amused by the pictures.

Young Breeder.

MORE POSTAL CARDS.

Yes, let us have them by the hundred and we have the satisfaction of knowing that at most we can be only one dollar *out* on each hundred. Why, my dear reader of The Fanciers' Journal, I have been guilty (?) of using a P. C., on which to give the price of a trio of my fowls, even after my correspondent had enclosed a three cent stamp to me for an answer; he found no fault with the P. C., nor with his trade after being effected through their medium. I received a letter to-night from "Way down in Alabama," and the writer uses these words: "Please give Fanciers' Journal notice of our trade and hit Young Breeder a lick or two about postal cards. We made a trade through the medium of P. cards, did'nt we?" Yes Mr. Editor *we did*, and through the medium of the exchange column in F. Journal, too. I saw his offer to exchange and sent a postal card, and he, like a gentleman, answered it, and to-night he is glad he did. Just think what "good times are coming," a gentleman fancier, away down in Alabama, who of course takes The Fanciers' Journal, offers an exchange, and for 25 cents, *plus* two postal cards, total 27 cents, he makes a trade with another fancier away up in the corner state (Maine), and he would not give up his trade for the price of subscription to F. J. for three years.

P. C. Ard.

ERIE COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

List of premiums awarded at the above show, held at the Hamburg Driving Park, Hamburg, N. Y., September 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 1876:

Class 19—Poultry.

Brahmas. Light—Chicks, 1st, J. R. Elliot, East Hamburg; fowls, 2d, C. B. Paxson, Eden.

Cochins. Buff—Fowls, 2d, A. D. Ellis, E. Hamburg. Partridge—Fowls 2d, Milo Canfield, Eden. White—Fowls, 2d, Fayette Reed, Evans.

Dorkings. Silver Gray—Fowls, 1st, William W. Wood, North Collins. White—Fowls, 1st, William W. Wood.

Black. Spanish. Fowls, 2d, William W. Wood.

Leghorns. White—Fowls, 1st, Milo Canfield. Brown—Fowls, 2d, Milo Canfield.

P. Rocks.—Chicks, 1st, Milo Canfield; 2d, Fayette Reed.

Houdans. Fowls, 1st, W. W. Wood; 2d, A. D. Ellis.

Polish. W. C. Black—Fowls, 2d, W. W. Wood. White—Fowls, 2d, W. W. Wood. Golden—Fowls, 2d, Milo Canfield.

Games. B. R.—Fowls, 2d, W. W. Wood. Duck Wings—Fowls, 2d, W. W. Wood. Blue Pile—Fowls, 2d, W. W. Wood. Sumatra—Fowls, 1st, W. W. Wood. Brown Red—Fowls, 2d, Fayette Reed.

G. Bantams. B. B. R.—Fowls, 2d, W. W. Wood.

Turkeys. Bronze—1st, C. B. Paxson. Grey—2d, C. B. Paxson. Black—2d, C. B. Paxson.

Guineas. Pearl—2d, J. R. Elliot.

Pea Fowls. 1st, G. H. Addington, Aurora.

Geese. Wild—1st, C. B. Paxson. White China—1st, W. W. Wood; 2d, Milo Canfield. Mongrel—1st, Wm. Clancy, West Seneca; 2d, C. B. Paxson.

Ducks. Rouen—1st, Milo Canfield; 2d, W. W. Wood. Aylesbury—1st, Milo Canfield; 2d, W. W. Wood. Pekin—1st, Gardner & Williams, E. Hamburg; 2d, Milo Canfield. Cayuga, Bl'k.—1st, W. W. Wood; 2d, C. Paxson. Top-knots—1st, W. F. Sykes, Evans; 2d, C. B Paxson. Muscovy—1st, Fayette Reed; 2d, Emily Pickert, Buffalo. Mongrel—2d, W. Abbott, Concord.

Pigeon. Pouters—1st, W. P. Hewson, West Seneca; 2d, Godfrey Heiser, Hamburg. Tumblers—1st, W. P. Hewson.

Collection. Pouters—1st, Henry Prion, Hamburg. Tumblers—1st, W. P. Hewson.

THE WASHINGTON COUNTY FAIR.

The second annual exhibition took place at Kingston, R. I., Sept. 12th, 13th and 14th, 1876. The show of poultry was very good considering the time of the year.

The list of awards on poultry is as follows.

Asiatics. Light Brahmas—Fowls, 1st to E. C. Tefft of Wakefield, R. I.; 2d to Geo. L. Stillman, of Westerly, R. I. Chicks, 1st to Geo. Easterbrooks; 2d to E. C. Tefft. Dark Brahmas, Fowls, 1st to E. C. Tefft; 2d to J. H. Caswell. Chicks, 1st to E. C. Tefft, 2d to same. Partridge Cochin fowls, 1st to C. W. Wilcox; 2d to S. A. Caswell. Chicks, 1st to S. A. Caswell; 2d, Julius Burdick. Bl'k Cochin fowls, 1st to D. A. Segar. Buff Cochin fowls, 1st to S. J. Champlin. Chicks, 1st to J. H. Caswell.

Hamburgs. Silver Spangled fowls—1st and 2d to J. H. Palmer. Chicks, 1st and 2d to Geo. L. Stillman. Bl'k H. chicks, 1st and 2d to G. L. Stillman.

French. Houdan fowls—1st and 2d to C. W. Wilcox. Chicks, 1st and 2d to N. C. Armstrong. La Fléche chicks, 1st to M. L Rodman.

Spanish. White Leghorn fowls—1st to E. A. Kenyon; 2d to H. G. Peckham. Chicks, 1st to W. H. Okell; 2d to L. J. Arnold. Brown Leghorn fowls, 1st and 2d to W. S. Holland. Chicks, 1st to W. S. Holland; 2d to W. H. Okell.

Polish. Silver Spangled fowls—1st to D. A. Segar. Golden Spangled, 1st and 2d for fowls, and 1st for chicks to Elmer E. Pollock.

Game. B. B. R. fowls—2d to P. E. Browning, and 1st for chicks to same. B. B. Bantam fowls, 1st to W. S. Holland; 2d to D. H. Brown. Chicks, 1st and 2d to same. Mexican Gray chicks, 1st to D. A. Segar. Sebright Bantam fowls, 2d to J. P. Brayman. Plymouth Rock chicks, 1st and 2d, J. B. Brayman. American Dominique fowls, 2d to W. H. Partlow, and 1st and 2d for chicks to same.

Turkeys. White—2d to N. F. Dixon. Grade, 1st to J. Hazzard, 2d to William Marchant.

Ducks. Aylesbury—1st to P. A. Sucker. Rouen, 2d to H. H. Clarke. Pekin, 1st to E. B. Pendleton; 2d to J. D. Cranston. Cayuga, 1st to L. A. Knowles.

Geese. Hong Kong—2d to J. S. Perkins. Wild, 1st and 2d to J. M. Taylor. Breman, 1st to Wm. Marchant.

Pea Fowls—1st to B. B Moore; 2d to W. H. Rose.

Guinea Fowls.—1st to B. B. Moore.

Best display pigeons to W. H. Okell.

"GAME COCK."

In No. 38 of the Journal, "Greenhorn" asks "what we are to understand by the term 'Game Cock.'"

On page 279 of Wright's new work, there is a good definition of the word "game." I reproduce it for the benefit of "Greenhorn."

"In familiar speech we use the word to express all that we are able to conceive of a dogged courage, brutal it may be, but which can not fail, no matter what the hopeless odds against it, or the suffering to be endured."

It naturally follows that a "*Game*" Cock is a cock possessed of this quality, in short a bird that will suffer death rather than yield to his opponent. J.

Pigeon Department.

PIGEONS.

Happening lately to become the possessor of an English work, by Bonnington Mowbray, Esq., published in 1834, we propose to give to our readers the chapter upon pigeons, as the ideas of a very practical fancier forty-two years ago. He says: "The pigeon is recorded as one of the most ancient inhabitants of all climates, excepting those in the vicinity of the poles; it prospers abundantly in temperate regions, but in a still higher degree under the burning sun of the tropics, no heat being too ardent for its natural constitution. The wild pigeons of cold countries are said to emigrate towards the south on the approach of the winter. Pigeons exhibit a satisfactory proof of the superiority of the civilized over the savage or mere natural state, in their multitudinous increase and endless varieties, in a state of domestication, under the fostering care and all-subduing art of man. From their peculiar beauty and innocence, they have always ranked among the chief feathered favorites of mankind; and in the eastern countries the dove has ever been a great object of veneration, as an emblem of something divine.

But to proceed to a far more material point, the NATIONAL PROFIT of encouraging the breed of pigeons to any great extent, has long been the subject of much dispute.

Mr. Duhamel, the apologist of these beautiful favorites, I apprehend, has not been a successful advocate. He avers that pigeons do not feed upon green corn, that their bills have not sufficient power to dig for seeds in the earth, and that they only pick up scattered grains which would else be wasted, or become the prey of other birds. From the season of the corn appearing, he says, pigeons subsist upon the seeds of weeds, the multiplication of which they must, in consequence, greatly prevent.

Another writer has of late introduced a story of the farmers in a certain district in England, who, finding their corn and pulse crops greatly reduced, attributed it to the vast quantity of pigeons kept among them, which, on such account by a general resolution, they agreed to destroy.

A few seasons afterwards, it seems, they found their land so exhausted, and their crops so eaten up by weeds, that they came to a general wish for their pigeons back again. Now this is either a lame story or the farmers implicated were very lame farmers, as being ignorant how to weed their land, without the assistance of instruments, the use of which must cost them so considerable a part of their crops. Last year a farmer in Kent shot a wood pigeon, from the crop of which he extracted 926 grains of wheat, which he sowed and obtained from them a harvest of one gallon three quarts of fine wheat.

* * * * * * * * *

Pigeons often fly to a great distance for their food, and when they can find corn to eat, seldom prey upon anything else. They begin to eat corn about the middle of July, and rarely want the same food at the stacks in the straw yards, or in the fields, until

the end of barley sowing, which is about old May-day, and which includes a period of two hundred and eighty days, or better than three quarters of a year; the rest of the time they live upon the seeds of the weeds and bentings. It is stated that in England and Wales there are twenty thousand dove houses, averaging at least about one hundred pairs of old pigeons. We will take this estimation at three-fourths which will equal one million, one hundred and twenty five thousand pair of dove houses in England and Wales. These, to speak moderately, will consume with what they carry home to their young, one pint of corn per pair daily, and which, for 140 days, being half the period they are supposed to subsist upon corn, amounts to 157,500,000 pints of corn consumed annually, throughout England and Wales.

* * * * * * * * * *

Buffon enumerates upwards of thirty varieties of the pigeon, which, according to his usual systematic plan, its convenience being perhaps more obvious than its accuracy, he derives from one root, namely, the STOCK DOVE, or common white pigeon. All the varieties of color and form which we witness, he attributes to human contrivance and fancy. There exists, nevertheless, essential specific differences in these birds, which seem rather attributable to the nature of the region, soil or climate, to which they are indigenous, than to the art of man.

The stock dove or original of the pigeon genus, in its natural or wild state, is thus described; of a deep blue and ash color, the breast darkened with a fine changeable green and purple; the sides of the neck of a reddish gold color; its wings marked with two black bars, one on the quill feathers, and the other on the covert; the back white, and the tail barred near the end with black.

The RING DOVE is yet held by naturalists to be distinct from the stock dove, and it would seem that the turtle dove is equally so from both. In this country, the BLUE DOVE HOUSE PIGEON is the most common and the only WILD SPECIES are the ring doves, or wood pigeons, and the turtle doves, which are to be found in all parts of South Britain, breeding through the spring and summer, and retiring to the deepest recesses of the woods in the winter, whence, probably, the turtle dove has been supposed to emigrate. I am assured by a Spanish gentleman that in Barbary they have pigeons equal in size to fowls, but incapable of flight. On the domain of Warwick castle, there is, perhaps, a greater number of turtle doves, than in any other part of Britain. They abound in multitudes through the woods and plantations (1829), flying in pairs, and lighting on the turrets of the castle. Their loud and mournful cooing is heard on the road at a considerable distance. Much pains have been taken hitherto to reduce their numbers.

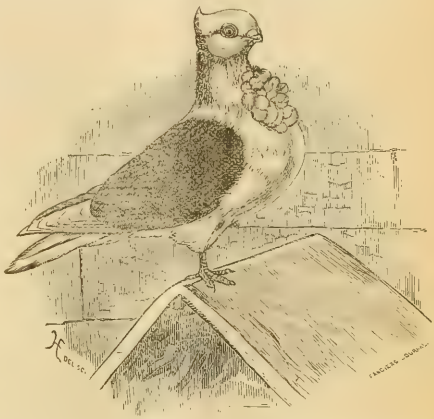
(*To be continued.*)

A MONKEY'S HOUSEKEEPING.—I was making cake one day, preparing for company, and the monkey followed me into the pantry and watched everything I did. Unfortunately, dinner was announced in the midst of my work, and I left it, making him go out, too, rather against his will. I knew him too well to trust him in the pantry alone. After dinner I returned to my cookery. Having carefully locked the door, I was surprised to see my pet there before me. His attitude was ominous; he on the top of the barrel two-thirds full of flour, and busily occupied. He had got hold of my egg box, broken two or three dozen, smashing them into the flour barrel, with all the sugar within reach. These he was vigorously beating into the flour, shells and all, stopping now and then to take a taste, with a countenance as grave as a judge's. In my dismay and grief I did not scold him; yet, to see my materials so used up, and we living in the country, and guests coming! He had the most satisfied air, as if he meant, "Look! the main operations of the party are now over." I had forgotten the broken pane of glass in the window.—*Anonymous.*

TURBITS.

In looking over the back numbers of the defunct English Poultry Review, we find the following in reference to our favorite pigeon, the *Turbit*. It is from the pen of O. E. Cresswell, who evidently is no novice with this variety:

"The first point of form to which one looks in a Turbit is the head, which may be either plain, peaked, or shell-crested. The plain headed variety is the rarest in my opinion, but attractive. The heads of all three varieties should be round, very broad and high over the eye, with short face and short beak. In the best birds the "gullet," a kind of dewlap, reaches from below the



beak to the throat; this increases with age, and is at present little developed in the bird engraved. Shell-crested birds seldom have it in perfection. Of whichever type of head a bird may be, it should be distinctly of that type. Birds are often seen peak-headed and partially shell-crested, and are very ugly; an intending purchaser should look out for this, as such birds are frequently plucked in the crest and made to appear peak-headed. The peak should be a neat and straight point, rising from the back of the head; for my own part I prefer it set on high, so that from the top of the head there is an almost unbroken line to the top of the peak; the breadth of the skull is then well shown off; some good judges prefer the peak set on low, thus showing the roundness of head. The shell too, composed of curling feathers, running evenly round the back of the head, may be set on higher or lower, according to the taste of the fancier. The next great distinctive point is the "frill" or "purle" (as the old fanciers call it), a line of feathers down the breast, standing out well; in some of the best birds it is double, *i.e.*, turns out both ways, but this is not essential. Color comes next, which, of course, is a matter of taste, as long as the bird has no foul feathers, and the color is in itself clear and bright. The shoulders alone must be colored, black, red, yellow, blue, or silver, all the rest of the plumage pure white; the thighs are a difficulty and will frequently show some color, especially in blues; perfect birds have none, but they being rare creatures, a small amount is often overlooked, when not obtrusive to the eye, from the great difficulty of breeding otherwise perfect birds with clear thighs. The under part of the shoulder, when the wing is closed, frequently shows some white; this is a great disfigurement and must be avoided in breeding stock. The production of color in breeding is somewhat uncertain unless the pedigree of each bird is known; reds will produce yellows and vice versa; red blood will improve the color of yellows, and black of reds; a blue or silver, paired with a red or yellow will generally produce a kind of silver dun with red bars. Pure white Turbits are very beautiful, and occasionally met with. In all its types and colors, when good of their kind, the variety is a most attractive one, and a fine collection of birds of all the colors, well blended, is a most lovely sight."

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE SHOW SEASON.

Already most of the poultry and pet-stock associations have sent the notices of their shows to the press, and in several instances the lists of prize awards have been made public. The Centennial will open the ball, and the Canadian show of Ontario will close the season.

The executives of the different societies have very much to consider in making their arrangements. Those experienced will profit by the failures, mistakes and wants developed by past exhibitions, to make the coming shows excellent. Of this we have no doubt, as it is conceded even by those who have suffered most severely by the errors and mismanagement, that the *intentions* of the managers were honorable, and the mistakes were either the result of inexperience or the desire to overdo, or rather *out*do what had been done.

Our columns have already contained much upon prize awards, and may contain more. Our purpose now is to consider the show business generally. Why are these shows held? What are the ends the different associations have in view? What means are to be considered as conducing to those ends? And whose opinions should have most weight in the executive committees' decisions? are the questions to be answered.

The first reason for holding these shows seems to be the same for which our Centennial Exhibition has been held; to show to what perfection scientific breeding may attain, to show what progress has been made, also to show the world at large the magnitude of the fancier's operations, and by proving him a public benefactor remove the opprobium which as "hen man," "chicken man," "fancy farmer," and the like, has often clung to him. Second, the show-room is a sort of sample room, where by comparing the different varieties, their size, shape, and color, and learning their general characteristics the tyro can procure such as suit the purpose he has in view. Then, too, the careful fancier having in his mind certain points he wishes to carry out in the next breeding season, knowing the stock he has and what he wants to obtain, to carry out to the desired end, by observation and study of the different specimens before him, he can get together exactly the material he requires, and which otherwise could only be obtained through wearisome travel or extensive correspondence, and then might only result in failure and disappointment.

Then, too, the exhibitors have their interest, they have birds to sell, and they wish also to sell eggs of birds they wish to keep, so the shows prove to be for them grand advertisements for which they pay with their entry fees. Their first return being the gaining of the prizes offered, and second the notoriety their fowls get by having entered into the competition.

The competing for, and giving of, the prizes is in reality the least of the objects served. Now comes the question, if prize giving and gaining be the least, do the executives do right in withholding the names of owners from the coops? But upon this subject our ideas are well known, having been clearly expressed in the past.

In every business in life there are to be found fault-finders, like the parasites that science has proven to exist upon every living thing. Nothing is right to them which does not move in the orbit of which they are the grand center. Now is it right to set aside, to hinder, the principal workings of the shows for such as these? If the associations procure men of known verity as judges, and if they place upon each coop the record of the judges' work, the points each portion of the bird scores, and their sum total, so if the amount be questioned it can be proved, have not the associations done their duty?

Our "instructions to" associations would be simple in the extreme: Look carefully into the reasons for which your show is to be held, then make your arrangements to carry these reasons to the full. Let the interest of the multitude rule you, and, feeling you are right, do not yield an atom to the spirit of fault finding or jealousy. "Be sure you are right, then go ahead."

We are advised by Mr. Phil. M. Springer, of the offering of a premium of $100, by the American Berkshire Association, for the best approved Essay on the Diseases of Swine, their Causes, Preventives, and Remedies. Said essay to be practical and exhaustive. The competing essays to be forwarded to the office of the Association at Springfield, Ill., on or before the 1st of January, 1877. The award will be made and the money paid at the annual meeting in February following. All competing essays will be the property of the Association.

Competition is invited from all practical men who have given attention to the diseases to which Swine are subject. Prof. Law of Cornell University, N. Y.; Prof. Smith of Toronto Veterinary College, Canada; Hon. T. C. Jones of the "National Live Stock Journal," and E. G. Bedford, Esq., of Kentucky, have kindly consented to act as the Awarding Committee.

CARDS AND CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

Prize List and rules of the Ind. Annual Exhibition of the Indiana Poultry Association. Wm. H. Fry, Sec'y, Indianapolis.

C. E. L. Hayward, Peterboro, N. H. "Has improved poultry of all kinds."

A. W. Austin, Norwalk, Ct. Makes a specialty of White Leghorns.

Geo. F. Jasper, Quincy, Ill. Has Lt. Brahmas, and B. B. R. G. Bantams.

Wm. H. Fry, 20 Maryland St., Indianapolis, Ind. Has Lt. Brahmas, White Cochins, Bronze Turkeys, two kinds of Game Bantams, also fancy pigeons.

Notice W. Piedrit's advertisement of pigeons.

EDITOR FANCIERS' JOURNAL:

At a meeting of the Directors of the Maine Poultry Association held this day, after discussion as to annual exhibitions, it was voted that the exhibition proposed to be held in Portland in Jan., 1877, be indefinitely postponed.

FRED. FOX, *Secretary.*

PORTLAND, OCT. 6, 1876.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

THE SHIP.

The Wind cries out to the Waters:
"However this thing began,
I do not know,
But I find it so—
We are but the slaves of Men.

"The pigmy builds him a monster
By the might of his puny hand;
It carries things
Like a sea gull's wings;
He rides it from the land.

"He catches my breath to waft him
As he dances over your waves;
The wounds you feel
Of the mighty keel—
And the Wind and Sea are slaves."

Harper's Weekly.

—Odds and Ends.—Pay down and you will never be dunned to pay up.

—In 1868 Seth Green hatched shad in a common salt box, in General Spinner's office in Washington, and also in the Capitol. They were the first shad ever hatched indoors. Mr. Green discovered the principle in the previous year.

—Something similar to the meat showers of Kentucky are the worm showers in Norway. The *Morgenblad* of Christiana states that this singular phenomenon was observed there after a recent violent storm, a number of worms were found crawling on the snow, and it was impossible to find any crevices in the ground from which they might have crept out, as the earth was frozen. The explanation of the Kentucky meat shower as of the presence of the worms is the same. Both the frogs or lizards were lifted up by wind-storms, having their centers in distant localities, carried up in the air, and dropped again in other places.

—Blue Lobster.—A few days ago Robt. T. Morris, of New Haven, received a lobster the color of which was a beautiful sky-blue with the usual markings a shade or two darker on the back. The under sides of the large claws were creamy white. He killed it, and before it had time to assume the red color which appears soon after death, had taken out all the fleshy parts. Mounting it and drying quickly he succeeded in preserving the blue color with the exception of slight fading. Only one fisherman had ever seen a similar variety, which is in the nature of an albino.

—At a meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, in Calcutta, says *Chambers' Journal*, a piece of telegraph cable was exhibited, showing that the India rubber covering had been pierced by grass. The piercing was so complete, and the contact of the grass with the copper ore so perfect, that "dead earth," as it is technically called, was produced and the efficiency of the cable destroyed. The species of the grass, owing to its dried-up condition, could not be determined. It was suggested as a probable explanation "that the seeds had become attached to the core when under water, and had afterwards germinated when the core was stored."

—Now at Woodward's Gardens at San Francisco is to be seen a rattlesnake, which is said to be one of the largest ever captured on this continent. It measures a little short of five feet in length, and in its thickest part is eight inches in circumference. It is possessed of forty-two rattles, and shows evidence of having lost two others. As rattlesnakes are two years old before they bear their first rattle, this reptile is consequently forty-six years of age. It was captured on the 12th day of April, 1875, on Eel River, Mendocino County, by W. H. Johnson, while prospecting for quicksilver. It was dug out of a crevice in the rock far below the surface, in which it had evidently been imprisoned for a considerable length of time. Its present owner informs us that his snakeship is fed but once in six weeks, and evidently thrives on such dieting.

—A South American Plant.—The plant from which the cuca leaves are obtained thrives best in the elevated forests of the Andes. In time it is covered with delicate white flowers, which are succeeded by red berries. The leaves can be stripped from the plant three times a year, and thoroughly dried. When the packages of cuca are opened they emit a powerful tea like odor. Mr. Christison has tried the effects of the leaves upon himself. He has taken long and fatiguing walks, living at the same time after his usual manner; then he has repeated the walks for even greater distances, and, when overcome with fatigue, at some ersting place he has chewed thoroughly and swallowed eighty grains of the cuca. No real effect was observed until he went out of doors and resumed his rapid walking; then all sense of weariness disappeared, and he could walk not only with ease but with elasticity. At the end of the walk the pulse was ninety, and in two hours fell to seventy-two. At dinner time there was neither feeling of hunger nor thirst after abstaining from food for nine hours, but upon dinner appearing ample justice was done to the meal. No unpleasant effects were felt the next day. Mr. Dowdeswell, in an article in the London Lancet, has the same idea as to the great and wonderful power of endurance gained by its use.

—Intelligence of Ants.—Referring to the singular sagacity of these little creatures, a story is told of Huber, the younger, who one day took an ant's nest to populate one of those glass contrivances which he used for making his observations, and which consisted of a sort of glass bell placed over the nest. He set at liberty one part of the ants, which fixed themselves at the foot of a neighboring chestnut tree. The rest were kept during four months in the apparatus, and at the end of this time Huber moved the whole into the garden, and a few ants managed to escape. Having met their old companions, who still lived at the foot of the chestnut tree, they recognized them. They were seen, in fact, all of them, to gesticulate, to caress each other mutually with their antennæ, to take each other by the mandibles, as if to embrace in token of joy, and they then re-entered together the nest at the foot of the chestnut tree. Very soon they came in a crowd to look for the other ants under the bell, and in a few hours our observer's apparatus was completely evacuated by its prisoners.

—*Tapioca* is the product of a plant that is cultivated very extensively in the Malay Peninsula, where its growth is almost entirely in the hands of the Chinese. The tubers of the plant, (*Manihot utilissima*) which weigh on an average from ten to twenty-five pounds, are first scraped and then carefully washed, after which they are reduced to a pulp by being passed between rollers. This pulp is carefully washed and shaken up with abundance of water, until the fecula separates and passes through a very fine sieve into a tub placed beneath. The flour so obtained is repeatedly washed, and then placed on mats and bleached by exposure to the sun and air. It is finally converted into the pearl tapioca of commerce by being placed in a cradle-shaped frame covered with canvas; it is slightly moistened and subjected to a rotary motion, by which means it is granulated. It is next dried in the sun, and finally over the fire in an iron pan greased with vegetable tallow, and is then ready for the market.—*Ex.*

—As long ago as 1855, a correspondent of the London *Times* predicted that with the immersion of gutta-percha in the depths of the sea, for telegraphic purposes, an animal created expressly for the purpose of eating that apparently indigestible substance would be found or produced. "As a mite would in all probability never have been seen but for the invention of cheese," this correspondent wrote, "so it may be that there is some indeveloped creation waiting *perdu* for the first piece of gutta-percha which comes down, * * * a gutta-percha boring and eating *teredo*, which has been waiting for its meal since the beginning of the world." The *Popular Science Monthly* tells us that this enemy of submarine cables has actually made its appearance; that he is a crustaceau less than a quarter of an inch long, with a name greatly longer than himself—*Limnoria terebrans*, to wit. The writers who have described him seem to attribute the frequent interruption of cable communication to his propensity to order gutta-percha instead of poached eggs for breakfast.

—Can a Dog Swim?—Captain Bunce, of the Leonida, is the owner of a large Spitz dog named Jack, that was picked up in the middle of the Sound, several years ago, as he was swimming about several miles from land. On Tuesday the captain left the faithful creature on the East Neck wharf by some mishap, and Jack, seeing the vessel some distance out in the bay, decided to follow. As the vessel was under good headway little notice was taken of his jumping off the wharf, as it was supposed that he would soon return. The vessel reached New York that night. Nothing was seen of the dog about here during the following day, but what was the astonishment of the captain and crew, on going up to the deck while the vessel lay in her dock in New York, on the morning of the second day, to find the faithful creature at his post watching over the vessel in his usual manner. He was thoroughly exhausted by his long swim of over forty miles, however, and could do nothing but lie about and recruit his strength for two or three days.—*From the Huntington Long Islander.*

Small Pet Department

THE CAT AND THE CANARY.

Mr. Editor:

Your column devoted to the young folks is generally so entertaining to our little people at home, that I am prompted to relate an incident that occurred with us, this summer, that may amuse the juveniles, and induce those who have pet birds under their care to exercise the caution we have been taught, by the circumstances of this case.

My daughter had a fine male canary bird I presented her with on her tenth birth-day, to which she became fondly attached. He proved a splendid singer, and as we lived in the country, a few miles from town, in a retired cottage, the cage was hung beneath the piazza, outside the parlor, during the bright warm days—where "Tommy," as they call our songster, enjoyed himself—and warbled famously from sunrise to dark.

At sunset, he was removed to the sitting-room, for safety over night, and we thus had no care about him, usually. But early one morning in July last, a racket was heard upon the piazza, and our youngest boy was soon overheard to shout at the side-chamber window, "come out, father! Tommy's cage is knocked down, and he is gone. The cat's got him!"

The canary's cage had been forgotten on the previous night, and we shortly found the little gilded prison turned upside down upon the piazza floor—and empty. Tommy *had* gone, and the neighbor's cat who had done the mischief had also hurriedly disappeared. This occurred on a Thursday, and great was Miss Minnie's lamentation upon discovering the disaster that had followed her neglect to take the bird-cage into the house, the evening before.

But, alack! it was too late to recover Tommy now. He was a goner, surely—as we could plainly see. The ugly cat was anathematized—but to no good purpose, and Minnie had a good long cry over the result on this unlucky occasion.

The following Sunday morning, (three days afterwards) the door-bell rang, and a neighbor enquired mysteriously for Minnie.

"I heard you had lost your favorite bird," he said, "and I've brought you one to take his place."

Then drawing his handkerchief gently from the ample straw hat he carried under his arm, he exposed a poor little stupid canary that he had caught upon a tree that morning, in his garden.

"Why—it's my *Tommy!*" shouted Minnie, amazed and delighted—as she tenderly took the tiny, half-starved bird in her little hands." Where 'd you get him, pray?"

The story was soon told. "Tommy" had escaped the cat, it appeared, and had flown away. But having been raised in a cage, he knew nothing about hunting for food, and had well nigh starved—when the gentleman saw and easily caught him.

He was quickly provided with safe quarters and food—and about a week afterwards commenced to sing and warble again, as usual. His cage has never been left out after dark since, and the neighbor's cats have not been seen about—while Minnie has learned a lesson she will not soon forget, I assure you! R.

A BLUE BIRD AND STEP MOTHER CAT.

One day little Charlie went to mother and asked for a strong string, which he obtained, as mother was always famous for saving strings. We took but little notice of his plans at the time, as he was always busy at something which disclosed his ingenuity; but we were astonished an hour later to see that he had climbed the apple tree nearest the house and carried with him his rude preparation for a bird's nest, and had succeeded in tying it fast to the tree. We were hushed to silence in our demonstrations of surprise, as he was watching and persuading the very bird for which the nest was made, and was afraid our thoughtlessness would frighten her away. He succeeded perfectly. The bluebird accepted the nest, and as soon as it could be lined by herself and mate eggs were deposited therein, and little Charlie was really very happy for some days. But there came a sorrow which was provoking to even the sweet-tempered portion of us. Our cat Sue, who kept the mice from mischief was so mischievous herself as to watch the bird during her incubation, and one night she went to the tree and stealthily took the unfortunate bird for her supper. This, however, does not finish my story, as I think the funniest part is what I shall now relate. We did not know how soon the bereaved mate learned the fate of his companion, but found him early the next day alighting near by with becoming grief—not a word of song. What thoughts passed through his little brain we have no means of knowing, but we had good reasons for believing that he suffered a fatherly anxiety and already began to feel his need of a helpmate to take care of the eggs. He took much pains with his toilet, plumed himself for the occasion, and then was missing for a short time. Charlie said that he went to the brush, a half mile distant, and that he saw him there hunting a mate. Although we laughed at his solution of the matter, we found that he understood Birdie pretty well, for during the day back came the little widower with one whom he fondly hoped would give the necessary care to that little nest of eggs. She behaved with becoming grace, but not all the entreaties of her lover, and they were many and varied, could induce her to sit upon that nest. He would gaily hop from her side to the nest and sit on the side of it chattering lovingly; but his labor in that line was lost, as his new wife had an instinct which taught her that the eggs were beyond her saving, or else she preferred a home of her own selection, and before dark of the same day they abandoned the nest in the apple tree and disappeared.

I hardly feel like dismissing this scrap of history without holding up poor old Sue in a better light, as she had redeeming qualities which were almost uncatlike. Some of these were her stepmother proclivities, brought out by my little brothers bringing some young squirrels and placing them with her kittens, all of which she took care of with astonishing tenderness. When the boys brought the young broods out together from the barn for the inspection of friends, old Sue, as soon as they were laid down at liberty, would first take the squirrels, one at a time, by the nape of the neck (a difficult task, as the skin is not loose like a kitten) and carry them back to the barn, leaving her own progeny for later trips. This was fun for us children, you may believe, and more than once was old Sue called upon to fill the office of stepmother—a mission which she appeared to delight in and always satisfactorily performed—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE PERFECTNESS OF GOD'S WORKS.

Upon examining the edge of the sharpest razor with a microscope, it will appear fully as broad as the back of a knife—rough, uneven, and full of notches and furrows. An exceedingly small needle resembles an iron bar. But the sting of a bee seen through the same instrument exhibits everywhere the most beautiful polish, without a flaw, blemish, or inequality, and it ends in a point too fine to be discerned. The threads of a fine lawn are coarser than the yarn with which ropes are made for anchors. But a silkworm's web appears smooth and shining, and everywhere equal. The smallest dot that is made with a pen appears irregular and uneven. But the little specks on the wings or bodies of insects are found to be an accurate circle. How magnificent are the works of God!

Exchanges.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"To exchange for cash" or "greenbacks," "wanted a purchaser," or "wanted an offer," etc , etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

LEE F. DAWSON, Oneonta, N. Y., has to exchange 1 trio White Polish, 1 pair B. B. Red Chicks, 1 pair B. B. Red Bantam Chicks, for Lop-eared Rabbits, P. Rock Pullets, or offers. Postal cards answered.

JAS. H. PHILLIPS, Coventry, N. Y., will exchange English Setter Pup, 11 months old, partly broken, color orange and white, bred by B. F. White, Ashley Falls, Mass., beautiful dog, good pedigree, for eight choice Brown Leghorn Pullets, or same number of P. Rock Pullets.

CHAS. CHURCH, Denver, Col., wants to exchange Persian Insect Powder and Blowers, all kinds of Hair and Paint Brushes, Hand Mirrors, Combs, Perfumery, Violin Strings, Razors, Cigars, of any quality, and anything to be obtained in a drug store, for Dinks, Mayhew & Hutchinson's work on the Dog, or offers.

FRED JEWELL, Topeka, Kas., has prize-winning Silver Spangled Hamburgs, (Bicknell's strain), and White-face Black Spanish, to exchange for Fancy Pigeons. My fowls are fine, and I will take great pains in shipping.

CHAS. BARTLES, Tuscarawas P. O., Ohio, will exchange Blood's Washing Machine, Barling's Pruning Shears, his celebrated Baby Jumpers, a valuable Setter Dog, some very old books, and a number of other valuable articles, for a thoroughbred Berkshire Boar fit for service, fancy stock, or anything that is useful.

GEO. F. SEAVEY, Cambridgeport, Mass., will exchange the following Cocks for Hens of the same kinds: Blue Carriers, White, Black, Blue, and Red Fantails, Black, Red and Yellow Jacobins, White and Blue Berlin Button head Tumblers, Red-wing Turbits. None but first-class birds wanted; will give the same.

ROBERT LEWIS, Castleton, N. Y , has a set of silver plated single Harness perfect, used ten times; will exchange for three trios of poultry from the following list: S. P. Hamburgs, S. S. Hamburgs, P. Rocks, Houdans, G. S. Hamburgs, Creve Cœurs, S. G Dorkings, Golden L. Bantams

C. KING, Jr., Plainville, Norfolk Co., Mass., has Yellow Jacobins, Black Magpies, White Fans, Black Fans, Yellow Barbs, Dun Carriers, Black Carriers, and Blue Pied Pouters, for Black-tail Turbits, Short-face Tumblers, Partridge Cochins, Golden Hamburgs, Pistols, Shot Guns, or offers.

D. PORTER, 151 Second St., Albany, N. Y., will exchange a pair of his long-distance Homing Antwerps, or Short-faced Show Antwerps, for a pair of Belgian Carriers, or good Black Carrier hen.

G. W. CLEVELAND, Millington, Mass., has Angora Buck, B. B. R. G. Bantam stags, P. Cochins, Dark Brahma and Brown Leghorn Fowls and Chicks. and Pekin Ducks, to exchange for Red Pyle and other Game Bantams, Black Red Games, Buff Cochin Cock, Silver Sebright Bantams, Lop eared Doe, Fancy Pigeons, and offers.

S. P. HALLECK, Oriskany, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair Blue Barbs, 1 White Barb Cock, 1 pair Black Tumblers, and 1 Mottled Tumbler Cock, (all Bicknell stock), for Turbits and Pouters.

MRS. MARY D. MARTIN. Mercersburg, Pa , offers any of the following for Red Bird or Canaries and Cages, or Fancy Pigeons of any kind, old or young: Pair of Gold Bracelets, worth $20 per pair; White Carrier Breeders; Silver Poland Cock, good bird; one pair Houdans, any kind of Fruit Trees or Plants, ornamental or useful.

C. H. LEWIS, Box 195, Newport, N. H., wants to exchange 1 pair of Buff Cochin Fowls, 1 trio Buff Cochin Chicks, 1 Newfoundland Pup, 2½ months old, for American Pea Comb Dominique Chicks, White or Brown Leghorns. They are all premium stock.

ROBERT LEWIS, Castleton, N. Y , will exchange Currant Bushes, red, white and black; Asparagus Roots, Tulip Bulbs, and winter flowering plants, for one trio each of the following: Golden L. Bantams, S. G. Dorkings, Creve Cœurs, G. S. Hamburgs, Houdans, P. Rocks, S. S. Hamburgs, S. P. Hamburgs.

A. W. BESSAY, Box 543, St. Catherines, Ont., wishes to exchange a B flat brass Cornet, worth $15.00, for Black Spanish, Rose Comb Dominiques, or Red Pile Game Bantams, or offers.

A. B. LARKIN, Central Bridge, N. Y., would exchange Bronze Turkeys for Pekin Ducks; also 2 Savage Sewing Machines, out of order, for good fowls of any kind. What offers?

W. H. RATHBONE, Uncasville, Conn., will exchange 1 trio choice White Leghorn Chicks, (Smith strain), for a copy of Doyle's Illustrated Book of Poultry, or copy of Cooper on the Game Fowl; or one choice W. L. Cockerel, for Bennett's Poultry Book. Postals accepted.

C. T. G. CHAEW, 206 Franklin St., New York, will exchange L. B. Chicks, Rouen, Aylesbury, and Muscovy Ducks, (Todd's strain), W. C. B. Poland Cockerels, for Brown Leghorns, B. Spanish, W. C. B. Polands, Pekin Ducks, Geese, Nursery stock of all kinds, Trees, Vines, &c.

I. H ROBERTS, 4507 Rubicam Ave., Germantown, Pa., will exchange for W. C. B. Polish or Brown Leghorn chicks, a pair of fine English Greyhounds, thoroughbred; full pedigree.

O. S. RACKLEFF, Deering, Me., will exchange one pair of Yellow Wing Swallows, for a pair Blue Barless Swallows, Red Swallow Hen, for male. The Swallows are good birds I expect the same. Postal cards answered.

G. DILLENBERGER & SON, 69 Clifford St , Providence, R. I., will exchange 16 fine Ferrets and 9 Lop-eared Rabbits, from imported stock, for A No. 1 B. B. R. Game Pullets, Warren stock, or Homing Antwerp Pigeons, or Belgian long breed Canary Cocks, or good singing German Canary Cocks.

E. S. ELLWANGER, care Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, N. Y., exchange Antwerps, (Mr. Van Opstal's importation,) 1 pair Black and Blue Fans, 1 pair White Fans, (took 1st at Chicago,) Blue Pouter Cock, 1 Rumpless Cock, Books and Calculator, for a good flock of performing Tumblers, and other Fancy Pigeons.

STEPHEN BOATT, Norwalk, Ohio, will exchange Ferrets or Fancy Pigeons, for a Flobert Rifle, Silver Watch, Scotch Terrier Dog or Bitch, pure bred, or offers.

D. A. CARTER, Utica, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair of Angora and White Pink-eye Rabbits, 1 pair B. B. Game, 1 pair Silver Duckwing, 1 pair Black African Bantams, the best of stock, for a Double-barrel Shot Gun.

O. H. MOORE, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange a No. 1 Light Brahma Hen, for a No. 1 Light Brahma Cock, (Felch strain). Cock must be first-class, as Hen is; or W. C. B. Polish Fowls, for a good Double-barrelled Shot Gun, or merchandise.

STREETER, SON & CO., Youngstown, Ohio, will exchange Fancy Poultry, Pigeons, and Rabbits, for printing; also two solid colored Herd Book Jersey Bulls, for other Jersey stock or Cotswold Sheep.

T. TREGONING, Box 17, Foxburg, Clarion Co., Pa., will exchange a White-crested White Drake, with yellow beak and yellow legs, for the same kind of a Duck.

EZRA R. DIBBLE, New Haven, Conn., will exchange 2 Cocks and 8 Hens, 1875 hatch, Light Brahmas; also 40 Chicks, same breed, for Webster's Illustrated Unabridged Dictionary, or anything useful.

GEO. A. STOCKWELL, Worcester, Mass , will exchange Rouen Drakes $2; Hong Kong Ganders, $5; P. Cochin Cockerels, $1, and P. Rock Cockerels, $2, for Brahmas, Cochins, P. Rocks, P. Ducks, Leghorns, and Turkeys; also 12 odd pure bred Tumblers, cocks and hens, mostly young, for three pullets.

F. E. GRIST, Blakely, Ga., will exchange Dr. Cooper's Work on Game Fowls, good 3 and 2 ply carpeting, Tartar Game and Dead Game, for Poultry Books. No attention paid to postal cards.

SCOTT BROS., Wrightstown, Bucks Co., Pa., will exchange 2 pairs of Red and Yellow Owls, (cocks red, and hens yellow,) Red and Yellow Owl Hens, Silver Owl Hens, Black Magpies, Archangels, White Dutchess, and Red Barb Cocks, Tumblers, all colors, Mottled Pouters, Dutchess, Black Owl Hen, 2 pair White Fantails and odd Cocks, pair Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, and 2 Cockerels, B. B. Red Game Bantam Cock, for first-class Blue, Silver, and White Owls. Yellow Fantails, Berkshire, Essex or Chester White Boar Pig, Common Pigeons, mated Antwerps, from fast stock. Offers wanted.

G. M. TWITCHELL, Fairfield, Maine, has extra fine P. Rock Cockerels, Drake strain; Golden Sebright Bantam Cockerels, rose comb, White Leghorns, Smith stock, to exchange for P. R., Golden or Silver Sebright Bantam Pullets, or offers. My stock is good, and the same is wanted.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

GEO. F. SEAVEY, Cambridgeport, Mass., will exchange the following Hens for Cocks of same varieties: Blue-crested Fans, Red-crested Fans, Red Mottled Fans, Dun-wing Turbits. Must be first-class.

Book Exchange.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE Book for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

AUDUBON WANTED—Jos. M. Wade, Rockville, Conn., wants a copy of the above Work. State condition and lowest cash price.

WANTED.

1. A Treatise on the Art of Breeding and Managing Tame, Domesticated, and Fancy Pigeons; by John Matthews Eaton, and published by the author, 7 Islington Green, London. 1852 Illustrated.

The Treatise of 1858 is not wanted.

2. A set of Six Matchless Engraved Colored Portraits, Life Size, by Wolstenholme, viz: The Almond, Black Mottle, Red Baldhead, Yellow-beard Tumblers, Black Carrier, and Blue Pied English Pouter.

3. A colored Diagram, or a Plan of Building or fitting up a Pigeonary, embellished with Tumblers, Pouters and Carriers.

We think there are several different diagrams, and would like all of them.

4 A set of six splendid Life Size engraved Portraits of The Fancy Toy Pigeons, colored, viz: The White Fantail, Yellow Jacobin, Silver Owl, Blue Turbit, Black mottled Trumpeter, and the Black Barb.

All of above pictures published by J. M. Eaton.

A liberal offer would be made for any of the above in good order.

Any information regarding John Matthew Eaton's life and works would be gratefully received.

WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

Wanted.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

P. W. CAREW, Toledo, Ohio, wants a good Derby Game Cock, or Stag. Must be pure and dead game. No other wanted.

GEO. F. SEAVEY, Cambridgeport, Mass., wants solid Black and Red Turbit Hens, Dun Crested Fan Hen, a pair each solid Yellow, Blue and Dun Turbits, pair Yellow-tail Turbits, Blue-tail Turbit Hen, Dun-wing Turbit Cock, Yellow and Dun Berlin Button-head Tumblers.

J. S. EDMONDS, Schenectady, N. Y., wants a second-hand breech-loading rifle, (a repeater preferred,) and a muzzle-loading double shot gun, No. 12 bore.

J. H. SCHOCK, S. W. corner Tenth and Buttonwood Streets, Philadelphia, Pa., dealer in Segars, Weekly Papers, Stationery, etc.; will also supply Fanciers' Journal promptly by mail or at the store.

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Y O U

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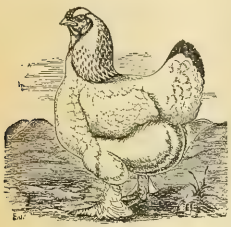
TRY IT ONCE!!!



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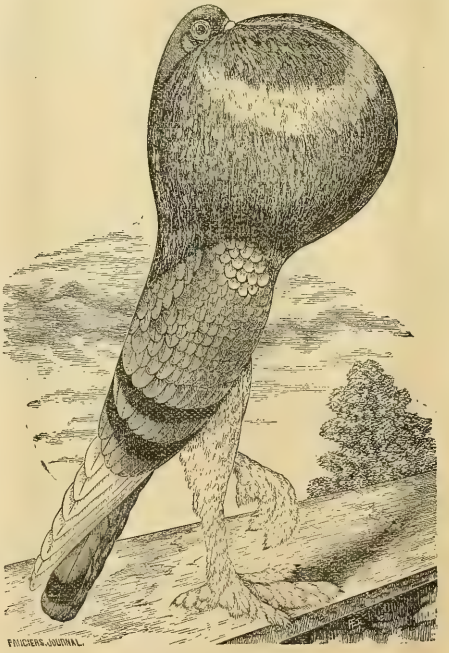

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POULTRY EXCHANGE.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, OCTOBER 30, 1876. No. 42.

VINO SANTO.

Once I read a strange, sweet story,
Of a sacred snowy wine,
Made by peasants on Lake Garda,
Brewed beneath the cross's sign;
Vino Santo called forever,
Sealed with seal of things divine—
Vino Santo, Holy wine!

On the first days of October,
Only in a shining sun—
Only in the dew of morning,
Clusters lifted one by one;
Thus begins the solemn vintage,
Vintage with the cross for sign—
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

Pales the autumn, falls the winter,
Lie the grapes, untouched and still;
No man hastes, and no man hinders
While their subtle juices fill,
Till the sacred day of Christmas,
Day of days, of joy divine,
Then is brewed the Holy Wine.

Past the winter, past the spring-time,
Into summer far and late;
For the joy of Vino Santo
They who long must long and wait;
Only glowing heat can ripen—
Glowing heat and cross's sign,
Vino Santo, Holy wine.

Dear to-day, the strange, sweet story,
Sudden seemeth thine and mine;
Thine and mine and all true lovers,
Sealed by seal and signed by sign;
Silence, patience, from Love's Vintage
Drink at last, in joy divine,
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

—*H. H. in February Galaxy.*

THE BEAUTY OF MEN OF GENIUS.

J. M. MCCANN.

"Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought
But genius must be born; and never can be taught."

Dryden.

"Between genius and talent there is the proportion of the whole to its parts." *From the French of La Bruyère.*

"Talent lying in the understanding, is often inherited; genius being the action of reason and imagination rarely or never."

S. T. Coleridge.

"Genius is supposed to be a power of producing excellences which are beyond the rules of art; a power which no precepts can teach, and which no industry can acquire." *Sir J. Reynolds.*

"Every man cannot say, write, discover something new Nature, that loving mother, has sown original genius of that sort very sparingly, and if in a century, on any special subject, more than one springs up, it may be regarded as a miracle."

From the German of Forster.

Under this heading, page 373, "Fancier's Journal," I use the following language:

"Not satisfied with endowing her favorite sons with the sublime gift of genius, nature has in many instances lavished upon them the charms of personal beauty." I did not say that *every* man of genius was remarkable for either grace of form, or beauty of feature. I know some of these "favorites of the gods" have been disfigured and deformed. Æsop was a hunchback. Byron and Scott were lame, Pope and Voltaire were feeble and diseased. My purpose was only to prove that the master of beautiful thoughts have also very often been the possessors of personal beauty. If it were necessary I could greatly extend the list already given—Waterton, Audubon, Shelly, Petrarch,[1] Aziosto, Hawthorn, Irving, Kossuth, Loyola, the "admirable Crichton." Writing about *men* of genius, I did not enumerate any of the beautiful women who have filled the earth with the perfume of noble deeds, and left as an heirloom for us their thoughts—wrought in marble—on canvas, or woven into the undying melody of song. As among the gifted sons of genius we have seen that some of the greatest have been the most beautiful. So here we find that the wisest of women have been as well the fairest.

Hypasia, Vittoria Colonna, Lady Jane Grey, Joan of Arc, and Mrs. Browning, were almost as much distinguished for their beauty of form and features, as for the marvels that they wrought. Can we believe that the gifted and unfortunate L. E. L. was so very homely, when we hear the Ettrick Shepherd exclaiming in rustic astonishment, on being introduced to her, "I did nae think you had been sae bonny." The features of Mirabeau were disfigured by the small pox, and those of "Ursa Major," by disease and suffering. Neither Henry Clay, John Randolph, Charles Henry Lee, or Abraham Lincoln, were men of creative genius—that they had great *talents* none will deny. Hugh Miller says of Wellington and Cæsar, "had they all been brethren the family likeness could not have been stronger. There is the same hard mathematical cast of face, the same thin cheeks and prominent cheek-bones, the same sharply defined nether jaws, the same bold nose—in each case the indented aquiline—and the same quietly keen eye. In the countenance of Cromwell, though more overcharged, as perhaps became his larger structure of bone and muscular frame, we find exactly the same lineaments united to a massiveness of forehead possessed by neither Washington nor Wellington.[2]

With a simplicity, that were it not ridiculous it would be sublime, Huon asks, "*which Cæsar?*" Could it mean other than the *great* Cæsar—Julius—the poet, the orator, the historian, the statesman, the commander?

Why not have asked "which" Cromwell, Oliver, Richard, or Henry? or which Washington, Bushrod, John A., or George? Huon very kindly informs us that there were *twelve* Cæsars, all of them, he says, "*men of genius.*" These masters of Rome are known in history under the various names of Augustus, Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, etc. The first was a *patron* of genius, and

[1] He was so handsome as frequently to attract observation as he passed along the streets. "Lives of Eminent Men of Italy," Vol. 1, page 75.
[2] Essays, page 50 57.

although he did not possess the "divine afflatus," *himself*, was a man of talent. Tiberius was a cruel and blood thirsty tyrant; and Huon, I believe, is the first to discover that *Nero* was a *genius* Caligula erected a temple to himself, and ordered an effigy of his head to be placed on the images of the gods, while he wished to imitate the thunder of Jupiter. He appeared in public places in the most indecent manner, and committed the worst of crimes. He rejoiced when great disasters befell his subjects, and "wished that the Romans had but one head, that he might strike it off at a blow." The wild beasts in his "Zoo" were constantly fed with human victims, and he made his horse "high priest and consul," —kept him in marble apartments, adorned with the most valuable trappings and pearls which the Roman Empire could furnish. He attempted to destroy the writings of Homer and Virgil, and was the enemy of all mankind. Yet, Huon says Caligula was a genius, too! I know of no good reason for doubting the accuracy of the bust of Shakespeare in the church at Stratford. From this his portraits are taken. Sir Francis Chantrey the sculptor, declared that "the face afforded in itself internal evidence of being an accurate resemblance, probably copied from a posthumous cast."[3]

Huon in attributing to Samuel Johnson great genius, differs very much from the opinion of Taine. In fact, my friend makes no distinction whatever, between *talent* and *genius*.

Sidney, Lady Morgan, Lady Blessington, Ida Pfeiffer, Charles Henry Lee, *all* are geniuses!

The Greeks were the most beautiful people that ever lived—intellectually they were far superior to every other, either before or since. "The average ability of the Athenian race is, by the lowest possible estimate, very nearly two grades higher than our own—that is, about as much as our race is above that of the African negro."[4] Is there not then a relation between genius and beauty? "There certainly have been some singular looking mortals among great men, but it was some eccentricity of feature that distingui-hed them, rather than downright ugliness."[5] Huon says Scott, Burns, Hugh Miller, and Hogg, *all* had pug noses! Those having their portraits can see for themselves. Prof. Wells would decide differently.

Huon it seems, does not know what beauty is, yet there are certain opinions entertained on this subject, both in this country and in Europe, that enable the most intelligent people to agree upon a beautiful object. J. M. McCann.

THE SKUNK.

In one of the late numbers of The Journal, we see Huon endeavors to prove the veracity of the following facts about the skunk.

1. It is a hibernating animal.
2. Its habits are strictly nocturnal.
3. Horizontal holes are dug by the skunk, prairie dog, &c.
4. The "offensive secretion" is not used as a weapon for self-defense.

Proof to the contrary.

1. The American cyclopædia says, "The skunk is not a hibernating animal." Goodrich, and all other good authorities say, "They (the skunk) are active throughout the whole year in the South and in most of our northern states; if at any time they retire to their burrows on account of severe weather, they remain in a dozing but *not* torpid state."

As far as my experience goes I have found them active most of the winter, with the exception of a few cold weeks when even the dogs and cats remained in a decidedly dozing state.

Therefore we come to the conclusion that the skunk can not be a hibernating animal *when* it does not hibernate as a rule; and *when* it is forced to remain within its burrow through excessive cold, it is not in a torpid condition.

2. Can the habits of the skunk be strictly nocturnal when they are seen in broad daylight robbing the poultry yard, or plundering wild pigeon roosts? We saw them do both this year, while in Michigan. Was it a phenomenon of nature, when this summer, whilst watching a deer runaway (a name given to a path made by deer) adjacent to a small pool of water, we saw several skunks come to the aforesaid pool and quench their thirst? No, we think not, but believe that it was simply because they were *unmolested* by man.

Therefore we draw the second conclusion, that the skunk is not strictly nocturnal in its habits when it commits its depredations and collects its sustenance "in the broad glare of the sun."

3. Huon remarks, "They (the skunk) are not such fools as to think they can live long in perpendicular holes, therefore dig what must (?) be called a horizontal hole."

Why not oblique? or curved? or any other kinds of holes that can be dug without being either perpendicular or horizontal? There is a geometrical axiom which says, "The sum of all the parts is equal to the whole."

That suits this case exactly, for as Huon says, "no animal will live long in a perpendicular hole," neither will he live long in a horizontal hole, for that being a continuous straight hole, it is disliked equally as much as the other, indeed no animal *will* live in such an abode. Therefore we draw the third conclusion, that no animal will select a horizontal hole for its residence, unless it be a zig-zag horizontal, or other broken and curved line taken together, then they will be equal to the *hole*.

4. Concerning the "offensive secretion," we will simply say it is quite wonderful that every time a dog or any other hostile animal is about making an attack, they are either rendered blind, (generally the blindness lasts but a few moments, but in some cases for life) or the unbearable smell makes them bite the ground in horrible agony while they vomit forth their—last meal. Meanwhile the skunk walks off, (no doubt happy on account of heaping coals of fire on its enemy's head by giving it a *scent*) its life being saved by an accident, of course (*a la* Huon).

Goodrich says: "This gift is the animals' shield and buckler, and nature in her infinitely diversified acts of defense, appears no where, not in trenchant teeth, or rending claws, not in overpowering strength, or ferocity, or even in deadly venom, to have given any creature a more effective protection than is bestowed upon the skunk by this syringe."

Huon seems to base his argument on the fact that because the pine-marten, weasel, &c., havn't this wonderful weapon, therefore it was never intended as a weapon for the skunk. How about the rattle and garter snake?

Well, this is enough "Huon cry" about the skunk; we are satisfied if Huon is.

Terræ Filius.

Antlers.—Some time in June last Mr. George Curtis, living on the Willamette river, Oregon, discovered in the woods near his place the antlers of a deer protruding from an oak tree eighteen inches in diameter. Mr. Curtis had the tree cut down, and sent it to the Centennial exhibition. It is evident that at one time the tree was forked, and the deer, in rubbing his antlers against the tree, must have been caught, and either died at the foot of his involuntary hitching post, or else broke away, leaving his antlers. Time passed and the tree grew, and strange to say, so closely as to entirely conceal the place where the fork had formerly been, giving it the appearance of being a solid tree with the antlers of a deer growing out of its side. Houseworth has photographed this curiosity.

[3] McKenzie's Life of Sir Walter Scott, page 463.
[4] Galton's Hereditary Genius, page 342.
[5] The Stream of Life, page 511.

Poultry Department.

ONE BREEDER'S WAY.

We have been surprised of late, in visiting the yards of some of the large and small breeders, to find the fowls, adult and young of both sexes mingling freely. Our opinion is well known: that the sexes should be kept separate after the breeding season, though young and old may be together. One dealer we know of, not advertising with us however, keeps five different breeds. From these he sells eggs for hatching "warranted pure," up to the first of June, for $5 00 per doz., after that he turns his birds all together, and calls the eggs "thoroughbred but crossed for market purposes, for $2 00 per dozen." We would like our correspondents' opinions upon such a course.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY CASE

A correspondent of *Capital and Labor* says the *Globe* (English) brings forward several interesting facts to disprove the assertion that cultivation on a small scale cannot be profitably carried on in England. A peasant farmer in Suffolk, with whom he has been acquainted for a quarter of a century, has maintained himself and family on two acres of land during the whole of that time without any difficulty. After providing food for his household on an ample scale, this small agriculturist estimated his average balance of profit at more than £70 per annum, and gave every detail necessary to prove the soundness of the calculation. Having chanced upon Cobbett's assertion that a cow might be kept on half an acre of land, John Sillett, the farmer in question, tested the statement by practical experiment, and found it perfectly true. At only twelve quarts of milk per diem, 4d. per quart will bring in about £72 yearly, while by converting it into butter, even larger profits result. Then, too, if a peasant farmer has a thrifty industrious wife, she will add considerably to his income by paying attention to sources of profit which large farmers neglect. Poultry and eggs, under good management, might be rendered as profitable in England as they are in France, where they are regarded as very important items of farming produce. Again, by incessant hard work, and by keeping the hoe, dibber, and digging fork constantly at work, a great deal more can be made out of land than when subjected to the ordinary processes of cultivation. No doubt it is quite true, as recently alleged by the *Times* agricultural commissioner, that to present a peasant with a few acres of barren heath land would be equivalent to bidding him starve. Soil of that sort can only be rendered profitable by the expenditure of infinitely more capital than peasants possess. What with breaking up the ground, cleaning, manuring, and draining, a large outlay would be necessary before there was any chance of a return, and in the meantime a comparatively poor man must starve. But it still remains to be proved whether thrifty, industrious peasants, possessing practical knowledge of agriculture, could not make a fair living for themselves and families out of three or four acres of good land. As the question is at present surrounded with doubt, each party maintaining its own opinion with persistant dogmatism, it would be well if some philanthropic landed proprietor tested the matter by practical experiment. If he selected the best-conducted farm hands on his property, and granted each a lease of half-a-dozen acres of good land at their market value, the result would set the vexed question at rest for ever.

TRIPS AMONG THE FANCIERS.

Having a wish to visit the Pennsylvania head-quarters of the Plymouth Rocks, one pleasant morning found me en route for Doylestown. But arriving there, remembering that the Hamburgs of Willow Lane were on my way, I made my first call upon Mr. Wm. T. Rogers. I was just in time, and with appetite whetted by the early ride through the bracing air, I was quite ready to do justice to the bountiful repast to which my bachelor friend, in genuine hospitality, invited me. After lingering long over our coffee, chatting of fanciers and fancies, reviewing the past and hoping for the future, we finally adjourned to the yards, where the feathered beauties awaited us. It is not necessary to tell that Mr. Rogers makes a specialty of Silver Penciled Hamburgs. He loves his pets, and devotes his entire time and skill to their breeding and care.

He shows four yards of adult fowls, each containing about a dozen hens and a cock, remarkable for the uniformity of color and markings. Among them I noticed the "Sophie" and "Tammany" that have won so many prizes, and "figured" so perfectly" in the different poultry journals. Of birds of so much noteriety, my expectations were raised to the highest, nor was I disappointed, for in accuracy of marking, perfection in color, symmetry of form, they are unexcelled by any pair of Silver-Penciled Hamburgs I ever saw, and I have seen many. "Tammany" the cock, well deserves his score of 93 points, so does "Sophie" hers of "98," given by two different judges, neither being aware of the other's scoring. In fact (excepting Hans Schneider's L. B. hen), "Sophie" is the only bird that *ever beat the American Standard of Excellence*, she having received a score of 105 points, by a judge appointed by the A. P. A. Mr. Rogers feels proud of his birds, and with reason. He expects to exhibit them at the coming Centennial, when, as he says, "some of us will have to look sharp, or we'll be in a pickle (Pickle, you know, is coming). When I think of those Penciled Hamburgs Pickle & Belden have shipped from England, I say: Ah, my boy, the medal of honor will never hang in your office. Never mind, if it don't, I shall do what every other true American ought to, exhibit my stock, and if I am defeated I shall be made aware of the fact, that England, France, or some other country has better stock than mine." In my comfortable quarters and pleasant company, I should have forgotten the main purpose of my visit, had not my host mentioned Dr. Dickie, and then have offered himself as escort and guide to Pine Run Poultry Yards, were our mutual friend greeted us warmly. Several years have passed since my last visit. Then the Dr. was breeding eight or nine kinds, but, like all who aim at success, he has now discarded all but two, and, I think, eventually his success with Plymouth Rocks will induce him to give up all for them.

Now he has two yards of Brown Leghorns and three of Plymouth Rocks.

With Plymouth Rocks, Dr. D. has been remarkably successful, breeding them carefully and successfully, wishing to preserve their usefulness, and at the same time to bring forward their æsthetic points. A great many have misunderstood Dr. D. He has been interested heart and soul in the experiments he has been making. To those that scoff at his earnestness, or doubt his motives, a walk through his yards would be convincing that the bird he favors, is

what he says it is, and to his honor, is what he has made it. And a glance at his order book would convince them also that they were rapidly growing into public favor. Par icularly was our attention called to several broods of chicks, whose uniformity of color and markings was quite equal to those of Dark Brahmas of the same age.

We spent a very agreeable afternoon with Dr. D., and beg leave to digress from our subject to say that he does not "live adjacent to the national gas regions," and he never sought to "gratuitously advertise" his stock, and to our mind, his communications to The Fanciers' Journal have been of more value to its readers than those of Pedagogue or Young Breeder.

W. E. Flower.

ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

PREMIUMS AND GRATUITIES AWARDED AT DANVERS, MASS., SEPT. 27th, 1876.

POULTRY, FIRST CLASS.

Brahmas. Light—Fowls, O. Gowen, West Newbury, 1st prem. $2: chicks, George Hobbs, Salem, 1st, 2; C. P. Jacobs, Peabody, 2d, 1. Dark—Fowls, C. P. Jacobs, 1st, 2; chicks, C. P. Jacobs, 1st, 2.

Cochins. Buff—Fowls, T. P. Hale, Rowley, 1st, 2; ArthurElliott, Peabody, 2d, 1. Partridge—Fowls, H. A. Southwick, Peabody, 1st, 2; chicks, H. A. Southwick, 1st, 2. Black—Fowls, C. O. Putnam, Danbury, 1st, 2; chicks, C. O. Putnam, 1st and 2d, 3. White—Fowls, G. O. Walton, 2d, 1; chicks, Neal Maynahs, Danvers, 2d, 1.

Geese. Hong Kong—Lewis P. Hawkes, Sangus, 1st, 2; Robert G. Buxton, 2d, 1.

Ducks. Lewis P. Hawkes, Sangus, 1st, 2; Oscar Gowen, West Newbury, 2d, 1.

Turkeys. Geo. B. Dodge, Hamilton, 1st, 1.

POULTRY, SECOND CLASS.

Plymouth Rock. Fowls, Geo. D. Watson, Peabody, 2d, 1; chicks, A. S. Hill, 2d, 2.

Dominique. Fowls, John Swinerton, Danvers, 1st, 2; chicks, do. 1st, 2.

Leghorns. White—Fowls, Jos. Bushby, Danvers, 1st, 2; H. A. Southwick, Peabody, 2d, 1; chicks, Jos. Bushby, Danvers, 1st, 2; H. A. Southwick, 2d, 1. Dominique—Fowls, G. D. Walton, Peabody, 2d, 1. Black—J. Johnson, Rowley, 1st, 2; Allen Lee, Manchester, 2d, 1; chicks, Abram J. Welch, Georgetown, 1st, 2; Allen Lee, Manchester, 2d, 1.

Spanish. Geo. D. Walton, Peabody, 2d, 1. Black—Fowls, D. B. Burnham, Essex, 1st, 2.

Poland. Golden—H. M. Larkin, Beverly, 1st, 2. Silvered—Fowls, H. A. Putnam, Danvers, 1st, 2.

Dorking. Fowls, W. H. Allen, Manchester, 1st, 2.

Game. Fowls, A. A. Fowler, Danvers, 1st, 2; chicks, do. 1st, 2.

Bantams, Fowls, G. D. Walton, Peabody, 1st, 2; Thomas C. Berry, 2d, 1.

Duckwing. Silver—Fowls, Chas. H. Farmer, Peabody, 1st, 2; Oscar Gowen, West Newbury, 2d, 1.

Pigeons. Jerry Monigan, Beverly, 1st, 2; J. S. Ives, Salem, 2d, 1.

Rabbits. Chas. D. Winchester, Peabody, 1st, 1.

WISCONSIN POULTRY SHOW.

The Wisconsin State Poultry Association will hold its annual show at Milwaukee, from Jan. 18th to 26th, inclusive. Premium lists will be sent out in due season.

W. H. Spear, *Secretary.*

CENTRAL CONNECTICUT ASSOCIATION.

The Central Connecticut Poultry Association will hold a fair at the Town Hall in Bristol, from Dec. 19th to 22d, 1876. No effort will be spared to make it surpass the exhibitions heretofore held.

Geo. A. Gowdy,
Recording Secretary.

WESTCHESTER POULTRY SHOW.

The Westchester County Poultry Association intend holding a show from Dec. 5th to 8th, 1876, at Mt. Kisco, on the Harlem R. R.

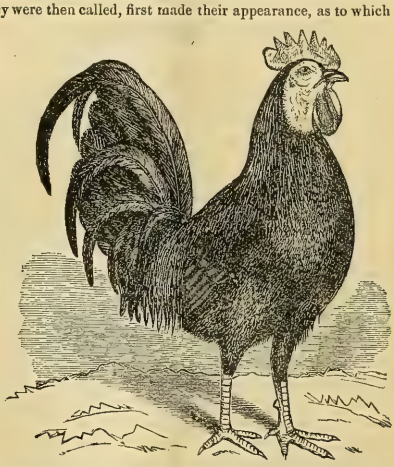
C. W. Bolton, *Secty.*

THE SPANISH FOWL.

BY W. J. NICHOLS.

No. I.—Early Popularity—Where Imported from—Former Exhibitors—Suitable for Town Fanciers—Capital Egg Producers.

Between twenty and thirty years ago, before the Cochins made their *debut*, Spanish were the reigning favorites in the poultry world. They headed the catalogue of every show, their admirers were very numerous; and they often mustered as many as thirty or forty entries in one class. Fierce and frequent were the controversies between the Spanish and Cochin breeders when the Shanghaes, as they were then called, first made their appearance, as to which was



the most useful fowl to keep. The Spanish fancier stated that the Cochins ate too much food, and did not lay nearly so frequently as the Spanish; while those who kept Cochins affirmed that their birds occasionally laid two eggs in one day! Many other amusing and absurd stories were related about the Cochins to the disparagement of the Spanish; but both varieties have outlived all such nonsense, and each still have their circle of admirers.

Old fanciers tell us that the birds exhibited then were much better than those seen at the present day. But we think they are mistaken in their opinions, for we well remember the time when the majority of the birds exhibited had patches of red over the eye and coarse ugly combs, often falling over on one side; and we know within the last ten years the purity of the white, the size of the face, and the length and openness of the lobe have all been vastly improved; and now we seldom meet with a bird at a show with a pinky face or a drooping comb.

It is pretty generally admitted that these birds were originally imported from the Mediterranean, but, as with most other imported varieties, it was not until they arrived in this country that they were carefully and systematically bred up to their present standard of excellence. Some years back a number of birds were imported from Holland and Belgium; these had coarse, rough, and small faces, but they were almost free from redness; but they were mostly small in body, and wanting the style and carriage so characteristic of a well bred bird.

Coming as Spanish do from a much warmer climate, the birds are naturally somewhat more susceptible to cold than many other varieties; and to exhibit them to perfection it is absolutely necessary to keep them warm and sheltered from the wind and sun. This has led some writers to suppose that they are very delicate; this, however, is not the case—at least not to the extent generally

imagined. In cases where the birds have been pampered and reared in artificially heated houses, and never exposed to a cutting northeast wind, no doubt they are delicate, as are all fowls reared under similar conditions; but when treated in an ordinary way they are found to be less subject to many diseases than either Cochins or Brahmas.

At the time when Spanish were at the height of their popularity Admiral Hornby was the most successful exhibitor; then came Mrs. Stowe; next we go to Bristol, and here Mr. Rake and Mr. Heath formed their famous stud of birds, and it is to these two gentlemen that the breeders of the present day are principally indebted for the beautiful smooth face so much more common now than formerly. Next followed Mr. Parsley, who was invincible in the show pen for some years, but his birds were more of the cauliflower face, and when he disposed of them at Steven's, by auction, we doubt if they did much to improve the variety, although there was a keen competition amongst buyers to possess some of his stock. Since then Bristol has been the home of Spanish, most of the winners, having been bred there by well-known exhibitors, although occasionally a Londoner has bred and exhibited birds which have even been victorious at Bristol shows.

There are always a number of people living in large towns or in the suburbs, who would very much like to keep a few fowls for the sake of a new laid egg, and who at the same time would like to enter into the excitement of exhibiting their birds, but, from want of sufficient room, and the absence of a grass run, are deterred from making a start. Now it is astonishing what a small space is sufficient to keep Spanish in the most perfect health and the brightest of plumage. A run only a few yards square will be ample if proper attention is paid to their wants, and they are kept clean, and their sleeping places well ventilated. When poultry can be kept, and even successfully exhibited under such conditions, it is not surprising that all the best Spanish are bred in or near to large towns, as there are so very few varieties of fowls which can be kept satisfactorily by an amateur not living in the country. We do not wish to mislead our readers, or for them to imagine that there are no difficulties in breeding and rearing these birds, and we will at once state that Spanish require more attention and care than any other variety we know of, that is, if a fancier intends to enter into successful competition; and unless he is endowed with an unusually large amount of patience and perseverance, and a real love for poultry, we should not advise him to attempt to keep them, as these qualities will be well tested when the birds get heavy in face, large in comb, and in trimming them for exhibition; but to the fancier who is fond of being with his birds, and studying their habits, they will be a continual source of amusement and relaxation.

For eating, their flesh is somewhat drier, and wanting the luscious flavor of the Dorking, Game, and French breeds; but as egg producers, there is not another fowl that can equal them, although they do not begin to lay quite so early in the season as some other varieties. Pullets, however, if well fed and cared for, will mostly commence to lay when about six or seven months old, and they will continue laying almost without intermission for eight months, producing from four to five eggs per week. Hens do not lay quite so freely, but with good feeding they will generally lay every other day for seven or eight months in the year; and when it is remembered that anyone living in the midst of London can obtain a plentiful supply of very large new laid eggs, and can successfully compete for prizes, it is not surprising that Spanish are such great favorites with town fanciers.—*The Country.*

(*To be Continued.*)

—A Wonderful but Inexplicable Puzzle is the fact that in the microscopical cavities to be found in rock crystal a molecule is always to be seen in motion.

Pigeon Department.

WOOD-PIGEONS.

FROM BOWINGTON MOWBRAY'S WORK,

PUBLISHED 1834.

The Autumnal markets in London and most large towns, generally exhibit a considerable supply of these birds.

They assemble in large flocks for the night in thick coverts, perching on the middle branches and the tops of the oaks.

Windy and boisterous evenings in November are most appropriate to the sport of shooting wood-pigeons which always roost with their faces to the windward, and the gunners generally approaching behind them, hidden by the remaining foliage, and aided by the murmuring of the wind, obtain a fair chance of success, though the ring-dove is particularly shy and watchful. This is a sport for a company of gunners, each choosing a different stand in the twilight, by which plan, taking the birds sitting or flying, the bags may be well filled. As the game is large, shot-guns and heavy shot are the best adapted. The flesh of the wood-pigeon is in perfection in the latter summer and the autumnal months, from their ability in those seasons to obtain the best food. During winter, feeding on coleworts or any green food they can find, their flesh is loose and bitter. At Pamber House, Hants, there has been immemorially, an annual nest of wood-pigeons in a large yew tree, said to be three centuries old, which grew in the garden within a few yards of the house. We seldom saw the old birds, which used the utmost vigilance. We were well supplied with them from the neighboring forest. In 1827 immense flocks of wood-pigeons, to the computed number of 2,000 in one field, were seen upon the lands near Chicester. Sir H. Fisher's keeper killed 60 couple in one day.

But both in the ancient and modern world, this beautiful and variegated genus of birds has been cherished by man as a source of amusement, and of gratification for the eye, as well as of profit, in the article of provision for the table. Among certain of the nations of antiquity, moreover, pigeons were held sacred and their lives no one dared assail. The useful qualification of *Messenger*, appertaining to the Asiatic and African species of pigeon, is of high antiquity, and we read in the time of the Crusades, of an Arabian prince, who had a sort of telegraphic communication kept up in his dominions, through the instrumentality of pigeons, which carried letters, and were regularly relieved at appointed posts. From those, doubtless, the breed celebrated in Europe, under the name of THE CARRIER has proceeded. In modern times, those varieties which are kept for the purposes of amusement and show, are styled FANCY BREEDS and they form a distinct article of commerce in cities and great towns, the varieties, as they chance to be in fashion, bringing a considerable price.

In London, the pigeon fanciers immemorially, I believe, have had a club, in which premiums are awarded, and the notable science of the fancy, through the medium of crossing colors and forms, is promoted and perpetuated. The chief objects of the fancy

have hitherto been those varieties styled ALMOND (probably ermine) TUMBLERS, CARRIERS, and the birds with great crops, the most fashionable variety of which is the PONTING HORSEMAN. The specific merits of these breeds are indicated by their names. The tumbler exercises that faculty in the air, but is chiefly valued for his peculiar form and variegated plumage. The carrier, as a messenger cuts the air with almost inconceivable swiftness; this is the *Columba tabellaria*, the famous carrier or messenger, between *Aleppo* and *Alexandria* in *Egypt*. The pouter distends his crop to a size attractive to curiosity, and by grotesque attitudes, and familiarity with man enjoys his attention. Upwards of half a century past, the pigeon *fancy* was in higher estimation in this country (England) than at present; and the almond tumbler was then in the greatest vogue; sums probably to the amount of twenty or thirty guineas each, being the price of superior cocks of that breed, such as at the present time would not produce more than five. The pigeon shops generally seem the abode of poverty and misery, of which the poor unfortunate birds, crammed into baskets and narrow coops, obviously partake in the fullest measure. This fancy is a great favorite with certain of the lower classes in London and perhaps too generally injurious to their better interests. Their common method of entrapping stray pigeons, the property of other people, does not well consist with an honest principle, takes up too much of the time of those who practice it, and leads to loose, irregular habits. The British *Field Sports* says: "Few people, even those accustomed to reflect on animal sufferings, are aware of those of the wretched town pigeon, harassed about from its first quitting the nest, through the rough hands of scores of unfeeling blackguards; its feathers pulled, its wings *braced*, starved, and forced to fly against its inclination, matched, then unmatched, and its dearest ties broken; sold, re-sold, exposed in cages, immured in cellars, coal holes, and loaded with every misery which can be inflicted by the wanton caprice, neglect, and beastly ignorance of the two legged race, its tyrants."

To be Continued.

"Man indicates his profoundest needs by his highest ideals. That which is farthest from his grasp is brightest to his vision. And so the cravings of his soul are betrayed in his associations with the idea of "Rest." For he makes it the synonym of supreme good. The conception over-arches the trouble and effort of his daily life, as the deep, serene sky over-arches the earth. It is to "Rest" that he looks forward in his most eager pursuits. This is to be the end of wealth, of power, of lofty fame—some niche of glory where he may repose upon his honors; some sunny retreat, in which his later life may slowly burn away like a summer evening.

What a blessing does he acknowledge in *literal* rest; in the sleep whose soft oblivion makes an island of every day, and breaks the hold of continuous care; that cools the hot brain, and bathes the weary eyelids, and lets the buffeted and foundering heart cast anchor every night in some harbor of happy dreams.

He feels the beneficence of that law which makes even misery halt, and besieging fortune strike its tents, and in the great democracy of nature levels the children of men in common helplessness and common need; finding no conditions so wretched, no spot so black, that even the most desperate cannot recline nearer to the common mother, and forget for a little while their sorrow and their shame.

And when, in the merely natural vein of things, man would soften the gloom of the grave and find some consolation in that which is inevitable, he thinks of it as a place of kindly *rest*—a port where the storms of life never beat, and the forms that have been tossed on its chafing waves lie quiet for evermore."

—*Selected.*

SPORTSMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY DOGS.

Rev. H. J. Borthwick has two dogs that spend the greater part of their time in fishing. His house is built on the bank of a bay where the water has backed in from the Rideau Canal, and the fish, which are very plentiful—chub, bass, and perch—come up within a few feet of the kitchen doors. The two dogs—one a Scotch terrier, and the other a cross between a Spaniel and a Newfoundland—commence fishing in the morning and spend the whole day at it. The terrier stands on a log, and when a fish comes near him he makes a snap at him with his teeth and sometimes succeeds in catching his prey. Frequently he gets so dizzy from watching the fish that he tumbles into the water, after which he has to go ashore and rest himself before venturing on the log again. The other dog takes a different plan; he wades out into the water until he is all covered except his head, and remains very quiet until the fish comes. The strange part of it is he never catches anything, and when the fish nibble at his nose he becomes so frightened that he leaps out of the water. Yet this sport has such a fascination for him that he remains for hours at a time in the water, until he becomes so stiff he can hardly walk to the shore, and he has contracted rheumatic pains that make him howl when he tries to get up after lying down in the sunlight to dry himself. The two animals are a curiosity, and they afford considerable amusement to the family by their eccentricities.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

Of all dogs we have seen in this city, says the *Globe-Democrat* of St. Louis, not one can compare with Pompey, the Franklin avenue dog. Pompey is ten years of age. He was born on the premises of his present owners. He stands about twenty-eight inches high, is of comely proportions, of very sedate manners, and has ever been averse to cultivating the acquaintance of other dogs. The little social courtesies which other less dignified dogs are wont to exchange whenever they meet, are beneath his dignity, and he will countenance no undue familiarity either from man or dog. By day he is a perfect hermit, hiding himself in the rear of his master's stables, and seldom coming from his seclusion even for food or drink; by night, even his owners are powerless to keep him from his "beat." When but two years of age he began a career of night-watching. Not confining himself to his master's premises, he included the entire neighborhood. Thus, in a few weeks, he became aware that policemen were similarly engaged, and he was not long in making himself acquainted with his blue-coated allies, with whom he soon became a constant nocturnal companion and a great favorite. In summer and winter, through rain and snow, when other dogs were comfortably crouched in their kennels, for eight years has Pompey, faithful to his duty and apparently conscious of his responsibility, paced his lonely beat side by side with the policeman. Though he never received the appointment, though the Commissioners have never officially recognized him as in the service, he has never faltered in his

fidelity. When on duty, at night, he oftentimes has met his masters on the street, but no amount of coaxing can induce him to give to them a single wag of recognition. Off duty, by day, he is equally indifferent to the salutations of his night compaions. He knows perfectly the boundary of his beat, and the policemen have frequently passed the line to see if he would follow; but he invariably comes to a dead halt, and by his actions says—"You mistake your limit." The policeman relieved from duty at 11 o'clock is instantly ignored the moment his partner comes on duty, and no strategy can inveigle him into following his first companion. He is thoroughly familiar with the signification of the different "raps," and on several occasions when the Sergeant's challenge (two raps) was given, being for good and sufficient reasons in a semi-conscious state, the dog actually roused him from his nap by pawing and nosing at his hands! And it is well known by his owners that even in the day-time when he is off duty and when nothing else will move him, the sound of "three distinct raps" (a policeman's call for help) will instantly rouse him from his hiding place; and on one such occasion, being fastened, he broke his chain, and dragged the remnant of it after him to the scene of the difficulty, where it is needless to say, he rendered effective service.

There are several business places on his beat where a light is left burning all night, and where the policeman on duty occasionally takes a look in to see that all is right. At each of these places the dog invariably stops and, standing on his hind legs, takes observations with as much apparent concern as his partner —the other policeman!

For years it has been the habit of the policeman on duty to divide with him whatever they may have in the way of lunch. If by design or neglect a fair division of rations is omitted, he will promptly manifest his indignation by falling nearly a square to the rear of the offender, which distance he will doggedly maintain to the close of the rounds.

When an arrest is made, he always gets in position so as to place the prisoner between himself and his partner. But, perhaps, the most conclusive indication of intelligence is shown by his recognition, ever after, of any prisoner whom he has once accompanied to the lock-up. No matter when or where he may meet such a one, he seems to look upon him as an outlaw, and while never actually attacking, he will, by indescribable but eloquent actions, endeavor to hold him in durance.

His owners were at first greatly annoyed at Pompey's nightly wanderings, and made many efforts to keep him exclusively to his home duties; but they have long since concluded that the doctrine of Pythagoras is made manifest in their dog, and they have come to believe that the spirit of some deceased policeman has infused itself in the body of Pompey. Be that as it may, Pompey is one of the institutions of the city, and one, too, of which it may well be proud.

In conclusion, it may be of interest to naturalists to know that Pompey was born without a tail. The theory of Darwin on the "Origin of the Species" may still receive another confirmation."

The Rope of Ocnus.—Ocnus was a poor but industrious Greek laborer who had a lazy wife, a very poor housekeeper, who wasted all he earned. The trials of Ocnus inspired the Grecian painter Polygnotus with the idea for a celebrated picture. He represented a man making a rope out of straw, whilst an ass beside him ate the rope as fast as it was woven, thus rendering the work of the rope-maker useless. This painting gave rise to a favorite proverb among the Greeks; for to say, "It is labor lost," they repeated enigmatically, "It is the rope of Ocnus."

Malt dust mixed with other food promotes the laying qualities in fowls.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Having been requested repeatedly to continue this departme as started in No. II, Vol. I, and which was crowded out by other matter, we reply that having *made room*, each weekly issue will contain recipes warranted good, and we request all interested to aid us in this matter by contributions of proven recipes, and suggestions for the housekeeper.

Two secrets in the Roasting of Beef.—Not long since, at the table of a friend, a roast of beef was placed before us which was so juicy and full of flavor, we could not withold verbal praise. "Yes," said our hostess, "I always get credit for my roast beef, but any body could cook it just as well if they would only use a little common sense. Now you see, almost every body will take a roast maybe an hour before it's time to put it in the oven, and rub it all over with salt and sprinkle on the pepper, some say 'so's to have it ready,' others say 'so it will be thoroughly seasoned.' Now just think of it. The salt extracts the juices of the meat. Fixing meat that way is like squeezing the juice out of a peach to mix in the cream, and giving folks the skin, fiber and stone to eat! To those that like the juice and flavor in the gravy that's all very well; *we* want *ours* in the meat. That's *one* of the *secrets*, and "the other is like unto it;" some folks will put a roast into an oven about half heated, taking time enough ahead to make up for the slow fire. The juices become melted and escape by the pores into the pan, and the meat will be served tough, fibrous and tasteless; as good as chips. My way is to have my oven so hot that the whole roast will be browned over in a minute, closing every pore; then I temper the heat down so the meat has a chance to cook just to our taste. I add pepper before putting it in the oven, but no salt until about five minutes before serving, then I add it first to the liquid in the dripping pan, so it shall be applied scalding hot at the last basting. You can see for yourself that there's reason in it."

The Omelet.—There are but few people that *know* a good omelet, and fewer still that know *how* to *make* and *serve* one. Most people imagine a mixture of milk, eggs and flour, if placed before them in a lengthy roll, nicely browned, is an omelet; but compare the soggy mass, the eggs overdone if the flour be cooked, the flour raw if the eggs be just right, with the delicate porous mass, the omelet proper, and the difference is clearly discernable.

1st. It takes *fresh* eggs and none but *fresh* eggs will answer, two to the person to eat of it—for it's an aggravation to any one to have less—with a table-spoonful of milk to each egg. Beat eggs and milk thoroughly as you would for sponge cake. Have butter hot, but neither browned or scorched, in the omelet pan; pour in the mixture, run a knife around the edge to keep it from burning; begin to roll it up from one side, at the last turn leave it an instant to brown; *then serve on a warmed plate.* The cooking, if your fire is right, will have taken about a minute. Don't wait for the whole mass to get thoroughly cooked, as the rest will cook by its own heat.

Yes, I left the salt out on purpose, it just spoils an omelet; and the flour,—Prof. Blot says "flour can't be cooked *done*, short of eight minutes," and the omelet cooks in one; so we "cook" the flour as hot rolls, and serve on a separate dish.

From the "Garden" I get an idea too good to be lost. It says: "Among the prettiest things we have ever seen in the London flower-market, are small pots containing growing plants of forced lilies of the valley, and a few fine crimson tulips, growing out of a healthy little tuft of the common maiden-hair fern.

Emily Hope.

THE

FANCIERS' JOURNAL.

THE FANCIER'S NEWSPAPER.

The Recognized Authority on Poultry, Pigeons, and Pets.

ESTABLISHED 1873.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

GENERAL POULTRY KEEPING.

But few realize the value of eggs as an article of diet. They are accepted as a part of our daily food, but their worth is really unquestioned, and the thought is never raised as to what expense we would have to be to replace them if we could.

They are in truth animal food, and possess in their small com pass more nutriment and less waste for their weight, than any other object provided for the sustenance of man. And nutriment, too, of a character suited to any age, condition, and requirement of life.

With eggs filling so perfect a relation to the existence of every one, is it not strange that their producers, fowls, are not more generally kept—when we also consider that their young form one of the chief delicacies of the market?—and that too when as they are omniverous, they would produce if properly cared for, the eggs for the use of a family from scarcely more than the refuse from that family's kitchen—refuse that would otherwise be wasted or given for the support of the stock of more thrifty, careful owners? Is it because this question is not considered in its true light? Is it because it seems too small for consideration, or do some viewing the extensive yards, runs, and houses of the landed proprietors, think all these necessary to the work?

"But we can get eggs at any grocery!" Granted; but the beauty—the greatest worth of an egg is in its freshness. It is living food. When freshly laid its nutritive qualities are in perfection; as soon as laid it begins to die. The death is slow, and if the egg be kept in pure air, will be slower; but a taint in the atmosphere soon affects it, as breathing impure air affects the human system. It is not generally considered that the tiny dots upon the shell are breathing tubes, by which the life within is sustained. When placed or kept in vitiated air, the air within becomes poisoned. It is no more than hermetically sealing the eggs by closing those pores, keeping them from contact with the air, that permits them to be kept through a long season. The principle of life is destroyed, but the process of putrefaction delayed.

Large yards, runs, and expensive buildings are not necessary, but *cleanliness is indispensible*, and cleanliness may be carried to the same perfection in the corner of a woodshed, as in an elaborately planned poultry house, with every known convenience. In fact better, easier, and with what expense? the merest outlay, and almost nothing if time be not money, that is if young hands can be employed. A little lime for whitewashing and disinfecting, a few bundle of lathes if there are any neighbors that may be disturbed, a bundle of straw occasionally for nests, and a load or so of sand or scrapings from the road or street if the soil be proper, to spread beneath the roosts, to catch the excreta. A five minutes work in the morning will keep the house of twenty fowls perfectly clean if sand or earth be spread beneath the roosts. This excrement with the earth if properly kept from the action of the weather, will soon fill a barrel. The earth will prevent any disagreeable odor, and the sale of both to a market gardener will pay for every extra we have above noted.

"But," says one, "I've tried it, and the pesky things would eat their heads off and never lay an egg except when eggs were worth nothing a dozen. More trouble than they were worth. Would'nt keep one on my premises."

Then my friend, there's a mistake, a mismanagement somewhere. What kind of fowls did you keep? "Oh, I don't know, wife bought them of a farmer's wagon on the street, thought it would be nice you know, to have a fresh egg for the baby, and all that, so she got some hens. Its all the same, its hens that lays the eggs." Just this same argument of our neighbor will be found at the bottom of every failure. The subject is not given proper consideration, the place they are to be kept in, or the general habits of the different breeds looked out for. No one would expect a St. Bernard dog to go chasing rats in the cellar or to stand for game, or the rat terrier, or pointer to dig men out of the snow, but these facts have been drilled into the craniums of mankind from their primer up. The idea has become a sort of instinct, for a specific purpose and place, the breed or sorts adapted is procured. A man wishes to purchase a dozen chairs. He orders a dozen. The question comes first 'what kind.' What would the dealer say to the answer, 'oh, *any* kind. I want a dozen chairs.' Would he not ask for what place or purpose? Would he not consider the man lacking in sense that would not consider the object relative to the place it was to occupy; were he to put a scarlet brocatelle in his kitchen, or a painted, wooden-bottomed chair in his drawing room? It looks equally so to the fancier, when a man with a small range, desiring fowls for eggs, purchases those fowls whose characteristic is flesh and motherliness, or one desiring a table fowl purchases the small, skinny, bony, nervous egg producers. It is to give information concerning these things that poultry papers are published. We propose to give a series of articles adapted to the beginner and would-be beginner, that this important item in domestic economy; turning the waste of a household into the most valuable and nutritive of food, may receive the consideration to which it is entitled.

PUBLISHING SHOW REPORTS.

In the list of Berks Co. premiums, *we* gave 1st prize on W. F. Black Spanish, to Dr. Heckman, whereas it was awarded *by the Association* to Oliver D. Schock.

Hereafter we shall not publish show reports unless verified by official signature.

CURIOSITY.

A correspondent, Mr. H. Bowers of Albany, N. Y., send us a (?) feather taken from the tail of a young mocking bird, being two feathers in one quill.

At the Oneonta, N. S. Agricultural Show, where over one hundred coops were on exhibition, the following of our subscribers were awarded premiums.

Lee F. Dawson, Oneonta, N. Y., 1st premium for best and largest display. B. B. R. Game, 1st; G. Bantams, 1st and 2d; W.

L., 1st; P. Rocks, 1st; S. Polish, 1st; W. Polish, 1st; Pigeons, 1st; Rabbits, 1st. G. R. Hay, W. Laurens, N. Y., P. C., 2d. S. D. Game, 1st; Houdans, 1st; B B. R. Game, 2d. Fred. Hallock, W. L. 2nd; Br. L. 2nd.

CARDS AND CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

F. D. Pailey, dealer in Fancy Poultry, St. Clairsville, Ohio.

Jno. R. Clancy, poultry dealer, 82 W. Genesee St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Jos. Reibmeister, breeder of fancy pigeons, Batavia, N. Y.

T. D. Adams, Lock Box 61, Franklin, Pa. Agent for Imperial Egg Food, and Home corn sheller.

Geo. V. Flecher, Belmont, Mass. "Lt. Brahmas my specialty."

J. H. Morrison, Breeder of Plymouth Rocks and White Leghorns, Marlow, N. H.

Robert Lewis, breeder of P. C. and B. L's, Hope Hill Gardens, Castleton, N. Y.

Correspondence.

Will ferrets kill rats? H. Bowers.

Yes, ferrets will kill rats, and when used for hunting rats, are kept muzzled to prevent their so doing, as killing and eating one, the ferret will be satisfied and give up the chase for the time. Ferrets are generally used with rat dogs; the ferrets driving the rats into the dogs' presence, or into nets made for the purpose.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

I am a young poultry fancier, also a subscriber to The Fanciers' Journal and Poultry Exchange. I like the paper very much, have learned a great deal about poultry from it already. I also like your exchange column very much. Enclosed find twenty-five cents, for which publish the enclosed in your exchange column and oblige. Yours truly,

B. M. Crosby.

Yates Co., N. Y., Oct. 16, 1876.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

Greenhorn's question "what are we to understand by the term *Game Cock?*" is a hard one to answer. Perhaps some of the "big guns of the fancy" can give a correct definition, I cannot, but can tell him how to fix up one, such as win the prizes at our shows. Let him take one of those birds that the boys call "walk-up-the-creek," or "tipe-ups" (sand piper); fasten a rooster's tail on it and he will have a perfect model of the modern style of Game Cock. Yours truly,

Rooster Ben.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—It will be remembered that during the siege of Paris a good deal was done in the sending of photographically reduced dispatches by balloons. The inventor of the method of reduction, M. Dagron, has lately applied it to the production of maps. In this way the whole official map of France is brought into a form that can be easily carried in a pocket book; and maps of all the countries of Europe are arranged to be carried on a cartridge-belt along with the magnifying apparatus (*telmetre micrographique*), a joint invention of Dagron, Dallemagne, and Riboulet. The reduction of the maps can be on any required scale. The smaller this is the more convenient the magnification. The telemeter has the size and form of a stereoscopic apparatus. By means of it all the details of the original map are greatly enlarged and can be easily studied. In darkness the light of a match or even the glowing of a cigar suffices to enable one to read off the map at once. The French anticipate these maps will prove very serviceable in case of war and also for educational purposes.

—Influence of Season.—Donhoff calls attention to the fact that the obvious difference between the fur of animals in summer and winter is associated with an equally striking difference in the texture or thickness of their skins. Thus, for example, the average weight of an ox hide in winter is seventy pounds; in summer fifty-five pounds; the hair in winter weighs about two pounds, in summer one pound, leaving about fourteen pounds to be accounted for by the proper substance of the skin.

These differences are quite as decided in fœtal animals as in adults. Calves born in winter have a longer and thicker coat than those born in summer; moreover there is a difference of more than a pound in the average weight of their skin after the hair has been removed. Similar facts may be observed in the case of goats and lambs. That these differences are not to be ascribed to any corresponding change in the diet and regimen of parent animals is proved by the fact that they are equally manifest in the young of individuals kept under cover and on the same food the year round.

—Study of Botany.—I see by this week's Journal an article on botany, recommending all teachers to teach the same in their schools. This I think would be a very useful branch, as there are so few that ever take a thought for what all these varieties are intended for.

I believe there may be cures for all complaints, derived from plants, and if botany was taught in our schools I have no doubt but the medical properties would be learned to a great extent, as well as the nature, mode of growth, and sexual systems.

How many are there in this year of our Centennial, who can say that they understand the nature and manner of growth of our vegetable kingdom? I often hear it remarked that this or that plant is male, because it contains no seed or fruit. I have always been taught that all plants, from the sturdy oak down to the smallest blade of grass are male, because they produce of themselves seeds only, and not new plants, as the formation of the seed is peculiar to the male, and the nourishment and expansion of it is peculiar to the female. It follows that all the subjects of the vegetable kingdom are males, because they are concerned only in preparing the seed for the production of the plant; and that the earth alone is the common female, the common mother of the vegetable kingdom, because she nourishes and expands the seed, and thus actually brings forth new plants.

Wm. J. Pyle.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Oct. 17, 1876.

2 Virginia Deer (*Cervus virginianus*). Presented by Dr. Givin, Phila.
1 Red Fox (*Vulpes fulvus*). Presented by And. Rudolph, Phila.
1 Macaque Monkey (*Macacus cynomolgus*). Purchased.
4 Beavers (*Castor canadensis*). Purchased.
1 Alligator (*A. mississippiensis*). Purchased.
2 Tree Boas (*Epicrates*) from Cuba, purchased.
2 Boas (*Boa constrictor*). Purchased.
1 Striped Snake (*Eutainia*). Presented by Jas. P. Stabler, Sandy Spring, Montg. Co., Pa.
1 Javan Porcupine (*Hystrix javanica*). Born in the garden.
1 Brown Capuchin (*Cebus fatuellus*). Presented by John W. Beebe, Phila.
2 Copperheads (*Agkistrodon contortrix*). Presented by Kirk Brown, Pleasant Grove, Pa.
1 Great Horned Owl (*Bubo virginianus*). Presented, by Philip Hohl, Phila.
1 Large Water Snake (*Nerodia fasciata*). Presented by Theo. Roberts, Phila.
2 Capromys (*Capromys pilorides*). Born in the garden.
3 Alligators (*A. Mississippiensis*). Presented by Wm. Yewdall, Phila.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen. Sup't.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 30.

BY HUON.

THE COUGAR (*Felis concolor.*)

SCENE *in the Great Carnivora House, Grampy and Halchen in front of the Cougars' cage.*

Grampy.—"Yes! Halchen that is *our* indigenous, long-tailed cat! You will observe that the lynx, and others of the wild cat tribe, have short tails, and of those there are three distinct species. But there is only one true representative of the long-tailed genus *felis*, and you behold him in the cage before us! You notice that he has no stripes, as has the tiger yonder, no spots as the leopard, nor no rosettes as the jaguar; consequently, naturalists have given him the name of the American lion. Indeed, no animal has received so many names—among them being puma and panther."

Halchen. "But I think I have read of *spotted* cougars?"

Grampy. "Yes! but the spots can only be seen by a certain light—so nearly invisible are they. Upon the very young cubs such markings are quite plain; but they disappear before the animal comes to maturity, and, except in the light spoken of, are seen no more.

"No! there is not much grace about the cougar. Nature seems to have made him more for strength than for beauty. But what a tail has been *entailed* upon him! And how plainly he spoke with it just now, when that unlawful cane was thrust at him! Such a fellow as this is not to be found every day, though his family has a wide range—it being from Paraguay south, to the great lakes of America, north. It is well that he is rather scarce, he being one of those fierce creatures, a few of which go a great ways. Nocturnal in habit, he is only active at night, when mankind is, or ought to be asleep, Therefore he is not 'seen of man.' He is quite solitary in his habits, too; and, when civilization crowds him, he retreats to the more remote parts of the great forests. Squatters don't *pray much* for the presence of cougars among them; and the appearance of a single one is quite enough to throw a community into a state of excitement greater than that caused by the presence of a mad dog, or a drove of Texas steers, among us.

"The cougar is a splendid climber, and will run up a tree as lightly and as quickly as the liveliest cat of his family—not like the clumsy bear, by hugging, but by the use of his terribly sharp claws. Once up the tree, he will 'spread himself' on a horizontal branch, and quietly wait for his 'marketing' to come along. Woe, then, to the elk, antelope, or even buffalo, that happens to promenade under that tree—for no sooner does one come within 'range,' than the cougar, with one bound, is on its back, with his sharp claws sunk deep in his victim's flesh! Away bounds the poor elk or buffalo, as it may be, with its murderous rider, dashing through the bushes, now on this side and now on the other, in hopes to shake off its terrible assailant! All in vain! Closely clasping his victim's neck, the cougar clings on, tearing the throat of its prey and drinking its blood, all the while under a mad gallop. Faint and feeble, the poor ruminant plunges on, to stagger and fall at last, exhausted by the wild run and loss of blood. This is about the best and worst I can tell you of the American lion.

"Yas, mister! I've hearn your talk; but thur's one thing that kin git the kugur—es you call him," said a rough-looking man in a suit of "Kentucky jean," fur cap, and pantaloons tucked inside of his boots—face and hands copper or bronze color.

"A rifle, I suppose?"

"No, sur! A caquaw, or what you hyr call a Canady porkypine. You're got two or three on 'em in your Garding hyr."

"Oh! no, friend! you can't know much about cougars, or you would not say that a porcupine would stand any chance wi h one of them."

"Thar's whar you're wrong, strenger! You're a sitty man, an' that's sayin' hunks; but you don't know nothin' 'bout woods an' perarie life, I reckin. I've known mor'n one paynter like this yer one to be killed by a porkypine. Ye see, strenger, when the paynter goes to gobble up the ugly little warmint, he has his mouth wide open, and, jist at the right time, the porkypine gins one sling ur thut tail o' his'n, an' strikes the paynter kerslap in the mouth, fillin' his tongue, lips, and jaws so full of his sharp stickers, that the beest can't shet his mouth! An' the more the paynter tries to get rid of 'em the more he don't—for they sink in deeper an' deeper, kase on the eend they're like a fish hook. Yas, sur! An' paynter sneaks off to sum hidin'-place, where his tongue an' jaws swell till he dies—ded ez thunder. Oh! yas, strenger! I know a heep 'bout paynters! See hyr! Did *you* ever travel with one on 'em, near a hull night, on a log—you on one eend an' he on the other?"

"No, sir! Nor any one else."

"Wrong agin, strenger!—fur I did onst. An' I hed the pleasure o' his company fur a day an' a night arterwards, too!"

"I should like to hear the history of that adventure."

"Well, strenger! its too durn hot in hyr fur ennything but them g'raffs, or these thunderin' Australy grasshoppers. Less go outdoors, in the sunshine, an' I'll tell yer."

Desiring to hear the strange story, I complied. Seating ourselves under one of the leafless trees, on one of those warm *December* afternoons, I was told the following story, which I will give, as nearly as I can, in the speaker's peculiar vernacular:

"Strenger! I hev lived most of my life in the woods or on the peraries, an' hev seen a heap o' brute natur'. I've larned that the most ferociousest of animiles ain't allers ferocious. An' these paynters—the wust sarpents, a-most, whut is in the woods—git 'em onst skeered, an' they'll behave equal to some Christians I've hearn on! An' the story I'm goin' to tell you, an' which is true as breathin', will prove it. This is the second animile show shop I wus ever in; an' I am goin' to tell you of the fust one. I've telled it once afore, an a man by the name o' Mayne Reed hez put it in one o' his books, but I'm the man wot it happened with, anyhow

"Well, strenger! I'm from Loozanny. An' we hev fluds thar as *is* fluds! Ev'ry year we hev one, tho' they ain't all sich as the one I'm goin' to tell 'bout.

"Well, ten yeer ago I squatted out thar, an' hed jist finished my shanty, when whut should come 'long but one of them durned fluds thut kivered the country fur milds an' milds 'round! It wus in the ded o' night, an' I was sound asleep. An' I tell yer whut! when I felt the wotter soakin' thru my blanket, I wa'n't long gettin' awake an' makin' fur the door. I saw *sumthin'* when I looked out thut door, I tell yer! In clearin' off I hed left some stumps 'bout three foot high. But thur wur nary stumps to be seen now—all under wotter. An' the way it wus rollin' doun wus a caution, I tell yer! The nearest naybor I hed wus ten milds off. I knew his shanty stood on high ground; but how wus I to git thar? I cud swim, but not thut fur! 'Sides, to be knocked about by drift-logs an' trees! Howsumdever, thur must sumthin' be dun. *Git* I must, fur the wotter wus risin' every minnit. The current wus settin' right straight fur my naybor's shanty, an' I made up my mind thut the fust big tree or log thut kim 'long should curry me with it sumwhar. Well, jist then a log *did* cum. I hed 'bout light enuff to see thut it wus as big a one ez I could have wished fur. An' waitin' my time, ez it slid past I swung onto it; an', crawlin' up to the eend, I sot down straddle, up to my hams in wotter. Well, the durn'd thing dipt considdable; an', thinkin' I'd be more comfutable to 'ard the middle, I made a change o' base. All to onst I seed the other eend

was occupied too! What it was clumpin' up thar it wur too dark to determine; but I hed sense enuff to know that it wur a warmint o' sum kind—tho' what, I couldn't tell. 'It mout be a b'ar!' I thunk; an' then, agin, I thunk it moutn't! Howsumdever, I warn't long left jubus 'bort the cussed thing—fur the log, yer see, kep' makin' circles as it drifted. An' when the animile's eend cum 'round in a certain way, whar thur wus no sky back, I ketched a glimpse o' his eyes, an', durn my skin, ef it wusent a paynter—or what you fellers here call a kugur!

To be Continued.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

F. F. PRESTON, Candor, N. Y., will exchange one fine Silver L. Sebright Bantam Cock, for Goldens, Black Africans, or Partridge Cochin Cock.

BOX 474, Orange, N. J., wants to exchange 1 pair Houdans, 1 pair Duckwing Games, and Dark Brahmas, for Brown Leghorn Pullets, Single Harness, Jer ey Calt, Sleigh, Buggy, or offers.

B. M. CROSBY, Barrington, Yates Co., N. Y., has a Houdan Cock which he wishes to exchange for Cock of same kind—object, improvement of stock; also good Green Tea, to exchange for a trio of Brown Leghorns, Partridge Cochins, or offers.

A. A. WYLLIE, Bowmanville, Ontario, will exchange a set of Boxing Gloves, new Smith & Wesson Seven Shooter Revolver, Printing Press, prints one line with three fonts of fancy type, Ink Pad, &c., Meerschaum Segar Holder, nicely colored, for Fancy Pigeons, or offers. Speak quick.

D. C. TOBIAS, Litiz, Pa., will exchange P. and B. Cochins for W. or B. Leghorns, or games. Games preferred. Stock must be good, as mine is.

F. O. GEPHART, Niles, Mich., will exchange one L. B Cock, Felch strain, for P. Rock, B. Leghorn, or P. Cochin Cock.

E. C. SMITH, Bolton Hotel, Harrisburg, Pa., will exchange Highflyers, Inside and Common Tumblers, for White Leghorns and Dark Brahmas. (hens or pullets.) Must be good stock, as mine are. What other offers.

THOMAS PARKER, Johnstown, N. Y., wants to exchange a trio of W. C. B. Polands, 1st prize winners, 1 trio S. S. Polish, imported 1875, for Breech-loading Shot-Gun, Breech-loading Rifle, or Hunting-case Watch. Polish valued at $20 per trio.

JOS. N. SCOTT, Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., will exchange Brown Leghorn Cockerel and three Pullets, pair Red Swallows, pair Black Magpies, 1 Cock, White Fan, for Pekin Ducks, China Geese, or Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

ASA HOSMER, Baldwinville, Mass., to reduce varieties, will exchange all of my premium White and Black Cochins, 1 pair G. L. S. Bantams, and 1 pair Red Jacobin Pigeons, for Plymouth Rocks, or Houdans, or offers.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., wants Canaries, Singing Birds of any kind, in exchange for Light Brahmas, P. Cochin, and P. Rock chicks. (Eggs from Williams.)

C. KING, JR., Plainville, Mass., has Black Carriers, Dun Carriers, Yellow Barbs, Yellow Jacobins, Black Magpies, Black Fans, White Fans, Bluepied Pouters, and old birds, for Rouen Ducks, Partridge Cochins, Black-tail Turbit, Short-face Tumb er, Pistols, Shot Guns, or offers.

J. T. BEALL, Franklin, Pa., has eight trios Black B. R. Game, '76 hatch, $10 per trio; Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, bound; long Silver Watch guard, $15; Seven shot Revolver, $10, to exchange for Breech-loading Shot-Gun, Winchester Rifle, Printing Press and outfit.

GEO. A. WILSON, Box 907, Fitchburg, Mass., has B. B. Game Bantams, 1 pair Fowls, 4 pair Chicks, Spaulding and Genning's stock, first twelve parts Wright's Poultry Book, in fair condition, for an old fashioned long wooden-case Eight Day Clock, in good order. Please give description. What offers?

JOHN BROWN, Hanoverville, Northampton Co., Pa., will exchange one pair of Black and White Muscovy Ducks, 1 year old, for a pair of White Jacobins, or White Owls. Birds must be good, as mine are. All letters and postal cards answered.

O. S. KEENE, Box 16, Auburn, Me., will exchange four pairs White Angora Rabbits, three of the best marked Himalayans in the United States, one Dutch Doe, Halsted stock, for White Rose comb. Black African and Silver Sebright Bantams. First-class stock only taken. Make offers at once.

C. W. MATTHIAS, Box 201, Milton, Northumberland Co., Pa., will exchange one Cock, one Hen, six Pullets, first-class L. B., one Cock and two Hens, first-class D. B., one Cockerel, two Hens, six Pullets, first-class P. Cochin, one Brown Leghorn Cockerel, marked 100 points, for country Produce, Harness, Hogs, Pigs, or Cattle, or offers.

JOHN D. WHITE, Chicopee, Mass., will exchange 1 pair Black Mottled Inside Tumblers, 1 pair White Carriers, 1 pair Red and 1 pair Yellow Barbs, B. B. R. Game Bantam, and Golden Sebright Bantam Cockerels, and some other Pigeons, for one first-class Dun Barb Hen, White, Black, or Yellow Owls, Suabian Hen, Red Pigmy Pouter Hen, or Isabels.

IRVING H. ELMER, Chicopee, Mass., will exchange good Cockerels Brown Leghorn, White Leghorn, Houdan, S. S. Polish, (Cartwright's strain), for Pullets of same variety, or Plymouth Rock Pullets, Rouen or Pekin Ducks.

GEO. O. BROWN, Brooklandville, Md., has 1 male Cal'a Quail, 1 pair Red Priests, (good), 1 Angora, and 1 Lop Buck, 1 trio P. Cochins, Black Red Game Bantams, and 1 Blue cap Magpie Cock, premium bird, for exchange. Offers desired immediately. Postals or monogram note communications, either, solicited.

EDWARD A. FRY, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange White Fantail Pigeons, and 1 pair Black-breasted Red Game Bantam Chicks, for White or Black Carriers, or offers. None but first-class stock wanted. Will give the same.

HENRY C. WICKS, 71 West Clifford St., Providence, R. I., has a full blooded English Pointer Dog Pup, ten months old, marked liver and white, which he will exchange for an Irish Bull Dog, must be full-blooded, with ears cut, and well marked, or for offers.

WINFIELD, Box 110, McKwensville, Pa., will exchange Printing of any kind, also copy of Graham's Standard Phonography, for offers in Fancy Pigeons. Send on postals.

W. J. BRENDEN, Williamsport, will exchange 6 thoroughbred Irish Setter Pups, seven weeks old, pair Red Carriers, and B. B. Red and Duckwing Game Bantams, for Breech-loading Shot Guns, Merchandise, or offers in anything that we eat, or will sell.

ISRAEL FESSLER, Rehrersburg, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange one pair Black Jacobins, one pair Blue-wing Turbits, one pair S. S. Hamburgs, for a good Seven-shooter Revolver, or offers.

J. J. ARNOLD, Lockport, N. Y., contemplating a change of residence, will exchange one pair Black-winged Turbits, from E. C. Skinner; two pairs White African Owls, one pair, 1st at Pittsburg, other 2d at Buffalo, from R. F. Shannon and E. C. Skinner respectively, and several pair of Homings, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Guns.

CHARLES W. HOITT, Nashua, N. H., will exchange his stock of Red Pile Game Bantams, for Fancy Pigeons; Blue or Yellow Fans preferred. The lot consists of one Cock, (yellow legs), three Hens, two May-hatched Pullets, ten small Chicks, from one to four weeks old. What offers?

C. T. G. CHASE, 206 Franklin St., New York, will exchange L. B. Chicks, Rouen, Aylesbury, and Muscovy Ducks, (Todd's strain), W. C. B. Poland Cockerels, for Brown Leghorns, B. Spanish, W. C. B. Polands, Pekin Ducks, Geese. Nursery stock of all kinds, Trees, Vines, &c.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale, Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

WANTED.

1. A Treatise on the Art of Breeding and Managing Tame, Domesticated, and Fancy Pigeons; by John Matthews Eaton, and published by the author, 7 Islington Green, London. 1852. Illustrated.

The Treatise of 1858 is not wanted.

2. A set of Six Matchless Engraved Colored Portraits, Life Size, by Wolstenholme, viz: The Almond, Black Mottle, Red Baldhead, Yellow-beard Tumblers, Black Carrier, and Blue Pied English Pouter.

3. A colored Diagram, or a Plan of Building or fitting up a Pigeonary, embellished with Tumblers, Pouters and Carriers.

We think there are several different diagrams, and would like all of them.

4. A set of six splendid Life Size engraved Portraits of The Fancy Toy Pigeons, colored, viz: The White Fantail, Yellow Jacobin, Silver Owl, Blue Turbit, Black mottled Trumpeter, and the Black Barb.

All of above pictures published by J. M. Eaton.

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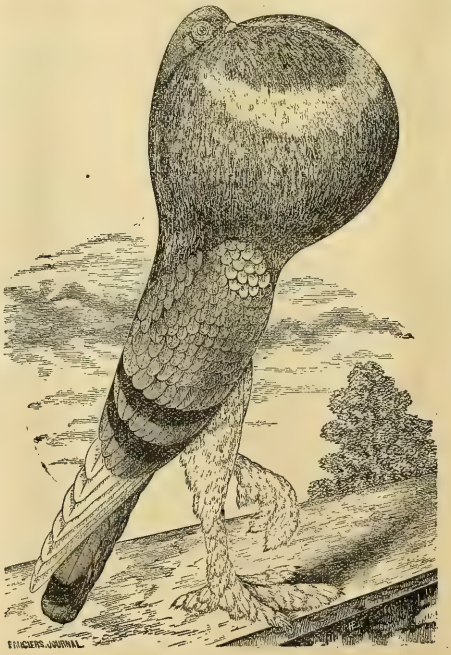

BLUE POUTER COCK

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"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

VOL. III. HARTFORD, NOVEMBER 6, 1876. No. 43.

WOMENS' RIGHTS.

Sure the divinest rights are these—
(By all to women freely given,)
To bring by goodness, love, and truth,
Earth nearer Heaven.

To plead for the oppressed. To aid,
And comfort those whose hearts are broken,
To bring the erring back with words
Tenderly spoken.

To share the bitter cup of sorrow,
To help in breaking sin's dark fetter,
To win to higher thoughts and aims,
And make men better.

Thus are ye God's best ministers,
Oh! faithful woman, true and lovely;
To raise and purify the world,
And make it holy.

Evening Star.

A HOUSE HUNTER.

With a propensity for moving equal to that of a New Yorker, and a taste as fastidious in selecting an abode, the little hermit-crab shifts from shell to shell, as his fancy dictates or increasing size suggests. He inhabits the deserted shell of some mollusk, and "toils not; neither does he spin!" No time of his is spent in boring, burrowing, or building; he simply chooses a comfortable-looking shell, and whisks into it, tail first. The reason of this backward and inelegant movement is to get as far into the house as possible his unfortunate shell-less tail. When unprotected, it makes a dainty feast for many a marine animal, and none seem to have a more realizing sense of the fact than the hermit himself.

When deprived of a house he has a most ridiculous and crestfallen appearance, and crawls about, with a terrified air, as if expecting to be devoured each instant. In this unfortunate condition he will put up with anything by way of a house, and often takes a broken shell, or one so large that it cannot be dragged about but is rolled to and fro by the motion of the waves. When empty shells are numerous, the preliminary investigations that the hermit makes before choosing, are very ludicrous. He takes them in his feet one after another, and after twirling them around rapidly, throws them away. He then probes carefully with his fore legs; and in observing them, I have imagined that depth of shell, in which the defenseless tail can be safely buried, determined their choice. I have noticed, too, that the shell finally selected is examined longer than the rest; and when the crab at last shoots into it, he disappears so quickly that the eye cannot follow his movements.

One can see these singular creatures by watching a tide pool either at Governor's or Coney Island. The mollusk shells appear to be dead and empty at first, but if the observer will throw in a few clams (with piece of shell attached to sink,) the apparently lifeless shells suddenly run along at a much faster pace than when possessed of their original tenants. If a sudden noise is made, they retreat abruptly and remain quiet. They quarrel about their food most fiercely and determined; also for the possession of a solitary shell, and have thus earned the name of "soldier crab." A combat often continues until one is killed, and, as with all crustaceans, the "victor eats his fallen foe;" even if he has lost a few legs, he "rolls the sweet morsel under his tongue," and eats away with a decided appetite. When the meal is finished he amputates the injured members up to the first perfect joint, and in the course of time he has new and perfect feet. While the new claws are forming he does not consider himself able-bodied, and refrains from all warlike engagements.

When a crab has once entered his shell it is almost impossible to coax or drive him out. The body is curved, fitting compactly around the inside of the shell, and if touched he retreats as far in as possible. Even if a claw be taken hold of he can scarcely be removed, and will often be torn asunder rather than loosen his grasp. He clings thus firmly by a pair of pincers, located at the end of the tail.

The hermits are very desirable in aquaria, as they are hardy, feed upon either animals or vegetables, and have the commendable quality of minding their own business. They give life to a tank by their numerous little tricks and peculiar motions, and are called by a friend of mine "aquarial monkeys." When sick they leave their shells and climb, to rest, upon the highest rock or sea-weed in the tank. These movements usually indicate impure water, and the tank should be seen to at once.

I had three in a salt-water aquarium for two years, and I used to spend hours in their society. Hermits are fond of sand, and I always placed a quantity to the front of the tank, so as to see their battles and general entertainments. I have often caused them to leave their shells by dropping them into impure water, and have been greatly amused by returning them to the tank with only one shell, for the possession of which a long battle usually ensued. It is desirable, in selecting crabs for an aquarium, that they be of similar dimensions, as in combat they do not "take a fellow their size," but pounce upon smaller ones which they are sure of conquering. If a person has not time to go to the shore for hermits, they can often be found among the silver shrimp at Washington Market, in shells of Buccinum. Speaking of these shells reminds me of an incident that occurred in Barnum's Museum during the war. The Manager of the Aquarial Department had crabs in the Buccinum shells, but he obtained some young Pyrula shells and painted them in stripes of red, white and blue. He put them in water for about ten days to get a slight green coating, then got the crabs out of the Buccinums and gave them the painted shells; their patriotic appearance attracted a great deal of attention.

Many fishermen on the shores think the hermit-crabs are young lobsters, and that when they become large enough to protect themselves they leave their shells, get a hard tail, and become perfect lobsters.—*Ida B. Roberts in Baldwin's Monthly.*

Canada peas are excellent as feed for bantams when preparing them for exhibition purposes.

Poultry Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

STRAY NOTES.

Dominiques.—It would be valuable poultry literature if we could get every breeder to give to the public his experience with the different varieties, particularly if in his experience any variety of fowl should fall below the published estimate of its character. Public advertisements are not always trustworthy, because unprincipled men will make unprincipled statements of the virtues of stock, leaving the faults untouched. Believing that it is dishonorable and unwise to conceal the fact that a particular variety or breed of fowl has serious faults, the writer was induced a few years ago to say what he thought of the Black-Russians, and he now desires to say a word or two of the *Dominiques.* He has not had enough experience to say whether they have positive faults or marked virtues, but certainly they do not come up to the public estimate of their worth as published by many of those who breed them. The writer, a few years ago purchased an elegant cock, one which had carried off the first prize successively at Buffalo, Boston, and Hartford, and with him three hens, paying twenty dollars and expressage. He now has one of the hens which he has repeatedly offered for *two dollars* without finding a purchaser. The most serious objection he finds to the stock, so far as his experience goes, is that it does not breed true. Out of all the young stock bred the first season, at least one-half bred with single comb instead of the pure rose comb, and so utterly valueless was the stock considered in this respect, that it was all consigned to the pot,—but that hen, which is still for sale. Will others give their experience in this matter?

Postal Cards.—I have been reading with some interest the articles lately published in the Journal on the postal card question. It does seem to me that these articles would be of much more value if the writers would attach their names instead of *nom de plumes.* My own practice has been to deal with those only who are willing to show and describe their stock at their own expense. When a man sells a trio of fowls for $10 or $15 which do not cost him more than one-tenth as much to produce, in all conscience, can't he afford to pay his own postage? Why, I would as soon think of asking my patrons to pay my advertising as my postage, and when I see a man advertise "no postal cards received," I never think of dealing with him, because I fear he wants the whole loaf. It is true it is expensive to produce first-class specimens, but does the breeder who thus argues expense forget that many of his inferior specimens are sold for at least three times the cost of production, and none of them for less, for even those unsalable, when consigned to the pot are worth as food more than the cost of production. To the purchaser who pays the fancy price, runs the risk of getting stock that is not first class, and submits to the extortion of express companies, it is a hardship which ought not to be borne, and it ought not to be asked of him that he pay the postal expenses of the man with whom he deals, and who makes the profits on the stock which he has for sale.

A. N. Raub.

A FEW QUERIES

FOR YOUR CORRESPONDENTS TO APPLY THEIR EXPERIENCE TO.

I. Is there any better way to remove a wart from a dog's lip than by tying a piece of silk thread about it tightly near the root?

II. What probably ailed a cat that swelled in the belly until it was with difficulty that she moved about? Her belly became hard, and felt to the touch as if distended with wind. She was unable to lie down upon her side, and would vary her position from lying on her back with her feet in the air to the reverse, and thus take her repose. She appeared not to suffer pain, but after a considerable time, became poor in the portions of her body not affected, and was finally purposely killed. She drank a great deal of water. Was it a case of dropsy?

III. Of what benefit are Walton's roup pills, when pigeons treated with them are seen immediately to vomit them up?

IV. Who can give any trustworthy evidence that shall help to establish or disprove that cats inhale the breath of infants, and that this is injurious to the latter?

V. What fanciers have found the use of hemp seed as occasional food for pigeons more beneficial than its disuse.

VI. Who has ever seen a feed-hopper which will afford pigeons easy access to the grain, and at the same time prevent their scattering it about?

P. B.

GOOD ADVICE.

BY GEO. P. BURNHAM.

In all doctoring of badly distempered fowls, I commend to the attention of those who have the work to do, that they handle the diseased birds with leather or thin india rubber gloves—lest from a previous fresh cut upon the fingers, or an open scratch on the hands even, their flesh be innoculated with the pus often present upon the birds' foul sores or wounds. Several cases are authentically reported, where attendants upon horses or cattle, affected with glanders or epizootic diseases, have thus been seriously injured. And we are personally knowing to more than one instance where poultry keepers, in doctoring sick fowls, have contracted a troublesome affection, which required weeks of subsequent care to remove from their flesh. One person within our knowledge at at this writing is suffering with a diseased eye—of which he has nearly lost the sight, caused by carelessly rubbing it with the edge of his hand while manipulating some roupy chickens. And the humor thus generated may entirely destroy the sight, in his case, it is feared.—*Diseases of Poultry.*

POULTRY AT BASKING RIDGE.

At the Farmers and Manufacturers Association, of Somerset Co., held at Somerville, N. J., October, your subscribers at Basking Ridge took 1st premiums as follows:—

Partridge Cochins, W. F. Muchmore.
White " F. Peppard.
Black " Wm. Dunham.
Dark Brahmas, L. A. Thompson.
Silver Gray Dorkings "
Brown Leghorns, W. F. Muchmore.
Silver Polish, Wm. Dunham.

We did not expect to show until a day or two before the opening, but upon considering the matter ("caucus in the back yard") we thought it would be well to show a sample. A larger variety could have been shown, but business and politics seemed to take the lead.

I may say the hen-fever at times is very bad here, a few investing in one egg at twenty five cents, and if it did not hatch, they are broke (so is the egg). No *more* chickens for them. Others sparing neither time or money, and we boast of now having a very fine lot of fowls in and near our town.

Pills.

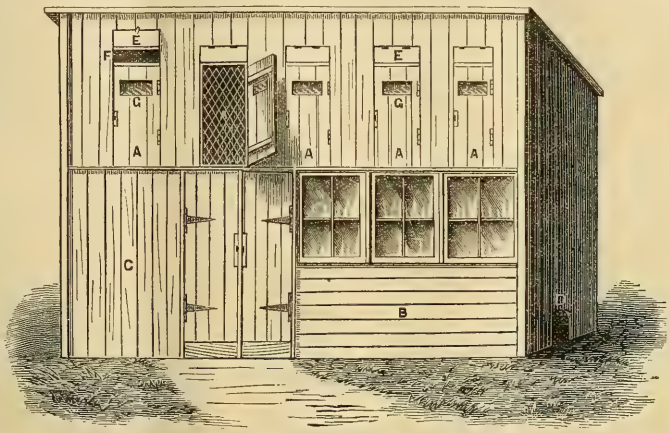
THE SPANISH FOWL.

BY W. J. NICHOLS.

No. II.—Houses for Spanish.

I stated in my last that Spanish do remarkably well in small places, and I really believe there is not another variety which will bear confinement so long, and that without suffering in the least, for they keep in the most perfect health and in the finest condition, and are ready at almost all times for exhibition! I have had birds confined in pens for months, which never had a run or a change except when they went to a show, and I seldom exhibited a pen without winning. I have also kept them in a cellar in the center of London, and exhibited them in such form as to beat exhibitors who had every convenience for keeping poultry. I simply state these facts to show what can be done with Spanish under the most difficult circumstances.

To exhibit these birds, however, with any degree of success, it is necessary that they should be sent out in the very best condition, for with Spanish this is of greater importance than in most other breeds. Many times have I seen inferior birds carry off a cup entirely owing to the capital condition in which they were exhibited, although there were far better birds in the class. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that these birds should be exhibited without being pinky or scabby in the face, and with a bright coral redness in the comb, hard, glossy appearance of the feathers, which can only be accomplished by having a house properly constructed for them. This must be so arranged that the birds are sheltered from the cold winds, the heat of the sun, and from damp or rain, but, more especially, from the effects of the sun during the summer, when the weather is very hot; while in the winter they require to be kept moderately warm, though at the same time plenty of fresh air is most essential, or their combs will lose their ruddy appearance and turn pale.



SPANISH POULTRY HOUSE.

The Bristol fanciers have always been famous for the splendid condition in which they invariably exhibited their birds; it may therefore be interesting to some of your readers if I briefly describe the late Mr. Henry Lane's poultry houses. This gentleman was a most enthusiastic admirer of Spanish, and spared no expense in buying the very best birds obtainable; and he also went to a considerable outlay in providing his birds with every accommodation for keeping them in health and ready for exhibition.

If I remember rightly, for it is now some years since his stock was publicly disposed of, the houses were built on one side of the garden against a high brick wall; between this and the roosting places was a covered passage running the whole length of the houses. These were built at right angles to the wall. Next came the runs for each pen of the birds, and beyond all these was a grass run, where the various birds were occasionally allowed to run when the weather was fine. The great advantages of this passage leading direct into the house, and heated with hot-air pipes, are very obvious, for in all weathers and at all hours of the day and night (for it was lighted with gas) the birds could be visited with very little trouble or inconvenience to those who had to feed and attend to them. All this, of course, involved the outlay of a large amount of capital, and it also required a good deal of space to carry it out as thoroughly as it was done by Mr. Lane; and I must confess on my first visit there I thought there was little use of my attempting to exhibit Spanish with even the remotest chance of winning a prize. I, however, saw other fanciers' yards in Bristol. Some of them had been equally as successful in the show pen, and in two or three cases had bred the birds with which Mr. Lane won so many prizes; and I found their places were not so elaborately planned or so large in extent.

Another old and a most successful breeder and exhibitor of Spanish, is Mr. Edward Jones, who last week, for the eighth consecutive year (I think it is), again carried off the Spanish cup at the Bath and West of England show, a feat which few other exhibitors have succeeded in accomplishing.

He, too, has a nice place for breeding Spanish; most of the houses in his yard are placed on the side of a steep incline, facing nearly south. These houses can also be heated when necessary, hot-water pipes, slightly embedded under ground, run through the buildings. All of these are boarded and fitted with windows, which can be closed when the weather is cold. The grass runs are on the side of the hill, and nicely sheltered from the cold winds; and the ground being well drained makes it a capital place for rearing chickens.

Mr. Teebay, who used to exhibit some beautiful Spanish in his time, totally ignored houses, only letting his birds roost in the trees through the whole year, merely confining them for a short time before they were wanted for a show. The Hon. Miss Douglas Pennant also treated her birds in a similar way. By adopting this plan Mr. Teebay attributes the absence of roup in his birds, a disease, as most fanciers know to their loss, is very troublesome when it attacks Spanish.

It will be seen from what I have stated that these birds can be successfully reared and exhibited under the most variable conditions. The drawing which accompanies this article is the plan of a house I have found to answer uncommonly well, and which has, with a few modifications, been adopted by several fanciers residing in and around London. It provides accommodation, as will be seen, for a number of birds in a very small space; its great advantage is, that you have a place for your breeding birds, and also a number of pens for keeping those intended for exhibition,

the two occupying no more space than an ordinary house. The height is 7 ft., the length will depend upon the number of birds intended to be kept. In my case I had five pens, as at A A, in the doorway, each 2 ft. 6 in. in breadth, and as the house was 4 ft. 6 in. in depth, each of these pens was 2 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 6 in., and in height 3 ft.; this afforded plenty of room for a single cock or a pair of hens. Each pen had two doors, the outer one of wood with a piece of glass let in at G, to give light, the inner door of wire; at F is another small door, E, about 3 in. broad, for ventilation. Underneath these pens is a roosting place, C, with nest boxes, a roost, and ventilated and lighted from the side. B is a run with a dust bath, and fitted with windows; this is for the use of the birds kept for breeding purposes, and those confined in the pens should occasionally be put in here, to dust and free themselves of insects. By having two doors to each of the pens, and the run, B, glazed, it enabled me to exclude the cold winds, and by fixing a blind from the top, with supports from each side, and opening the wooden doors of the pens and the windows, all the places can be kept cool during the hottest day in summer. Recently a gentleman had one of these houses built; but he, as well as others, have improved upon my plan by having a large shed, and then fitting up the interior after the plan I have suggested, omitting the wooden doors and the glazed windows. By this arrangement a dry, warm shelter is provided, in which to feed and admire the birds, and these are less exposed to draughts and the keen winds; on the other hand, more space is required, and the expenses of building are greater.

The pens should be covered three or four inches deep with fine dry earth, mixed with a little chaff, or the birds will soon get corns on their feet; the earth, &c., should be changed at least once a fortnight, and the droppings removed each day. A mixture of old mortar, dry earth, and coarse sand, answers uncommonly well for the bottom of the run, and the whole place requires plenty of air, and to be kept scrupulously clean.—*The Country.*

CHEMUNG CO. FAIR.

Premiums at the Chemung Co. Agricultural Fair, held on State Fair Grounds, Elmira, N Y., Oct. 5, 6, 7, 1876.

Brahmas. Light—W. W. Albro, Elmira, 1st; G. W. Chidsey, Elmira, 2d. Dark—W. W. Albro, 1st and 2d.

Cochins. Partridge—G. W. Chidsey, 1st; H. B. Batterson, Elmira, 2d. Buff—S. Brink, 1st; John McCann, 2d. White—M. J. Emhoff, Elmira, 1st and 2d.

Game. B. B. Red—G. W. Chidsey, 1st; Danl. Boyle, Chemung, N. Y., 2d. G. W. Chidsey received first premiums on Brown Red, Ginger Red, Red Pile, White Pile, and Spangled.

Bantams. Black Red Game—W. W. Albro, 1st. Brown Red Game—G. W. Chidsey, 1st. Red Pile Game—G. W. Chidsey, 1st; Geo. Peters, 2d. Silver Duckwing and Yellow—G. W. Chidsey, 1st on each. Golden Sebright—G. W. Chidsey, 1st.

Hamburgs. Gold Spangled—Jake Mortimer, Elmira, 1st and 2d. Silver Spangled, Benj. Blamford, Elmira, 1st and 2d.

Leghorns. White—G. W. Chidsey, 1st; Bishop, 2d. Brown—G. W. Chidsey, 1st; D. P. Billings, Elmira, 2d. Black—M. Thurston, Elmira, N. Y., 1st and 2d. Black Spanish—H. B. Batterson, 1st and 2d.

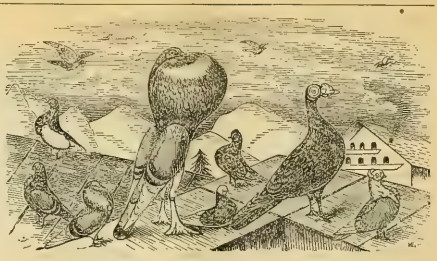
Polish. Golden—M. J. Emhoff, 1st; Jesse Lyon, Catharine, N. Y. 2d. White—G. W. Chidsey, 1st.

Houdan and P. Rock. Jesse Lyon, 1st.

Ducks. Pekin—H. B. Batterson. 1st. Common—Geo McCann, 1st.

Turkeys—Slate—D. T. Billings, 1st. Black—Eddie Sayre, 1st.

To determine the age of eggs, the *The Live Stock Journal* says: Dissolve about 4 oz. of common salt in one quart of water, and immerse the egg. If one day old it will sink to the bottom; if three days old it will float in the liquid. If more than five days old, will come to the surface and project above in proportion to its increased age.



Pigeon Department.

THE MEAL-WORM.

BY P. B.

Almost as soon as a person has established a coop of pigeons he becomes conscious that he not only keeps *pigeons*, but that he is also keeping—helping to a livelihood—other creatures as well. Every living thing is so closely related to many other living things, that we find it next to impossible—nay, impossible to cherish any one of them without thereby enabling others to exist. Will you cosset plants in your window? The aphides, the mildew, the bug, will find them out. Will you keep a dog? He will soon begin to scratch. Are you preparing a place for pigeons? Take thought also of the lice, ticks, maggots, mice, rats, "bugs," meal-worms, which will be in haste to take up their abode with your pets, if possible. We find in the pigeon books a good deal said of the lice and the rats, and but little of that interesting insect, the meal-worm. The young fancier will very likely be somewhat surprised, when he sees one of them for the first time. The maggots, which neglect will render welcome, he has seen on a decaying carcass in the woods, or in the squirming grease-pot, a dirty appurtenance to many households. The lice he recognizes from the descriptions in the books. I have found nothing about the meal worm in any pigeon book, with one or two exceptions, which I will speak of farther on. The novice will first encounter them, either when he moves a box or board, which has been lying in the coop, or possibly not before he removes the manure. He will at first dislike very much to see them, will view them with a feeling akin to disgust, and will be reluctant to handle them. They are so smooth and finely polished, it is difficult to pick them up, and, by bending quickly, they almost leap from the hand; but they are not remarkable for a rapid locomotion, though they are not long in crawling away. After he and they become better acquainted, he may not dislike them so heartily, unless he is more successful than I have been in finding them productive of harm. There is a cleanliness to their hard skins, which renders them very different from the wet, loathsome, and filthy maggot. Even before he sees the meal-worms he may discover—*what are the same insects in their mature state*—black "bugs" under boards, the feed-hopper, drinking-fountain, which, when uncovered to the light, are in tremendous haste to find a new hiding place:—so much better than light do they love the darkness, tho' their deeds are not so *very* evil. The young fancier, and many old ones, call these creatures respectively, *worms* and *bugs*. The former is not a worm at all, nor is the latter in any sense a bug. In general, all insects pass through three stages in their life; that of the *larva*, the *pupa*, and the *imago*, the adult or perfect insect.* This is plainly exemplified in the case of the moths. The caterpillar, the cocoon with its enclosed chrysalis, and the winged adult, of various kinds of moths, are familiar objects. The meal-worm, then, is the caterpillar, or larva; then

* To Harris' Insects Injurious to Vegetation, pp. 10 and 11, the reader is referred for good illustrations of the insect in its three states.

follows the pupa; then, the black beetle called a "bug," which corresponds to the moth in the example cited above. On the other hand, I presume a true *worm* is *always* a worm. The common earth-worm is a real worm; and the squash-bug, [not the striped cucumber beetle,] and the nameless creature, which is apt to cause wakefulness in the lodger in unclean beds, both of which have an offensive odor, are true bugs.

In the first place, then, let us "give it a name." The aristocratic name of this insect is *Tenebris molitor*, a very significant name, as we shall see. *Tenebrio* is a Latin word meaning *one who shuns the light*; and *molitor*, in the same language, signifies *a miller*. The first word is derived probably from a word meaning *darkness*, and the latter, from a word meaning *to grind*, as corn. So that our friend, the subject of this sketch, might be called in English, *the dark-loving miller*, or *the miller who shuns the light*.

He is a Coleopterous insect, that is, he belongs to the order *Coleoptera*, which word signifies sheath-winged; for all insects, or nearly all, are first classified according to some peculiarity they possess in the number or quality of their wings. Bear in mind all the time that the black beetle is the perfect full-grown insect, of which the meal-worm is merely the young. He is, then, a *beetle*—an insect with his gauzy wings neatly folded, and perfectly covered by two horny sheaths, to protect them as he crawls about in places where ordinary wings might be injured.

Beetles are subdivided into many families, according to their habits, etc. The name *Tenebrionidæ* once embraced a large family, but the term is now, I believe, strictly applied to but a few species. However this may be, we may say in few words, that *T. molitor* is one of many species of beetles which love the darkness, and which, when exposed to the light, do all they possibly can to get back into the darkness again. These have been called *darkling-beetles* on this account.

From Westwood's "Introduction to the Modern Classification of Insects," I quote: The larva of *T. molitor* is an "inch long cylindrical and linear, very smooth and glossy, of a fulvous color, consisting of twelve segments exclusive of the head, which is provided with short trophi and a pair of very small antennæ; the first segment of the body is larger than the following; the terminal segment is semi-circular, slightly serrated at the edges and terminates in a single point. On its under surface it is provided with a small anal proleg; the ordinary legs are short."

From Cuviers' "Animal Kingdom:" "Its larva is cylindrical, ochreous, scaly, and very smooth;" also, I think from the same book, speaking of the whole family: "Their larva resembles a scaly worm. It is about an inch long, and rather narrow. Its body is composed of twelve rings, and covered with a yellowish skin, tolerably hard and scaly. The head is oval, a little flattened, furnished with mandibles, antennæ and antennulæ. The first three rings are provided with six scaly feet—the last is conical." He then speaks of "two scaly nipples," which appear to be two small feet, near the hinder extremity of the body; also, of the perfect insect: "The *Tenebrionidæ* have the body more or less elongated, smooth, and usually of an obscure color. Their gait is lively, and they fly tolerably well, but rather in the evening and night than in the middle of the day." I myself never saw one fly; and, I would say in this connection, that there are beetles closely allied to this species, which have no wings, and the wing-covers soldered together, thus forming one shell over the back.

In J. G. Wood's "Insects at Home:" "The thorax is squared, and its base is as wide as the base of the elytra. The color of this beetle is shining blackish-brown, and the body is rather flat and very thickly punctured. Each of the elytra has one very short stria next to the scutellum, and eight others reaching to the apex. It lives in corn-mills, flour-stores, bake-houses, and similar localities, and in consequence is often called the *flour-beetle*. The cream-colored larva is popularly known as the *meal-worm*."

(*To be Continued.*)

PIGEONS.

Continued from page 502.

The pigeon is monogamous, that is the male attaches and confines himself to one female, and the attachment is reciprocal; the fidelity of the dove to its mate being proverbial. Young pigeons are termed squeakers, and begin to breed at about the age of six months if properly managed; their courtship, and the well-known tone of voice in the cock, just then acquired and commencing, are indications of their approaching union.

Nestlings, whilst fed by the cock and hen, are termed squabs, and are at that age sold and used for the table, the dove house pigeon is said to breed monthly, being well supplied with food, more particularly when the ground is bound with frost, or covered with snow. At any rate, it may be depended on, that pigeons of almost any healthy and well established variety will breed eight or ten times in the year; whence it may be conceived how immense are the quantities which may be raised. It is nevertheless, with difficulty that one can give entire credit to the calculations, in such respect, on pigeons and rabbits.

But I suppose we must not question the positive testimony of Stillingfleet, who asserts that 14,760 pigeons were produced from a single pair in the course of four years. To class things of a similar bearing together, it has been calculated, but I know not by whom or on what practical ground, that a single pair of rabbits may in the same portion of time, viz: four years, produce 1,274,840 of their kind.

The dove cote or pigeon loft, as to situation or extent, must necessarily depend on convenience; one general rule, however, must be invariably observed, that every pair of pigeons have two holes or rooms, to nest in. Without this indispensable convenience there will be no security, but the prospect of constant confusion, breaking of eggs, and destruction of the young. Pigeons do well near dwellings, stables, brew houses, or such offices; or their proper place is in the poultry court. A dove cote is a good object, situated upon an island in the center of a piece of water: indeed such is a proper situation for aquatic poultry, and rabbits also; and may be rendered extremely beautiful and picturesque, by planting, and a little simple, ornamental, and useful building. Where pigeons are kept in a room some persons prefer making their nests upon the floor, to escape the danger of the young falling out; but in all probability this is to guard against one risk, and incur a great number, particularly that of rats and other vermin.

FEARLESS PIGEONS.

A letter to the New York *Sun* says: "Sir—Mr. E. T. Shaw, agent and operator in Linden, N. J., was the owner of a pair of tame pigeons that were seemingly afraid of nothing. They were observed by Mr. Shaw sitting on the railway track one day picking gravel, when the lightning express came thundering along at the rate of forty miles an hour. The pigeons evidently saw the train approaching, but paid no further attention to it, and sat perfectly still between the ties and allowed the train to pass over them. After the last car had passed the pigeons raised their little heads, looked back in the direction of the receding train, and then began picking gravel again. The birds have since been killed by the cars, presumably in undertaking a similar experiment.

G. W. V."

CARRIER PIGEONS.

Daniel Porter, foreman of Larrabee's cracker bakery of Albany, has a large number of pure carrier pigeons, the sagacity of which he has lately been testing. During the summer a traveling agent of the bakery has taken one of them with him to Poughkeepsie and written an order for crackers which he tied to the leg of the pigeon,

and sent it home. It reached Albany in less than two hours after its departure from Poughkeepsie. Mr. Porter recently took one to New York, and it arrived safe at Albany in four hours twenty minutes. A number have also been sent from Waterford. Their time from the village to Albany is from five to nine minutes. Three were let go at 12 o'clock yesterday and after a little maneuvering they departed for home — *Waterford Advertiser.*

SALAD FOR PIGEONS.

Pigeons need some green food, and especially when they have been long deprived of it, devour eagerly tender and succulent leaves. A year or two ago my flock of Tumblers cultivated a close acquaintance with a bed of young beets in the garden, not assisting greatly thereby in the successful cultivation of those vegetables. Pigeons, however, are almost harmless in this respect, when compared with fowls; but the kitchen-garden will flourish as well some distance from a loft containing a large flock at liberty, as near it—provided the soil is as good. I have also known a plant in a flower-garden to be much injured by them, owing to its possessing such tender and succulent leaves, when all the many plants around were untouched. A head of lettuce occasionally given is recommended for birds that cannot get young beet-tops in a neighboring garden; and fanciers sow rape or other seed for them, that they may peck at the young plants as the latter stand in the earth. I should think it would be a good plan to plant the seeds of some tender vegetable in boxes, at such times that the plants may attain the height of several inches, at different periods through the winter. These may be placed in the loft in the succession in which they were planted, say at intervals of a week or two. This would be somewhat laborious. In the summer I find the common purslane or "pusley," answers excellently for a salad. It is abundant, and eaten with a relish by the pigeons. I reserved a small corner of the garden for its growth, and now and then threw a bunch or two into the loft, where my pigeons were confined. The stems are about all they leave untouched. It is a troublesome weed; but cherish a few roots of "pusley" for your cooped-up pigeons. Don't allow it to go to seed, unless it is scarce in your neighborhood.

P. B.

The Race not always to the swift.—A fox came one day at full speed to a pond to drink.

A frog, who was sitting there, began to croak at him.

"There," said the fox, "be off with you, or I'll swallow you."

The frog, however, replied:

"Don't give yourself such airs; I am swifter than you."

At this the fox laughed; but as the frog persisted in boasting of his swiftness, the fox at length said:

"Now, then, we will both run to the next town, and thus we shall see which shall run the faster."

Then the fox turned round, and as he did so, the frog leaped up into his bushy tail. Off went the fox, and when he reached the gate of the city, he turned round again to see if he could espy the frog coming after him. In doing this, the frog hopped off his tail to the ground. The fox, after looking all about without being able to see his competitor in the race, turned round once more to enter the city, when he beheld the little croaker.

"So you have come at last, Master Reynard. I am just going back again, for I verily thought you meant not to come at all!"

Such is the world, and the men in it—a tissue of deception throughout.

How often do we try, and persevere in trying to make a sort of neat show of outer good qualities, without anything within to correspond, just as children will plant blossoms without any roots in the ground, to make a pretty show for the hour! We find fault in our lives, and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; but we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed of heavenly principles, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Chili Sauce.—I'm afraid it is too late for my receipt for Chili Sauce to be of use in the Eastern states, but it will still be good for the Southern states and California. We all like it better than Catsup, and it is no trouble at all to make.

It takes twenty-four ripe tomatoes, twelve green peppers, eight large onions, eight large spoons sugar, four large spoons salt, four teaspoons ground cloves, four teaspoons ginger, though to tell the truth I put in the spices to my taste. Peel the tomatoes and cut them fine; while they are cooking chop both peppers and onions fine, add to the tomatoes. Let all cook together thoroughly for an hour, then add spices, half an hour later add two quarts of good cider vinegar. Put the kettle on top of the stove where its contents will just simmer (take care they don't burn), and let it cook away about one third. Bottle, cork and seal.

I'm much obliged to you for adding the "Domestic Department." We can't afford to take but one paper besides our Daily, and husband and the boys think they can't get along without The Journal. I shall think so too, now that there is going to be something specially interesting to me.

A Farmer's Wife.

Cold rare done Roast Beef, if cut in slices and placed upon a broiler over a bed of coals until heated through, then served with butter and seasoned to taste, is, by many, thought to be superior to broiled steak; at any rate *Cold Boiled Ham,* dished in the same way, is the most delicate in which it can be served, and particularly is it worthy of note as an addition to an invalid's bill of fare; butter must of course in such a case be used with judgment.

Eggs.—An egg boiled an hour is more digestible than one cooked but three or five minutes. In the former case the yolk instead of being a heavy mass, becomes mealy. Always boil them an hour for lunch baskets.

Poached Eggs.—Have a clean stew-pan with boiling hot water, add to it a little salt; break the eggs one at a time into a cup, and from it slip them into boiling water; when the white is set and firm, which it will be after about five minutes, take each up with a skimmer, and lay it into a dish over a pot of boiling water; cover the dish; when all are done, put a bit of butter, and if liked, sprinkle pepper over them, and serve; in this way they may be kept hot and soft for a long time, so that you may do any number of them.

Boiled eggs, when quite cold, are nice if you take off the shell, and cut them lengthwise in two; then cut each half in two or three. This looks well over spinach or lettuce or boiled fish; or cut them in slices across; or the white may be cut in long slips, and the yolk in slices or quarters.—*Selected.*

A PET QUAIL.

J. E. Youngs, writing to the Forest and Stream, says: I have a quail that I caught in Riverhead nine years ago and brought home. My mother has tamed her so she will sing for anyone that comes in the house. You can hear her all over the house. She laid 37 eggs last year. She is so tame that if you ask her if she wants her dinner she will follow you all over the house in expectation of it. She eats almost anything you can mention, and will fight like a game rooster. If anybody would like to see this bird they can call at No. 66 Ridge street, New York City.

Algeria has 10,000,000 acres of land yielding a spontaneous growth of the alpha plant, which is now being exported for the manufacture of paper.

ITEMS.

Work.—To make work pleasant, it must be varied. A constant round of hard physical labor many hours each day, dulls the comprehension, blunts the sensibilities, obscures the perceptions, and begets moroseness and discontent; while continual association with coarse and crude materials, distorts and brutalizes the features, and lowers the status of the individual. Although work is essential to sound mental and physical development, yet it must be diversified and made agreeable if we wish to obtain its good effect.

Silent Men.—Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed, and gave it up confused and abashed. In framing the Constitution of the United States, the labor was almost wholly performed in Committee of the Whole, of which George Washington was the chairman; but he made two speeches during the convention, which were of a very few words each. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that, had it not been for his personal popularity, and the thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the Constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech. He couldn't do it. Napoleon whose executive ability is almost without a parallel, said that his greatest trouble was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience, when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said, by reserve. The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.—*American Journalist.*

The Poor Mule.—The amount of fatigue, exposure, and abstinence, which a mule will endure, says a writer, seems almost fabulous. Making long marches across dusty, shadeless plains, going for long intervals without water and with very little food, obliged to pull loads sometimes amounting to five thousand two hundred pounds, up steep hills and through heavy sloughs, subject to cruel treatment and neglect from the teamster, the life of an expedition mule is miserable enough. No wonder that when the mule returns, he looks woefully angular and thin. The poor animal is frequently driven until he completely gives out, when he is thanklessly turned into the herd of broken-down mules.

There is scarcely a more melancholy sight than such a herd. It is a moving bone-yard. Gaunt, lean, with drooping ears, hips that rise like promontories above the general desolation, a disconsolate tail, and a woebegone visage which would frighten an inexperienced ghost—the poor, bankrupt mule is the most wretched parody on Gothic architecture that was ever forced on the public attention. Every vestige of meat has fled from his bones. He is a walking transparency, an animated hat-rack, and I have actually seen his hip bones irreverently used to hang teamsters' hats on. During our homeward march from the Black Hills, more than one such starved victim laid down his tired frame on the earth which had refused to nourish him, and the benediction of a soldier's bullet called the raven and coyote to a meal which it cost the government one hundred and forty dollars to procure.

An Encounter with a Gorilla.—He was about twenty yards off when we first saw him. We at once gathered together; and I was about to take aim and bring him down where he stood, when Malaouen stopped me, saying in a whisper, "Not time yet."

We stood, therefore, in silence, gun in hand. The gorilla looked at us for a minute or so out of his evil gray eyes, then beat his breast with his gigantic arms—and what arms he had!—then he gave another howl of defiance, and advanced upon us. How horrible he looked! I shall never forget it.

Again he stopped, not more than fifteen yards away. Still Malaouen said "not yet." Good gracious! what is to become of us if our guns miss fire, or if we only wound the huge beast? Again the gorilla made an advance upon us. Now he was not twelve yards off. I could see plainly his ferocious face. It was distorted with rage; his huge teeth were ground against each other, so that we could hear the sound; the skin of the forehead was drawn forward and back rapidly, which made his hair move up and down, and gave a truly devilish expression to the hideous face. Once more he gave out a roar which seemed to shake the woods like thunder; I could really feel the earth trembling under my feet. The gorilla, looking us in the eyes, and beating his breast, advanced again.

"Don't fire too soon," said Malaouen; "If you don't kill him he will kill you."

This time he came within eight yards of us before he stopped. I was breathing fast with excitement as I watched the huge beast

Malaouen said only "steady," as the gorilla came up; When he stopped, Malaouen said "now!" and before he could utter the roar for which he was opening his mouth, three musket balls were in his body. He fell dead almost without a struggle.

He was a monstrous beast indeed, though not among the tallest. His height was five feet six inches. His arms had a spread of seven feet two inches. His broad, brawny chest measured fifty inches round. The big toe of his foot measured five inches and three-quarters in circumference. His arms seemed like immense bunches of muscle only; and his legs and claw-like feet were so well fitted for grabbing and holding, that I could see how easy it was for the negroes to believe that these animals, when they conceal themselves in trees and watch for prey, can seize and pull up with their feet, any living thing, leopard, ox, or man, that passes beneath.

The face of this gorilla was intensely black. The vast chest, which proved his great power, was bare, and covered with parchment-like skin. His body was covered with gray hair. While the animal approached in its fierce way, walking on its hind legs, and facing us as few animals dare face man, it really seemed to me to be a horrible likeness of man.—By Paul Du Chaillu, in *Stories of the Gorilla Country.*

A DOG THAT SINGS.

A gentleman in this city, says the Troy Whig, is the owner of a small Scotch terrier that shows a decided taste for music. A young lady, his daughter, is taking lessons on the piano, and many hours are given to practice. One day when the dog was in the room he showed great interest in the piano. He jumped upon the table and looked at it, ran under and around it, and leaped upon it and peered into it, as if trying to find out where the sounds came from. One day when the young lady was playing the dog tried to imitate the notes. Afterward, while she was practising, the dog almost daily would try to sing. He did not bark nor howl, as dogs will often do at the sound of bells. Although he could not pronounce fa, sol, la, si, do, etc., he succeeded in a good imitation of the sounds, and could cause his voice to rise and fall with the notes. All this was at first in the presence only of the young lady. When she told her mother and invited her to be present the dog would not sing. By and by, whoever, his fondness for music overcame his bashfulness, and he would sing in the presence of the two ladies. Afterward other members of the family were called in, and now the dog, having conquered his modesty and gained confidence in his own powers, will exhibit his musical talents in the presence of any company.

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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

"FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT CŒLUM."

We have read the extract from your letter, Mr. C. J. Ward, as published in the *Poultry World* for September, and we cannot but wonder, knowing your good sense, at your persistent enmity.

The brave hand does not strike back-handed blows—nor does the true cause need to fight in the dark. The course you have taken does not hurt *us*, but weakens the cause which as poultry journals we both espouse. Your course last Spring in your editorial, heaping with abuse of us and our words but not giving *our* editorials which you condemned, that the truth might be known, sending it as you did broadcast through the West, to those that had neither heard of you or your paper before, and where we by no chance could defend ourselves. That was not just.

You have mistaken us. Unlike either you or Mr. Willard we did not make the show of the N. A. of F., a personal matter. Our word was against the action of the Association as a *body*, and we simply let in the light of public opinion that their ways might be mended for future walking, and your late able editorial proves to us that we did not write in vain.

Our interest is not for East or West, but for the Fanciers, and as they extend over the country it is for everywhere. Where we find good we make it known. Where evil, or error, or unsafe ways, there our work is, and we never hesitate in the doing. In times past you called us friend and commended our course. We have not changed an iota in either way or principle. "Be just though the Heavens fall" is good, let us live up to it. Let there be an end to personalities—the field is broad enough for you, and us, and all. We need not feel each others' elbows unless we go out of our way to seek for them.

This quarreling is not productive of good, and is therefore evil. Unite with us in avoiding *it*, and whatever else shall be of injury to the Fancier, or bring the name into disrepute, and in striking by fearless exposure the death-blow at whatever shall savor of dishonest or double dealing—not considering ourselves at all in the matter.

TRANSFER OF STOCK.

Mr. John D. White, of Chicopee, Mass.,—we are informed by Mr. J. Van Winkle—has purchased the latter's entire stock of Pigeon pouters, also his 1st premium Blue Owls and White Jacobins.

DISEASES OF POULTRY.

We have given "The Diseases of Poultry," by G. P. Burnham a careful perusal, and find it to be what we might expect from the pen of that careful observer and veteran fancier: a work tha being entirely practical and perfectly comprehensive—a work treating as much upon the prevention as the cure of disease—is necessary as a hand book of reference to every fancier and poultry keeper.

CARDS, CATALOGUES, ETC., RECEIVED.

We would advise those of our readers who have not been favored with the poster, issued by the United States Centennial Commission, of the Exhibition of Poultry now being held at Pomological Hall, Philadelphia, to obtain one if possible. For truly, aside from its worth as emanating from the Centennial precincts, as a work of art, unrivalled as it is in the rare elegance of its design and the richness of its coloring, it is invaluable.

Obtaining one, frame it, and hang it upon your walls between the Declaration of Independence and the 5th day's work of Creation—for truly it is a declaration of independence that should be recorded that could send to the world such a proof of the artist's *creative* powers as the gorgeous trio, which is its adorning—that in after years your children, and children's children may realize what wonders were achieved in this the great Centennial year. That they may know when and by whose might job printing was crowned as a fine art.

John R. Holton, No. 40 State St., Batavia, N. Y., Breeder of choice pigeons.

J. Rebmeister, Batavia, N. Y., Breeder of choice pigeons.

John K. Camp, Winsted, Conn., Breeder of high class B. B. R. Game Bantams and Colored Dorkings.

John D. White, Chicopee, Mass., Breeder of high class pigeons in every variety.

New Orleans Fancy Depot, J. Y. Dysart, No. 84 Baronne St., New Orleans.

B. F. White, Ashley Falls, Mass., importer, breeder, and trainer of Sporting Dogs and Game fowls.

Phil. M. Springer. Breeder of Light Brahmas, Springfield Ill.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Your paper is a gem in its way, and I would feel much disappointed not to have its weekly visits. The monthlies seem so far apart compared with the weekly.

W. C. KIDDER.

Enclosed please find subscription price for another year for THE JOURNAL. I like THE JOURNAL, and the way you act, so you are welcome to the little that I send you. Wishing you good speed and a broad field. I remain yours truly,

JOHN HOGAN.

Why should we not feel encouraged to go on with our work. Not a mail comes to us that does not contain expressions of cheer and confidence from the veteran fanciers, while those that are strangers to us personally—whose names are upon our subscription books—when they send their renewals, express their approval of our paper and the course we have taken and maintained. We could fill our pages with their letters.

We shall try for the future as in the past to be ruled by nothing but the love of justice, shall be true only to the right. Thus working for the good of those who honor us with their patronage.

PECULIAR CASE OF ATTACHMENT.

Penllyn, Montgomery Co., Pa., Sept. 8th, '76.

Joseph M. Wade, Esq.:

Dear Sir:—Last winter, and early this spring my stable was overrun by rats. I had a fine sky terrier bitch to wage war against them, and later a neighbor lent me a cat famous for her vermin destroying powers. She and the terrier could not agree, and the latter quickly took possession of the lower floor, while the dog ruled the loft. Neither animal dared to encroach on the other's sovereignty. In a little while the cat had a litter of kittens, and they were duly provided for in the carriage room adjoining and opening into the stable. Now came a curious state of affairs. The bitch took a great fancy to the kittens and, watching her opportunity, during the temporary absence of the mother, stole them, carrying them to her nest in the loft where she lavished every care on them. After a while, the cat returning missed her young, and, much disturbed, hunted them far and wide. Ere long she discovered their whereabouts and, waiting for a favorable chance, while the terrier was away, took them one by one back home.

This mutual playing at cross purposes continued from time to time, deadly enmity increasing between the mother and dog. As the kittens grew they would wander into the stable and play about the horse's feet, and were one by one trodden on and killed. One morning the terrier entering the stable, discovered one of her pets lying stiff and stark near a horse. She sniffed at it, was apparently much distressed and, at last, picked it up in her mouth carrying it out to a field opposite the barn where, at some distance from the scene of its death, she dug a hole near an old stump, and deliberately buried the kitten!

In this case I think decided reasoning powers were displayed by the little beast who is altogether one of the most intelligent animals I have known.

Yours truly,

I. R. Carpenter.

WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

Man's a fool!
When it's hot he wants it cool;
When it's cold he wants it hot;
Ne'er contented with his lot.

When it's dry,
He for showers is heard to sigh;
When—to meet his wish—it rains,
Of the wet the fool complains.

Hot or cold, or dry or wet,
Nothing suits that he can get;
I consider, as a rule,
Man's a fool.

LIST OF PLANTS IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, 1876.

Anemone—nemorosa, wood anemone; do. thalictroides; do. pennsylvanica; do. virginiana.
Aquilegia—canadensis, (wild columbine).
Arabis—lyrata; do. thaliana; do. canadensis, sickle pod; do. lævigata.
Ascyrum—crue-andreæ, St. Peter's-wort.
Abutilon—avicennæ, (sida abutilon) indian mallow; do. sida spinosa, thorny.
Ampelopsis—quinquefolia, ampelopsis virginica.
Amygdalus—pumila, dwarf, double, flowering almond.
Amelanchier—canadensis, shad berry, wild service berry.
Agrimonia—eupotoria, agrimony.
Ænothera—biennis, common, evening primrose.
Aralia—nudicaulis, wild sarsaparilla; do. racemosa, spikenard; do. spinosa, angelica tree.
Aster—corymbosus, corymbed aster; do. cordifolius heart-leaved; do. patens, spreading; do. puniceus, red-stalked; do. prenanthoides, prenanther-like; do. miser, starved; do. simplex, willow-leaved; do. prœalcus, willow-leaved.
Antenaria—common, life-everlasting; do. planteginifolia, mouse-ear life-everlasting.
Ambrosia—trifida, tall ambrosia; do. artemistafolia, hogweed.
Anagallis—arvensis, scarlet pimpernel, poor man's weather-glass.
Berberis—vulvaris, berberry bush; do. atropurpurea, dark purple.
Barbarea—vulgaries, winter cress.
Baptisia—tinctora, wild indigo.
Bidens—frondosa, leafy burr marigold.
Bignonia—radicans, trumpet flower.

QUAIL AND POTATO BEETLE.

—It is said, by one who knows, that quail are an enemy to the potato beetle. A man who killed one a short time ago (not with intent so to do, probably!) found in its crop twenty two full grown beetles and a number of the grubs, besides seeds, etc. If that is the case better spare the quail.

Finding the above in the *Rockville Gleaner*, we at once wrote to the editor, and received the following in reply:

"Have just read yours of the 6th, and in reply will say that the item about the quail is no doubt correct, as I had it from the person who killed the quail and was dressing it for eating, but threw it away when he found the bugs. He is one of our young men who is considered reliable, and I have no reason to doubt his statement, though I did not know that quail ate anything but vegetables or grains." Ed.

RAINBOW IN THE DARK.

Rockville, Conn., Oct. 23d, '76.

Editor of Fanciers' Journal:

Dear Sir:—about a ¼ of 8 this evening, and during a heavy shower, the heavens being overcast, and very dark, a brilliant rainbow appeared in the East, stretching from North to South. It was a sight so unusual that a great many people turned out to witness the phenomena. Can you or any of your scientific readers explain why this rainbow appeared in the dark.

Respectfully yours,

Peter Costello.

—Cats and Cholera.—The *Lancet* not long ago had an interesting article on an epidemic resembling cholera which appeared among the cats in Delhi last year. The disease was not known to extend beyond the walls of the city, nor was it confined to any quarter; and it gradually declined and fully disappeared about Sept. 20th, although the cholera did not cease till near the end of November. The number of cats carried off by the disease was estimated at 500; and the symptoms were, in almost every respect, identical with those of cholera. Experiments were made with cholera virus, which was found to communicate an analogous disease to the cats, resulting in death in the usual choleric way.

Small Pet Department

AND YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Oct. 25, 1876.

1 Macaque Monkey (*Macacus cynomolgus*). Presented by Gen'l A. T. Torbert, Milford, Del.

2 Prong Horn Antelopes (*Antilocapræ americana*). Purchased.

1 Short-eared Owl (*Brachyotus palustris*) (?) Presented by John Pearsall, Phila.

2 Blue-headed Ground Doves (*Starnœnas cyanocephala*). 1 Key West Pigeon (*Geotrygon martinica*). 2 Carolina Doves (*Zenœdura carolinensis*). From Cuba. 2 Zenaida Doves (*Zenœda amabilis*) (?). 1 Ground Dove, and 2 Cuban Quails (*Ortyx cubanensis*). Presented by E. F. Cabada, Esq., Phila.

1 Bittern (*Ardetta exilis*) (?). Presented by Geo. De Haven, Jr., Phila.

1 Ring Dove (*Turtur risorius*). Presented by Dr. Noah Martin, Phila.

1 Rhesus Monkey (*Macacus erythræus*). Presented by Moses Johnson, Yardleyville, Mercer Co., N. J.

Arthur E Brown, Gen. Sup't.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 30.

BY HUON.

Continued from page 507.

"Did I feel queer? Strenger, you bet I did! I didn't go much nearer the middle o' thut ere log! No, sur! Not much, I didn't! But I jist squizzled back to my old 'humsted' on the eend! Yes, sur!—to the plum' butt-eend—jist as fur, too, ez I could git fur the wotter. An' thar I sot. Nary hand or foot did I move. Talk uv Quaker meetin'! I tell yer, strenger, I kep' *one*, jist then—all to myself! You see, I dassent make a move fur fear the infarnal warmint would attackt me. I hed no weepon but my knife—fur the flud cum on me so suddent I hed no time to git my rifle. 'Sides, it ud a done me no good ef I'd hed it, with all the wotter 'bout me an' the all-fired log a-pitchin' an' a-rollin' like sin! I tell you, strenger, I warn't in no kind uv condition to wrassel with a paynter, no how you cud fix it!

"Well, we drifted fur about an hour 'thout eyther uv us stirrin. Thur we sot, face to face. An' now an' then the current ud set the log in a sort uv a up-an'-down motion, an' then me an' the paynter would play 'see-saw,' an' bow werry perlitely to each uther. The hull time wus the willin's eyes fixed on mine! An' I know'd the only way to keep the warmint still wus to stare back with all my might. An' you bet I did—never losin' sight o' them 'ar two coles uv fire o' his'n!

"Well, I wus prospectin' whut ud be the eend o' this 'venture, when I seed sumthin' 'pear ahed, lookin' like a island. An' I reccolected I'd seed a mound 'bout thar, onst, which I'd s'posed wus riz up by Ingins. It *wus* thut 'ar mound, sure enuff! An' right onto it the log an' us were driftin' kerslump! I knew the way we wur goin' we'd soon be near it. An' thinks I, 'Paynter! you kin 'go it alone' when we git within twenty yards uv it—fur I'm goin' to git!'

"Well, putty soon, ez I hed kalkerlated, we got nigh enuff, an' off I rolled—easy, I tell yer! No noise or fuss did I make; but I fell like a drop o' greese in the wotter! But—bless yer soul, strenger!—I wus hardly overboard 'fore I hearn sumthin' go 'kersplash;' an', lookin' 'round, thar wur the durned paynter! He'd took the wotter, too, an' with tail up wus makin' fur the Ingin mound!

"At fust I thunk he wur arter *me*, an' I drawred my knife in one hand and swum with the other. But the warmint didn't say 'fight' onst, nor could he swim much; an' so he wus durned glad to git to dirt, I tell yer! As he didn't molest me, howsumdever, neyther did I him! But, ez I didn't want him to git at my legs, I let him forge ahead an' land fust; which he did—an' by the infarnal noise he started up, I knowed thar wur sumthin' else in persession o' that 'ar mound 'sides the paynter!

"Here wus a go, strenger! But land I must—fur I wus clean tucker'd out, bein' so long in the wotter. So I kep' 'round a ways, so thet I mouten't land near the paynter. An' when I could tech bottom I quietly crep' up on the monud, an' looked 'round to see what kind o' kumpany I'd got into. Daylight wus peepin' onto me, an' I could see a little more every minit. I tell you, strenger, you'll hardly b'lieve me when I tell the concatenation uv warmints thut wur slung together 'top o' thet 'ar mound! I cud hardly b'lieve it myself! I swow! I thunk I'd got inter Noer's Ark—durn ef I didn't! Yer see, the top o' the mound which were abuv the wotter, worn't over haff an acre in big, an' it wus as cleer of timmer as the back uv yer hand. So I cud see every inch uv it, an' all that wuz on it as big as a tummel-bug! Now thar wur on it, as the lawyers say, 'the follerin,' to whit:' Thar wur myself—an' I wisht to thunder I wur enny whar else, you bet; then thar wur the paynter—my old acquaintance; then thar wur four deer—a big buck and three does; then thar wur a bar, as black as Kain an' ez big ez a buffalo; then thar wur a 'possum or two, a coon, a couple o' wolves, two or three swamp rabbits, and, durn his pictur'! a stinkin' skunk—the wust infurnal beest fur a smell ever made! All these animals had been driven thar by the flud. An' thar we had to stay 'till the wotter sided—or drown!

"I tell you whut, strenger, ef I wus flabbergasted when I fust seed this clamjamfrey uv critters, I wus dumfoundered when I seed how they behaved to each uther—knowin' theyr different natur's an' gifts as I did! Thar wur the paynter layin' right 'longside the deer, his nat'ral food! Thar wur the wolves stannin' within three foot o' the swamp rabbits! The bar was between the 'possum an' the cunnin' ole coon! An' none o' 'em no more mindin' each other than ef they'd all been drug up in the same pen! 'Twas the queerest sight I ever seed! An' it jist put me in mind o' that part o' the Bible my poor old muther used to git over, whar the lion an' the lam' laid down together—tho' I allers thought, when I heerd her say it, thut the lam' laid down *inside* uv the lion! Durn ef I didn't!

"The fact here, wus, strenger, the animiles all 'peared 'down in the mouth.' They'd hed too much wotter to theyr grog, sartin—ez the saylors say. But fur all that, knowin' warmint natur', I hed sum skeer in *me* about the paynter an' the bar! The rest I didn't keer a peeled been fur! But the bar an' paynter might begin to feel theyr oats before the flud fell. So I kept mighty quiet the hull time I wuz in theyr cohute, I tell yer!

"Well, it ud tire you to hyar all the muves thut tuk place among them durned insecks the hull uv thut dey, an' the night thut follered. But nary one on 'em laid tooth or nail on t'other! I wuz ez hungry ez a steel-trap myself, an' would a-liked to hev cut a stake out o' the deer or bar; but I dassent do it. Hed I broke the peace, it might a-led to a gen'ral jamram. An' glad enuff wuz I, when the dey broke, on the next mornin', to find the wotter wuz fallin' as fast ez it hed riz. Ez soon ez it wuz shaller enuff fur me to wade, off I scuted 'thout shakin' hands, or any kissin' good-byes—you bet! I bent my course fur my naybor's shanty, which I could now see, an' which wuz 'bout three milds away. But the wotter an' mud I hed to percolate thro' made me think it wuz 'bout twenty milds. An' it tuk me mor'n an' hour to reach hiz door.

"Well, yas! I did eat *some* lunch, strenger! An' then my nabor an' me, we loded up our rifles, an' mountin' a hoss a-peace, we ramskaddled to that 'ar mound whar the menagerey wuz. Thet paredise wuzent quite ez I hed left it—fur you see, the paynter, bar, and the wolves, hed cum to the natur's which the wotter seemed to hev washed out! The 'possum, rabbits an' coon whur no whar!—'cept some bits of skin, fur, and har, which were layin' 'round loose! One ov the deer, too, wuz mor'n haff chawed up. But the stinkin' skunk they hedn't teched! I reckin' they hed a reason fur it!

"Well, yas, I did plug that 'ar bar. Ye see, strenger, bar meet is good—wuz made fur man—an' squatters must live as well as uther people! But the paynter he'd lef' me 'lone in my time o' trubble, an' so I thunk I'd let him 'lone in his'n! But, strenger, it went agin the grain! An' mor'n onst I drew a bead on him. But we couldn't eat him, and we hed ez much bar meet ez we could carry—fur we jedged he'd weigh 'bout four hundred. An' so he did. We left the paynter thar to keep kumpany with that 'ar darned skunk!

"Now thut 'ar mound wuz the fust Zulogical Garden I ever seed, an' this hyar one is the last. So, hevin' tell'd you my story, I'll jist take a dig over that 'ar tall bridge o' yourn, an' make for me hotel."

A few moments later I saw my strange "Loozanny" acquaintance crossing the beautiful Girard avenue bridge with a stride which gave evidence of "snap" enough within his bony frame to warrant another adventure with a "paynter" or two more—if they should fall in his way, or he in theirs.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

H. H. CLINGAN, Hubbard, Ohio, will exchange S. Polands, S. and G. P. Hamburg, S. B. Spanish, for White or W. C. B. Polands, Brown or Dominique Leghorn; also have a Creve Cœur Cockerel, fine, for one of another strain, or offers. Mine are good birds: want the same.

J. S. GOODNOW, Millington, Me., will exchange one trio P. Cochins, Buff Cochin Fowls or Pullets, or Dark Brahma Fowls or Chicks, for a Buffalo Robe. My fowls are good. Write.

W. H. V., 10 4th Avenue, N. Y., wants to exchange 1 set light Harness, complete, silver mounted, hand made, but little used, cost $40.00, (fine), for B. Leghorns, or P. Rocks. Who offers. Good stock given. Good stock expected.

GEO. B. COBB, Lake View, N. J., has to exchange White Leghorns, (Pitkin's stock,) or Brown Leghorn Cockerels, from a superior imported Cock, for Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, or B. B. R. G. Bantams—good breeding stock. Write full particulars.

F. PEPPARD, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange a $60 self inking Press, for a No. 1 Winchester Rifle, or a Breech-loading Shot Gun; also some White Cochins for a second hand Valise, in good order. Press warranted and references given. Write at once.

S. B. SMITH, Roxbury, Conn., will exchange extra fine Houdans and P. Cochin Hens, Pullets, and Cockerels, three pairs nice Pekin Ducks, for White Cochin Hens or Pullets, Creve Cœurs, LaFleche, or offers, of anything choice. Want nothing but first-class stock

CHAS. F. THOMPSON, Wadley's Fall, N. H., has fifty good Brown Leghorn and Plymouth Rock Cockerels, to exchange for Hens or Pullets of any kind, native or pure bred, or Ducks or Turkeys, or Poultry and Agricultural Books. Make offers at once. Postals answered.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 Harp, Piano, 3 good Violins, 1 10-keyed Accordean, 1 Evan & Watson's Sale, 1 Pocket, and 1 large Case of Homeopathic Medicines, filled and labelled in good condition, 1 Florence Sewing Machine, 1 bound vol. Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, 4 Fonts Type, assorted, 1 Single Silver-plated Buggy Harness, good as new, 1 Floebert Gun and Target, 1 Red Bird and Cage, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Electric Battery, for Alderney or Jersey Cow, or Double Breech-loading Shot Gun, or offers.

JAS. DENISON, Findlay, Ohio, will give a No. 1 early hatched Black or Partridge Cochin Pullet, P. Williams' stock, for either a Black or White Cochin Cockerel, equaly as early hatched, and good stock.

B. E. SMITH, Potts Grove, Pa., will exchange B. B. Red Game Stags and Pullets, S. S. Hamburgs, ditto, and Aylesbury Ducks, for Red Bird and Cage, Bronze Turkeys, Hong Kong Geese, or male Canary and Cage.

J. H. MORRISON, Marlow, N. H., has for exchange three P. R. Cockerels, for the same number of Hens, (light plumage,) or one of Shepard's best Folding Coops, or G. S. Bantams, Hamburgs, or offers. Not afraid of postal cards.

JOHN F. BARDILL, Nazareth, Pa., will exchange 13 Black Barbs, 12 Tumblers, all colors, 5 Snells, yellow head and tail, 2 Carriers, all in one lump. These are good birds, for offers.

R. COMEYGS, Greensboro, Carolina Co., Md., has for exchange 100 gallons of Concord Wine, (pure juice of vintage of 1875,) for second-hand Piano, Furniture, Watches, &c. Will send sample if desired

E. KRAUSE, Zanesville, Ohio, wishes to exchange a fine Maltese Kitten (male), one tame Sparrow Hawk, for offers; also fine Lop-eared Doe Rabbit, for one good Lop-eared Buck, or a young pair of Himalayan Rabbits or Singing Birds.

R. R. C. BORDWELL, M. D., Penn Yan, N. Y., will exchange Books, one Trotting Sulky, one Rabbit Hutch, made for six kinds of Rabbits, S. S. Polands, S. S. Hamburgs, L. Brahmas, and Bremen Geese, for one car load Hemlock Lumber, one good Rifle or Shot Gun, and Golden Sebright Bantams, B. B. R. Game Bantams, W. Cochins, and P. Cochins.

W. W. DEWEES, Street Road, Chester Co., Pa., will exchange Mitchell's new General Atlas, $12; Burritt's Geography of the Heavens, $1.50; Knight's Crown History of England, $2.00; Hawthorne's Scarlet Letter, and Blithedale Romance, 1 vol., $2.00, and other books, for Singing Canaries, Plymouth Rocks, Rose-comb Dominiques, or White Leghorns. No postals.

A. W. BESSEY, Box 548, St. Catharines, Ont., has to exchange a Knitting Machine, in good order, cost $25.00, for American Rose-comb Dominiques. None but good birds wanted, or offers.

E. S. FISHER, Laurens, Otsego Co., N. Y., will exchange Light Brahmas, (Plaisted stock,) White Leghorns, P. Rocks, P. Cochins, B. Cochins, for a Silver American Watch, hunter case, nearly new, or offers. Write soon.

S. P. HALLECK, Oriskany, N. Y., will exchange a St. Bernard Dog for a good Double-barrelled Shot Gun; Light Brahmas, or Plymouth Rock Fowls, if good. The dog is a large, beautiful animal, and is admired by all who see him. What other offers.

NIMROD, Traders Point, Marion Co., Ind., wants to exchange pair of White Leghorns, six months old, J. Boardman Smith strain, worth $10.00, for Setter Pup. State breed, age, sex, and color. Must be good.

A. J. LIGHT, Sherburne, N. Y., would like to exchange one pair of B. B. Red Game Fowls, premium and pedigree birds, for a pair of the same variety. Write and describe your fowls.

J. P. THOMAS, West Whiteland, Pa., has Carrier, Fan and Tumbler Pigeons, to exchange for a Setter or Beagle Dog, or Leghorn Pullets.

D. PORTER, 151 Second St., Albany, N. Y., will exchange a pair of his Long-distance Homing Antwerps, or pair of Short faced Show Antwerps, for pair of Belgian Canaries, or French Canaries, or good Black English Carrier Hen.

FANCIER, Box 1041, Williamsport, Pa., has book, "Handwriting of God, in Egypt, Sinai, and the Holy Land," $4.50; also Where to Emigrate and Why, $2.50; Cocker Spaniel Slut, liver color; and three good White Leghorn Pullets. Any of the above for first-class Brown Leghorn Pullets.

J. S. HOFFMAN, Williamsport, Pa., has 80 Light Brahma Chicks, worth $5.00 each, and upwards; one pair LaFleche, $10.00; two Partridge Cochin Hens, $2.00 each, to exchange for anything, not live stock, that is useful; or one-half above value in Grain, Potatoes, or Fat Hog.

BOX 474, Orange, N. J., wants to exchange 1 pair Houdans, 1 pair Duckwing Games, and Dark Brahmas, for Brown Leghorn Pullets, Single Harness, Jersey Calf, Sleigh, Buggy, or offers.

JOHN BROWN, Hanoverville, Northampton Co., Pa., will exchange one pair of Black and White Muscovy Ducks, 1 year old, for a pair of White Jacobins, or White Owls. Birds must be good, as mine are. All letters and postal cards answered.

GEO. O. BROWN, Brooklandville, Md., has 1 male Cal'a Quail, 1 pair Red Priests, (good), 1 Angora, and 1 Lop Buck, 1 trio P. Cochins, Black Red Game Bantams, and 1 Blue-cap Magpie Cock, premium bird, for exchange. Offers desired immediately. Postals or monogram note communications, either, solicited.

N. VARNUM, Atco, N. J., will exchange first-class Concord Grape Vines, for pure bred Poultry of any breed. Send on your postal cards.

C. A. PERLEY, JR., Baldwinville, Mass., will exchange Brown Leghorns, Black Cochin Chicks, for Java Games, Light Brahmas, or offers. Speak quick.

FANCIER, Box 314, Worcester, Mass., will exchange one trio Brown Leghorn Chicks, price $15.00; one trio Brown Leghorn Fowls, price $12.00; one pair White crested Fantail Pigeons, price $10.00; one pair Smooth-neck do., price $6.00, for Carriage Robes or Blankets, Jewelry, nursery stock, or offers. Write description and price of articles.

E. M. PEASE, 35 Grand St., Hartford, Ct., wishes to exchange a set of Key Check Dies, Letters and Figures, (steel); also good assortment of German Silver Key Checks and Rings; also complete works of Artemas Ward, 4 vols.; also Dred, by Harriet Beecher Stowe, 2 vols., for W. Leghorns, or any other kind. Write.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

G. O. BROWN, Brooklandville, Md., wants Angora and Lop Doe, Silver Sebrights, W. C. W. Polands, a good W. L. Cock, and Sultans. See exchange offers, or state lowest cash price, and describe fully.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering ONE BOOK for *Sale*, *Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

BOOKS TO EXCHANGE.

Our New West, Bowles	$3.50
A Treatise on the Passions	1.50
Time and Tide, a novel	1.00
Anabasis of Zenophon	1.50
Longfellow's Poems, 2 vols	4.00
Life of Christ, "Fleetwood"	3.00
Memorials of Wm. Penn, 2 vols	4.00
Cassell's Natural History, 2 vols	16.00
Moore's Zelluco	1.50
The World to Come	1.00
Simpson's Plea for Religion	1.50
Plutarch on The Delay of the Deity	1.50
Christ's Warning to the Churches	1.00
The Challenge Accepted, a dialogue	1.00
Colloquies on Religion	1.00
Life of Ashman	1.50
John Milton	1.00
The Principles of Natural Law	1.50
The Gift Book	1.00
The Jewish Spy, in 4 vols	5.00
The Mysteries of Paris	1.50
Six Years in India	1.00
Psychology, by Cousin	1.70
Embassy to Ava	1.00
Isa, a Pilgrimage	1.00

R. R. C. BORDWELL, M. D., Penn Yan, N. Y.

WANTED.

1. A Treatise on the Art of Breeding and Managing Tame, Domesticated, and Fancy Pigeons; by John Matthews Eaton, and published by the author, 7 Islington Green, London. 1852 Illustrated.

The Treatise of 1858 is not wanted.

2. A set of Six Matchless Engraved Colored Portraits, Life Size, by Wolstenholme, viz: The Almond, Black Mottle, Red Baldhead, Yellow-beard Tumblers, Black Carrier, and Blue Pied English Pouter.

3 A colored Diagram, or a Plan of Building or fitting up a Pigeonary, embellished with Tumblers, Pouters and Carriers.

We think there are several different diagrams, and would like all of them.

4 A set of six splendid Life Size engraved Portraits of The Fancy Toy Pigeons, colored, viz: The White Fantail, Yellow Jacobin, Silver Owl, Blue Turbit, Black-mottled Trumpeter, and the Black Barb.

All of above pictures published by J. M. Eaton.

A liberal offer would be made for any of the above in good order.

Any information regarding John Matthew Eaton's life and works would be gratefully received.

WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

BOOKS TO SPARE.

1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation ..... "
3. Mendelsohn's Elijah..... .. .. "
4. Mendelsohn's St. Paul.....Ditson's.
5. Handel's Messiah..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle..... ..Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet..... .....Lee & Shepard
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
12. The Romance of History: England. By H Neele.
13. Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of C. Dickens, by F. G. DeFontaine

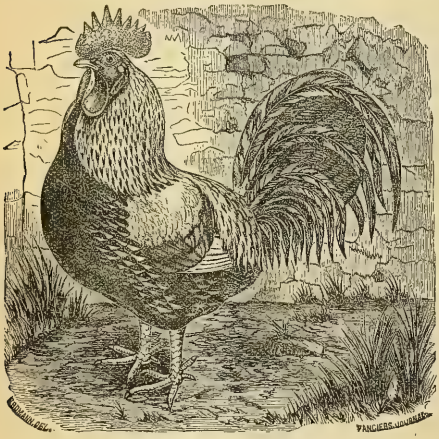
BOOKS WANTED.

1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
2. Bryant's Poems.
3. Drake's Biographical Dictionary.
4. White's Natural History of Selbourne.
5. Walton's Complete Angler.
6. Poems by "H. H."
7. Shelley's Poems.
8. Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England.

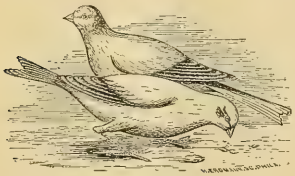
Some volumes of Harper's Monthly, and many other books.

Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books.

Write to WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.



Dark Dorking Cock. $4.00.



London Fancy Canaries. $1.50.

Game. $1.25.

Lop-Eared Rabbit. $1.25.

Poland. $1.25.

Dog. 75 cts.

75 cts.

Beard. $1.00.

Baldhead. $1.00.

Hens and Chicks. $1.25.

With Our Present Location and Conveniences, We Find Ourselves unable to give

JOB PRINTING

Our Personal Oversight. Therefore, preferring not to be responsible for others, we decline all offers of Work until further notice.

WE CAN FURNISH

ELECTROTYPES

However, as per list. Whereby persons owning what they wish to use, can have their work done at local offices, under their own supervision.

Silver Grey Dorking Cock	$4.00
Dark Dorking Cock	4.00
Dark Dorking Hen	4.00
Cuckoo Dorking Cock	4.00
Black Spanish Cock	4.00
Black Spanish Hen	3.00
Black Spanish Cock's Head	1.50
Scotch Terrier	2.50
Daschund	4.00
White Mice	1.50
Plymouth Rock Cock	3.00
Plymouth Rock Hen	2.50
Geese	1.00
White Leghorn Cock	3.00
Belgian Canary	1.00
Eggs	75
White Leghorn Hen	2.50
Dog's Head	75
Dog	75
Sebright Cock (small size)	75
Aylesbury Ducks	3.00
Brown Leghorn Cock	3.00
Brown Leghorn Hen	2.50
Mandarin Duck	3.00
Dark Brahma Cock	3.00
Dark Brahma Hen	2.50
London Fancy Canaries	1.50
Guinea Pigs	3.00
Wild or Canada Geese	3.00
Wood or Summer Duck	3.00
Lop Eared Rabbit	3.00
Belgian Hare Rabbit	3.00
Light Brahma Cock	3.00
Light Brahma Hen	2.50

PIGEONS.

Pair Pouters	2.50
" Blue Owls	1.75
" Carriers	2.00
" White Barbs	1.50
" Baldhead Tumblers	1.50
" Nuns	1.50
" Blue Owls	1.50
" Beard Tumblers	1.50
" Swallows	1.50
" Black Barbs	1.50
" Magpies	1.50
" Jacobin	1.50
" White Owls	1.50
Fantail	1.50
Small Baldhead	1.00
Small Beard	1.00

FANCIERS' JOURNAL

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER,
DEVOTED TO
THE FEATHERED WORLD, THE STUDENT OF NATURE, AND THE INTERESTS AT HOME.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

ESTABLISHED 1873.
JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

Twelve months, . $2.50. Six months, . $1.25. Three months, or less, per copy, 5 cents. Single copies, 6 cents.
POSTAGE PREPAID.

NOTICE.—Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, NOVEMBER 13, 1876. No. 44.

THE TIDES.

I saw the long line of the vacant shore,
The sea-weed and the shells upon the sand,
And the brown rocks left bare on every hand,
As if the ebbing tide would flow no more.
Then heard I, more distinctly than before,
The ocean breathe, and its great breast expand,
And, hurrying, came on the defenceless land
The insurgent waters with tumultuous roar.
All thought and feeling and desire, I said,
Love, laughter, and the exultant joy of song,
Have ebbed from me for ever! Suddenly o'er me
They swept as if from their deep ocean bed,
And in a tumult of delight, and strong
As youth, and beautiful as youth, upbore me.

LONGFELLOW.

DUTCH BULBS.

The fall of the year, says the Maryland *Farmer*, is the proper time to plant hyacinths, tulips and crocuses, which are the chief roots known as Dutch bulbs. In Holland, where they seem to grow to greater perfection than in any other part of the world, they are raised in a sort of black soil, reclaimed by draining from the sea. This is something similar to our salt marsh mud. It may be that a little salt mixed with a sandy soil would benefit these roots in our culture, but this is a mere suggestion, which, as the lawyers say, must be taken for what it is worth.

In regular garden experience these bulbs are found to do well in any rich garden soil. In planting they are set about two inches beneath the surface, with a little litter of some sort thrown over them to keep them from being drawn out by the frost in the winter season. The named kinds are, as a general thing, much the handsomest, and they offer one better chance to make a nice selection of various colors and shades. It requires more labor to keep these kinds separate and to name them afterwards and so they are more costly than the mixed unnamed kinds. As a mere matter of quality, the unnamed ones are generally as good as those which are sold as first quality roots.

The growth of hyacinths in pots and glasses of water is always of interest. Few things give more pleasure in the floral line than they do. The best results in this way are obtained when the roots are planted early in the fall, and set in as cool a place as possible, so as to give time to the roots to grow before the plants are introduced to warm rooms. If brought into these warm places before they have time to root well, their bloom is rather small. Those who grow them for forcing, and in these days of winter cut flowers, they have become popular with florists for this purpose, the best results are had from roots set singly in four inch pots at this season, and the pots plunged in sand in the open ground. If not put into too great a heat when taken into the house in October they will flower by Christmas, when flowers are in most demand. Others are kept in the pots buried in the sand in cellars or sheds, where they can be got at easily in the frosty weather, and in this way they can be had to flower in succession all through the winter.

When in glasses they are not plunged, of course, but it is usual to keep them some time in cellars or closets, as the roots always grow best in the dark.

NOTES FROM A PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Charley is talking some of going into business in Boston. If he perfects his arrangements I may look in at your office at Hartford some of those fall days, but I expect it will end in talk. *I* want to go down the Santa Barbara way, have our home in a grove of walnut trees, have a ranch, with here an orange grove, there a group of olives, and over yonder the almond orchard, and "all that you know." Charley don't. He says he's "sick of these barren sun-burned hills, of the trade winds that blow so surely every afternoon, finding the marrow in one's bones that the fogs at night may chill it." He says "we will go East, where, when it is cold everything out of doors bears you out in your shivering, and you can make and enjoy a rousing fire with a clear conscience, can draw the curtains close, and snug up to the stove and be cozy-like. How can a body do so here, where tea roses, fuchsias, heliotrope, and the like are in blossom out of doors, but the air so damp, so chilling, you feel it ten times worse than the severest frost? It's just about so. California *is* disagreeable now —the hills brown and bare that surround our cabin, seem like walls of granite; not a vestige of green anywhere except in the stretch of valley down below, and that the green of the horrid "sticky tar weed." "When e'er I take my walks abroad" and come back with my clothes stained—irrevocably stained—with this tar weed, with seeds in their ten thousand and two burry forms clinging to my garments, with myself dust-covered, my lips and hands chapped by this strange wind, I too am quite ready to begin my packing for "the States." But, do you remember those beautiful spring days, when earth, and air, and sky were so glorious in their perfectedness? When I felt there was too much of good, it made me feel that I was lacking in my capabilities for appreciation. California is like Mother Goose's little girl,

"When she's good she's very very good,
But when she's bad she is horrid."

And how delightful to think of no more fleas! I'm afraid I was not thankful enough for their absence during that last visit East. When *I* make a geography I shall give the exact condition of

things. California has two seasons, summer, when there are fleas, and winter when there are none. Sometimes, however, there is but one, and that is summer.

I had a letter from Fan. yesterday. She intended to make it lengthy, but as she says: "I've oceans to say to you, but the fleas are holding a fandango, with me for ball-room, and they create such a confusion I must delay for a season." I sweep carbolic powder into my carpets and put flea-powder in the beds, hang boughs of the bay tree every where, but when there's such a mighty reserve force out of doors, it makes a body discouraged to think of it. Yes, I know you eastern folks don't say "fleas" out loud. I well remember how horrified I was when we first "landed," thirteen years ago, and an old resident asked me had "the fleas troubled me yet?" But I was not long in learning them to be common property. I remember once seeing Dr. Bellows in the midst of a sermon just give the place on his shoulder a bit of a pinch where one was.

We go to Sonoma to-morrow. Charley thinks he can't, so Annie will take me over. I'd just as lief that Charlie shouldn't go. They're too hospitable over there in those wine vineyards and cellars. They'll show a body everywhere, give them a taste of new wine, then of a little older, and so on, "only a taste you know, that wouldn't hurt nobody," until they've sampled the cellar. Then when they feel "tired," as if they'd like to rest awhile, they lay them carefully away, and charge nothing for the headache they permit them to take with them upon their departure, *so I've heard!*

Annie is a splendid driver, and her pair of Morgans is as natty a team as I ever rode after. They are in splendid condition and feel good, so the slightest excuse will take us for a drive. All California ladies are good drivers, and riders; children are too. You know the district school is just on the corner from us, and I declare if my hair didn't use to stand on end to see the children, boys and girls both, ride. Most of them lived at a distance and came horseback, and such performances as they used to have at noon and recess! it was as good as a circus. A certain circus manager once said "it don't make much difference what kind of a clown I've got or what sort of a menagerie, but if my riding aint good, first class, tip-top, I may just as well shut up shop." Why, I've seen little Fred. when he was four years old, get Nettie between him and the fence, rest a board on her back, climb up the board, and with his hands fast in her mane start her off on a run, without saddle, bridle or blanket. Annie and I were out this morning, down to the lower ranch, only six miles, but like every other ride that can be taken in California it was full of delights. We got off about eight o'clock. I can't find words to tell you how delightfully fresh the air seems in the early summer mornings. Last night was foggy and cold, this morning the sun shone brightly, the air seemed pure and gratifying, it seemed strengthening. One might almost think the soft gray mist had purified the earth, taking the noxious and noisome with it in its flight. For two miles the road is level, along the creek shore. The scene would interest you, the long stretch of salt marsh with its samphire beds, the long-legged sand cranes standing so patiently and watching so steadfastly and earnestly the hole of maybe a gopher, ready with lightning like rapidity to spear him through with that long sharp bill; the flock of sea-gulls, brown and white, that were sailing idly against the clear blue sky; here a flock of mud hens, or of curlew. It is constant change and constant interest. How many, many times I've been over this same way, and always to find something new. The first two hills are trifles, the next is ugly; here's where those gentlemen that Annie was taking to the ranch begged of her to stop and let them get out and walk. They were "afraid, indeed they'd rather walk than ride." Oh how Annie laughed at them. "The very idea! two great men afraid to go, where I, a girl, could! As if I didn't have my own precious neck along, the very idea!"

It *is* frightful to one not used to hills; a narrow road upon a hill-side, not only very steep but with two crooks in it and ending with a railless bridge over a torrent. But my! that's nothing to some of the hills. I know one back of Oakland where for more than two miles it winds around and around, a single road-way, only once in a while a chance for a team to pass you, when up, straight up, it is solid rock, or looks like it, and straight down ditto, ditto. The first time I went over it I wished I hadn't come, but over it once I was quite ready to try again. Midway down that road a stream of cold clear water trickles from out the rocks. There we always rested and ate our lunch, and Charley never dared to say Marauga Valley, unless he wanted to find me ready waiting in the buggy for him. But one time he did fool me the nicest; I was provoked enough about it, but can laugh now. It was the 1st of April, but I'd forgotten it. I heard him say to Mary, I thought as if he didn't want me to hear, "have my lunch ready by ten o'clock, I'm going over to Marauga. Supposing he was in the stable getting his team ready, seeing the buggy was out, I hurried into my hat and duster and out into the buggy, and there I sat and waited. I saw Mary smile through the window, but says I to myself "Let those laugh that win." Finally wearied with waiting, and fearing the horse might have killed him or something I went out to reconnoiter, when lo! no Charley was to be found. Making inquiries I found the dear innocent had gone with a neighbor and been gone two hours. Coming on the day it did, they were long in being wearied of the joke.

Past the "gulch hill," as we call that ugly place, our road is through a grove of live oaks, and grand old trees, some a mass of mistletoe, others hung deeply with a drapery of moss. I told you once about that moss didn't I? Well it isn't moss at all. It isn't a bit like that which grows upon the trees of the South. Ours in California is a Lichen simon pure, and the Lace Lichen at that. The fronds are delicate webs like lace, the apothecia are found along the center sort of thick leather-like substance to which the fronds are attached. The other day I was up at Penn's Grove and I found upon different trees in the grove there, seven distinct kinds; some were different in the apothecia, and the rest in the shape of the fronds. Maybe they only differed in being of different stages of growth but it seemed to me not. But right here I must tell you a little joke; its a "Who shall decide when Doctors disagree." I was at the academy of Natural Science, in San Francisco. I talked with a professor down stairs, and in the converse said lichen (*litchen*). "Don't say that madame, I pray you, say *liken*. It is from a Greek word, etc., etc." Very well thinks I, I've learned something; lichen is prettiest but *liken* is proper, so *liken* goes. Bidding the professor adieu I went up stairs to speak with the dear good professor of botany; wishing to air my newly found learning, I said something upon *likens*. "Oh don't! That isn't proper, *litchen* is the word." Then I told him, and he, calling to the professor, how we all laughed.

Now the stuff, Florida moss I believe they call it, down South, isn't a lichen, it has a flower, a real flower. We can stuff pillows and chair cushions and the like with ours, and as long as they are kept dry they are all right, but once wet they're about equal to wet feathers; but we use ours direct from the trees, whereas down in Florida there's a world of work to be done to prepare it. But then the most of them down there show real Yankee wit in the preparing of it; they make it "pay its board while it's hanging round getting ready," and I am not sure but its *getting* ready is worth as much as it is when ready. The soil and climate down there are not favorable to potato growth—it is too dry—potatoes need moisture, so the farmers get the ground all ready, put in the potato eyes, lay over them a covering of this moss, then put on the earth. The sun upon the earth sweats and rots the moss, and the moisture it gives out is favorable to the growth of the tubers. At "potato digging" the long trenches are uncovered, the fibrous mass lifted and lo! a splendid crop of potatoes, all ready to be picked up; the moss is taken to the water, washed until only the fibrous hairy substance remains, which is then spread in the sun. When dried it is baled and sent North to be prepard for the upholsterer's use. PACIFIC.

August 1st, 1876.

Poultry and Pigeons.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ABOUT THAT CORN.

In a recent number a writer complains that Amateur did not state where he lived, as that might make some difference in his fowls doing so well on that awful corn. Now I will tell him where I live; it is in the town of Wyoming, County of Stark, and State of Illinois, 41° north latitude, 13° west longitude, and will also state that it is extremely cold here in winter, and hot as ——— in summer. Would say that my fowls are at present in very fine order, and the hens are laying the best I have ever known them to. Have nearly all moulted, and come out in nice glossy plumage, especially that Yellow D. W. Game cock, "Johnny." At present every thing is quiet, business fair, nice weather, and a good show for Johnny to come out victorious this winter.

As some one in a recent number of The Journal used my signature, I will now with best wishes for The Journal sign myself. Wing Shot.

CENTENNIAL COMMISSIONERS.

Allow me through the Journal's columns to inquire of the Centennial Commissioners, of what value they imagine the award of a medal received at their Poultry and Pigeon show can be, if, as I understand, every exhibitor of a fair specimen is to be honored (?) with at least one, and perhaps three, (first, second, and third) should he show a sufficient number of birds. If my information is correct, the question of which is the best bird of its kind, remains an open one, and cannot but prove unsatisfactory to many, who like myself exhibited with the hope of receiving a premium that would, as at all other shows, determine the standing of the winner of it, in comparison with his competitors.

Perhaps, however, we have been altogether wrong in our method of making awards heretofore, and that it has been the good fortune of the Commission to inaugurate a new and correct one.

That their system should not be credited to the very courteous superintendent, Mr. Diehl, I am sure, and I think that all exhibitors will join with me in paying tribute to his efficiency and urbanity. Carrier.

Curing a Bad Habit.—A correspondent in a late number of *Forest and Stream* says: "I once owned a cocker spaniel that had a perfect passion for killing chickens, and by the advice of a friend broke him of the habit by beating him with the dead chicken and then tying it by the legs to his neck, and compelling him to carry it around a couple of days."

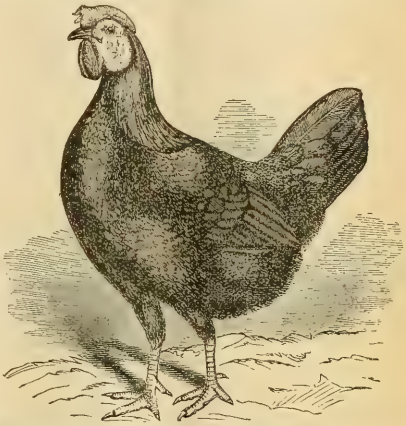
A wag, who had wrapped a piece of cloth having the word "Centennial" on it around an egg, and boiled it so that the word appeared plainly on the shell, sadly deceived a Portland (Conn.) farmer, who took it out of the nest where it had been placed and exhibited it at the office of a local newspaper as a wonderful manifestation of the hen's intimate knowledge of the history of the United States.

THE SPANISH FOWL.

by W. J. Nichols.

No. III.—Selling Eggs and Birds—Points of Spanish.

After having provided a house, the next thing which naturally suggests itself to one's mind is the occupants; then follows the question, how best to proceed in procuring a stock which shall be both good in quality and moderate in price; and I would just state that I should not advise anyone to pay a large sum for a bird simply because it was a prize winner, before first learning something of the breed and its management, otherwise it will only lead to disappointment and vexation. Many a new fancier of Spanish, and of every other variety too, who has perhaps paid a long price for a pen of birds with the idea of winning a prize,



exhibits them and finds they are not noticed, and throws up the whole thing in disgust; whereas, if he had previously obtained a little practical knowledge of what he was doing, the result would often fully realize his expectations.

In commencing with any breed of poultry, the cheapest plan would be to buy a sitting of eggs, if we could only be certain we really were getting what they were represented to be. This, however, is seldom the case, and if we consider for one moment the time, trouble, and expense it takes to breed a winning bird, it is unreasonable to expect for a guinea a sitting of eggs from really first-class birds which have taken prizes at a large show; and yet we find a number of exhibitors who do advertise eggs from cup birds, but I can most positively assert that very few indeed send out eggs from the same birds as they themselves are breeding from; and I cannot help expressing my dissatisfaction at such proceedings, for in the great majority of cases egg selling is nothing less than a swindle. My advice to all amateurs who are thinking of buying a sitting of eggs is not to waste a guinea on them, for few send out the same as they advertise. I do not mean to say that all are alike, but first ascertain the character of the man whom you are about to make the purchase of, for I am sorry to say there are a great many swindlers as well as dishonest men in the poultry fancy. Lest my remarks on this subject should be misunderstood, I would state they are only intended for those who act as I have described, and not for those who really sell them as they advertise.

I much prefer the plan of buying birds as this is far more satisfactory both to the buyer and seller. The price depends entirely upon the quality of the birds; a cockerel good enough to win a prize at a moderately large show can generally be obtained for

£5, and they can often be bought out of a selling class for £2. Good hens or pullets can mostly be had for £5 apiece; and these, too, can often be picked up at a selling class for a pound apiece.

The principal point in Spanish is the face, and I cannot help thinking too much has been sacrificed to this alone. I am a great admirer of a large face, but then it should be of a nice soft smooth texture, free from a blush or a blackness, which is common in heavy-faced birds, more especially in cocks; the white a clear opaque color, and the more seen between the wattles the better bred is the bird and the purer the white of the face will be. Of late years birds with very long broad lobes, hanging in ugly folds, and with rough and wrinkled faces, almost obscuring the sight, have been exhibited. Then there is the ribbon lobe; this is generally very long and narrow, terminating almost in a point, the face being very small and the eye clear, the lobe good in width at the top and bottom, but narrow and pinched in the middle. All of these fall far short of my idea of a good lobe or face. I prefer a bird which shows the greatest width of white between the beak and the back of the head, nicely arched and free from folds or creases.

Very few birds are seen without ugly wrinkles over the tops of the eyes, which increase very quickly, and often prevent the bird seeing upwards and if not properly attended to soon produces blindness. The eye, clear and open and not sunk, with a lump of white projecting in front of the eye, so as to prevent the bird seeing its food. The lobe as free from folds as possible, hanging loose, and well opened at the bottom, without being pinched or tucked in the middle; the greater the length the better, but it must be well shaped. Mr. Edward Jones exhibited a bird at Hereford, I am told, with a very large face; but instead of having only one lobe on each side, it appeared as though there were two, and Mr. Hewitt, who knows a good Spanish cock as well as anyone, passed it over, much to the surprise of some people.

The next thing is the comb; and Mr. Wood, in his admirable drawing, gives a very good illustration of what a Spanish cock's comb should be in shape, although perhaps it might have been made to fit a little closer to the back of the head, and the serrations would be better if they were a trifle finer. Still, his drawing of the comb and face are the best that have ever appeared, while the illustration of the pullet which accompanies this article is as near perfection as possible. She belonged to me, but is now the property of Mr. F. Waller, of Wood Green, an old fancier of Spanish, who very kindly allowed her to be sketched for the present illustration. Whilst in my possession she won the cup at Ashford and second at Norwich. I am, however, somewhat digressing, and will return to the question of comb. At the base they should be as broad as possible, for this gives greater stability—neither too high nor too large, and without sprigs or creases in front. I like them small and pretty, in preference to the great coarse things so frequently seen both in cocks and hens; this results, in a great measure, from giving prizes to birds with nothing to recommend them except the superabundance of white. The wattles should not be too large, nor should the lobe run into them.

Style and carriage is another very important point with these birds, for nothing looks worse in a show pen than some of those heavy-faced monstrosities which are nearly blind, and all huddled together in a heap? They should be active and graceful when moving, standing high on the leg, with a full prominent chest, and head well carried back. Tail moderately large, and carried somewhat high, but not approaching to a squirrel tail, which is a very common fault with Spanish. The legs of a blue or slaty color. I like to see the small scales on the inside of the legs slightly tinged with red, as it shows quality in breeding. With regard to the shape of the face in the hen, I cannot do better than refer my readers to the illustration; at the same time I would say the larger, smoother, and rounder the face is the better; that neither a cock or hen with a tucked lobe should be used for breeding purposes, and that I should also prefer to see them out of the show pen; but I shall touch upon this in my next, which will be on the breeding and exhibition of Spanish.—*The Country.*

To be Continued.

THE MEAL-WORM.

BY P. B.

Continued from page 513.

The Meal-worm, of course, lives on meal, as its name indicates; but it also feeds upon bran and flour, and, it is related that some ships' biscuits packed in casks were found, when opened, to be eaten through in holes by these insects. One authority to which I referred, states, that "these larva live in flour, bread, sugar, and even in dead and carious wood;" [this of the *family*] continuing: "those of *T. molitor* which are *found in this last substance*, etc." They frequent pigeon coops, probably for the fine grain spilled around—as the dust from cracked corn; but I am compelled to consider whether they do not also feed upon the dung of the pigeons, or at least upon the indigested grain and farinaceous matter which it contains. I have found them apparently living at home in dry manure, through which there were holes, evidently made by them. The pigeon fancier naturally wishes to know whether they are friends or foes, whether he must destroy them or favor them. One of my correspondents wrote that he considered them friends, because he thought they were the cause of the diminution in the number of lice in his loft, which was very perceptible when the meal-worms and the black beetles appeared. I doubted very sincerely that the beetles were the cause of this—indeed, I did not believe it. In reply to the question whether he had ever seen a meal-worm or a beetle devour a louse, he was obliged to answer in the negative. He thought perhaps they *drove* the lice away. Upon the second day of August he wrote that he had not fed his birds in the loft with grain since the first of May, and that he had cleaned out his coop weekly. What could have nourished the beetles, if not the lice? His loft had been badly infested with lice; the beetles appeared, the lice rapidly decreased in number. Dr. A. S. Packard, Jr., told me he did not believe they devoured the lice, but that it was possible they might have done so. W. A. Burpee, in a little book called "The Pigeon Loft," speaks almost in horror of the meal-worms, and gives an anecdote of their having "eaten alive" a young squab. In another place he writes of them as "those most dreadful of vermin." I have many of these worms in my coop, and I never had any experiences to warrant such expressions. I have raised a number of birds upon the floor in the immediate vicinity of these insects, and have repeatedly found the worms in the rough wooden nesting-boxes in my loft, and never had a squab devoured. I would like to hear the opinion of more experienced fanciers on this subject. The worms are exceedingly plenty in pigeon-lofts, but an acquaintance tells me that where mice abound they devour the worms. In my opinion, the insects themselves have no effect upon the welfare of the feathered occupants of the loft; but, naturally, they are the most abundant in unclean, disorderly, unhealthful lofts.

The eggs of the beetle I have never seen. The beetles do not seem to thrive in confinement. I have found very small worms under lumps of manure upon the floor, which could not have

been hatched long. They prefer a small crack to a roomy one. Let two small boards be placed on the floor of a loft, one, with a brick or heavy weight upon it, or even nailed down, the other, unladen and loose, and more worms will secrete themselves under the former. They seem to prefer sour meal to sweet, and will appear in a shorter time under a board covering sour meal, than under one covering fresh. They are, to some extent, fond of dampness. A farmer tells me that he finds them in his horse-crib or trough. I should prevent that, were I the farmer, for the horse cannot be benefited by feeding upon meal-worms. A case is related of the larvæ having passed from the human bowels, having been taken with the food; and an anecdote is related of a woman, who superstitiously drank clay from the grave of a priest, and who afterwards discharged beetles of the kindred genus *Blaps*. To return—the farmer says, that, by placing a little meal in his horse's trough, sprinkling it with water, and littering it with hay, he could produce a great many in a short time. A miller, whom I know, asserts that the meal-worm breeds in sour meal, that there are any quantity in his mill, but that they do no harm. A baker, who lives in my neighborhood, did not know of them; and the proprietors of a meal-store said they had but a few; another one, that the worms once bred in his store under the sink, in the dampness.

Fowls greedily devour the beetles, snapping them up ravenously and looking for more before the spectator realizes they are all gone. The would no doubt eat the larvæ, but the latter have a distinct use, and, in a small way, are an article of trade. I have sold about one thousand this year. They are used by the bird-dealers (and sold by them for the same purpose,) as food for mocking and other soft-billed birds. In England they are used for bait, with which to capture nightingales, and as food for these birds after capture. On page 450 of "The Dovecote and Aviary," the meal-worm is mentioned as bait for nightingales. One writer remarks, that it is curious that nightingales should be so fond of the meal worm, since, in a state of nature, this bird can seldom or never see them. The miller, previously spoken of, said he used to sell them for one cent apiece, to a bird-fancier; and, that he once counted out nine hundred to sell, but they unfortunately died before they were wanted. He also says he sold the beetles at the rate of two for one cent. I find the price to be about twenty-five cents per hundred, but I believe the bird store-keepers ask more than that. It is said that there are birds which will not live without such insect food as that furnished by the meal-worm. Chameleons in captivity are fed upon these worms.

I have never met with one of the pupæ of *T. molitor*. Dr. Packard says he has raised the pupa in early June from a larva found in May. A writer says: "The larva changes its skin several times, avoids the light, and at length assumes the pupa state without forming any cocoon, the imago appearing at the expiration of about six weeks, at first being a reddish color, but shortly afterwards assuming its black hue." There is another species, *Tenebrio obscurus*, which is liable to be confounded with this one. It may be distinguished by its color, which is a dull, pitchy black, and not shining, and by one or two more minute differences. The larva of *obscurus* is pale instead of cream-color. As to the geographical range of these two species, I quote the following from Riley's "Second Annual Report of the Noxious Insects of Missouri:" "The imported meal-worm beetle (*T. molitor*) swarms throughout the whole United States, and is a great pest; while the native American species (*T. obscurus*) which has almost exactly the same habits, belongs to the same genus, and is of nearly the same shape, size, and color, is comparatively rare among us, and is scarcely known to our millers and flour-dealers;" and, "as to our American meal-worm (*T. obscurus*), Curtis states that it has been introduced into England, and that it is sometimes abundant in London and the provinces, but Kirby and Spence say not one word about it, and it seems to be confined to the English seaports and the places where American flour is stored, without spreading into the adjacent districts."

I have found among a lot of meal-worms of the ordinary yellowish-brown color, and possessing hard skins, white and soft individuals, apparently having just shed their skins, and the new one not having had time to harden. They reminded me of the soft-shelled crabs so highly prized by some people as an article of food. I suppose a mocking-bird or a nightingale, while eating these insects catches eagerly at such an one as a particularly choice and desirable tidbit. The sloughed-off skins may be found in considerable abundance where the worms are plenty. They are the cast-off overcoats which have been outgrown, and abandoned on that account.

I hope some one who reads these few remarks will have the inclination, time, and patience requisite for a thorough investigation of the habits of the meal worm.

PIGEONS.

Continued from page 513.

The front of the pigeon-room, or cote, should have a southwest aspect; and if a room be selected for the purpose, it is usual to break a hole in the roof of the building for the passage of the pigeons, which can be closed at convenience. A platform is laid by a carpenter at the entrance, for the pigeons to alight and perch upon, with some kind of defense against strange cats, which will so often depopulate a whole dove-house.

Cats are yet necessary for the defence of the pigeons against rats and mice, as they will both destroy the birds, and suck the eggs; thence cats of a known good breed should be trained up familiarly with the pigeons.

The platform should be painted white, and renewed as the paint wears off, white being a favorite color with pigeons, and also most conspicuous as a mark to enable them to find their home. The boxes also should be so colored and renewed as necessary, for which purpose lime and water will be sufficient. Cleanliness is one of the first and most important considerations; the want of it in a dove-cote will soon render the place a nuisance not to be approached, and the birds both old and young will be so covered with vermin, and besmeared with their own excrement, that they can enjoy no health or comfort, and mortality is often so induced. Ours were cleaned daily; thoroughly once a week, a tub standing at hand for the reception of the dung, the floor covered with sifted gravel, often renewed.

Pigeons are exceedingly fond of water, and, having a prescience of rain, will wait its coming until late in the evening, upon the house-top, spreading their wings to receive the refreshing shower. When they are confined in a room, they should be allowed a wide pan of water, to be often renewed as a bath, which cools, refreshes, and assists them to keep their bodies clear of vermin. In the attendance upon pigeons, caution is necessary with respect to their fighting, to which they are more prone than might be expected, often to the destruction of eggs or young, or driving the weakest away.

The common Barrel Dove Cote needs no description, at the same time is adapted to every situation in which it is desirable to keep pigeons for ordinary use. To return to the room or loft; the shelves should be placed sufficiently high for security against vermin, a small ladder being a necessary appendage.

The usual breadth of the shelves is about twenty inches, with the allowance of eighteen between shelf and shelf, which will be sufficient not to incommode the tallest pigeons.

Partitions between the shelves may be fixed at the distance of about 3 feet, making a blind, by a board nailed against the front of each partition, whence there will be two nests in the compass of every three feet, so that the pigeons will sit in privacy, and not liable to be disturbed. Or a partition may be fixed between each nest—a good plan, which prevents the young from running to the hen, sitting over fresh eggs, and perhaps occasionally to addle them; for when the young are about a fortnight or three weeks old, a good hen will leave them to the care of the cock and lay again.

Some prefer breeding-holes entirely open in front, for the greater convenience in cleaning the nests; but it is from those that the squabs are likely to fall, hence a step of sufficient height is preferable. The tame pigeon seldom taking the trouble to make a nest, it is better to give her one of hay, which prevents the eggs from rolling; or a straw basket, or unglazed earthen pan, may be placed in every nest, apportioned to the size of the pigeons you breed.

A pan of three inches high, eight inches over the top, and sloping to the bottom like a basin, will be of sufficient size for a Tumbler, or a small pigeon, whilst one of double those dimensions will be required for a large Runt. A brick should always be placed in contiguity to the pan, to enable the cock and hen to alight with greater safety upon the eggs. The pigeon trap, on the house-top, is the well-known contrivance of those London rascals, who lie in wait as has been said, to entrap the property of others. A trap of another description, and for a very different purpose, is sometimes used; it is an area, on the outside of a building, for the purpose of confining in the air valuable breeds of pigeons which cannot be trusted to flight. Some are erected to the extent of twenty yards long and ten yards wide, with shelves on every side for the perching of the pigeons; thus they are constantly exercised in the air, retiring at their pleasure to the room or loft within.

(*To be continued.*)

Editorial.

THE ZOO ON SUNDAY.

And why not on Sunday? What better way to rest from the six days' weariness or gain strength for the six to come, than to wander in Nature's Garden, to look on, wonder and admire the magnitude of her works, and the fitness of her ways? How many of us are not glad to spend Sunday with Young Breeder in that "back yard" in company with his almost human Light Brahmas? and yet he is not wicked. In a pilgrimage of some forty years we have not found his equal in pure Christianity. But what has this to do with the Zoo? We had either, like the thousands of others, to go on Sunday or not at all, and who could resist the temptation when our pleasant Huon was to be the guide? We met our friend in the center of the built-up portion of Philadelphia. To our invitation to ride, he suggested that he "always walked, needed the exercise, etc." It was only three miles, partly through the beautiful Fairmount Park, and over the famous Girard Avenue bridge. The Zoo we found too crowded to admit of our examining closely its denizens, a fact we regretted as Huon was familiar with every beast and bird, could have told us so much. It was amusing to note the absurd questions of the country people present, but Huon has promised us a chapter on the subject soon. I could not but wonder as we walked beneath the noble beeches that John Penn planted near the home he named "Solitude," because being so far away from the "busy haunts of men" to need to be visited specially if at all, what would he have said at the picture spread before our eyes then? The magnificent collection of animals, the immense Centennial buildings near by, and the 24,000 humans that on that Sunday morning were admiring, peopling, his "Solitude," but with not an angry, loud or disrespectful word. So orderly in fact that the five guards are rarely a necessity. Can it be that we have reached the hight of achievement, or are there wonders to be shown the next Centennial that we *as* little dream of now? A most delightful day we spent with Huon at the Zoo, returning with him on foot to his beautiful home, where "knife and fork" had for so many months awaited us. After a hearty dinner we adjourned to the library. Time sped fast and pleasantly. Reluctantly indeed, we bade our friend and his happy family good night, resolving as soon as the opportunity would permit, to take advantage of the invitations so heartily given, to "come again."

CENTRAL MAINE POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

In accordance with a call published in a paper in the central part of Maine, a meeting has been held at this place, and the "Central Maine Poultry Association" formed, with Dr. G. M. Twitchell, Fairfield, as President, F. E. McFadden, Esq., Fairfield, Sec'y, and F. H. Foss, Esq., Fairfield, Treas., and with a full board of officers.

The society has voted to hold its first exhibition Dec. 19th, 20th and 21st, at this place.

There are here fifteen or more breeders of twenty different varieties, all of fine stock.

The interest in this part of the state is steadily increasing, and it is hoped that the show will be a success, as liberal premiums are offered.

Fairfield, Me. Per Order.

We are advised by our old friend Mr. F. H. Schwartz, of his removal from Bernville, Pa., to Robisonia Furnace, Pa., Mr. Schwartz is a true fancier. Wherever is his home, his pets will be found; and having the faculty of creating an outside interest, in them wherever they are, we may expect to hear of an awakening interest in his new location.

W. F. BLACK SPANISH.

Having seen in Fanciers' Journal that I *claimed* the premium on W. F. Black Spanish, and that the premium *belonged* to Oliver D. Schock, I want to give you the correct statement.

The premiums were awarded on Thursday. On the Tuesday previous Mr. Schock entered the Spanish. On Wednesday at 10½ A. M., I bought them of him, with the proviso that he should receive the premium money they would win, while nothing was said as to who should take the honors. He gave the judges the authority to remove them, asserting that they were my property, and Mr. Ed. Shalter, one of the judges, put my name upon the coop. Now, you as judge, to whom does the honor belong? He said the premium money would just about pay him his price for the birds. I want no controversy, but do desire what is just and honest. I wrote you the premium list with honest purpose, and it seems as though the editorial beneath the errata gave my sending a dishonorable look. I hope you will correct the matter by saying it was a misunderstanding, caused by a sale during the fair. Mr. Schock and I are good friends, and do not wish to be otherwise. Dr. Heckman.

Reading, Pa.

We thought the error we attempted to right was like so many others that have occurred—a slip of the pen.—We know Dr. Heckman too well to doubt his integrity. We felt it only due to our time, and the space our readers pay for, to print only authenticated reports. Dr. Heckman certainly owns the premium birds, but the official list must decide the question as to whom the honor of receiving it shall be.

TOLLAND CO. SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Tolland Co. Agricultural Society, held at Rockville, Conn., Oct. 23, 1876, Mr. P. W. Hudson, of North Manchester, was elected President. As Mr. Hudson is a thorough fancier, and his enterprise is directed to all varieties of live stock, we may look forward to the fair of the coming year as excelling any held since the days of Thos. Barrows, the founder of the society.

RULES AND PREMIUM LISTS.

We have received the Rules and Premium List for the Third Annual Exhibition of the Middlesex Poultry Association, to be held at Lowell, Mass., Dec. 5th to 7th, 1875.

E. T. Rowell, *Secretary.*

CARDS, CATALOGUES, ETC., RECEIVED.

Descriptive circular of high class poultry, bred by George S. Josselyn, Fredonia, N. Y. See advertisement.

Descriptive catalogue—L. E. Sinsabaugh, Syracuse, Otoe Co., Nebraska.

Card of Gray & Shermam, Foxboro, Mass., Breeders of choice Brown Leghorns. See advertisement.

Card of W. H. Rathbone, Uncasville, Ct., Breeder of White Leghorns, and Black Hamburgs.

On Sunday, Oct. 29th, 800 of the Guide Books, of which our Huon is the author, were sold at the Zoological Garden, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

The cut upon the cover this week is of a pair of Red Pile Games, imported last year from Mr. Cooper, of Limerick, by their present owner, E. T. Bailey, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

ERRATA.

No. 43, page 516, last, line, 1st column read Pigmy Pouters for Pigeon Pouters, and for J. Van Winkle read *Isaac* Van Winkle.

Correspondence.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

I have in my possession a cock of the Light Brahma breed that is a real curiosity; he was hatched the last of May, 1874. He walks as erect as any person, and has ever since he was two and a half months old; he was not injured in any way to cause him to walk in this way. There have been a number to see him and they give in that they never have seen anything like him. I intend to show him at one or more poultry shows this winter.

J. H. Morrison.

Familiar Science.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—One Day Out of Seven.—

Birds cannot always sing;
Silence at times they ask to nurse spent feeling;
To see some new, bright thing,
Ere a fresh burst of song, fresh joy revealing.

Flowers cannot always blow;
Some Sabbath-rest they need of silent winter;
Ere from its sheath below
Shoots up a small, green blade, brown earth to splinter.

Tongues cannot always speak;
O God! in this loud world of noise and clatter,
Save us this once a-week,
To let the sown seed grow, not always scatter.

LIST OF PLANTS IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, 18

Continued from page 517.

Clematis—virginiana, virgin's bower.
Cimicifuga—racemosa, black snake-root.
Caulophyllum—pappoose root.
Chelidonium—majus, celandine.
Corydalis—aurea, golden corydalis.
Cardamine—pratensis, field cardamine.
Cochlearia—amorica horse-radish.
Cerastium—vulgatum, mouse-ear chickweed; do. viscorum, sticky, chickweed.
Claytonia—Caroliniana, spring beauty.
Celastrus—scandens, staff-tree.
Ceanothus—Americanus, Jersey tea, red root.
Crotalaria—sagittalis, rattle-box.
Cassia—marilandica, American senna; do. chamæchrista, sensitive pea, dwarf cassia; do. nictitans, wild sensitive plant.
Crataegus—oxycantha, hawthorn, English thorn (May); do. crus-galli, cockspur.
Cuphea—viscosissima, wax bush.
Calycanthus—floridus, Carolina allspice, sweet-scented shrub.
Circaea—lutetiana, larger enchanter's nightshade.
Chrysosplenium—Americanum, oppositifolium, golden saxifrage, water carpet,
Cicuta—hemlock, conium, maculatum, poison helmock; do. lanatum, cow parsnip.
Cryptotænia—canadensis, hone-wort.
Chærophyllum—procumbens.
Cornius—canadensis, low cornel, or dogweed.
Conoclinium—cœlestinum, (Cœlestina cerulea).
Cirsium—arvense, Canada thistle; do. horridulum, yellow; do. pumilum, pasture.
Cynthia—virginica.
Campanula—Americana, American bell-flower.
Clethra—alnifolia, sweet-pepper bush.
Chimaphila—umbellata, pepsissawa; do. maculata, spotted wintergreen.
Delphinium—consolida, branching larkspur, (blue and purple).
Dielytra—cucularia, Dutchman's breeches.
Draba—verna, whitlow grass.
Dentaria—laciniata.
Dianthus—armeria, wild pink.
Desmodium—paniculatum.
Deutzia—scabra, rough; do. gracilis, slender; do. crenata, double, pink flowered.
Daucus—carota, wild carrot.
Diervilla—trifida, bush honeysuckle.
Dipsacus—sylvestris, wild teazel.
Erisymum—cheranthordes, false wall-flower, (scarce).
Elodea—virginica or campanulata, hypericum.
Euonymus—Americanus, burning bush; do. atropurpureus, dark purple.
Epilobium—coloretum, angle-stemmed willow-herb; do. lineare, linear leaved.
Eupatorium—fistulosum; do. maculatum, spotted eupatorium; do. purpureum; do. album, white flowered; do. perfoliatum, thoroughwort, boneset.
Erigeron—belidifolium, robin's plantain; Philadelphicum, narrow-leaved robin's plantain; do. heterophyllum, common fleabane; do. strigosum, fleabane, white-weed, daisy; do. Canadense, Canadian or common fleabane.
Epigaea—repens, trailing arbutus.
Ephiphegus—virginianus, beech drops.
Fumaria—officinalis, fumitory.
Fragaria—virginiana, wild strawberry.
Fedia—fagopyrum, (radiata) corn-salad, Lamb's lettuce; do. olitoria Pawnee lettuce.
Geranium—maculatum, crane's-bill, spotted geranium; do. robertianum, herb robert.
Galactia—glabella; mollis.
Geum—virginianum, white avens.
Gellenia—trifoioliata, indian physic.
Gaura—biennis, biennal gaura, (rare).
Galium—asprellum, rough cleavers or clivers; do. trifidum, dyers cleavers; do. aparine, common cleavers; triflorum, triflowering galium.
Gnaphalium—polycephalum, fragrant life-everlasting; do. uliginosum, mud, everlasting.
Gratiola—virginica: hedge hyssop.
Gerardia—purpurea, large-flowered, purple gerardia; do. pedicularia, lousewort; do. quercifolia, oak-leaved.

(*To be Conttnued.*)

—Magnets prepared by compressing iron filings in tubes have been exhibited to the French Academy by M. Jamin. If when soft iron filings are forcibly compressed by hydraulic pressure they acquire a cohesive power equal to that of steel.

—As the stream gradually wears the channel deeper in which it runs, and thus becomes more surely bound to its accustomed course, so the currents of the heart and mind grow more restricted to the course in which habit has taught them to flow. These intellectual and moral habits form many peculiarities of character, and chiefly distinguish one individual from another. They are, therefore, of the utmost importance.

—The seeds of some species of the genera Collomia and Gilia are enveloped in a peculiar mucilage, which develops spiracles and swells to considerable size when wet. Dr. Gray believes this to be for the purpose of anchoring, so to say, the seeds in the dry part of the world in which most of the species are found, and thus they possess in this peculiarity an advantage in the struggle. Granules of sand penetrate the mass of mucillage and hold the seed to the spot where it falls.

—The cause of the coloring of the autumn leaves is not well understood. It is said by some that the trees absorb oxygen during the night which owing to the coldness of the weather, they have not strength enough to throw out again in the day time, and this gives an acidity to the juices of the tree which changes the color of the leaves, otherwise they would be pushed down by the new buds in all their summer array. Others say that this may be true of leaves that are red, but will not account for the yellow and brown.

J. McCann.

—The ship rat is very anxious that his supply of fresh water shall not fail; he will come on deck when it rains, and climb up to the wet sails to suck them. Sometimes he mistakes a spirit cask for a water cask, and he gets drunk. A captain of an American ship is credited (or discredited) with an ingenious bit of sharp practice as a means of clearing his ship from rats. Having discharged a cargo at a port in Holland, he found his ship in juxtaposition to another which had just taken in a cargo of Dutch cheese. He laid a plank at night from one vessel to the other; the rats, tempted by the odor, trooped along the plank and began the feast. He took care that the plank should not be there to serve them as a pathway back again, and so the cheese-ladened ship had a cruel addition to its outward cargo.

—Gold in Ancient Times.—Whatever may have been the source whence the ancients obtained their gold, there is abundant evidence that this metal was admired and valued by them as much

as it is at the present day. Many of the accounts given by early writers dazzle as with the supposition that the stores of gold in those days were much larger than can be commanded at present. Thus, Semiramis is said to have erected statues of Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea, forty feet in height, and made of heated gold. Drinking-vessels made of gold, and weighing twelve hundred talents, are also spoken of. The sumptuous display of precious metals in the palaces of the great are frequently alluded to. But it has been aptly observed that the quantity diffused among the bulk of the English population of the present day, would make a sum-total far outbidding the golden wealth of those earlier days, though less obvious and glittering from being so much more diffused.

—Land and Water.—Captain Mayne Reid suggests some new ideas in regard to the occurrence of the axolotyl in the lakes of Mexico. This species resembles the larval or immature condition of many American salamanders, especially those occurring under logs in damp places. Much interest has attached to this animal from the fact that although on its native waters, at the altitude of the City of Mexico, it always remains in the larval condition, laying eggs and reproducing its kind, yet when individuals were taken to Paris, many years ago, they threw off their gills, and became transformed into true salamanders, living out of the water, and developed a totally different and much more brilliant series of coloration, with other changes in regard to the lungs, the teeth, and entire anatomy.

The special object of Captain Reid's letter was to express astonishment that descendants from the real axolotl were kept in fresh-water in the Brighton Aquarium, whereas they occupy the Lake Tezcuco—a body of water so salt that even fish can not live in it.

—The Cat and the Rat at Peace.—The Sacramento (Cal.) *Record Union* relates the following remarkable occurrence;—"Passing through the alley leading from Second to Third street yesterday the driver of a country wagon yelled to us, 'Here's something you never saw!' Ever on the alert for the new and strange we stepped over to where the grocer's Jehu had halted and looked upon a happy family outside a cage for once. A large tin can half full of water had been tilted over against a brick; on that brick sat a large rat drinking from the can, and right beside him with his head in the same can squatted a cat unconcernedly drinking from the same receptacle. Open-mouthed wonder kept us still. The cat, having deliberately quenched his thirst, licked his chops, stroked his sides, gave a whisk to his tail and trotted off. The rat continued to drink until a convenient brickbat came his way, when he jumped from his pedestal and scampered off, with a countenance expressive of pure contempt for the individual who would disturb him when even his natural enemy had permitted him to drink in peace."

—Melipones—Bees Without Stings.—Raveret Wattel gives an account in a recent journal of the Acclimatization Society of Paris of a group of hymenopterous insects known as Melipones, and found in various parts of the world, resembling bees very closely, but being without any sting. Their honey-producing qualities are very decided, and it is thought that, possibly, they may hereafter constitute an important addition to the series of domesticated insects. They occur in the warmer regions of the New World and some of the islands of the Indian Archipelago. Resembling bees in their general character, they are smaller, with a more densely clothed body and the hind feet proportionally longer. They have, it is true, a rudiment of a sting, but this is not capable of producing any injury, nor is there any secretion of poison. As in the ordinary bees, there are three varieties of individuals, the males, females, and neuters. A large number of species are known to naturalists, and others probably still remain to be described. Some of them make their nests in hollow trees, while others suspend them from the branches. These are constructed of a series of cakes, and are arranged horizontally; they do not contain two series of opposing cells, but are much like those of wasps. The honey, too, is not stored away in the cells, but is placed in little cups by the side of the nest, which are ten times as large as in the former. These constitute a sort of amphora, more or less regular, which the workmen fill little by little. They then extend the walls so as to form a sort of cover, closing them exactly when they consider them sufficiently full. The honey of the insect is said to be of a very superior quality, and the wax capable of many important applications Although deprived of a sting, the melipones are not, however, without the means of defense, but possess stout mandibles, and in biting the skin they leave upon it an acrid saliva, which produces, sometimes, an irritating wound. The spot is at first scarcely perceptible; but at the end of several hours or more a little vesicle makes its appearance, like that caused by cantharides, with this difference, however, that an active inflammation sets in and sometimes causes great suffering. Many interesting facts in regard to this insect, as occuring in different parts of the world, will be found in the article referred to.

—Feathered Centenarians.—It may not be generally known that the eagle, raven, swan and parrot, are each centenarians. An eagle kept in Vienna died after a confinement of a hundred and fourteen years, and in an ancient oak in Shelborne, still known as the "raven tree," the same pairs of ravens are believed to have fixed their residence for a series of more than ninety years. Swans upon the river Thames, about the age of which there can be no mistake, since they are annually marked by the Vintner's Company, under whose keeping they have been for five centuries, have been known to survive a hundred and fifty years and more. The melody of the dying swan is mythological. Upon approach of death the bird quits the water, sits down upon the bank, lays its head upon the ground, expands its wings a trifle, and expires, uttering no sound.

—A Novel Fish.—Our trap fishermen are continually capturing curious specimens of the finny tribe, and only yesterday one of the oddest and ugliest specimens we have ever seen was caught in the trap of William Weaver, off Taylor's Point, Canonicut Island. It is about three and a half feet in length, by about one and a half feet in breadth in its widest part, with skin like that of a shark, an ugly mouth, with four rows of teeth, and its shape is something like that of a bellows fish. Its mouth is on the head extremity, and not at all underneath, while its side fins are more like the clipped wings of a fowl. It was very savage, and when an attempt was made to take it from the trap with a large iron-rimmed scoop net, it sprang forward like a snapping turtle and seized the rim of the net, and hung to it until it was placed in the boat. One of the fishermen afterward attempted to poke him with a short stick, and the fish seemingly contracted his body and sprang savagely forward, seizing the man's finger, lacerating it severely. The nondescript weighs over thirty pounds, and is now packed in ice, awaiting the arrival of Hon. Samuel Powel, who takes charge of all novelties from the waters of our part of Narragansett Bay. None of our fishermen have ever seen anything like it.—*Newport Letter to Providence Journal.*

—The Trade in Wild Animals.—A writer for the *Mittheilungen des Vereins fur Erkunde*, of Leipzic, has just furnished an interesting article on the wild animal trade of Europe. He says that the whole business was formerly done by two men—one an Italian, named Casanova, and the other Charlef Hogenbeck, of Hamburg. In 1862 Casanova made a treaty with the wild tribes of Taka, Africa, engaging to take all they could capture, which resulted in the purchase from them of hundreds of beasts and reptiles. These were subsequently sent to the different zoological societies of Europe, and are now on exhibition. In 1874 one M. Von Reich, of Asfeld, went to Kassala and captured and bought from the African chiefs 26 giraffes, 22 elephants, 4 Caffre buffalo, 6 rare antelopes, 2 tapirs, 2 gorillas, 5 hyenas and 3 leopards. Immediately afterward Hogenbeck imported 33 giraffes, 10 apes, 10 elephants, 13 antelopes, 4 lions, 5 leopards, 4 hyenas, 5 ostriches, 8 rhinoceros and a number of huge serpents. It takes from seventy to eighty days to bring the animals from Kassala to Hamburg. From the interior of Africa to the coast they have to drive the elephants, giraffes, antelopes, buffalo, &c., on foot, fastened together with ropes and chains. Often, through the negligence of the negro attendants, the lions and leopards get out of the cages during the transit and create a general stampede, causing loss of life and great loss of money.

—Nice Pets.—Thomas L. Bond, the celebrated alligator trapper, on Wednesday morning, says the N. O. *Bulletin*, boxed up about thirty of the largest-sized alligators ever seen and conveyed them to the city park, where a picture of the reptiles was taken by Mr. Anderson. Every one of the animals kept their large jaws open, and beside them stood the trapper. We learned the following facts about these reptiles from Mr. Bond: It goes into its hole about the 1st of November, with the first cold wind; stays until the first warm day in February. The female commences laying in the latter part of May; they hatch the latter part of July and August. They eat fish, young pigs, dogs—in fact any animal that comes within reach of them—negroes and grass when they can find nothing else; they commence to eat as soon as they come out, and eat until they go into their holes in the fall. The female lays from eighteen to ninety eggs, according to the size of the female. The male lies about the nest, and if he succeeds in driving the female off devours the young as soon as hatched. The nest is made in low swamp ground; the material used is dry grass or dried cane, and raised about three and a half or four feet

high. When it is of the required height she gets on top and with her claws makes a hole and deposits her eggs, then covers over with more of the same material, then a covering of mud to make it as near waterproof as possible. The first four years after hatching they grow about four inches per year; after that very slowly, not more than from one to two. Dr. Dick says, in his "Christian Philosophy," that man and the alligator are the only animals that kill their own species by wholesale.

—Change of Color in Animals.—It is well known that chameleons change color on different trees, and that many animals, and birds, and insects resemble closely the vegetation that surrounds them. It has been recently discovered that a species of crabs have the power of modifying their own color to resemble the surface about them.

M. Pouchet, a distinguished French naturalist, took crabs caught by fishermen, of a rose or dark lily color, and put them in porcelain dishes, having white or black bottoms. In twenty-four hours the crabs were entirely unlike each other. Those in the white dish were yellowish, almost colorless, as if they had just shed their skin; those in the dark dish were of a brown red color. He then transferred them from one dish to the other, and their colors changed to correspond. By the use of the microscope he detected the causes of change.

When the coloring cells are pressed close together, they are too minute to make any impression, and this happens on a white bottom. When the animal is placed on a dark ground, the coloring cells begin to expand, send out little branches, and make themselves very perceptible. As the branches continue to distend they receive a cobalt color, and gradually settle into a brown. When the animals are transferred to a white bottom, the cells gradually contract again, till they seem colorless. This is a wise arrangement of Providence, to conceal them from their enemies.

—The Laughing Plant.—The London Garden copies, from Palgrave's work on central and eastern Arabia, an account of a plant whose seeds produce effects similar to those of laughing gas. It is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety at Oman, which attains to a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, wide-spreading branches and bright green foliage. Its flowers are produced in clusters, and are of a bright yellow color. The seed pods are soft and woolly in texture, and contain two or three black seeds of the size and shape of a French bean. Their flavor is a little like that of opium, and their taste is sweet; the odor from them produces a sickening sensation and is slightly offensive. These seeds contain the essential property of the extraordinary plant, and, when pulverized and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a most peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly, boisterously; then he sings, dances, and cuts all manner of fantastic capers. Such extravagance of gesture and manners was never produced by any other kind of dosing. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is uproariously comical. When the excitement ceases, the exhausted exhibitor falls into a deep sleep which continues for an hour or more, and when he awakens he is utterly unconscious that any such demonstrations have been enacted by him. We usually say that there is nothing new under the sun; but this peculiar plant, recently discovered, as it exercises the most extraordinary influence over the human brain, demands from men of science a careful investigation.

Small Pets.

ABYSSINIAN GUINEA-PIGS.

It cannot be otherwise than that differences of opinion will exist, and studious, honest writers make mistakes, but there is nothing to be gained by any one's getting angry and ventilating their disturbed minds through public journals, at the expense and to the injury of those who purchase and read for profit and pleasure.

I wish I could write you an early and reliable history of the Abyssinian Guinea-pigs, but cannot do so. Will write what I know from observation and letters that I have received in regard to them. You remember you told me some time ago of having seen in London, Guinea-pigs with hair like the Angora rabbits, but had never seen the like since, and I expressed a wish to obtain similar. In June 1875, I noticed in an English Journal an advertisement of a pair of Abyssinian Guinea-pigs for sale which were described as curly coated. Presuming they were what you had described, I immediately wrote to the advertiser, ordering the pigs and requesting him to get another pair and send with them if he could.

In due time I received his reply, dated June 22, 1875, in which he informed me that he put the pair in a little enclosure on the lawn in front of his house without covering it, and something, probably a cat, stole the sow, and the pair being broken, he gave the boar away to a little lady. He then said he was anticipating more young, and if he had a pair, would send them to me if I desired; I engaged them, and on 17th of February, 1876, I received the whole litter, viz.: 1 boar and 3 sows. The boar and one sow were curly, or rough coated, and the other two nearly as smooth as the common Guinea-pigs.

In regard to their history, he wrote that his first notice of Abyssinian Guinea-pigs was an advertisement in the "*Bazaar Exchange and Mart*," by a lady in Durham Co., who said they were curly coated, and the parents came from Abyssinia. A few weeks before receiving the four pigs from England I heard of a pair of Angora Guinea-pigs in New York. Upon enquiring I found that they came from London, but the one who had them did not seem to know any more about the breed than I did. I ordered the pair, and received them Feb. 8th, and when the four arrived, nine days later, I found both lots were of the same variety. I have since heard of there being some in New York that came from Germany, but have not enquired for or about them, as I have now about thirty or forty, some of which are very fine specimens. In shape, size and habits they are the same as any common Guinea-pigs, but with the most of them the hair is what I call wavy. It is not long like Angora, neither does it curl like a negro's, but instead of lying down smooth it goes in all directions. Some have it in a ridge along the neck and back, others have it twisted, or turning in different directions in several places upon their bodies, like the purl on a Turbit's breast. Some have these twists, or cowlicks, or crowns, or whatever they may be called, all over them, and look queer enough. I have some of two or three colors like the common, and now and then get a white one with pink eyes. At one of the shows in England they offered a premium for Abyssinian Guinea-pigs, and some one won it.

W. H. Brackett.

—We would like to hear from Major Cryer and others upon these animals.

THE SKUNK—SOME OF ITS HABITS.

I was brought up in the State of Maine, where skunks are plenty, the winters are long and the snows lie deep. I will write of the skunk as I saw them there.

Skunks will not dig a hole in the ground to live in if they can find one already dug, such as an abandoned woodchuck's hole. They live mostly in the cliffs of ledges, under rocks, old logs or stumps, old buildings, stone walls, and particularly under barns where fowls are kept, that they may be handy to commit their depredations on chickens and eggs.

I lived "near a beautiful stream of water," but never knew a skunk to burrow near its banks, or no nearer than my barn, about twenty rods from the stream.

Skunks are not strictly nocturnal, as I have seen them many times in *broad day*, nor do they hibernate, as I have seen acres of snow three feet deep covered with their tracks in the middle of winter; the skunks coming out from the cliff of the ledges. I have also found them under my barn in midwinter and they would come out every night and travel round, as I could tell by their tracks in the snow. If a skunk gets under a barn he's bound to stay there until you kill him, which is not always a pleasant job.

N. Varnum.

Young Folks' Corner.

IN THE CLOSET.

They've taken away the ball—
Oh, dear!—
And I'll never get it back
I fear.
And now they've gone away
And left me here to stay
All alone the livelong day
In here.

It was my ball, anyway—
Not his!
For he never had a ball
Like this.
Such a coward you'll not see—
E'en if you should live to be
Old as Deuteronomy—
As he is.

I'm sure I meant no harm—
None at all!
I just held out my hand
For the ball,
And somehow it hit his head,
Then his nose it went and bled;
And, as if I'd killed him dead,
He did bawl!

Nursey said I was a horrid
Little wretch;
And Aunt Jane said the police
She would fetch;
And cook, who's always glad
Of a chance to make me mad,
Said: "Indeed, she niver had
Seen setch!"

No! I never, never will
Be good!
I'll go and be a babe
In the wood!
I'll run away to sea,
And a pirate I will be!
Then they'll never call me
Rough and rude.

How hungry I am getting!
Let me see:
I wonder what they're going to
Have for tea!
Of course there will be jam,
And that lovely, potted ham!
How unfortunate I am!
Dear me!

Oh! it's growing very dark
In here.
And the shadow in that corner
Looks so queer!
Won't they bring me any light?
Must I stay in here all night?
I shall surely die of fright!
Oh, dear!

Mother, darling! will you never
Come back?
I am sorry that I hit him
Such a crack.
Hark! Yes, 'tis her voice I hear!
Now, good-by to every fear!
For she's calling me her dear
Little Jack!

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 31.

BY HUON.

Wombats and Kingfishers.

The late Dr. James Rush of Philadelphia when planning his magnificent building for the reception of the Rush Library—which building has since his death been erected—forbade the placing of any newspaper upon its shelves or tables forever, saying they were made up by "disjointed thinkers, and their contents therefore altogether unreliable." This sweeping assertion was brought most forcibly to my mind on reading in the leading paper of the country, Public Ledger, Oct. 31st and Nov. 1st, a report on Australia and its products, as represented in the Centennial Exhibition, in which the writer says, speaking of the Wombat, an Australian quadruped: "The Wombat is an animal very similar to a bat, but much larger, and has very large wings!" Now the fact is, the Wombat is not in the least similar to a bat, and is fitted to have a pair of wings about the same as a hog is. The Wombat is a herbivorous marsupial mammal, called a badger by the Australian Colonists, from its burrowing habits, and an ursine opossum from its resemblance to a small bear; so far from flying, it is the least active of all the Australian quadrupeds. It is found in *all* parts of Australia and is rather sought after for its flesh, which is very good though rather tough and has a slight taint of musk. The length of the Wombat is about three feet, the head measuring seven inches. It is remarkable for possessing fifteen pairs of ribs, only six pairs of which reach the breast bone.

In its wild state, the Wombat is nocturnal in its habits, living during the day in the depths of a capacious burrow, which it excavates in the earth to such a depth that even the persevering natives, as much as they desire the animal for food, will seldom attempt to dig one out of its home.

So much for the "Wombat with wings," but our "disjointed thinker" has not done with him yet, for he goes to South Australia, and there he finds the Wombat a "*vampire bat*;" and adds that "living specimens of them can be seen in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden!" Can they? The managers of that Institution would like to know where they are, and even the pair of Wombats once there are dead.

Once again I quote from this *intelligent* writer on natural history: He says the "Laughing Jackass, one of the native birds of Australia, is the largest variety of the woodpecker!" Indeed! The Laughing Jackass is a Kingfisher, and is no more related to the woodpecker than it is to a robin or wild goose, as it belongs to an entirely different and distinct class of birds.

The Laughing Jackass, or Giant Kingfisher, is an inhabitant of Australia, but not found in Tasmania or Van Diemans Land. The cry of the bird is a singular, dissonant, abrupt laugh, more startling even than that of the hyæna, fairly frightening the novice in bush life, when first he hears it.

At the rising and the setting of the sun, the Laughing Jackass is a very lively bird. At the former time it welcomes, by its strange noise, the coming day, and at the latter it again pours forth its discordant notes as if in exultation of the coming darkness.

The home of the bird is usually in the hollow of the *Eucalyptus* tree. It makes no sort of nest, but simply lays its eggs—which are pearly white—upon the soft, decaying wood.

Several of these birds may be seen in the Aviary of the Zoological Garden. They are really handsome, though not possessing such brilliant colors as some other Kingfishers. The general tint of the back and upper surface is olive brown; the wings are brown and black, a few of the feathers being slightly touched with green. The breast and under parts are white, washed with pale brown, which forms a series of faint bars across the breast. The tail, which is long and rounded at the extremity, is of a fine chestnut color banded with deep black and tipped with white.

The scientific name of the bird which is *not* a woodpecker, is *Daceto gigas*, and the sub-family to which it belongs is the *Alcedinæ*. The woodpecker is a scansorial or climbing bird, and belongs to the family *Picidæ*.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

W. G. WENCK, McEwensville, Pa., has one pair Houdans, and one P. C. Cock, first-class birds, for exchange for offers in Fancy Pigeons None but good birds wanted. Sealed letters preferred, but postals not objectionable.

T. H. HAYDEN, West Stafford, Conn., will exchange 1 trio Dominique Leghorns, matched for breeding, 5 months old; also Books, Saunders' Domestic Poultry and American Poultry Guide, American Bird and Pigeon Fanciers Book, and Taxidermist Manual, for Fancy Pigeons. State colors of bird and markings.

S. S. REYNOLDS, Carlinville, Ill., has the American Farmers Horse Book, 600 pages, to exchange for Carrier Pigeons, or Maltese Kittens or Plymouth Rock Chickens.

W. W. TIBBITS, Knoxboro, Oneida Co., N. Y., will exchange an English Pointer Pups, 5 months old; Pigeons, (needs Blue Pouter Cock and Archangel Hen,) choice Poultry, for Dry Goods or Clothing, or offers.

C. E. L. HAYWARD, Peterboro, N. H., will exchange Partridge Cochins, White Leghorns, and Single-comb Black Bantams, for Poultry or Pigeons. The above birds took 1st premium at New Hampshire State Fair this year. None but strictly first-class birds wanted in exchange.

WILLIAM CALL, JR., Haverstraw, N. Y., has three full-blooded Setter Dog Pups, three months old, (Dam by Jennings' celebrated Dash,) full pedigree given; which he will exchange for Fancy Pigeons, Breech-loading Shot Gun, or offers.

G. M. TWITCHELL, Fairfield, Me., offers for exchange P. Rocks, G. L. S Bantams, W. Leghorns, P Cochin Cockerels, for offers; and L. Brahmas, for White-faced Black Spanish. Stock extra, and the same wanted. A fair exchange is what I desire.

H. B. RATTERSON, Elmira, N. Y., will exchange a pair of Pekin Ducks, (Merrill's stock,) for a pair of nice W. F. B. Spanish or Brown Leghorn Fowls.

THOMAS SMITH, Stony Brook, Long Island, offers a thoroughbred Setter Bitch, well broke, for a trio of first-class Light or Dark Brahmas, or Bantams.

P. WELCH, Linden, N. J., will exchange one or two P. C. Cockerels, early hatch, for Buff or Black C. Cockerels, or one year old Cocks. Must be good. Mine are premium stock.

F. D. BAILEY, St. Clairsville, Ohio, will exchange Light Brahmas, White, Buff, and Part. Cochins, Todd's strain, good stock, for light Single Harness, Lap-Robe, or light Cutter. Must be good. Speak quick.

CHAS. SEISER, Doylestown, Pa., will exchange G. S. and Black Hamburgs, for trio of Houdans and S. S. Cockerel. Birds must be good.

R. M. GRIFFITH, Wilmington, Del., will exchange Fowls of 5 varieties, and Fancy Pigeons, 30 varieties, first-class, for Land in Delaware, Maryland, or Virginia; also first-class Houses in Philadelphia, for a Farm in Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, or Virginia.

HOMER CHACE, 153 Clymer St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y., will exchange L. B. B. C., W. C. B. Poland Chicks, Aylesbury, Muscovy and Rouen Ducks, for Pigs, Pear and Quince Trees, Lumber, Potatoes, Apples, Harness, Cutlery, Paints, and Furniture. What offers?

JOHN W. SUTLIFF, JR., Box 20, Johnstown, Fulton Co., N. Y., has a Carbine Rifle, and a Cottage Printing Press, and Bird Cage that he will exchange for Gloves, Sheep Skins, or Buck Skins. What other offers.

FRED J. DAVIS, 16 Cypress St., Rochester, N. Y., will exchange, for Fancy Pigeons, 1 pair Red Carriers, good breeders; 1 pair young Blue Pouters; 1 pair Pouters, Red Cock and Black Hen; 1 Blue Pouter Cock; 1 White Pouter Cock, good length; 1 Red Jacobin Cock; also Common Pigeons. What offers?

C. E. L. HAYWARD, Peterboro, N. H., will exchange Plymouth Rocks, Silver Spangled Hamburgs, Brown Leghorns, and Black Leghorns, for Poultry of other varieties, or Pigeons. None but strictly first-class birds wanted. Thoroughbred Pigs, and Fruit Trees wanted in exchange for Fowls.

SMITH & BRO., Stony Brook, N. Y., will exchange White, Golden and Silver Polands, White Sultans, G. P. and S. S. Hamburgs, Gray Dorkings, Black and White Cochins, Rouen and Aylesbury Ducks, White China Geese, for Bantams, all kinds of Jewelry, or offers.

G. DILLENBERGER & SON., 69 Clifford St., Providence, R. I., will exchange Ferrets and Lop-eared Rabbits, for good Leghorns, or first-class Fancy Pigeons, or extra fine Black-breasted Red Game Pullets, (Warren's stock,) or good Singing Canary Cock.

CHAS. SELSER, Doylestown, Pa., will exchange small Engine and Boiler, Pat Lever Silver Watch, Sewing Machine, or Fowls, for Foot Lathe, 9-inch swing, Chuck, Tools, &c.

R. R. C. BORDWELL, M. D., Penn Yan, N. Y., will exchange Books, one Trotting Sulky, one Rabbit Hutch, made for six kinds of Rabbits, S. S. Polands, S. S. Hamburgs, L. Brahmas, and Bremen Geese, for one car load Hemlock Lumber, one good Rifle or Shot Gun, and Golden Sebright Bantams, B. B. R. Game Bantams, W. Cochins, and P. Cochins.

F. H. SCHWARTZ, Robisonia Furnace, Pa., will exchange some first-class Pouters, Carriers, Owls, Barbs, Archangels, Turbit, and White Fans. See wants.

E. STUCKS, York, Pa., will exchange Bronze Turkeys, Fancy Pigeons, and Lt. Brahma Cockerels, for a new or good second-hand set of light harness for buggy use. Gum mounting preferred.

W. H. V., 10 4th Avenue, N. Y., wants to exchange 1 set light Harness, complete, silver mounted, hand made, but little used, cost $40.00, (fine), for B. Leghorns, or P. Rocks. Who offers. Good stock given. Good stock expected.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 Harp, Piano, 3 good Violins, 1 10-keyed Accordean, 1 Evan & Watson's Safe, 1 Pocket, and 1 large Case of Homeopathic Medicines, filled and labelled in good condition, 1 Florence Sewing Machine, 1 bound vol. Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, 4 Fonts Type, assorted, 1 Single Silver-plated Buggy Harness, good as new, 1 Floebert Gun and Target, 1 Red Bird and Cage, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Electric Battery, for Alderney or Jersey Cow, or Double Breech-loading Shot Gun, or offers.

JOHN F. BARDILL, Nazareth, Pa., will exchange 13 Black Barbs, 12 Tumblers, all colors, 5 Snells, yellow head and tail, 2 Carriers, all in one lump. These are good birds, for offers.

NIMROD, Traders Point, Marion Co., Ind., wants to exchange pair of White Leghorns, six months old, J. Boardman Smith strain, worth $10.00, for Setter Pup. State breed, age, sex, and color. Must be good.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

GEO. L. STILLMAN, Westerly, R. I., will give a pair of S. S. Hamburgs for a nice revolver; also a nice Light Brahma Cock, 1½ years old from Felch direct, for one L. B. Cock from Plaisted's stock. A few Black Hamburgs for exchange. Make offers.

F. J. DAVIS, 16 Cypress St., will exchange 2 pairs Outside Tumblers, or 1 pair Outside Tumblers, and 1 Blue Pied Pouter Cock, or 1 Rumpless Cock, (very good). for 1 good Singing Canary or other Song Birds. My birds are good; want same.

J. S. GOODNOW, Millington, Mass., will exchange one trio P. Cochins, Buff Cochin Fowls or Pullets, or Dark Brahma Fowls or Chicks, for a Buffalo Robe. My fowls are good. Write.

J. O. THURSTON, 786 Broadway, N. Y., wishes a pair of first-class White African Owls, in exchange for Black or Dun Carriers.

W. W. DEWEES, Street Road, Chester Co., Pa., has a complete Key Check outfit, worth $15, with some blank German Silver Checks. People's Practical Poultry Book (Lewis), $1 50; Herbert's Hints to Horse-keepers, $1.50; several volumes (unbound) of Scribner's Monthly, Atlantic Monthly, and Bibliopolist, all recent, to exchange for Plymouth Rocks, White Leghorns, or offers. Apply by letter.

MANSION HOUSE, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 trio P. Cochin Fowls, 1 trio S. P. Hamburg Fowls, 1 trio G. P. Hamburg Chicks, 1 trio White Leghorn Chicks, 3 trios Aylesbury Ducks, 3 first-class B. B. R. Game Hens, 100 pair Common Pigeons, 2 pair White Calcutta Fans, 1 pair Brown Helmets, 2 pair Black Short-faced Tumblers, 1 pair White English Carriers, 3 Parrot Cages, 5 Single Exhibition Pigeon Coops; also 4 Coops of Six Apartments, a lot of Waton's Roup Pills and Tonic Paste, for Buffalo Robes, Harness, Sleigh Bells, or offers.

JOSIAH BARTON, Yardville, N. J., will exchange 2 pairs of beautiful Ring Doves, 1 pair White Fan Hens, 1 Silver Pouter Cock, and good Tumblers, for Blue Owls, Blue Wing Turbits, White Trumpeters and Priests. Want good birds; same given.

E. R. MAYO, Fairfield, Me., has one Lt. B. Cock, '75, Felch, and 6 Hens and Pullets, pedigree given. Dom. Leghorn Cockerels to exchange for those of another strain, and P. Cochins. Will exchange for S. S. Hamburgs, B. R C. Bantams, Buff Cochins, Pea-comb P. C., or any variety of Bantams. No grumbling at postals.

THO. S. WEIDENHAMER, Milton, Pa., has 1 pair of Baldhead Tumblers, 1 odd White Tumbler Cock, 1 good Seven-shooter Revolver, 1 good Hunting Case Watch, silver case, worth $15. I will trade for 1 pair White Jacobins, or offers in Fancy Pigeons. White Jacobins preferred.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

F. H. SCHWARTZ, Robisonia Furnace, Pa., wants some first-class L. Brahmas, (Duke of York strain,) D. Brahmas, Golden and S. S. Hamburgs. Send your offers quick.

RABBIT BOOK FOR THE MANY.

Containing the HISTORY OF THE RABBIT from the earliest times. Descriptions with illustrations of all the show and fancy varieties, and full directions for their selection, breeding, and management; the treatment of their diseases, and the construction of their dwellings. Sent post-paid on receipt of 30 cents. Address

FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

WANTED.

1. A Treatise on the Art of Breeding and Managing Tame, Domesticated, and Fancy Pigeons; by John Matthews Eaton, and published by the author, 7 Islington Green, London. 1852. Illustrated.

The Treatise of 1858 is not wanted.

2. A set of Six Matchless Engraved Colored Portraits, Life Size, by Wolstenholme, viz: The Almond, Black Mottle, Red Baldhead, Yellow-beard Tumblers, Black Carrier, and Blue Pied English Pouter.

3. A colored Diagram, or a Plan of Building or fitting up a Pigeonary, embellished with Tumblers, Pouters and Carriers.

We think there are several different diagrams, and would like all of them.

4. A set of six splendid Life Size engraved Portraits of The Fancy Toy Pigeons, colored, viz: The White Fantail, Yellow Jacobin, Silver Owl, Blue Turbit, Black-mottled Trumpeter, and the Black Barb.

All of above pictures published by J. M. Eaton.

A liberal offer would be made for any of the above in good order.

Any information regarding John Matthew Eaton's life and works would be gratefully received.

WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

BOOKS TO SPARE.

1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation..... "
3. Mendelsohn's Elijah..... "
4. Mendelsohn's St. Paul.....Ditson's.
5. Handel's Messiah..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle.....Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
12. The Romance of History: England. By H. Neele.
13. Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of C. Dickens, by F. G. DeFontaine

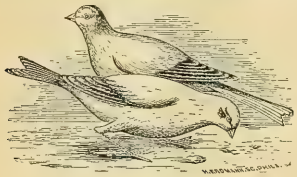
BOOKS WANTED.

1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
2. Bryant's Poems.
3. Drake's Biographical Dictionary.
4. White's Natural History of Selbourne.
5. Walton's Complete Angler.
6. Poems by "H. H."
7. Shelley's Poems.
8. Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England.

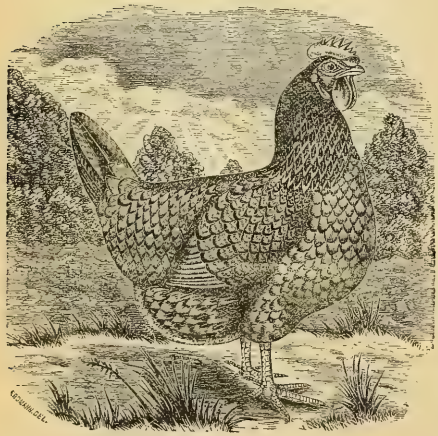
Some volumes of Harper's Monthly, and many other books.

Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books.

Write to WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.



London Fancy Canaries. $1.50.



Dark Dorking Hen. $4.00.

Game. $1.25.

Lop-Eared Rabbit. $1.25.

Poland. $1.25.

Dog. 75 cts.

75 cts.

Beard. $1.00.

Baldhead. $1.00.

Hens and Chicks. $1.25.

With Our Present Location and Conveniences, We Find Ourselves unable to give

JOB PRINTING

Our Personal Oversight. Therefore, preferring not to be responsible for others, we decline all offers of Work until further notice.

WE CAN FURNISH

ELECTROTYPES

However, as per list. Whereby persons owning what they wish to use, can have their work done at local offices, under their own supervision.

Silver Grey Dorking Cock	$4.00
Dark Dorking Cock	4.00
Dark Dorking Hen	4.00
Cuckoo Dorking Cock	4.00
Black Spanish Cock	4.00
Black Spanish Hen	3.00
Black Spanish Cock's Head	1.50
Scotch Terrier	2 50
Daschund	4.00
White Mice	1.50
Plymouth Rock Cock	3.00
Plymouth Rock Hen	2.50
Geese	1.00
White Leghorn Cock	3.00
Belgian Canary	1.00
Eggs	75
White Leghorn Hen	2.50
Dog's Head	75
Dog	75
Sebright Cock (small size)	75
Aylesbury Ducks	3 00
Brown Leghorn Cock	3.00
Brown Leghorn Hen	2.50
Mandarin Duck	3.00
Dark Brahma Cock	3.00
Dark Brahma Hen	2.50
London Fancy Canaries	1 50
Guinea Pigs	3.00
Wild or Canada Geese	3.00
Wood or Summer Duck	3.00
Lop Eared Rabbit	3.00
Belgian Hare Rabbit	3.00
Light Brahma Cock	3.00
Light Brahma Hen	2.50

PIGEONS.

Pair Pouters	2.50
" Blue Owls	1.75
" Carriers	2.00
" White Barbs	1.50
" Baldhead Tumblers	1.50
" Nuns	1.50
" Blue Owls	1.50
" Beard Tumblers	1 50
" Swallows	1.50
" Black Barbs	1.50
" Magpies	1 50
" Jacobin	1 50
" White Owls	1.50
Fantail	1.50
Small Baldhead	1.00
Small Beard	1.00

FANCIERS' JOURNAL

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER,
DEVOTED TO
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"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

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POSTAGE PREPAID.

NOTICE.—Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, NOVEMBER 20, 1876. No. 45.

EDITORIAL.

MR. A. D. WARREN AND THE POULTRY WORLD.

After our editorial in reference to the above, we met Mr. Warren on the cars and prepared for an unpleasant controversy, but not so. Mr. Warren held out his hand and gave ours a hearty shake and called us friend in the warmest terms, saying that we had acted the part of a *man* towards him at all times, and regretted very much that Mr. Stoddard had not printed his article as he had written it, but the following letter from him will fully explain itself, although he draws it on the mild side. The fact is, Mr. Stoddard's love of money gets the better of him, not only in this case but in many other similar ones. We do not blame him, we simply pity him, and sincerely hope that before he "shuffles off this mortal coil," some method will be discovered whereby he can take his money with him. Yes, he would have printed Warren's letter as received, but,—but what? "Why some reader of the *World* might see it, and buy a copy of THE JOURNAL that would not otherwise hear of it." The great (?) and noble (?) hearted Stoddard!!! He is too good for this world.

FRIEND WADE:

I am not disposed to love controversy, and am so busy now that were I disposed, I should be obliged to refrain from taking any extended part. Yet I can not allow you to have anything against me in the face and eyes of a misunderstanding, if I can set such right. You allude to me in the editorial contained in your JOURNAL, No. 40, in such a manner that I must, to clear myself, say that any private correspondence I may ever have received has always been held as *sacred*; and you mistake both the sentiment and intention if you lay that charge at my door. You desired to prevent any outbreak between Mr. Herron and myself, and held back for a time, opening the controversy, hoping I would arrange matters with Mr. H., so that there would be no need for the outbreak which you knew would ensue, for this I certainly thanked you, and believe you acted from principle, and *that* a good one, but I could not act differently. In my September letter to the *World*, I gave you praise for the manner you had treated this case. I said: "Let me say here that Mr. Joseph M. Wade, editor and proprietor of THE FANCIERS' JOURNAL felt sorry to publish this outburst of Herron's and only did it, I believe, because I advised him strongly so to do." This you will admit is true on my part so far as *I* believed it. The *World* has made some omissions from my letter, and I will give you my own words exactly: "It may be that all of the readers of the *World* do not take THE JOURNAL, even if they did, many might have passed Nos. 22 and 25, which contains the so-called Herron controversy," then I said: "I trust the fanciers generally who do not take the F. J., will purchase Nos. 22 and 25, &c." If Mr. Stoddard did not care to advertise THE JOURNAL, I am not willing to have myself charged with any *typographical error*. My original letter is ready at any time and you will see you have no reason to blame me. Very truly yours,

A. D. WARREN.

WORCESTER, MASS., Nov. 9, 1876.

A POPULAR BOOK HOUSE.

Amid the general dullness in nearly every business it is gratifying to note that the book trade is in a flourishing condition, more new books being turned out by the large houses than usual at this time, whilst the sales show a corresponding increase. This is mainly due to the advent of the cool evenings, which are always a reading time. There can be no solitude among intelligent people whilst books of every imaginable description can be had, and at such reasonable prices as now. The publishing house of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., is one of the most extensive and reputable houses in the country, have made liberal preparations for this season's trade. A large number of new books have been issued within the past three months, whilst others have been reissued whose previous editions had been exhausted, and this house can now boast of having one of the largest and best selected stock of books from which readers can wish to select. They will send their catalogue to any address if written for, and it contains a list of the writings of such popular authors as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. Warfield, Miss Dupuy, Mrs. Wood, Charles Dickens, Charles Lever, Alexander Dumas, Wilkie Collins, G. W. M. Reynolds, George Sand, and many others.

CARDS, CATALOGUES, ETC., RECEIVED.

Oliver D. Schock, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., breeder of fancy poultry, and high class pigeons.

West End Poultry Yard, Elmira, N. Y. Geo. W. Chidsey, breeder and shipper.

Geo. E Peer, 23, N. Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y., breeder of Trumpeters and Jacobins.

J. Potter, Pacific Hotel, Springwells, Mich., breeder of White and Pile Games.

Card of H. C. Wickes, 71 W. Clifford St., Prov., R. I.

Price list from Brookville Poultry Yards. Leo A. Dosch, Brookville, Montgomery Co., Ohio.

To the very many that have written us for Centennial posters, we would say, we do not know where they are to be obtained. Like rare old engravings, but a limited number having been issued, they have doubtless passed out of print.

Poultry and Pigeons.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

FANCIERS' MEETING AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The call for a meeting to be held in Judges' Hall, 3 p. m., Thursday, Nov 2d, was quite promptly responded to. John E. Diehl called the meeting to order, when some gentleman proposed Col. David Taggart of Northumberland, Pa., for President. The Col. being duly elected, the following named gentlemen were then chosen, and elected Vice-Presidents:

Philander Williams, Taunton, Mass., John E. Diehl, Beverly, N. J., Judge Luse, of Iowa, Daniel Allen, Canada, and G. O. Brown, Maryland.

G. O. Brown, Secretary.

Mr. Diehl stated the object of the meeting was to advocate and discuss anything that might further the interests of "thoroughbred" poultry, etc. It has been the usual custom of exhibitors, in such special displays at their close to thus meet for discussion, &c.

Mr. Magrane (N. J.) remarked it would be proper to propose a list of subjects to be discussed, among which he concluded that "express charges" would answer for one, and the prices of pure bred poultry both from a market, and fancier's value. Judge Luse motioned, that the express charges be now discussed. Mr. Magrane added "we are all sore-headed upon this point, and know the extortion imposed upon us fanciers, by the express companies. A concert of action is necessary to induce any material change."

Judge Luse (Iowa) remarked that many breeders in the East shipped *twenty* pounds of poultry with *forty* pounds of box. In some parts of the country if sixty pounds is shipped, it is rated as one hundred, and in other places is rated at its actual weight. Had studied the matter for years, but cannot discover any method to reach the Express Companies.

Mr. Magrane suggested that perhaps some of the large breeders might give information how to ship, what kind of boxes, &c.

Mr. D. D. Bishop (Conn.) called attention to the Canadian baskets or hampers, which he understood could be purchased at reasonable figures. These baskets are osier, lined with muslin, and could be shipped to be owned, by the receiver, &c.

J. B. Smith (Conn) advocated making light boxes; he generally used a cheese box, in which he fixed standards sufficiently high, around which was fastened canvas, or stout muslin.

Mr. Todd (Ohio) used dry goods boxes, used them by sawing off to 3 or 4 inches of bottom, then placing corner posts, and covered with laths. In winter, covered with sacking. In this way was enabled to ship a trio of mature Asiatics for 35 pounds, and other breeds proportionately. With the American and U. S. companies could always be secured reductions, but not with the Adams.

Mr. A. M. Halsted (N. Y.) stated that Express Companies received poultry in good condition, but delivered it in bad, sometimes *dead*. On flour, dry goods, &c., they made good all losses or damages, why should they make this notable distinction?

Mr. —— (gentleman unknown to the Sec'y,) called attention to the fact that at one time he had been in the employ of an Express Co., and that it is not generally known that the size of space the box occupies is taken into account by the companies as well as weight.

Mr. Williams (Mass.). The right man must be sent, one that has influence, in order to secure a hearing, the only way to get at the matter was to se committee to consult with the President of the Adams, and if successful, other companies would rapidly follow. He gave an experience in sending birds west, upon one occasion being charged *two* hundred dollars expressage, which was just double what it should have been. All efforts to have the matter corrected with the agent proved impossible. Some months later meeting an officer of the company he mentioned the case, and was requested to send him the *number* of boxes, and their exact size, which was done, and an order was subsequently forwarded for $100. *Weight* in the case had nothing to do whatever with the shipment. Boxes should be sufficiently large for the comfort of the fowls.

Mr. Halsted, on one occasion desired a Newfoundland dog forwarded to him by express. Enquiries were made of the supposed cost of transportation. One company demanded $25. Enquiry was made if this amount was not a mistake. It was not. Another company was then visited, and all they asked was $4.50. Mr. Williams, had he an order to ship a trio by Adams, if he could, would prefer to pay two or more dollars out of his own pocket, and send them by another company.

Mr. Best (L. I.) gave his experience on the manner he was imposed upon by Adams' Express company in N. Y.

Mr. J. B. Smith motioned a committee of three be appointed to confer with Adams' Express Co., carried. The president, Col. Taggart, thereby appointed as such committee, Messrs. J. B. Smith, A. M. Halsted and Philander Williams.

Mr. Bishop moved that steps be taken to harmonize the difference in judging between the English and American Standard and ideas.

Mr. Williams.—In importing birds from England we get fearfully disappointed, in one respect, in the *vulture hock*. England goes for shape and leg-feathering, but does not seem to care much for comb. Our friends from Canada accept the English Standard. He knew from observation if he had an order from Canada, for L. B., that what he would ship to a customer in the States would not answer. He thought with the exception of vulture hocks, in ten years England and U. S. would be something alike in ideas.

Mr. Magrane.—All the material difference between English fanciers and us is on Brahmas only.

Mr. Allen (Canada). They ignored the vulture hock with quills entirely, and there was no use disguising the fact that we must go to England to get good birds. No breeder here of twenty-five years standing, that could furnish them at all. There was too much trying to get *new things* into the Standard, which prevented the standard from being a fixed fact, &c.

Judge Luse—"The American Standard *remains*," and related an incident where two men were in a precarious predicament, when one suggested to the other to pray, all he knew was that little prayer, "now I lay me down to sleep," &c., well, replied the other, "say that, it's the *best we've got*." The Standard is the *best we've got, stick to it*. If we can secure a man that is competent to judge several varieties, it is preferable, and one man gives the best satisfaction; if he makes a mistake, he cannot lay it to his associate.

Mr. Bishop coincided with the sentiments expressed by the honorable gentleman from Iowa, and remarked if birds were imported, it was heralded and seemed sufficient as an advertisement, &c., even after setting up an American Standard, they import birds which are bred to an entirely different Standard. The Standard (American) enforced on judges is arbitrary. Birds were also shipped to England, that are scaled by the American Standard.

Mr. Diehl notified the fanciers present, that Adams' Express Co. had issued an order to the agents that poultry to be returned from the Centennial, must be prepaid. He had instructed his clerks to receive deposits from the fanciers who would leave before the close of the display, and give receipts for the same, so that there would be no trouble or misunderstanding. Mr. Halsted said exhibitors rather than put up with such imposition, should ship their birds to N. Y. by freight, in order to get them to some other Express Company.

Mr. Magrane.—The only difference between us and English fanciers is on Asiatics. Open judging in England—and point judges is gaining in favor there. Perhaps we may soon have an international method of judging. Judging as now conducted is faulty, and open to improvement, and the Standard needs materi ally altering.

Mr. Mark Pitman, (Mass.).—American breeders of distinction, are too much ruled by young men who want to make a Cochin a Brahma, &c. He could remember the first Brahmas had tails like the Dorking, but they could not be satisfied with them, and now they have them bob tailed, &c. The big breeders have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked. Impossible to make English and American fowls be judged by the Standard, unless it be known as a Cochin or Brahma by shape. He went in on shape. Make a big picture, a drawing of a Light Brahma cock, rub out, remodel, until we get proper shape, and then breed for that style and shape.

Mr. Bishop acknowledged he could not have had his ideas expressed any better than Mr. Pitman has given them, &c. Adjourned *sine die*.

Geo. O. Brown, Secretary.

THE SPANISH FOWL.

BY W. J. NICHOLS.

IV.—Breeding and Preparing for Exhibition.

When any kind of domestic animal is kept in confinement, one of the most interesting and instructive occupations connected with them is in matching, breeding, and rearing of their young. How carefully are they fed and all their wants attended to! How anxiously are the little offsprings watched as they grow and develop the various points we have been striving to produce; and, if our efforts to bring forth a more perfect specimen than has been seen before only proves successful, with what self-pride and gratification do we admire the results! It is this which makes the fancier, and at the same time affords the over-worked man of business a brief but most essential relaxation from his daily pursuits.

It is my intention on this occasion to give a few hints on the breeding and exhibiting of Spanish, and I hope my remarks may be found useful to those who have recently commenced to keep these birds.

Many poultry fanciers think it is a very easy matter to breed Spanish, for there is nothing but the face, comb, and style to be considered. To those who are of this opinion, I would say try them, and then they will soon find it is no easy matter to produce a really first class bird. Face is, of course, the first point, but not a mere incongruous mass of white hanging in numerous creases and folds which, when opened, almost sickens one from the horrible stench it emits, but a nice smooth surface, and yet we must not altogether despise those coarse-faced birds, for they are often very useful to breed from, especially when in and-in breeding has been carried on too closely, but for show purposes they ought not to be encouraged. One of the most successful hits I ever made in breeding was in matching one of these heavy-faced birds with some small but beautifully smooth-faced pullets which had not been crossed for some years; by this means I obtained a greater size of face without the coarseness, and in the following year they bred the winning pullet at the Crystal Palace.

In selecting birds for stock purposes, the hens should be round and smooth in face and the lobes free from tucks or folds. This is of more importance in the hens than in the cocks, for if you breed from hens with badly-shaped lobes, most of the cockerels will have very bad lobes too. The combs should be small, hanging gracefully over one side of the head. I prefer the comb always to hang on one side rather than to see them change from side to side with every motion of the head. When this is the case they are generally very large and thin at the base, and unsuitable for breeding cocks with good combs. Occasionally a hen is seen with an erect comb, but do not breed from such a bird, for the cockerels will have wretched combs. Some fanciers object to breed from pullets. My own experience is that there is very little difference whether pullets or hens are used. I rather prefer hens; but these generally commence to lay so late that they are useless for early chickens.

The cock should have a large face, the white reaching well towards the back of the head, for I have noticed that birds with a good breadth of face seldom have a pinched or a ribbon lobe. He should have a bold, upstanding carriage, with good length of leg; this latter point is of great importance, for however large the face may be, unless there is plenty of leg, with a long neck to give the body a commanding and a graceful appearance, the face is never seen to advantage, and the bird looks over-ladened in head and dumpy in body, for he cannot move his head with that freedom and grace so characteristic of these birds. Small and pretty combs are most desirable, but big combs are often the result of trying to get large faces, as I shall presently show.

Wry tails, squirrel tails, and round backs are common in Spanish, probably owing to the close in and in breeding, which has been carried on for some years. However good the bird may be in other points, never breed from any with either of these malformations, as a large number of the chickens will inherit the same deformities; and here I would just mention, be very careful when purchasing birds out of a selling class to see that they are without any of these blemishes, for many otherwise very good birds are put into these classes, and the judges, being tired or too much hurried to look the class carefully full through, frequently give a prize to Spanish only because they have a nice face.

Then there are birds with white feathers in their bodies, and also a few totally white; but these are unsuitable for breeding, and even when a few white feathers are seen in a pullet after two or three moults, she will become almost white. White legs are invariably a sign of old age, and those with black legs mostly show a smutty or dark appearance in the white of the face.

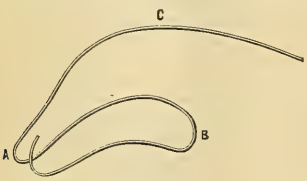
To exhibit Spanish in the best possible condition requires some amount of practice and a very great deal of patience. Trimming, or more properly speaking, plucking out the small feathers and hairs on the face to make it look whiter and rounder, is a very tedious labor; one bird often takes hours to do thoroughly, and unless done it is useless exhibiting. Only last week, at Colchester, I saw a beautiful hen—the best in the class—exhibited by Mr. Wright, but it was unnoticed from not being either washed or trimmed.

To prepare these birds for exhibition, it is necessary to keep them from the cold winds and out of the heat of the sun, for if exposed to either of these, the white will be flushed or pinky. The face must be thoroughly washed at least three times a week for a couple of weeks before they have to be sent away, and if half an hour is devoted to extracting small feathers out of the face with a fine pair of tweezers, the trimming will not be so troublesome. In washing, plenty of soap and warm water are all that is required, using a soft piece of sponge, and if there are any sores, taking care not to knock off the scab. Milk is used by

some, but this is a mistake, for it clogs up the pores and dirt soon accumulates. With cocks, when the white hangs in folds, after washing and thoroughly drying the face, if a little violet powder is dusted between the creases it keeps them dry and sweet. I have heard of all sorts of cures for scabby faces, but nothing equals a liberal use of soap and water and an occasional tablespoonful of castor oil given to the bird.

Frequent washing the face and lobes keeps them clean and free from sores, and makes them soft and supple, and often adds much to the length of the lobe. In washing or trimming, an assistant is not required, for by tying the bird's legs together, and letting their bodies rest between your thighs, sitting on a chair, you can hold them perfectly well.

As I have already stated, to exhibit these birds successfully it is necessary to keep them in confinement, moderately warm during the winter, and cool in the summer; but directly we shut them up then their combs are sure to increase in size, and this is especially so with cocks, their combs growing so large that they are often quite unfitted for exhibition; to prevent this as much as possible, various plans have been invented, but I have found none answer so well as a stout piece of wire bent after the shape of the illustration, and fixed on the head. The two points A, which do not



come quite to the front of the comb, are tied together with fine string or cotton, B going round the back of the comb close to the head, and C keeps the comb erect. Whichever side the comb has a tendency to fall towards, of course, the C must be made long enough to reach nearly to the end of the comb. By this means a drooping comb can be made to stand erect for several days, and numbers have been kept from falling over when a bird has been unwell or out of condition. I have seen combs kept erect by using thin pieces of wood, but this is a far more troublesome and clumsy plan.

Another practice, which has been done only within the last two years, is to cut away a large piece off the back of the comb to prevent its lopping over, and a great many birds have received prizes, although mutilated in this way. Every Spanish breeder knows that to get a good comb, well set on the head, is quite as difficult to get as a good face, and more difficult to keep in proper order, and yet judges will give prizes to birds with cut combs. This I think a great mistake, and I do hope we shall see no more birds with cut combs carrying off prizes; but rather let judges encourage small and pretty combs than sacrifice everything for face alone; if they will only do this I am sure we shall get smoother faced birds, which will not require large pieces of white to be cut away from over the eye or between the beak and eye. At present, if we look carefully through a class of Spanish cocks there is hardly a bird to be found which has not had either its face or comb cut, and, of course, it is not the best birds that win, but those which have been most artistically "faked." At Portsmouth show the first and second prize cocks had been terribly cut both in face and comb, and, when I taxed one of the owners, he said, "I did not do it." What ought to have been done with these birds was to have disqualified them, or at least to have passed them, as was the case at Colchester with the winner at Portsmouth. But so long as prizes are awarded to birds with cut combs and faces, we shall only go on breeding birds with large, coarse combs and face.

As an old breeder and exhibitor of Spanish, I would much rather see a bird with a smaller face, a pretty comb, and a good carriage, win a prize than the cut and mutilated specimens with nothing to recommend them but their exuberance of face and lobe.—*The Country.*

FEEDING CHICKENS BY MACHINERY.

Some two years ago, in one of my frequent visits to Europe, while in Paris, my attention was attracted to a new machine for feeding chickens at the rate of 400 per hour, and fattening them to almost double their original weight in the short space of eighteen to twenty days.

I thought this was an ingenious invention, but, like many others, did not realize that it would ever be practicable. I did not believe that fowls could bear such treatment long, say nothing of their getting fat on it. In this, however, I was mistaken, for on my last visit the past summer, I found the "Martin" machine in general use, not only by men who make a special business of raising fowls for market, but also by farmers and gentlemen living in the country.

I thought a description of the machine would be interesting to that part of your readers who busy themselves at poultry raising, either for a special business, an accessory one, or for home consumption. I give it to you as witnessed by myself, in full operation for over one year in a farm house, with the best of results.

The machine I inspected in detail is built to accommodate 400 lodgers; it is located in a clean, well-finished barn, about twenty-five by forty feet, with ample sky-lights and windows to give it a cheerful, and almost out-door day-light appearance. It contains over 300 fowls of all descriptions, every one looking happy and contented, not to have to search for a living.

At an elevation of about three feet from the ground stands a cement circular bed of forty feet circumference, having a slope towards a hole in th centre to allow water to run out freely from a waste pipe connected with it. From the centre hole rises an iron shaft, well secure at the bottom, and at the same time revolving easily. From this shaft project numerous iron arms, holding out, what I shall call a large wooden drum, about forty feet circumference, the whole revolving at the least touch. This drum is the strange coop that I am to describe.

It is eight tiers high, each one fifteen inches in height, every tier divided into small cells, nine inches wide and eight inches deep. By this we see that the thickness of the drum is only eight inches. The rest of the circumference is all unobstructed, except by the iron arms supporting the drum. Each cell is open in front, in the shape of a heart, to give the fowls plenty of air and exercise, as far as thrusting their heads out is concerned, for it is all they can do. They are secured by one leg by a small chain, and the width of the cell is such that they cannot turn around. The back of the cells is completely open, and the depth being only eight inches, as I said before, there is no occasion for dirt of any kind to rest in it; it naturally falls inside of the open circumference and on the cement platform, already mentioned.

Twice a day the keeper will enter the drum by pulling out some cells arranged for that purpose, and using plenty of water keep the place as clean as possible, the waste in the centre carrying all dirt and water to a cistern where it is kept for gardening purposes.

Now that we see the drum all occupied by the feathered tribe, all anxious for the dinner hour to come, I will try to describe the feeding machine as well as I can.

Within a few inches of the drum, and between perpendicular beams, well secured and lined with iron sliding ways, is an iron tank, capable of containing, say forty gallons. In this is the food,

composed of skimmed milk and corn meal, the mixture having a semi-liquid consistency; no water is given. On the top of the tank stands the keeper, who, by a crank at his right, can elevate or lower himself and machine, as may be required, to reach one tier of cells after another. Every cell is numbered, and a place is reserved to write the date of entry. We will begin, say at cell No. 1, on the lower tier. The keeper takes hold of the head of the fowl with his left hand; with his thumb he opens the beak, and with the right thrusts an india rubber tube into the throat of the chicken, or whatever the fowl may be; then with his left hand he closes the beak and makes it as tight as pos-ible, while his foot, pressing on a pedal, works a pump that forces into the fowl the necessary amount of food. Some require more than others, but the keeper knows his boarders, and he has in front of him a gauge in the shape of a dial, the hand of which shows exactly the quantity absorbed. This dial he watches carefully as he presses on the pedal, or else he might burst the crop of the fowl.

The instant this is done the keeper lets go of the fowl and the work is over, the fowl simply making the motion that we see in any animal that has eaten too fast. One undeniable proof that it does not hurt the fowl is that as their turn comes to be fed, you can see them projecting their necks out in hope to advance the time of their repast.

No. 1 being satisfied the keeper moves the drum and brings No. 2 in front of him, and so on until he has gone through one row of cells. Then he turns the crank just enough to bring himself and machine at a convenient height to work tier No. 2 easily; then tier No. 3, 4, 5, 6, &c. Fowls are fed three times a day—at day-light, noon and sun-down, and the place thoroughly cleaned twice per day. The fowls, chickens in particular, will fatten to almost an incredible size in a very short time, and when split open will show a very healthy condition.

The machine is kept in operation constantly, from the fact that in France chickens are hatched the year round by both natural and artificial means, and the result is that fat and tender chickens are to be found in the markets at all seasons.

Should any of your readers require more details, I will be able to furnish them in a few days.—*Alexis Godillot in American Grocer.*

CHESHIRE COUNTY ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Cheshire County Poultry and Pet Stock Association was held here Thursday. The following board of officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

President, Hon. Horatio Colony, Keene.

Vice-Presidents, Hon. Edward Farrar, Keene; Daniel W. Tenney, Marlboro'; Hon. James Burnap, Marlow; Dr. O. H. Bradley, Jaffrey; Jos. B. Abbott, Richmond; Noah W. Hardy, Nelson; Dr. Samuel Richardson, Marlboro'.

Secretary, John W. Sturtevant, Keene.

Assistant Secretary, Lucius C. Doolittle, Keene.

Treasurer, Geo. A. Litchfield, Keene.

Executive Committee, M. J. Russell, Harrisville; P. Frank Amidon, Hinsdale; Jas. H. Morrison, Marlow; Wm. Reed, Westmoreland; Edward A. Pickering, Ashuelot; Curtis G. Britton, Keene; C. E. L. Hayward, Peterboro'; J. Frank Emmons, Keene; E. R. Spaulding, Jaffrey; Geo. D. Wheelock, Keene; Edward Spaulding, Keene; Chas. H. Powers, East Jaffrey; Clark F. Rowell, Keene; Scott W. Bullard, Keene; Geo. D. Wheeler, New Ipswich; Fred K. Pratt, Keene; E. E. Lyman, Keene; Theron Hayward, Gilsum; Geo. W. Eastman, Swanzey; Geo. B. Holland, Walpole; Henry H. Tenney, Keene.

Auditing Committee, Wm. P. Chamberlain, Keene; S. A. Gerould, Jr., Keene; Jas. H. Fisher, Keene.

The Exhibition will be holden at City Hall, Dec. 19, 20, 21. A liberal premium list will be ready for distribution soon. Everything indicates an unusually fine show is predicted. The Treasurer's report shows $124.11 in the treasury.

"THAT CORN."

Place, Wingshot, was not the only question to be answered to make "that corn acceptable to the beginner." There was another. "What breed do you keep?" Which question your "Johnny" answers. Yes, with *Games*, I should think you might find corn profitable to feed *any where*, in *any quantity*, and for *all time*.

As some one once said in The Journal, "The nervous breeds require more food, and that of a different character from those breeds whose characteristic is the making of fat and flesh." Feeding a nervous bird is like feeding a fire in a stove of good draught, and every draught open. There's a constant destruction of material. Take two persons, one fleshy, phlegmatic, the other thin, nervous. Which requires the greater amount of food? The one quiet, suffers but little waste, whereas with the other the waste, the expenditure, is constant. Though they sometimes say of themselves, they "eat so much it makes them poor to carry it around."

It won't do for you with your *Game* experience to advise Young Breeder with his Lt. Brahmas, unless it is with malevolent intent.

Eliphalet Stowell.

A NOVEL EXPERIMENT.

Mr. Editor:

A gentleman, Lt. F. E. Pierce, 1st Infantry, Fort Randal, Dacota Ter., in writing me upon a business matter, gave me his method of experimenting with Leghorn Cocks' combs to prevent their freezing in that cold latitude. The idea seemed so novel to me that I will give it to you, as it may be of use to some of your readers who are fanciers of this fine fowl, and who live also in cold climates.

"It is so cold here that it is very difficult to keep fowls during winter without their being frozen. Especially do the combs of White Leghorns suffer; and this winter, the combs of my Light Brahmas were a little touched.

"As an experiment, I took two W. L. cockerels with very large combs, and made caps of flannel, which were made to fit nicely, and then slipped on from the rear of the comb, and fastened by passing a fine platinum wire through the cap, and the top of the front of the comb, and twisting the ends together. It has worked well. The caps have remained in their places, and on examination not a particle of the comb is frozen where the cap covers it, although they have run out all winter. The thermometer has stood on one occasion, 44° below zero, and frequently 39, 35, 28, 23, 19, &c. below. During one 24 hours it was not once above 19° below.

"I did not succeed so well with the wattles, as the sacks made for them would not stay in place, and could not be fastened so as to cover the whole. Where covered, however, they are perfectly preserved."

This is a simple device, and by its application many a Leghorn's comb might be saved, and, having the idea, a little ingenuity on the part of the experimenter may contrive a plan to succeed in shielding the wattles as well as the combs.

Yours truly,

A. M. Dickie, M. D.

SECOND ANNUAL POULTRY SHOW.

The Second Annual Exhibition of the Genesee Poultry Association is announced to commence in Batavia on the 10th day of January next, and continue the six following days. There is every indication of a very large exhibition of Poultry, Pets, etc., and we would suggest to those intending to exhibit to select the best birds from their flocks now, and have them in proper condition for the Show. The premiums will this year be very liberal and the managers contemplate to get up an exhibition worthy the Genesee Country.

THE POULTRY CENTENNIAL.

The display of poultry and pigeons in the Pomological Building, on the Centennial grounds, hardly came up to the "great expectations" of the attending or visiting fanciers. It seems, or rather proved, that the "Lord Clyde" steamer story was a *hoax* The arrangement of the coops was well enough, but the distribution of fowls in them was too scattered, and the varieties, also, *not* placed, as they should have been, together; consequently some of the rows had but few coops with fowls in. It must, however, in justice to Mr. Diehl, be added that, as he remarked, had not his hands been "*tied with red tape,*" the arrangements would have been more practical, and many things were not, that should have been—*would have been, etc.* As the poultry was thus scattered, it was difficult to carry in memory the points of one pen of birds, to compare with another in a different part of the hall. As to scaling them, we made the attempt, but the *crowd* was too intense, too demonstratively inquisitive, etc. Light Brahmas were greatest in numbers; some excellent specimens, and some *not.* Mr. A. B. Todd is said to have reported that he sold a pair for $125. Darks, there were but few coops, and, with one or two exceptions, not remarkably choice birds. P. Cochins, as a class, were rather better. Those "under one year" being in several pens very excellent. In Buffs we were somewhat disappointed,—none, to our idea, being good and even in color. Symmetry, size, leg feathering, were in many instances all that could be desired. White Cochins, there were a dozen and a half coops; among them, many really extra specimens. For the number of coops, the Whites might be considered more for *quality* than quantity. Black Cochins, only a few specimens, but generally good, with the exception of legs, which were too *dark.* Games were a good class, showing many fine birds, and some *pit* bred birds also. Hamburgs, especially the S. S., we were disappointed in, hardly any of the nine coops exhibited (excepting one coop of Mr. Seavey's,) containing birds of as high standard as the Boston or Buffalo shows bring out. G. S. were more numerous in numbers, and, with a few exceptions, miscellaneous only. The S. P. variety contained some choice hens and pullets, uniformly and fine marked; much better than the males. G. P., only a few coops, to which can be applied the remarks on S. P. Blacks, over a dozen coops. Coop No. 1, "under one year," being, to our idea, the best in the class. Black Spanish, 15 coops, containing some really good, and some *really* bad specimens,—some very warty-wrinkly-faced-birds, that should not have been in a show-pen. White Leghorns, thirty-one coops, among them some very choice birds. In many cases, however, the cocks' tails approached too near the squirrel order. Browns, there were twenty-six coops, some notably good in combs, ear lobes, plumage, and style. Dom. Leghorns, three coops, of medium quality only. Some meritorious Dorkings, Warner taking the lead in numbers, if not in quality also. Houdans, generally good, though some deficient in crest,—more notable in the males—and the fifth toe in many instances not properly developed Creves and La Fleche, three coops, two of first named and one of latter, all good birds. Polands, white, were only an average class. Silvers were better, and contained some fine specimens. P. Rocks, twenty seven coops, with several really choice pairs,—but few with perfect yellow legs. In many instances, the genuine P. R. shape was wanting. Dominiques, a baker's dozen of coops, and none of extraordinary merit. No doubt "our opinion" will not be relished by some of the exhibitors, and we can only offer in palliation to what we say *pen*-sively, that no doubt neither they nor their stock are to blame—but our *ideas* and *expectations* are perhaps a little *balloonish.* So let us add in advance, that, gentlemen who will *bless us,* we forgive you. Bantams, in nearly every class, were well represented, with many beauties. The finest specimens of Bronze Turkeys we ever saw were exhibited, and a grand pair of Wild, from Mr. James Storm, of Missouri. The White Hollands were also good, both in plumage and size. The specimens of Geese were also good, as were likewise the several varieties of Ducks. The great attraction—the *greatest,* I should say, were the magnificent Silver, Golden, and Ring-necked Pheasants, exhibited by Messrs. Seavey, Rooke, and Waefelaer. The Canadian birds were allotted a space by themselves, and generally speaking, their birds were of a better average quality than the American bred. The Asiatics being noticeable for prodigious leg feathering, with marked presence of *hock* feathers. The Games were strongly represented by Mr. Allen, with some very high class birds. The Houdans were also good, but in many instances had scaly legs and bad feet. Polands, good, the W. C. P. the best we have ever seen. Bantams also fine. Ducks, few in numbers, but in nearly all instances of uniform good quality. Pigeons, there was a grand and extensive display of wonderful fine specimens. Among the largest exhibitors were Messrs. Cahill, Seavey, and Newell. I leave them for some of your pigeon fanciers to talk about.

One of the great "*episodes*" to be long remembered in connection with this "show" was the "*Fanciers' Centennial supper,*" held at assembly rooms, Tenth and Chestnut streets, and was attended by the following fanciers:

Philander Williams,	Geo. W. Bradley,	S. H. Seamans,
E. D. Crownshield,	R. F. Shannon,	T. L. McKeen,
Alson B. Todd,	C. H. Hawkins,	F. F. Corson,
C. W. Chamberlain,	Mark Pitman,	C. Fitzgerald,
D. C. Waterhouse,	W. T. Rogers,	Z. C. Luse,
G. O. Brown,	A. M. Dickie,	W. H. Doel,
Jas. A. Storm,	W. T. Eisenhart,	G. W. Fredericks,
W. Sanderson,	M. H. Bardwell,	Philip Rogers,
H. Enos,	John Parker,	John D. White,
Geo. F. Seavey,	Daniel Allen,	A. C. Nellis,
F. W. Robertson,	P. F. Amidon,	J. C. Long, Jr.,
H. H. Black,	D. D. Bishop,	W. H. Hulick,
D. H. Brown,	C. J. Ward,	G. A. Atkins,
A. P. Groves,	E. M. Deyo,	J. D. Nevins,
		J. E Diehl.

Several gentlemen came in after we were seated at the supper table whose names I did not get. As it is, the list embraces a representation of fourteen States and the Canadas,—pretty good for an impromptu meeting. I believe the affair was originated by Messrs. Pitman and Diehl. Remarks were made by Mr. P. Williams, chairman, and vice-presidents of the evening as follows:—Judge Z. C. Luse, Iowa; C. J. Ward, Ill.; W. T. Rogers, Penn.; J. E. Diehl, Penn.; G. W. Fredericks, S. H. Seamans, Wis.; and D. Allen, Canada. Also by D. H. Brown, R. I.; P. F. Amidon, N. H.; D. D. Bishop, Conn.; G. O. Brown, Md.; Jas. A. Storm, Mo.; W. H. Todd, Ohio; and Mark Pitman, Mass.

Although it was a temperance supper, there was a full flow of spirits *a la* good humor; and the courteous and friendly greeting of fanciers was of such a nature as to cause all participants to be glad they were present, and no doubt the affair will be pleasantly remembered by us all. Such social intercourse is beneficial to the fraternity, and indulgencies of this kind should be more frequent.

Yours very truly,

Centennialist.

Some time ago on buying a fine rooster which did not show up good, the seller remarked that he would be all right in a day or two as he had been under cow (cowed). We thought no more of the matter until we overheard (a day or two afterwards), Jimmy, our Irishman, remarking to a friend of his. "Come Mike, till I show you the rooster that the cow laid on." The answer was "be jabers, it must have been a very small cow."

PIGEONS.

Very convenient baskets are now made of the cradle form, with partitions, or separate apartments. They serve for the carriage of pigeons for matching, or putting them up to fatten, or for any other of the usual purposes. I have seen them lately, in the basket shops on the Greenwich road, two or three miles from London. Food and water should be given in such a way as to be as little as possible contaminated with the excrement or any other impurity. Our pigeons having been constantly attended, we have never found the need of any other convenience than earthen pans; but there have been ingenious inventions for this purpose, of which the meat box, and water bottle following are specimens. The meat box is formed in the shape of a hopper, covered at the top to keep clean the grain which descends into a square, shallow box. Some fence this with rails or holes on each side, to keep the grains from being scattered over; others leave it quite open, that the young pigeons may the more easily find their food.

The water bottle is a large glass bottle, with a long neck, holding from one to five gallons, its belly shaped like an egg, that the pigeons may not light and dung upon it. It is placed upon a stand, or three-footed stool, made hollow above, to receive the belly of the bottle, and let the mouth into a small pan beneath. The water will, in such wise, gradually descend out of the mouth of the bottle as the pigeons drink, and be sweet and clear, and always stop when the surface reaches the mouth of the bottle.

To *match* or *pair* a cock and hen, it is necessary to shut them together, or near, or within reach of each other; and the connection is generally formed in a day or two. Various rules have been laid down by which to distinguish the cock from the hen pigeon; but the masculine forwardness and action of the cock is, for the most part, distinguishable.

Incubation.—The great increase of domestic pigeons does not proceed from the number of eggs laid by them, but from the frequency of their hatching. The hen lays but two eggs, and immediately proceeds to incubation.

Having laid her first egg, she rests one day, and, on the next, lays her second egg. They usually stand over the first egg, not sitting close until they have two, whence both the young are hatched about the same time: there are some exceptions, however, to this rule of nature, and the hen having sat close at first, one young bird may be hatched a day or two before the other. They often spoil their first eggs from inexperience.

The period of incubation is nineteen or twenty days from laying the first egg, and seventeen or eighteen from the last. The labor of sitting is equally divided between cock and hen, excepting that the hen always sits at night. She is relieved in the morning by the cock, which sits during the greater part of the day. The business of feeding the young is also divided between the parents; and the cock has often brought up the young, on the accidental loss of his mate. Should not the eggs be hatched in due time, from weakness, some small assistance may be necessary to extricate the bird from the shell; or should they be addled, it is generally held necessary to provide the cock and hen with a borrowed pair of young, or at least one to feed off their soft meat, which else may stagnate in their crops, and make them sick; but as young ones for this purpose may not always be at hand, the exercise of flying, fresh gravel, and those saline compositions generally given to pigeons, are the proper remedy. Addled or rotten eggs should be immediately removed.

Pigeons are extremely liable to be lost by accident, and that which is unaccountable, although they will find their way home from such great distances, they nevertheless often lose themselves in their own neighborhood. Should a cock or hen be lost during incubation, the eggs will be spoiled in twenty or thirty hours, and may then be taken from the nest; but if the accident happen after hatching, the single parent left will feed the young. Should both parents be lost, the young are very easily accustomed to be fed by hand with small peas or tares, much preferable to barley. We did not find any necessity for recourse to the old housewife's instrument, a hollow reed.

THE POWDERED OWL, MAHOMET, AND DAMASCENE PIGEONS.

It is mentioned at page 301 of Mr. Fulton's "Book of Pigeons," that the late Mr. Matthew Wicking "was the first to invent, or produce, or introduce the color known as powdered blue." I believe Powdered Blue Owls were in existence last century, but Mr. Wicking may have produced them for himself. Mr. Moore in the "Columbarian" (1735) says of the Owl, "This Pigeon is in make and shape like the former (the Turbit), except that the upper chap of its beak is hooked over like the Owl's, from whence it has its name. Its plumage is always entirely white, blue, or black." He says nothing as to the blue being in any way different from other blue Pigeons, so that I would suppose Powdered Blues were not known to him. The colors of the Owl in his day are the colors of the African Owl now, except as to Pied Blues and Blacks, the result of breeding white and colored birds. Coming to the Mahomet, Moore says, "This Pigeon is no more in reality than a White Barb," and he then describes how it gets the name of the Mahomet. Thirty years later, in 1765, appeared the "Treatise on Pigeons," dedicated to John Moore. The author, after quoting Moore's description of the Mahomet, says, "So far Mr. Moore, and I think he has extremely well accounted for its being so called; but it is the opinion of many fanciers that the bird called a Mahomet is nearly of a cream color, with bars cross the wings as black as ebony; the feathers very particular, being of two colors, the upper part or surface of them appearing of a cream, and underneath a kind of sooty color, nearly approaching to black, as are likewise the flue feathers and even the skin, which I never observed in any other Pigeons but these; its size much like that of a Turbit, with a fine gullet, and in lieu of a frill the feathers rather appear like a seam; the head is short, and inclined to be thick; hath an orange eye and a small naked circle of black flesh round the same, and a beak something resembling that of a Bullfinch, with a small black wattle on it." Now, referring to Mr. Ludlow's portrait and Mr. Caridia's description of the Damascene in Mr. Fulton's new book, there is no doubt that the Mahomet of 1765 and Damascene of to-day are identical. The head, beak, gullet, and seam all tell of its relation to the Owl tribe, and no other Pigeon I know of would do so well to cross with the Owl; in fact, I think that between 1735 and 1765 the cross was made, for the author of the Treatise says of the Owl, "The blue ones should have black bars cross the wings, and the lighter they are in color, particularly in the hackle, the more they are valued." Is not this the description of a Powdered Owl? The Mahomet or Damascene is the powdered color to the highest degree. I lately mentioned this idea of the origin of the Powdered Owl to Mr. Caridia, and he agreed with me. He says, in his description of the Damascene, "This variety, in my opinion, is one of the most useful for experimental purposes."

Mr. Wicking may have discovered a remnant of the breed of Powdered Owls, being a very keen fancier, but what I think more likely is that he got hold of the Damascene or Mahomet, and made the cross himself. He may have had the very pair of birds mentioned by Mr. Brent. In Mr. Brent's book, page 26, he gives the description of the Mahomet from the Treatise of 1765, but says he does not remember having seen any such birds. Again, at page 109 he gives the points of the Mahomet as follows:—"Black wattle and cere; sooty skin and down; seam on

the breast; soft silver color [a more true description than cream]. No harm in offering a class, but I fear the bird is extinct." However, after he so wrote he appears to have seen a pair of these Pigeons, for I find in Mr. Tegetmeier's book of Pigeons, page 138, and in Eaton's treatise of 1858, page 102, the following:—(Brent). "This (the Mahomet) is one of the varieties of fancy Pigeons with which I have but a very slight acquaintance, having only once seen a pair at a London dealer's, and their appearance gave me the idea of a cross between an Owl and a Barb Pigeon; nevertheless, their seam and black wattle, cere, and skin I consider sufficient distinctive peculiarities to give them a place among fancy Pigeons as a separate variety. It is very probable that the present relations existing between this country and the Sublime Porte may cause the introduction of other varieties of Pigeons from the East." And has not Mr. Brent's idea come to pass in the introduction by that grand Pigeon-fancier, Mr. H. P. Caridia, of the beautiful gems the Turbiteens, Satinettes, Blondinettes, &c., from Asia Minor? Who so likely as Mr. Wicking to get hold of the pair of Mahomets seen by Mr. Brent at the London dealer's? He might have lost one of the pair before they were acclimatised, and the most likely match for the survivor would be a Blue Owl. Mr. Fulton says, "Great was the surprise of many London fanciers when the new and startling beautiful color came upon the stage. The first we ourselves saw was about the year 1854. The color was produced—very likely partly by some lucky chance—by crossing Blues and Silvers, and it is most singular that, so far, crossing it with any of the small foreign specimens seems to overpower it, and it dies out." If my theory is correct the Powdered Owl is only after all half-bred as regards powdering, and therefore it is no wonder the color goes when crossed with the dusky Blue African. But if some experimental breeder would make the cross anew between the Damascene or Mahomet and the Blue African better results might follow, and certainly the produce would be better in head and beak than any Powdered Owls I have seen. Mr. Fulton says, "It was well put once in our own hearing by that old and much respected fancier Mr. Esquilant, who remarked that the only certain way of seeing a really true-bred English Owl now was to see a Powdered Blue." This is as much as to say that other English Owls than "Powdered" birds have been crossed with the African breed to improve them. No one after looking through Mr. Fulton's book will need to be told that Mr. Ludlow is not responsible for the coloring of the plate of English Owls. Some one has made a mess of it. The publishers would do well to publish a fresh plate, as it mars the whole book. —James C. Lyell, *in Journal of Horticulture.*

Correspondence.

Will some Fancier inform me through The Journal the best disinfectant for pigeon-lofts, and oblige, H. T. W.

[A free use of lime, both air-slacked, and in the shape of white-wash. Also cleanliness. Ed.]

Villytelfy, Nofemper Sefen, 1876.

Meister Vade:

Vot in te vorldt is te yuse ov all dot egsidemend apoudt soom nasdy schnakes? Dem vellers Phoga und McGann bedder pe ashamet mit demselefs. I dold you vy. Vat toes Phoga no apoudt Firshinny schnakes und vot toes McGann no apoudt Bensilfany schnakes? Firshinny schnakes is nod Bensilfany schnakes py a long shodt, und fisey fersey (Dot's big langwish, dond id? I bed you McGann likes id). You see in Firshinny efery varm-hous has an abble schack tisdillery so you see te schnakes is tifferendt. In Bensilfany ve only hafe te Citer bress und so te schnakes dond hafe sooch "*viry ise und vlaming dongue.*" Iv a schnake bides a Firshinian, te schnake ties. Iv id bides a Pensilfany dudchman, te dudchman ties. You see efery pody dond see id ride. You bed McGann is ride apout scharming. How is id in te Rum Maniag—by Pilly Shakesbeer or soom ov dem vellers—ven he says, "Dake him avay—I schling my poot-schack ad him!" Dot veller is scharmet mit der schnakes. Ov cors id is. Iv you dond pelief id you jusd go town mid der Moyamensing brison in Villytelfy, und go indo der burgadory und you see te vellers schradching te schnakes ov te bet glose. Dem vellers is all scharmet mit der schnakes. How is id mit Efe? Vy efery pody nows dot vooman vas scharmet mit a schnake or she dond ead any ov dot fruid. Und how apoudt dot prasen serbend vat Moses puds on a bole in der vilterness? Vy dot heprew schews yusd look ad dod serbend und vas curet mit der schnake bides. Dot growdt is all scharmet. "*Vot ride hafe ve do toubt dot schdademends?*" You cand go pack on Moses.

Und how apoudt dot schunk pusiness? I dold you all apoudt id. You see in Bensilfany iv a schunk cooms oud in taydime he soon cooms along mit a schule-hous und te poys schling schdones ad him, so he dond coom oud ovden. In Firshinny he can run apout all te veek und nefer coom agross a schule-house. Dot kindt of drash hafe to keep glose in Bensilfany. Und how apoudt ids purrow? You dond nefer findt oud apout id in dot country liprary; id aind always reliaple. Yuhon und McGann petter go oud und tig von oud ven te oldt veller is ad home. Den dey no all apout id. Iv dot coundry liprary holdts oud und dond purn town ve hafe Nadural Hisdory town breddy vine pefore te nexdt Sendennial. You bed! I hobe dot is nod schlang.

Yures efery dime,

Schonny Schproagle.

Familiar Science.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

FASCINATION—PHOCA IN ANSWER TO J. M. M'CANN.

My article was written without consultation with any authority, and was the result of my own observations. I had never heard of Dr. Barton's Memoir (not being given to collating essays on Natural History from libraries) but have since made search for it, and found it in Bingley's Animal Biography (1805), and am sorry it is too extended for use here—but the following quotation from it may have escaped Mr. McCann's notice: "The result of not a little attention has taught him, that there is but one wonder in the business;—the wonder that the story should ever have been believed by any man of understanding and observation."

"I have yet to learn that there is any variety of bird or squirrel that would willingly sacrifice its life in defence of its young," says Mr. McCann. His observations of nature are very limited indeed if he does not know that birds and squirrels will make a vigorous defence of their young. It is an indisputable fact that they sometimes lose their lives in defence of their young, and are sometimes the victors. Birds and animals, like human beings, possess different degrees of courage, and so, the demonstrations are not always the same.

The following from the article on the Mocking-bird, from Cassell's Natural History, seems to have been taken from Wilson's Am. Ornithology, where it appears in substance, with but a little change in phraseology.

"During the period of incubation, neither man nor animal can approach the nest without being attacked, and cats are speedily made to fly. But the bird is especially enraged by the black-snake; no sooner is this reptile discovered, than the male darts on it with the rapidity of an arrow, and, dextrously eluding its bite, strikes it incessantly and violently on the head, where it is

very vulnerable. As the snake becomes sensible of its danger, it tries to escape, but the mocking-bird is thus encouraged to redouble its exertions, and unless its antagonist be very large, it often succeeds in destroying the foe. As the strength of the snake begins to flag, the bird seizes it and lifts it up partly from the ground, beating it with its wings; and when the work is completed, the bird returns to the nest and pours forth a song in token of victory."

The Ferruginous Mocking-Bird—Cassell's Nat. History.

"The admirer of woodland melody may well look on the engraving given on page 121 with the liveliest interest. A snake has attacked the inmates of the nest, while it is defended with a courageous spirit by the male bird, as he exerts all his powers to extricate his beloved mate from the coils of the reptile, which has almost deprived her of life. At the call of the mate, another bird of the same species has come with a rapid flight, and with his bright eyes fixed with deadly hate, he is prepared to attack the snake; while a third is grappling with the reptile, and intent on tearing its skin from its body. Who will not wish the bird to be victorious, and their united assaults to be fatal to the invaders? The desire was happily realized, for Audubon, who relates the fact, says: "The snake was finally conquered, and a jubilee held over his carcase by a crowd of thrushes and other birds, until the woods resounded with their notes of exultation. I was happy in contributing my share to the general joy, for, on taking the almost expiring bird into my hand for a few minutes, she recovered in some degree, and I restored her to her anxious mate."

Mr. Bartram, in a note quoted by Wilson in his Am. Ornithology, says—"Yesterday I observed a conflict, or contest between a cat-bird and a snake. It took place in a gravel walk, in the garden, near a dry wall of stone. I was within a few yards of the combatants. The bird pounced or darted upon the snake, snapping its bill; the snake would then draw itself into a coil, ready for a blow; but the bird would cautiously circumvent it, at a little distance, now and then running up and snapping at it, but keeping at a sufficient distance to avoid a blow. After some minutes it became a running fight, the snake retreating; and at last it took shelter in the wall. The cat-bird had young ones, near the field of battle."

To be Continued.

TENEBRIS MOLITOR—A QUERY.

In the article "the meal worm," it is spoken of as the "dark loving miller," and "is one of the many species of beetles which love the darkness, and which when exposed to the light, do all they possibly can to get back into the darkness again." Can "P. P." or any one interested in these insects or in general natural investigations give a reason for this shunning—avoidance of the light? Does the light cause pain? If so what portion of the insect is so sensitive to its action? Can we not go still further and ask the special place the "lovers of the dark" fill in Nature's economy? What part have they to play that they are so *compelled to it* by this peculiar sensitiveness, a sensitiveness not individual, but so general as to characterize a species? Q. C.

—The Charleston *Journal of Commerce*, of November 1, says: "The city was swarmed last night with several species of birds, some resembling very much the dove, but considerably smaller than that bird, and other small birds, about the size of the sparrow, resembling nonpareils. These little visitors made their appearance about nine o'clock in large numbers all over the city. They could be seen skimming the pavements, dodging into the corners of the doors and windows. One gentleman on Market street caught twenty-six in his store in a short time, and caged them in his show case. The *Journal of Commerce* office was attacked by them, and the windows of the composing room had to be shut down to keep them out. Sea captains say they indicate that there has been a fearful storm in some locality, and that these birds have been driven from their abode by the storm. They are evidently a species of bird from far off, and not accustomed to our climate, as they appear to be very much at a loss here."

—What came from the Well.—The Salisbury (Del.) *Sentinel* says:—"On Saturday morning, Mr. Samuel J. Turner drew up from his well, in the water bucket, a most curious reptile. The thing, which looks something like a huge lizard, is about twelve inches long, and is of a dark brown or leaden color, with dull yellow spots over his entire body. It has a head like a frog, is white under the throat, and its breathing-holes are situated on the top of its upper jaw, in the same manner as a porpoise's. It has four legs and a large flat tail, about the same length as the body. With this tail it can propel itself through the water at a very rapid rate. It is by some supposed to be a triton or water-newt, but Dick says that it is a spring-feeder, and that if he is removed from the well, the well will go dry, as his mission is to keep the springs open, and they generally go in pairs."

Young Folks' Corner.

For the Fanciers' Journal.

INDICATIONS OF WINTER.

The leaves are falling from the trees,
And coldly blows the Northern breeze;
The *Humming Bird* has taken flight
To Southern regions warm and bright,
The *Butterfly* no more is seen;
The *Frog* in coat of russet green
Is in some spring securely hid.
And silent is the *Katydid*;
The *Grasshopper* is heard no more;
The *Squirrel* hath laid in his store
Of nuts, in some old hollow tree,
And dormant lies the honey *Bee*,
The noisy *Locust* too is dead,
The *Cat-Bird* to the South has fled;
The croaking *Tree Frog's* voice is still,
We list in vain for *Whip-poor-Will*.
The *Fire Fly* with its sparkling light,
No more illumines the glade at night,
The *Dragon Fly*, with gauzy wings,
The *Hornet* with his pointed sting.
And many other insects gay,
Have with the Summer passed away:
The *Turtle* too has ceased to crawl;
The *Tumble Bugs* to roll their ball;
No more the *Lizard* sports around,
But hybernates beneath the ground;
Beneath some stone, or in some brake
Lies hid the deadly *Rattlesnake*.
The sprightly *Bat* no longer sails
Around, when evening shade prevails.
The *Crane*, the *Swallow*, *Rail*, and *Swan*,
Have to a warmer climate gone:
Wild Ducks and *Geese* from Northern lake
A Southerly direction take.
The *Beaver* has retired to dwell
Within his ice bound citadel;
Fair Flora's Summer reign is o'er,
Bright flowers bedeck the vale no more.
The woods and fields look quite forlorn,
The air feels chilly night and morn;
All vegetation at a stand,
Denoting winter near at hand;
Thus nature forcibly and clear,
Points out the seasons of the year,
And seems to say to great and small—
A Providence reigns over all,
No matter where the power may lie—
Beneath the earth—above the sky—
A voice through all Creation cries:
The book of Nature never lies.

Peppercorn.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Nov. 9th, 1876.

RECENT ARRIVALS.

1 Quail (*Ortyx virginianus*). Presented by Mrs. M. R. Sweeny, Phila.

3 Raccoons (*Procyon lotor*). 2 Great Horned Owls (*Bubo virginianus*). Presented by J. D. Towner, Blount Spring, Ala.

1 Red-vailed Hawk (*Buteo borealis*). Presented by James P. Massey, Phila.

2 Savens (*Corvus corax*). Presented by John L. Maistre, Phila.

1 Malayan Tapir (*Tapirus malayanus*) 2 Young Indian Elephant (*Elephas indicus*), 1 Black Leopard (*Felis pardus*), 1 Chacma Baboon (*Cynocephelus porcarius*) and 2 Eider Ducks (*Somateria mollissima*). Purchased.

2 Fournier's Capromys (*Capromys pilorides*). Born in the garden.

1 Snowy Owl (*Nyctea nivea*). Presented by Josiah Fitzgerald, Phila.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen'l Supt.

TAMING THE TIMID TROUT.

FISH THAT BECAME FAMOUS BECAUSE THEY WERE EDUCATED—HOW THEY GRADUATED FROM THEIR NATIVE BROOK INTO THE MUSEUM.

I was much fonder when a little girl of taming animals than of playing with my dolls, and had domesticated raccoons, mink, squirrels, and even a hen-hawk which I kept chained to a tree near my bed-room window. I never was much interested in fish except when nicely browned and placed before me, until one day my father spoke of catching some trout and trying to keep them alive and tame them.

Springfield, Mass., as its name indicates, has many natural springs, and our grounds of three acres had five or six, from which the water flowed pure and cold during the hottest of summer days. We selected a spring at the foot of the green terraces back of the house, which, being hidden from the bright sun by the overshadowing locusts, we thought would be "just the spot" for some trout.

We had it dug out in square shape and sunk a wooden box 10 feet long, 8 feet wide, and three feet deep, and laid pipes to conduct the water in at one side and out at the other, as trout will live in none but running water. Around the box we built a kind of platform, and enclosed this with the daintiest of white fences. Grass plots in pretty designs and white gravelled walks completed the surroundings.

On the day appointed for our excursion we arose early and learned from father that the weather was propitious and trout would bite well.

We had decided to go to Cowslip Brook, four or five miles out from Springfield, where the variety of trout was larger, lighter colored, and more brilliantly spotted than in other streams near by. We had fine Limerick hooks (the best for trout fishing), from which we broke the barbs, so that the mouth of the fish should not be lacerated. My brother, sister, and myself baited the hooks with worms, but father, who was a skilled angler, used an artificial fly. He cast it in a dark nook under a rock—for trout are very shy and keep hidden away—and in a moment swayed his rod towards the bank and floundered a beautiful trout weighing about a quarter of a pound into the grass. We caught him in our hands and put him safely in the fish kettle we had made for the transportation of fish. It was made of tin, oblong in shape, and held about three gallons of water. There were two perforated covers that hinged across the center of the kettle and lifted up from each end. The covers were without moulding, and shut closely down into the top of the kettle two inches below the edge, so that the water would not spill out with the motion of the carriage. We continued to fish for about four hours, and caught nine trout, weighing from one ounce to one quarter pound each, which we put in our spring.

We went out next morning to look for them, and not one could be seen. We thought they must have been stolen, but father suggested our poking under the platform with a stick; which we did, and they darted out into sight. We tried feeding them with raw beef finely chopped, and they seemed to let it drop to the bottom of the spring without eating; yet if we left them and returned again we found the meat had disappeared.

One day my brother Sam put a live pickerel among them "for company," he said, and a few hours afterwards I found him swimming about composedly with the tail end of a trout protruding from his mouth. It took him all day to swallow and digest this morsel, and before his appetite came on again I had him removed.

Little by little our trout gained confidence, and in a few weeks would eat the meat as soon as it was thrown into the water. After a while they would come to the surface of the water when any of the family appeared, and would dart back and forth significantly until fed. If hidden under the plank we would whistle or make a sharp sucking noise with the lips, and they would come to the surface. We taught them to feed from our fingers; we would hold out the meat just above the water and they would swim up and take it. But when feeding them thus they would bite our fingers dreadfully. On one occasion I had the first finger cut open the whole length. After this we put the meat on the end of a bluntly sharpened stick, and by swaying it as they came to the surface we taught them to leap out of the water a length of two feet.

Through the middle of the spring was a cross-beam which came to the top of the water, and we taught them to leap entirely over this.

One male fish darker colored than the rest was intensely greedy and never allowed the other fish a mouthful until he had taken his fill. They seemed to be afraid of him and kept out of the way until he was satisfied. When of four pounds weight he would eat two ounces of beef, and after he could not accommodate any more would continually take pieces into his mouth and spit them out. After such a dinner he would lie comfortably and lazily on the bottom of the spring for several hours.

They had young every year, but as is the case when not protected they were always devoured by the parents.

The tame trout became very popular after a while, and after several attempts were made to steal them we had them guarded by a large watchdog. Nearly all people who visited Springfield came to see the trout. There were persons from every State in the Union, and from Europe and Canada. During the summer we have had at many as 200 visitors on Sunday.

We kept the trout for seven years, and they weighed from three to five pounds. As they grew old they were less active—one became blind and two lost their teeth, but they were always attractive in form.

After a time the irrepressible Barnum, whom I had but just forgiven for suggesting to my mother the propriety of exhibiting my fat baby brother at his "Baby Show," came along and offered a high price for the trout. Feeling that we could not keep them comfortably during the fall and winter, as we were going to make improvements on the place, we consented, with many regrets, to let them go. When the bargain was closed we received with the rest a small measure or so of complimentary tickets to the museum and lecture-room, a pleasure Mr. Barnum always indulged in when he had made a good bargrin. The trout were on exhibition at the old museum for the winters and returned to us summers, as they could not live in the Croton water. They died finally, I really believe, from old age.

I. B. Roberts, in *Graphic*.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

J. REBMEISTER, Box 163, Batavia, N. Y., will exchange 1 pair of White Leghorns, and a trio of Chicks, for a pair of Black Fans. None but first premium birds wanted.

E. G. McKINSTRY, Box 230, Chicopee, Mass., has for exchange a French Microscope, power 2,000, 6,000 and 10,000 times 20, 40 and 100 diameters, separates into 11 parts, frame polished brass, packed in a black walnut case, with accompanying instruments for works on Drawing, Painting, or Astronomy.

ROBERT HOWARD, North Adams, Mass., will exchange Standard White and Brown Leghorns, Partridge and White Cochins, Dark and Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, and White-faced Black Spanish, for a first-class Black-pied Pied Pouter Cock, or other Fancy Pigeons. None but A 1 birds wanted, as mine are.

C. W. GUIGNON, P. O. Box 479, Warren, Pa., has for exchange one trio P. Cochins, early hatch and fine exhibition Birds, also 2 Brown-breasted Red Pit Hens, Dead Game, for S. Duckwings, or B B. Red Game.

ISAAC S. SCHADE, Tulpenhocken, Berks Co., Pa., will exchange 21 pairs Partridge Cochins, value $2.50 per pair; 3 pairs G S. Hamburgs, value $2.50 per pair; 35 Golden and 14 Silver Spangled Hamburg Cockerels, value $1 25 each, for what offers. Anything that will not eat.

WM. W. MOYER, Rehrersburg, Pa., will exchange one No. 1 Part. C. Cock (cost $5.00), with 5 very fine Hens; 1 pair G. S. Hamburgs. Cock took 1st prem. at Easton; one pair Chicks, early hatch: also Carrier and Fantail Pigeons, for what offers.

H. J. EATON, Concord, N. H, has for exchange 4 Dark Brahma Hens, 5 White Leghorn Cockerels, 1 Partridge Cochin Hen, for a Standard Light Brahma Cock, or White Leghorn or Light Brahma Hens or Pullets. None but good stock sent; the same wanted.

EDWD. I. BROWN, Galt, Ont., will exchange one pair Bronze Turkeys, worth $35.00, (Vanderveer strain,) for trio first-class Plymouth Rocks, or offers. Write.

BOX 112, Turbotville, Northumberland Co., Pa., has a pair of young Singing Thrushes, for a Mocking Bird, or one of them for a Cardinal or Red Bird, a good whistler; or will exchange the pair for a No. 1 White-crested Black Poland Cockerel or Cock. Must have large crest.

T. J. McDANIEL, Hollis Centre, Me., has Brown Leghorn Pullets and Cockerels, exhibition birds, 55 and upwards, and Bronze Turkeys, to exchange for cloth or ready made clothing. P. C. communications invited always.

D. P. VAN HORNE, Bainbridge, N. Y., will exchange Plymouth Rock or Brown Leghorn Cockerels, for Silver Gray Dorking Cockerels; a Black Red Game Bantam Cock, for a Red-winged Jacobin Hen Pigeon.

HENRY C. WICKES, 71 West Clifford St., Providence, R. I., will exchange a full-blooded English Pointer Dog Pup, ten months old, marked liver and white, for an Esquimaux, Scotch Terrier, Bull Dog, or offers. They must be good stock, or no trade, as mine is as good as there is in the State.

THOS. RIDGWAY, Haddington, W. Philadelphia, Pa, will exchange Pearl Guinea Fowl, Black Bantams, Antwerp Pigeons, &c., for W. C. Black Polands, Brown Leghorns, White Leghorns, White-face Black Spanish, or offers Speak quick.

T. A. HIESKELL, Box 834, Bangor, Me., will exchange Brown Leghorn Cockerels or Pullets, for a good Setter or Pointer Pup. Must be good, as mine are.

H. G. FOWLER, Auburn, N. Y., has a cage of Stuffed Birds, value at $15, to exchange for White or Brown Leghorns, or Houdans. Make me an offer.

E. A. SAMUELS, 125 Tremont St, Boston, will exchange Band and Orchestra Music for first class Black Cochins to any amount; will also exchange for a thorough-bred Setter or Pointer Dog, if partly trained. Correspondence solicited. Catalogue mailed if desired.

GEO. W. DIXON, Box 188, Worcester, Mass., will exchange Black Cochin Fowls and Chicks, Black Red and Brown Red Game Bantams, Ginger Red and Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, also Red and White Pyle Game Bantams, for Black Game Bantams, or Irish Gray Game Bantams, also Pure White Guinea Pigs and Colored Guinea Pigs, for Merchandise. My Bantams have always won 1st and 2d premium wherever shown.

S. P. STONE, Farmes Village, Seneca Co., N. Y., will exchange one pair of D. Brahmas, four L. B. Hens, three B. B. R. Game Pullets, for B. B. R. Game Bantams, Red Pile G. Bantams. None but first-class stock wanted; will give the same.

DR. B. F. BEARDSLEY, Binghamton, N. Y., has some very fine L. B. Cockerels, exhibition birds, weight from 8 to 9½ lbs., Williams strain; P. R. Cockerels, Coddington strain, and B. B. R. G. Bantam Chickens, very fine, from Spaulding's best stock, to exchange for first class L. B. Pullets, same strain as mine—large, fine, and fit to exhibit anywhere. None but first-class birds sent or received. Also Cinnamon and White Jacobins to exchange for L. B. Pullets.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a nice Family Horse, seven years old, weight 1,000 lbs., sound and kind, for a registered Jersey Cow.

A. L. BANKS, Mount Kisco, N. Y., will exchange trio of India Silkies (imported), for a genuine Meerschaum Pipe, with Amber stem. Must be sound, and A No. 1 in every respect.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 Harp, Piano, 3 good Violins, 1 10-keyed Accordean, 1 Evan & Watson's Safe, 1 Pocket, and 1 large Case of Homeopathic Medicines, filled and labelled in good condition, 1 Florence Sewing Machine, 1 bound vol. Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, 4 Fonts Type, assorted, 1 Single Silver-plated Buggy Harness, good as new, 1 Floebert Gun and Target, 1 Red Bird and Cage, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Electric Battery, for Alderney or Jersey Cow, or Double Breech-loading Shot Gun, or offers.

CHAS. SEISER, Doylestown, Pa., will exchange G. S. and Black Hamburgs, for trio of Houdans and S. S. Cockerel. Birds must be good.

JOHN W. SUTLIFF, JR., Box 20, Johnstown, Fulton Co., N. Y., has a Carbine Rifle, and a Cottage Printing Press, and Bird Cage that he will exchange for Gloves, Sheep Skins, or Buck Skins. What other offers.

G. DILLENBERGER & SON., 69 Clifford St, Providence, R. I., will exchange Ferrets and Lop-eared Rabbits, for good Leghorns, or first-class Fancy Pigeons, or extra fine Black-breasted Red Game Pullets, (Warren's stock,) or good Singing Canary Cock.

E. STUCK, York, Pa., will exchange Bronze Turkeys, Fancy Pigeons, and Lt. Brahma Cockerels, for a new or good second-hand set of light harness for buggy use. Gum mounting preferred.

MANSION HOUSE, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 trio P. Cochin Fowls, 1 trio S. P. Hamburg Fowls, 1 trio G. P. Hamburg Chicks, 1 trio White Leghorn Chicks, 3 trios Aylesbury Ducks, 3 first-class B. B. R. Game Hens, 100 pair Common Pigeons, 2 pair White Calcutta Fans, 1 pair Brown Helmets, 2 pair Black Short-faced Tumblers, 1 pair White English Carriers, 3 Parrot Cages, 5 Single Exhibition Pigeon Coops; also 4 Coops of Six Apartments, a lot of Waton's Roup Pills and Tonic Paste, for Buffalo Robes, Harness, Sleigh Bells, or offers.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a C Cornet, cost $60, for a first-class Central-fire Shot Gun. Must be in good order, as the Cornet is.

S. P. BULLAS, Providence, R. I., will exchange 1 full-blooded Scotch Terrier Dog, extra nice, color light brown, for Swallows. Yellow preferred.

G. E. PEER, 23 N. Clinton St., Rochester, N. Y., will exchange 1 W. Leghorn Cock, 1 Spinshed Trumpeter Cock, 2 Yellow Jacobin Hens, 1 Black Jacobin cock, 2 Pouter Cocks, 1 pair of Blue Pouters, for two Red Trumpeter Hens, or offers in Jacobins, Trumpeters, or Bald-head Tumblers.

MATT HAFLE, Foxburg, Pa., will exchange one trio S. G Dorkings, and 2 Cockerels, one Cock and 4 Hens G. Sp. H., one Cockerel and 8 Pullets G. Sp. H., one pair Rouen Ducks, all A No. 1 birds, for Canary Birds, Vinegar, Lard, Butter, Cigars, or offers.

BOX 31, Strasburg, Pa., wants Light Brahma Pullets of "standard" excellence for exhibition, in exchange for carefully bred Buzzell Pullets, slightly dark on back. Will exchange liberally.

CHAS. E. LONG, Lancaster, Pa., will exchange Archangels, Blue Owls, White Jacobins, Red Magpies, Pouters, Blue Antwerps, and a fine lot of Black B. R. Bantams. See want column.

LOWE & COLONY, Fitchburg, Mass., have for exchange the following fine trios of birds: L. B., $8; P. C., $8; White L., $10; Brown L., $8; Black L., $5; B. B. R. Game Bantams, (1st and special at Athol,) $8; for B. R. Games.

JAMES DENISON, Findlay, Ohio, will exchange Aylesbury Ducks, White Guineas, Brown Leghorns, Black and Partridge Cochins, Dark Brahmas, or Game Bantams, for Wire Netting, 3 or 3½ feet wide, 2 inch meshes. Fowls all good stock; pure bred. Write on postals if you have them handy.

A. M. CAREY, Selins Grove, Pa., will exchange Dominique Leghorns, Black Leghorn Pullets, Buff Cochins, or 10 other varieties of choice Fowls, for a nice Breech-loading Gun, or nice Double-barrel Gun, or for fine specimens Plymouth Rock Fowls.

DR. A. BOWEN, Greensborough, Md., has a nice Farm of 83 acres, close to town and R. R. Station, to exchange for good property in Village or City, just the place to raise early Chickens for market: only 86 miles from Philadelphia. Write, with stamp. No postals.

J. G. McKEEN, So. Acworth, N. H., will exchange P. Cochins, G. S. and S S. Hamburgs, B. R. Game Bantams, B. R. Game Stags, B. A. Bantam Cockerels, 1 Eb Cornet, 1 thoroughbred Merino Ram Lamb, for a good Rifle, Cooper on the Game Fowls, or The Pigeon Book.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

CHAS. E. LONG, Lancaster, Pa, wants Black Fantails, Yellow Fantails, Blue Fantails. None but good birds wanted. See exchange column.

R. TWELLS, Montgomery, Ind., wants a lot of A No. 1 Red Pile Game Bantams. Must be small and fine, and cheap for cash. No postals.

RABBIT BOOK FOR THE MANY.

Containing the HISTORY OF THE RABBIT from the earliest times. Descriptions with illustrations of all the show and fancy varieties, and full directions for their selection, breeding, and management; the treatment of their diseases, and the construction of their dwellings. Sent post-paid on receipt of 30 cents. Address

FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

WANTED.

1. A Treatise on the Art of Breeding and Managing Tame, Domesticated, and Fancy Pigeons; by John Matthews Eaton, and published by the author, 7 Islington Green, London. 1852 Illustrated.
The Treatise of 1858 is not wanted.
2. A set of Six Matchless Engraved Colored Portraits, Life Size, by Wolstenholme, viz: The Almond, Black Mottle, Red Baldhead, Yellow-beard Tumblers, Black Carrier, and Blue Pied English Pouter.
3 A colored Diagram, or a Plan of Building or fitting up a Pigeonary, embellished with Tumblers, Pouters and Carriers.
We think there are several different diagrams, and would like all of them.
4 A set of six splendid Life Size engraved Portraits of The Fancy Toy Pigeons, colored, viz: The White Fantail, Yellow Jacobin, Silver Owl, Blue Turbit, Black-mottled Trumpeter, and the Black Barb.
All of above pictures published by J. M. Eaton.
A liberal offer would be made for any of the above in good order.
Any information regarding John Matthew Eaton's life and works would be gratefully received.

WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

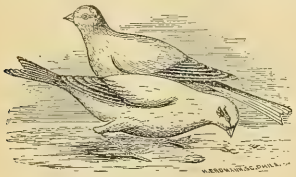
BOOKS TO SPARE.

1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation ..... "
3. Mendelsohn's Elijah..... "
4. Mendelsohn's St. Paul.....Ditson's.
5. Handel's Messiah..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle.....Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard.
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
12. The Romance of History: England. By H. Neele.
13. Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of C. Dickens, by F. G. DeFontaine

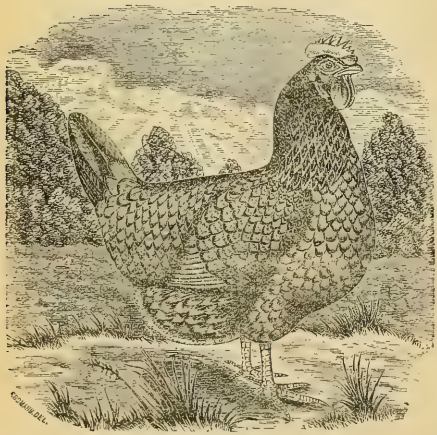
BOOKS WANTED.

1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
2. Bryant's Poems.
3. Drake's Biographical Dictionary.
4. White's Natural History of Selbourne.
5. Walton's Complete Angler.
6. Poems by "H. H."
7. Shelley's Poems.
8. Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England.

Some volumes of Harper's Monthly, and many other books.
Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books.
Write to WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.



London Fancy Canaries. $1.50.



Dark Dorking Hen. $4.00.

Game. $1.25.

Lop-Eared Rabbit. $1.25.

Poland. $1.25.

Dog. 75 cts.

75 cts.

Beard. $1.00.

Baldhead. $1.00.

Hens and Chicks. $1.25.

With Our Present Location and Conveniences, We Find Ourselves unable to give

JOB PRINTING

Our Personal Oversight. Therefore, preferring not to be responsible for others, we decline all offers of Work until further notice.

WE CAN FURNISH

ELECTROTYPES

However, as per list. Whereby persons owning what they wish to use, can have their work done at local offices, under their own supervision.

Silver Grey Dorking Cock	$4.00
Dark Dorking Cock	4.00
Dark Dorking Hen	4.00
Cuckoo Dorking Cock	4.00
Black Spanish Cock	4.00
Black Spanish Hen	3.00
Black Spanish Cock's Head	1.50
Scotch Terrier	2 50
Daschund	4.00
White Mice	1.50
Plymouth Rock Cock	3.00
Plymouth Rock Hen	2.50
Geese	1.00
White Leghorn Cock	3.00
Belgian Canary	1.00
Eggs	75
White Leghorn Hen	2.50
Dog's Head	75
Dog	75
Sebright Cock (small size)	75
Aylesbury Ducks	3 00
Brown Leghorn Cock	3.00
Brown Leghorn Hen	2.50
Mandarin Duck	3.00
Dark Brahma Cock	3.00
Dark Brahma Hen	2.50
London Fancy Canaries	1 50
Guinea Pigs	3.00
Wild or Canada Geese	3.00
Wood or Summer Duck	3.00
Lop Eared Rabbit	3.00
Belgian Hare Rabbit	3.00
Light Brahma Cock	3.00
Light Brahma Hen	2.50
PIGEONS.	
Pair Pouters	2.50
" Blue Owls	1.75
" Carriers	2.00
" White Barbs	1.50
" Baldhead Tumblers	1.50
" Nuns	1 50
" Blue Owls	1.50
" Beard Tumblers	1 50
" Swallows	1.50
" Black Barbs	1.50
" Magpies	1 50
" Jacobin	1.50
" White Owls	1.50
Fantail	1.50
Small Baldhead	1.00
Small Beard	1.00

FANCIERS' JOURNAL

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER,
DEVOTED TO
THE FEATHERED WORLD, THE STUDENT OF NATURE, AND THE INTERESTS AT HOME.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

ESTABLISHED 1873.
JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

Twelve months, . $2.50. Six months, . $1.25. Three months, or less, per copy, 5 cents. Single copies, 6 cents.
POSTAGE PREPAID.

NOTICE.—Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, NOVEMBER 27, 1876. No. 46.

EDITORIAL.

THE JOURNAL A MONTHLY!

We are drawing Vol. 3 of THE FANCIERS' JOURNAL to a close. When started in the Fall of 1873, we were hopeful that the hard times then upon us would not be of long duration, that one season would mark its duration, but instead of one it has lengthened to three. The fanciers' world is one that has been specially affected. In many cases—in almost every case—the fancy has been the recreation, the luxury in the working life, and one of the places where, when retrenchment has been necessary, retrenchment has been made. Many too, that would have embarked in the fancy have been compelled to await a more propitious season. We could not have selected a worse time for our enterprise, and consequently we have sunk much money. We now propose to change the issue to a monthly. We are still however of the opinion that a weekly is a necessity to the fanciers of America —and when the fanciers so realize, we shall be ready at a week's notice to change once more to a weekly issue. Think of it fanciers—Is it worth your while? Is it for your benefit that the interest should be kept alive? Shall it be kept constant by frequent reports of the doings of the fancier's world, or is it enough that once a month the spirit should be revived?

Is it worth anything to you to have a chance to bring your stock before the public fifty-two times a year, or only twelve? If you have stock to sell, is it well to wait four weeks to make the fact known, or is it better to have the stock sold, and your money at interest before the monthly is issued? What shall we say to the fanciers abroad, that the fanciers in "the States" are unable to support a weekly, or have not the intelligence to appreciate one?

What effort is required to make the JOURNAL a success as a weekly?—one subscriber apiece for each one of those whose names are now upon our books. Having carried the paper through these three years of financial distress, we feel unwilling to relinquish it. we also feel it wrong to ourselves to attempt further if those most interested see no necessity. Think this matter over!

TO THOSE LONG OUR DEBTORS

We would say—We have made arrangements for putting their bills into the collector's hands on Dec. 1st. We hope the various amts. due will be ready when called for. To those who have paid up promptly both for subscription and advertising we return thanks. Looking over our books we find many small amounts—ridiculously small they may seem to those who receive the "Bal due." But we would remind our patrons that five hundred bills of 50 cents each, amount to $250.

Those wishing to keep their JOURNALS for binding, are hereby warned to be careful of Nos. 1 and 44, Vol. III, as we have none of either to spare. Parties having either, who do not care to bind them, will confer a favor by returning them, especially the latter, for which we will allow our regular sample price.

PLEASE NOTE

(Thereby saving time and trouble in the correspondence relating to the show,) that E. H. Hartshorne, P. O. box 2388, Boston, Mass., is *Corresponding* Secretary of the Massachusetts Poultry Association, not C. W. Chamberlain, who is Recording Secretary.

The Southern Tier Poultry Society will hold their next show in Elmira, N. Y., January 10th to 13th inclusive, 1877. Premium lists will be ready about Dec. 1st.

C. S. WHITE, Secretary.

ELMIRA, Nov. 15th.

The mail brings up the prize list and rules of the Central Maine Poultry Association.

F. E. MCFADDEN, Secy.

With this we note the following slip:

"The Eastern Express Company will return FREE all poultry sent by this company to the Central Maine Poultry Exhibition, and the Maine Central Railroad will sell tickets, good for the round trip, at two thirds the regular rates."

Showing the enterprise of this new association and unusual liberality upon the part of Express Co., and R. R. managers.

Also of the Venango Co. Poultry Society.

W. T. BILL, Secy.

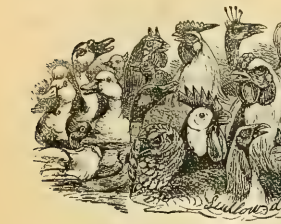
One of their rules is worthy of special reading:

"The entire proceeds of the Exhibition after paying the expenses thereof will be used to pay the prizes of the society as follows: Every first prize will be entitled to two parts and every second prize will be entitled to one part or share of said prize money, and all prizes will be paid promptly after the Exhibition. Certificates in lieu of money prizes will be given to exhibitors when desired."

The Premium List, and Rules of the Rhode Island Poultry and Columbarian Society, C. G. Sanford, Cor. Secy., is also received. The premium list is good, and their combination premiums a new departure. If the rules are carried out to the letter, fraud will be impossible. Their sixteenth rule reads:

"RULE 16th.—In order to receive a 1st premium, birds must score at least 170 points to the pair; a 2d premium, birds must score at least 160 points to the pair; a 3d premium, birds must score at least 150 points to the pair."

Also, MSS., from H. A. S.; Hans Schneider, Jesse G. Darlington, J. Y. Bicknell, T. G. G., Huon, Jas. M. Lambing, Guy S. Cutus, Jas. McCann, Paul Logic, and others.



Poultry and Pigeons.

CENTENNIAL PIGEON DISPLAY.

The grand international exhibition of poultry and pigeons, is now one of the things of the past—the display of pigeons was the grandest ever made on this continent. We sometimes hear of a *lusus naturæ*, a play of nature, where something in the animal kingdom is produced which is not in accordance with the ordinary course. In looking at the exhibition of pigeons in Pomological Hall, we could easily imagine that nature in sport had endeavored to show what a great variety of fantastic forms she could produce in these birds, in the different arrangement of feathers, some of which presented a most grotesque appearance, in the curious appendages to the heads and bills of some, and in the many shades of color. High class? yes, indeed, Pouters, 19½ inches long—Fantails, having 36 feathers—Carriers, worth five hundred dollars a pair, and this price refused for them by the gentleman who exhibited them—White Owls, bills so short that it was a difficult thing to find them—Yellow Fans, noble birds, the finest I ever saw—Barbs, one might wonder if they could be improved upon. The principal exhibitors were: Colell, (Brooklyn, N. Y.,) Thurston, (New York City,) Long, (Philadelphia,) Seavey, (Cambridgeport, Mass.,) Newell, (New York City,) Williams, (Taunton, Mass.,) Rommel, (Baltimore,) Erdman, (Philadelphia,) Morse, (Boston,) Scheld, (Brooklyn,) Grist, (Philadelphia,) White, (Chicopee, Mass.,) Parker, (Philadelphia,) Burpee, (Philadelphia,) McKeen and Hulick, (Easton, Pa.,) Long, (Lancaster, Pa.) Van Opstal, (New York City,) Waefelaer, (Hoboken, N. J.,) Schuchman, (New York City,) Cryer, (England,) Cooper and Thomas, Canada. There were many others who exhibited small collections, many of them showing fine birds.

In regard to judging, I received my instructions from the United States Centennial Commission Director, and although I would have had the judging done the same way as in our local shows, yet you might as well fight an express company as to fight the Board of Centennial Commissioners; so that is the end of it. All exhibitors showing a meritorious pair of birds received a *grand medal of award.* I was informed by Gen. Walker, that no part of the exhibition attracted as great attention as did the show of pigeons.

I had the pleasure of gallanting the members of the Commission through the different passage ways, and pointing out to them some of the most valuable birds, and they were astonished beyond measure. The valuation of the pigeons exhibited was three times that of poultry,—this is a fact beyond dispute.

Gen. Johnson of Massachusetts, who visited the exhibition, was highly pleased with the columbarian part of it. The Fanciers' Centennial Supper took place on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1, 1876. There were many prominent pigeon men seated around the table. Mark Pitman of Massachusetts, the honorable chairman of the board of judges, made us all happy by his remarks; P. Williams of Massachusetts, acted as chairman; and, well,—I shall be tempted to take unto myself a wife before I meet him at Boston.

I was pleased to make the acquaintance of the Hon. Judge Luce of Iowa. I do wonder if I have that name right—if not, I will keep out of the way of the judge's cane. Now, friend Wade, you must indulge me—one or two stories, too good to be lost, must be handed down. One day during the show, Crosby of Connecticut came into the judge's room; "Ah!" said he, "Luce, the printers have made a fearful mistake in the special catalogue of the display of poultry—your name is printed Loose." "D—— it," said the judge, raising himself up and shaking his cane, "the next catalogue will have it printed, the Hon. Judge Louse of Iowa." The judge's room was next to the room that contained the incubator. A lady opened the door one day—we were all within—looking at Gen. Walker, she said, "is this the room where they hatch?" "No," said Walker, "this is where we set." One word to those who will understand. Mark Pitman, stand up—do you feel Lusey or Lousey? Oh, Mark! the judge got ahead of you on toddy. Well, like some pleasant dream, it is over. The next Centennial we will be—well, I hope, in heaven.

I cannot close this article without referring to the Superintendent, Mr. J. E. Diehl; he did all that he could to make the show a success, and could he have had his own way, things would have been different. The pigeon fanciers gave him a hearty vote of thanks for his kindness to them. The grand medal of award given by Mr. Burlingame of New York, was presented to Mr. Colell of Brooklyn, N. Y., and he well deserved it.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Yesterday the distribution of the special premiums offered by private individuals through the Centennial Commission, was made in one of the offices attached to Agricultural Hall, and was the occasion of some interesting formalities. The judges and a number of the exhibitors having assembled, Mr. Mark Pitman, of Massachusetts, chairman of the Group Jury, called the meeting to order, and introduced Mr. W. T. Rogers, of Doylestown, Pa., the judge on pigeons, and Mr. L. Burlingame, the expert, engaged to assist him. Mr. Rogers remarked that it had been his province to act in the capacity of a judge on similar occasions heretofore, but in all his experience he had never seen such a large and valuable collection of birds as that which had been gathered here, nor did he believe that any such display had ever before been made in the States. He announced that the first prize on the list, a fine gold medal, (valued at $100,) presented by Mr. Burlingame, of New York, for the best collection of pigeons, had been won by Mr. H. Colell, of Brooklyn. In presenting the medal the speaker remarked that Mr. Colell had done much to improve the breed of fancy pigeons in this country, and that the valuable trophy had been fairly won. The second prize of a gold chain, (valued at $75,) presented by Messrs. Wirth & Co., Brooklyn, for the best collection of Trumpeters and Tumblers, was also won by Mr. Colell. Prize third, a gold watch, also presented by Messrs. Wirth & Co., for the best variety of Pouters, of not less than six colors, was also awarded to Mr. Colell. The prize for the best collection of Carriers, a silver cup, (valued at $50,) presented by Mr. Colell, was won by Mr. J. O. Thurston, of New York. Several other prizes of minor value were also presented.

Tennent.

Doylestown, Pa.

COOKED FOOD.

If any reader of the *Journal* will mix four or five quarts of corn-meal with hot or cold water, mark its apparent quantity in the wet state, and its apparent satisfaction to his fowls, and how many it furnishes with a good square meal; and at another time stir up the same quantity with luke-warm water and yeast powder,

letting it stand over night to rise, or some hours near a warm stove, and I will warrant him the latter a better feed, better liked, and that will go at least one third farther. Mix this stiff enough to pour, and bake not quite enough for human digestion. If you have milk to sodden it with you will have reached the *ne plus ultra*. Bake slow, and as loafy as possible.

A neighbor of mine has lost 150 fowls this past summer with a disease he describes as manifesting a dark purple face and comb, springing suddenly up or forward several feet and dropping stone dead. He has seen a hen go on a nest, lay an egg, spring off and drop dead. What is it? P. Welch.

SOLID TURBITS.

Some ten or twelve years ago in buying some pigeons from a Mr Stunz, of Baltimore, I found a Solid Blue Turbit, and though it was not a well bred bird, and had a common look, I then and there caught the Solid Turbit fever. I left orders with all the fanciers and dealers within reach of Philadelphia, for Solid Turbits, but none were to be found. After a time Mr. More sold me a small nearly solid cock. Soon after I found a hen in the loft of Mr. W. W. Clark, 1213 North 3d St., Phila., that had been bred by Caspar Heft, a bird good in color except the breast, which was a little red, like a robin's. I mated the pair, and purchased a very few imperfect birds. From this stock, by patience and perseverance, I built up a loft of thirteen birds, ten of which were extra fine specimens. Only those know how much I thought of this lot of birds that have been through the same experience. I was sorry to part with them, but when the Oak Lane yards were b oken up, it became necessary. I offered them for sale, but strange to say a purchaser could not be found for this rare collection, until Messrs. McKeen & Hulick came forward and took them at $10 each.

These gentlemen exhibited the birds at Springfield last winter, where two pairs were sold to S. C. Colt, of Hartford, for $100. Messrs. McKeen & Hulick write me that they have been very successful in breeding these birds, and have a fine loft all true to color.

—Editor.

PIGEONS.

Continued from page 539.

Soft meat is a sort of milky fluid or pap secreted in the craw of pigeons, by the wise providence of Nature, against the time when it will be wanted for the nourishment of their young. In all probability, from instinct, the pigeons eat a great quantity at this time, and the grain goes through a certain process in their crops, which produces the pap or soft meat in question. This they have the power of throwing up at will, and, in feeding, they eject it from their own bills into those of the young ones, the bills of which are taken into their own. This kind of feeding continues six or seven days, when the old ones begin to mix some harder food with it, until at length they feed with whole grain. When the time approaches for the hen to lay, the cock is often seen driving her from place to place, not suffering her to rest anywhere but in her nest, apparently from an instinctive apprehension that she may drop her egg in an improper place.

Food.—Pigeons are entirely gramniverous, and very delicate and cleanly in their diet; they will sometimes eat green vegetables, in particular, warm salads, and are extremely fond of seeds. Tares and the *smallest* kind of *horse beans*, commonly called pigeon beans, are both the best and cheapest food for pigeons, but the pulse should always be old, that is to say, of the previous year; as the new will scour pigeons, as well as any other kind of live stock. *Seeds* are occassonally given to pigeons, as a warming and stimulant diet; but according to my experience they greatly prefer rape and canary to hemp seed. It has been remarked, that beans sodden in salt water scour pigeons equally with new beans, and, in a voyage, suffering them to drink sea-water will soon kill them although so generally benefited by salt, an excess of it is fatal as is also to vegetation, promoted as that is by a moderate quantity.

In most publications on the subject of pigeons, a dangerous mistake has been made in a term applied to beans. Small *tick* beans are recommended, instead of small horse beans. Now the tick or *kidwell* (in the western phrase), are the larger of the two common field varieties, and besides being inferior in quality, are too large for pigeons, which have been som times choked even with the common sized horse beans; on which account, the smallest possible should be procured, whence such are termed in the market accounts, "pigeon beans." Pease, wheat, and buckwheat, or brank, are eaten by pigeons; but should be given only in alternation, not as a constant diet. The same of seeds; they yet prefer wheat. The strong scent of cummin, and flavor of coriander seeds are said to have an alluring effect upon the olfactory nerves and palate of these birds; as also the scent of asafœtida, and o her powerfully odoriferous drugs; and that the use of fumigations of such, in the dovecote, will not only attract the pigeons to their home, but allure strangers, which may be wandering in search of a habitation.

To be Continued.

SANGAMON COUNTY FAIR.

We are advised by the Secy. of the awarding of the following premiums to those of our subscribers exhibiting at the Sangamon County fair, held at Springfield, Ill., Sept, 1876.

Phil. M. Springer, Springfield:—1st on each Lt. B. fowls and chicks; special for largest, and finest display; special for best 1 male, and 3 females, each fowls and chicks.

W. H. Lightfoot, Springfield:—Buff C. chicks, 2d; 1st and 2nd, Dominique chicks, S S. Hamburg chicks, B. R. Game chicks, Bl'k. C. chicks, Duckwing G. chicks; 2d, Buff C. chicks, Sebright Bantam chicks, and B. R. G. fowls, W. Guinea fowls, Pekin Ducks; 1st, Toulouse Geese, and 1st, and 2d, White China Geese, with specials for largest and best display of each Bantams, Game Bantams, Geese, water-fowls; also for best 1 male and 3 female R. G. Bantams.

C. Becker, Springfield,—1st and 2d, Blk. Spanish; 1st for W. Leghorn chicks.

Chas. Bressmer,—2d, W. L. chicks; 1st, S. S. Hamburg chicks, with specials for best 1 male and 3 females S. S. H. and W. L. chicks; and best pair S. S. Hamburgs.

J. L. Connelly, Harristown,—1st, Sebright Bantam chicks; 1st and 2d, Cayuga Ducks; 2d, Toulouse Geese.

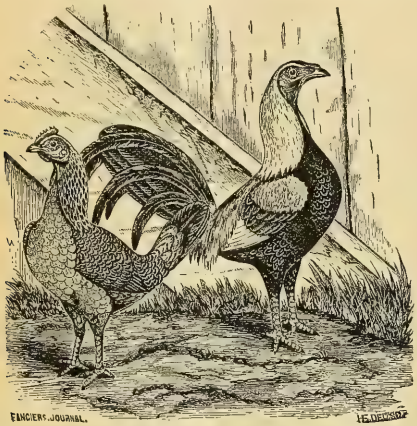
Goodrich Lightfoot, Springfield—1st Embden Geese.

WHY FARMERS KEEP POOR.

A recent writer says: After long observation I have come to the conclusion that a great majority of the farmers that are poor might have made money. If you inquire into their business habits, you will find that they always sold the best and kept the poorest. For instance, if they have too many sheep on hand, they pick out the best to be sold. If you ask them why they do so they will say, "Because they bring twice as much as the others, and I am hard up, just now, for money. I know that it is not a good plan, and I do not intend to follow it always. I think the habit of selling the best is a very poor plan for any man, I don't care what his circumstances may be. I have a man in my mind now, who always sells his poorest sheep for more than twice as much as the average farmer gets for his best. I have seen farmers in the fall pick out their best pigs to fatten, because they would make a few more pounds of pork than the others. This I call very poor economy.

GAME BANTAMS.

I believe that every true poultry fancier, after going the rounds and testing the qualities, pro and con, of every variety of fowls, almost invariably settles down upon one of them, which to his mind embodies the qualities most essential to his requirements. This, at least, is my own experience. After years of experience with Cochin, Brahma, Spanish, Hamburg and Mongrel, I have come to the conclusion that for the best return in eggs and meat for the cost of production, our little Game Bantams will carry off the palm. Some may think them too small, and their eggs too diminutive for use or profit, but for broilers they cannot be surpassed, and there is no poultry flesh of better quality or flavor,



and what has been said of their eggs by the English fancier, "Wiltshire Rector," that "the first half of a boiled egg is the best, and in the Bantam egg we have the first half,' is as good and sound as when it was penned. But setting aside all questions of profit and loss, there are none of the many varieties of the poultry family which embody within a given compass, so much social quality, so much independence of character, or so much intelligence as these diminutive specimens. Look with me for a moment at the little group beneath my window, just starting out for their morning walk. Unconfined by fence or lattice, they range at will, and as they stop at my call, show me if you can a more perfect group, in all the essentials of poultry beauty. As they gaze at me with their upturned faces, I read the intelligence of more than brute nature in their sympathetic eyes, for I am aware of a sympathy existing between myself and them, and they also know of that sympathy, and express their knowledge to me in all their acts and motions. See that proud and gallant cock as he struts about with an almost human vanity. Do you not suppose him conscious that he is the center of attraction? or again look at that favorite pullet, carrying herself so modestly, a perfect beauty in form, color, and grace, and yet apparently unconscious of her charms.

From its earliest infancy the Game Bantam presents the strongest claims to the attention of the fancier. During the first week of its existence its seeming helplessness draws largely upon our sympathy, and as it approaches its maturity, the exquisite symmetry of its form, the brilliancy of its plumage, and the exceeding gracefulness of all its movements render it an object of unrivalled beauty.

With regard to judging Game Bantams, I must, at the risk of seeming impertinent, take some exceptions to the methods now in vogue. I think too much stress has been placed upon certain points, and too little upon others. We seem to have forgotten that the days of cockfighting have passed away and that our birds, both Game and Bantam are not reared for the pit, and should no longer be judged from the cocker's standpoint. Beauty of form and color has been too often made secondary to fighting qualities. This, to my mind, is all wrong. The first point in importance, in my judgment, in the Game Bantam is style; second, color; and third, size, and so on. Consult any breeder of note or experience, and he will tell you how much more easily he can produce birds of good color and size, than he can birds of good stylish carriage, and how much easier it is to produce birds of small size, than those of good plumage, therefore I give preference to those points which are most difficult of attainment. I have seen one of the best, if not the best Bantam I ever saw, entirely overlooked by the judges, at one of our most prominent shows, and left without a commendation. In form he was simply perfect, in style he surpassed every other bird in his class, and in color he rivalled the hues of a sunset sky, and yet he was passed by for no ostensible reason, unless it was that he was not sufficiently gamey to meet the requirements of a false taste, which must sacrifice beauty, and brilliancy of color and form, to mere fighting qualities; such blunders on the part of our judges naturally give credence at times to the charge that our shows are managed for the benefit of the ring, and not for the purpose of bringing out the best types of the various classes of our birds.

W.

THE SPANISH FOWL.

BY W. J. NICHOLS.

VI.—Trimming.

The disqualification of some Spanish chickens at Oundle for being over trimmed, and also of two cocks for having had their combs cut, clearly shows that even exhibitors and breeders of these birds are in some doubt as to how far these practices are allowed; and as I have only alluded to these matters very briefly in my previous articles, I now propose giving my views on trimming, so that, if possible, there may be a more definite settlement of these questions. I do not wish to be thought egotistical, or desire to dictate to gentlemen who were breeding and exhibiting before I was born; but I wish simply to express my opinions, and if any of my readers differ with me, I hope they will freely express their views.

The extraction of the small feathers and hairs from the face of Spanish has now been allowed by all judges for many years, and it undoubtedly adds vastly to the appearance of the birds, as every exhibitor is fully aware; he also knows that it is useless for him to exhibit a bird in its natural state, for it would most certainly be unnoticed. Such being the case, there is nothing dishonest or fraudulent in trimming these birds within certain limits. The question which naturally suggests itself is, to what extent may trimming be done without running the risk and disgrace of being disqualified. I have seen birds trimmed to such a degree that not a single hair could be seen between the comb and the bottom of the face, and the skin above the white was quite discernible, and yet these birds have been awarded prizes. Occasionally birds are seen with the white reaching to the base of the comb, but never "a quarter of an inch *up the comb itself*" (the italics are not mine), as was recently stated in an article on trimming in a contemporary. The white is sometimes seen in very small patches on the comb, but these are very rare cases indeed, and no one at all acquainted with the subject would think of calling this "genuine white face." White it is, but certainly no part of the face. In speaking of the face is meant the white between the base of the comb and the bottom of the jaw bone; and when this is properly trimmed for exhibition there should be a narrow mar-

gin of black feathers running between the base of the comb and the white. This should commence well in front of the eye, close to where the white starts from the beak. At first, there should be a single feather, the number of the feathers and the width of the black gradually increasing as it approaches the back of the head, until the outline finally terminates in the lobe. The great thing to do in trimming Spanish is to cause the face to have the appearance of being larger than it really is, and this can only be done by giving the white a well-defined outline, and a good arch over the eyes, and the removal of every hair or feather out of the face; always remembering that on no account should the trimming go beyond the white, for if this be done, then the birds ought to be disqualified.

With regard to cut combs, I think hardly a moment's consideration of the subject is required to see how bad the principle is in awarding prizes to birds mutilated in this way. If Spanish fanciers are allowed to exhibit cocks with combs cut to prevent them falling over while at a show, why should trimming, and dyeing, and all the many other swindling tricks be objected to in other classes? I cannot see any difference in the act or object between cutting the comb of a Spanish cock, and in plucking the hocks of a Brahma or Cochin. Both are "fraudulent practices," and yet of late we have seen the plucked bird disqualified, while those with cut combs have been awarded prizes. I think the matter only wants to be brought to the notice of the judges for them at once to see how unfairly they have been acting to exhibitors who show their birds in a natural state; and I do hope we shall not again see Spanish cocks with their combs cut, winning prizes, even if we have to give up something in the quantity of the face and lobe, for this can be well afforded. This brings me to cutting the face. I do not object to this so strongly, because in many cases it is absolutely necessary that pieces of the white should be removed to enable the bird to see to eat; but I have no liking, as I have already stated, for these heavy-faced birds, and much prefer one with a moderate quantity of white of a fine quality, with a neat comb, good carriage, and full activity.

—*The Country.*

ANIMAL LIFE.

Few men engaged in the practical walks of life are so intimately associated with nature as the farmer. He has to deal every day with a great variety of domestic animals, while at the same time he is constantly favored with opportunities to study the habits and peculiarities of animals in a wild state, in the fields and the forests. An intelligent, observing farmer is a practical zoologist. He has a wider range of knowledge, and greater mass of facts about animals, birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects, than most other men, and this knowledge is technically called zoology. Almost every kind of knowledge, when it is classified, seems to end in some *ology*. Zoology treats of animal life, and is a science of the utmost interest, but of vast extent and difficulty. The general system of classification in this great kingdom of nature, and the natural history of the more common animals, with some knowledge of their comparative structure, should be familiar to every well educated person. The zoologist, in applying his knowledge to agriculture, would, as an entomologist, discourse of useful insects, like the silkworm and the honey-bee, their habits, diseases, and proper treatment under the varying circumstances of their existence; or he would point out the injurious insects, the borers, caterpillars, and beetles, and inform us what to do for protection against their depredation. As an ichthyologist, he would reveal the mysteries of the new branch of farming, the breeding of fish; and as an ornithologist, he would give us an insight into the structure and habits of domestic and other birds. He should also teach the history and peculiarities of the different breeds of mammals, which have resulted from domestication, and the principles by which varieties are to be produced or preserved.—*Ploughman.*

TO HUON.

I, for one, wish to say that I have often seen and shot skunks in broad day light, when they were traveling about in the woods, and also have killed ten times as many skunks in the winter as I ever did in the summer, and I have repeatedly seen them out after very heavy snow storms, when the snow was a foot deep, hunting for rabbits and quail.

Their holes are always crooked, and at all angles.

I say their scent is used as a mode of defense, and offense, as I will now relate.

One day a friend and I were sitting on a fence near some brush, resting; we had been hunting, and had our guns in our hands. While there a very large old skunk walked out of the brush, came directly towards us, and when about sixteen feet from us wheeled around and fired his artillery. The charge did not reach us, but we could smell it, and it smelled so strong it made us sick. A good charge of No. six shot soon ended that skunk's short but ugly life. Would also say that this happened about noon.

If Huon will come out here I will be pleased to show him a skunk running at large, and he can undertake to catch it alive, and see if it is a ducky or turtle-dove.

One more ax to grind, and I am done through. The great Audubon says that the muskrat is a hibernating animal, and that its habits are strictly nocturnal. That is not so in this part of the U. S., as I have shot them at all times, in the winter, in broad day light, and expect to kill lots of those very identical varmints this coming winter.

Wing Shot.

VAT I KNOW APOUT SKUNDKS.

Vell, you like do hear me apond dot skundks, dond it. In dis bart mit der Unided Sdates, he vos of *infernal* habits, and *ranks* high as a sheneral in der army, vos so sdrong as a elephands. You can dole any dime ven he around vos come, id makes no madder of you *dond see 'em,* his fragrance is vasted mit der midnight airs efry dime. Ven you look of him, "disdance lends enshantment mit der views." As bouldry fanciers dey vos *sucksess,* eggs likevise. My broder-by-law, he come oud do see me from Bosdon, ond ve gou out mit a gunning, ond apoud den mit dee clock we find a *peaudiful* liddle skunks; he told me "vat you call dot small liddle fellers, how dame he vas." I dole him shood id kwick as der duyfel. He shod im. I dold him pedder he dook him mit us. He dook mit him along. Dot poor broder-by-law had do bury his glothes for dree veeks afore Richard vas himselfs again. Of you cot a bad cold der skunk don't seem so pat, put if you suttenly come on do von "der sweed by and by" for some dime vill dell der company you vos peen in. Der animals vos liddle, "bud oh gosh." Dot vos all I know about em. Berhaps some gendlemens vat has had something do do mit em gan dold in *de tail* more as I gould miself.

Yours, mit fragrances,

Hans Schneider.

Switzerkasetown, Pa.

A Trap for Skunks.—A barrel balanced on the bilge over a pole, about seven inches high, with open end brought down to the ground, and bait put in bottom. The skunk will walk into the open end, and when he gets past the middle the barrel will right upon the bottom, leaving the skunk a prisoner. This has often been tried successfully.—*Canada Farmer.*

There is one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom—they don't cackle much until they have laid their eggs. Some folks are always bragging and cackling what they are going to do beforehand.

The Home.

For the Fanciers' Journal.

WHAT THE SPARROWS SAID.

BY GUY S. CUTUS.

We had some bright, pleasant days in November, yes in *November*, and on one of them, a day when the sky was beautifully bright, and as tender as the memory of an old love story, a day in fact which seemed so un-Novemberish, that some thought it must have dropped out of the calendar and fell in the wrong place. On such a day I was tucking in their cosy winter beds, my usual number of hyacinths, tulips, polyanthus, jonquils, narcissus, lilies, and other Dutch bulbs (I don't mean German, as it is so much the habit of the unthinking to call everything German "Dutch," but regular Hollanders); not forgetting that dear Swiss patriot, the crocus, which in February is said to be "a flower."

[A word, if it is not too late, dear friends, about planting your bulbs. The reason that so many of them never come to flower, (as I have heard you say), may be two-fold. Firstly, your ground is not properly prepared; secondly, you, perhaps, plant them too deeply. Nothing produces better flowers than three parts good leaf mould, taken from some old woods where the leaves have been rotting for ages, and a fourth part a mixture of unwashed sand and soil taken from under good rich sod. As for the planting, I know the books say, four inches deep for hyacinths, and three inches for tulips, jonquils, and other bulbs, but I have been a practical grower of them for years, and have had much success, and I have never planted them quite three inches deep, but have rather trusted to plenty of bed clothing, which can be taken off whenever the warm sun of spring falls upon them.]

While I was spading up and pulverizing the ground, a pair of sparrows lit upon the fence near me and began twittering, and chirping in the most earnest manner, which I soon found was a regular *parlez vous* which seemed to run in this wise:

Mrs. Sparrow—"Wonder what he is doing?"

Mr. Sparrow—"He's going to plant flowers, and next spring we will have a fine time feeding on the young buds, leaves, and petals."

[True, you little pirates, you do that same in the spring and make sad work of our young tulips and hyacinths. But I know how to prevent you, I shall cover my beauties over with a fine wire screen, the interstices of which shall be too small for you to get your sparrow bodies through, and too far above the flowers for your sparrow bills to reach them, and thus will I save my pets from your depredations.]

As my work went on, more and more sparrows came, until there was quite an assemblage of the little brownies, and great now was the chirping and twittering from all sides of the garden. At last my bulbs were all in bed, well tucked in, the last pat of the spade given, and then I commenced to pull down the old vines,—morning-glories, black-eyed-Susans, cypress, Mexican and Colorado vines, balloon plants, and divers other creeping things, which had, during the long summer, made a verdant and flowering wall on three sides of the garden.

[Those who have not tried know not how beautiful the garden may be made by thus planting the trailing, creeping, and climbing plants so close together, that the result will be a green wall dotted with red, white, blue, and yellow flowers, and which will seem to grow right up, perpendicularly from your flower beds or grass plat. Try it friends, next summer!]

At the first rip of the vines, there was a general exclamation among the sparrows.

Mrs. Sparrow—"What is he doing now, pray?

Mr. Sparrow—"Why, I declare, he is pulling down all those vines which yet contain so many seeds, from which we have had so many good meals, and expected to get more!"

Rip, rip at the vines—I wanted them you see for bed-quilts for my bulb-beds. "Dear! dear!" twittered the sparrows, "what shall we do? the cruel winter is coming, the snow will lie deep on the ground, covering all our food up—no one will think of us, and we shall surely starve"—said all the sparrows in chorus.

Rip, rip went more vines—"See," said the sparrows, "he's even going to pull down those which have run up on our houses, which made them beautiful all summer, and which are yet so full of nice seed!—Please good man! listen to us—please do!"

"Well!" said I,—you see I began to understand sparrow language—"Well!"

"Please don't pull *all* down. Leave us at least the covering on our houses, or we may *leave you*, and not come back in the spring, when you so much want us to rid you of the measuring worms and ugly caterpillars—please don't pull all down!"

"Beloved sparrows," said I, "so be it. The dead vines on your houses with their ripe seeds shall remain, until you have feasted on all the seeds or the chill winds of winter shall blow them away."

And then such a chirping, such a twittering as there was in that sparrow throng, you never heard, as they all in one voice returned thanks. There now the vines remain, and there they may remain until the last seed has been utilized, and I hope that the sparrows in reminding me of their wants, will remind others of the cold and scanty days, now coming, for the feathered tribes who live in large cities.

This is what the sparrows said to me on that bright November day.

HINTS ON HOME ADORNMENT.

In preparing autumn leaves, I have found that when varnished or oiled they seem more liable to catch the floating particles of dust; ironing them in any quantity is laborious, and I think gives them a less natural look; while if laid in books (books not wanted for every day's reading or reference), and left in press undisturbed a few weeks, the result will be entirely satisfactory. A special word as to Ferns. These should be placed very carefully in press as soon as possible after gathering, and allowed to remain there until wanted for use. These always require delicate handling, as they are very brittle and easily spoiled. Do not omit the little things you find about home in your walks or rides; gather bunches of green Oats and Rye, the feathery Grasses, the late bronzed leaves of the Blackberry and perpetual Rose, and even the despised weeds, and to these add some green leaves of Ivy, Maple, or any convenient sort by way of contrast, and you will find yourself amply repaid for your trouble by the additional airiness and grace given to your bouquets. When the dark and stormy days of winter come, get together your treasures, and with a bottle of mucilage, pasteboard cut into various shapes for backgrounds, a strong needle and thread, by the exercise of your artistic taste in arranging and making-up of your adornments, you will find a pleasant occupation, and be enabled to brighten up your rooms to the admiration and enjoyment of all your household.

I do not know that I can give you any better ideas for the arrangement of your leaves than by describing my parlors. On entering the front room the first thing that strikes the eye is a group composed of two crescent-shaped pieces running into each other, formed of the deeply indented brown Oak leaves, mingled with various colored leaves and Ferns, and dried Oats and Grasses fastened in here and there by a drop of mucilage, the ends terminating with long Ferns or sprays of Sumach. Between the front windows is a differently shaped cluster with

plenty of large Ferns forming the outline and filled up with a diversity of leaves. In my rambles in autumn I secured some long branches of the Briar-wood Vine bearing full bunches of dark purple, almost black berries; these draped in tangled masses thickly intermingled with the berries of the Bitter-sweet Vine, and Star-oak burrs are trained along the cords over a picture in the opposite end of the room, and also over a favorite little chromo which hangs in a recess above a stand of Tradescantia, that most satisfactory plant which grows so luxuriantly in spite of stove heat and illuminating gas. Around the cords of another picture is trained a long spray of wild Clematis, with its featheay seed pods, looking as if a breath would blow them away, while in reality they make a permanent decoration.

Over a crimson bracket supporting one of Rogers' statues is a large half wreath composed entirely of Ferns in variety, as green and fresh as when in their native haunts, and on a dark carved corner bracket stands a slender white vase of Ferns and Sumach, while from the base of the bracket floats the grey Florida moss, so soft and filmy, interspersed with our crimson northern berries. For the mantel I have a small vase of Ferns with a delicate butterfly hovering on it, and a pair of panel pictures. 'Ah! but those are painted,' is the exclamation of visitors. No, they are not painted, they are nature itself. Not having the gift of painting, and determining not to be outdone, I again drew upon leafy treasures. I procured two thoroughly-dried boards of the desired size, and had them painted black, sandstoned, and varnished. I then selected the tiniest, brightest, and most perfect leaves and Ferns, and arranged them in groups upon my panels, attaching them carefully with mucilage, then covered them with glass the exact size of the boards; the edges were bound together with narrow strips of black paper, such as is used by bookbinders.

My crowning attraction is our window, the admiration of all beholders. It opens into a small library with a glass roof, which admits light sufficient to make it as lovely by day as by night with a strong gaslight behind it. I procured from the stationers a piece of oiled tracing muslin the exact size of the individual panes, and filling the lower half of the window, which consists of two large panes of plate glass, the muslin giving the appearance of ground glass. In one pane I have a border of Ferns, in the center a bunch of Ferns with a few colored leaves and delicate sprays of Grass. In the other is a large bouquet of exquisite leaves of every shade intermixed with Ferns, Grasses, and Oats, surrounded by a half wreath of Ferns and green leaves, terminating on each end half way down the picture with a leaf of the long pointed walking Fern, and the whole is a marvel of beauty. This window is not only a picture to all but it is a memory and a token of friendship. I have a dozen varieties of Ferns, and some of these are joyous reminders of pleasant friends found among the mountains. Some are a tribute of affection gathered by a friend, while those curiously-spotted Maple leaves and other brilliant beauties came from the granite hills of New Hampshire, and the remainder from different portions of New Jersey."

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Tis well to walk with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call,
With a friendly glance and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

An accomplished Indiana girl calls hay "grass a la mowed."

THE GLORY OF THE AUTUMN WOODS.

J. M. MCCANN.

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Beautiful the spring when all things are awakening from the sleep and dreams of winter—the red buds are swelling—the early flowers unfolding their many colored petals—the snow drifts white on the northern hills, but melting slowly into crystal streams, and silver water-falls as the golden chariot of the sun is driven higher and higher through the fields of the sky—when the birds are glittering in scarlet and blue and gold, and their melody goes up from every tree and flowering shrub—many tuned hymns of praise to the Giver of Life.

"In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest."

Beautiful the summer—the noon of the year—when spring has grown into manhood; the grass lands are green and the wheat fields are gold, and the flowers are everywhere—exhaling the odors of paradise and preaching the poetry of God.

There is a glory in the autumn woods when the leaves are turned to flowers—gold and crimson, emerald, brown and scarlet, and the garlands hang everywhere under the arching branches—beautiful as pictures by "the grand old masters."

The sugar maple is a blaze of crimson glory, and the tulip tree is covered over with cloth of gold—the beech is still green as in the happy summer time, and the oak is clothed in sober brown. Far off upon the mountain tops cedar and pine look gloomy and black—forming a back ground dark and beautiful for the glory of color that lies before them. The squirrels are merry in the wood, and the quail form happy families in the stubble fields. The early frosts have given to the hares again the strength the summer's sun had stolen from them, the music of the hunter's horn is heard among the hills and they bound away before the hounds mad with the love of life. We call them timid, yet the lion would be no bolder. The painted leaves come down in showers, spreading carpets over all the wood land, and the wild ferns peep up through them—beautiful as marine plants upon a shell-paved shore. Scarlet berries gleam among the dying foliage, and hang on slender vines over the laughing waters. The cardinal darts among the gloomy pines like a red meteor, "trailing light," over the storm clouds, and the blue bird sings in mournful notes—"winter is coming." "Little mosses, golden mosses," cover the rocks with beauty, and spread over the sunny banks like fairy gardens.

The grapes hang in purple clusters from the vines, and the hickory trees are crowned with nuts. The dove sits silently upon the withered tree, free from all danger of the hunter's gun—to the Persians they were sacred birds—the wild Indians would not harm them for they thought that the souls of the departed rested like jewels in their breasts. The robin loves the orchard best, and flies from field to wood—a happy bird, for the old legends tell us that he covered his breast with blood in tearing a thorn from the crown of Christ; and you know that he covered the little children over with leaves when they were left to die in the wood. The breeze goes by and tosses out the golden acorns from their beautiful carved cups. The earth is laying up a store of seed, and the summer's sun will kiss them into leaf and flower.

A melancholy haze is over every thing, and the Indian summer fills all the land with a dreamy beauty—the old year is dying—fading, fading into the pitiless winter. The frozen dew drops are scattered over every wood and meadow. The glory has faded from the painted leaves and all are brown. The summer birds with their plumage stained with the hues of the rainbow, and the

sunset, have left the northern woodlands and gone to climes where winter never comes. Over the mountains—over the sea the feathered armies fly by myriads—away, away to———

"That land where the lemon trees bloom—
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of myrtle, and laurel, and rose—
Knowest thou it?"

Familiar Science.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—We copy the following from the fly-leaf of an old book on ornithology formerly owned by our contributor, Peter Peppercorn. "The study of Natural History is pleasing in youth, delightful in manhood, and a solace in old age. As, when we are no longer able to traverse the woods and fields, we may sit and recall the scenes of the past, and ponder over the wonderful works of Nature."

FASCINATION—PHOCA IN ANSWER TO J. M. M'CANN.

Continued from page 541.

From "Goods' Anamalia."—"Some years since Mr. Rittenhouse, an accurate observer, was induced to suppose from the peculiar melancholy cry of a red-winged maize-thief, that a snake was at no great distance from it, and that the bird was in distress. He threw a stone at the place from which the cry proceeded, which had the effect of driving the bird away. The poor animal however immediately returned to the same spot. Mr. Rittenhouse now went to the place where the bird alighted, and, to his great astonishment he found it perched upon the back of a large black snake, which it was pecking with its beak.

At this time the snake was in the act of swallowing a young bird, and from the enlarged size of the reptile's belly, it was evident that it had already swallowed two or three other young birds. After the snake was killed the old bird flew away. Mr. Rittenhouse says that the cry and actions of the bird had been precisely similar to those of a bird, which is said to be under the influence of a serpent."

I myself, have repeatedly seen Black snakes driven from trees by both blue-jays and red-squirrels.

As to the evidences in support of the theory of fascination, we have the same stereotyped list of authorities and incidents, recorded in all Natural Histories. In the examination of many works I find in support of the theory, nothing newer, and but little in addition to the evidences quoted by Mr. McCann. Does it not seem a coincidence, that with the decline of credulity and superstition and the dawn of rigid scientific investigation and scrutiny, that there should be no new evidence adduced in support of this *fascinating* theory, although the facilities for observation are so much improved?

Let us have a little fresh evidence if possible.

Here is a little negative evidence. The common rattlesnake. (Crotalus durissus) Tenney's Natural History (1865). "This snake feeds upon young hares, squirrels, and birds which it secures by lying in wait for them. Its reported charming powers is probably a mere notion which has no foundation in fact."

"The food of the rattlesnake consists of rats, mice and reptiles and small birds, the latter of which creatures, it is said to obtain by the exercise of a mysterious power termed fascination, the victim being held as it were, by the gaze of its destroyer, and compelled to remain in the same spot, until the serpent can approach sufficiently near to seize. It is even said that the rattlesnake can coil itself at the foot of a tree, and by the mere power of its gaze, force a bird or squirrel to descend and fling itself into the open mouth waiting to receive it." The chapter from which this is copied is devoted to a review of the evidence on both sides, with a leaning in favor of the theory of fascination, with however this modification: "Every squirrel or bird may not succumb to the same influence, just as every human being does not yield to the insane desire of jumping from heights, and it is probable that a rattlesnake may coil itself under a tree, and look all day at the squirrels sporting in the branches or the birds flitting among the boughs without inducing one of them to become an involuntary victim. Yet it is possible that out of the many hundreds that could see the serpent, one would be weak-minded enough to yield to the subtle influence and instead of running away, find itself forced to approach nearer and nearer the fearful reptile. Thus far there is no difficulty in accepting the theory of fascination, but the idea of a *moral compulsion* on the part of the snake and a perforced obedience on the part of its victim, is so strange that it has met with very great incredulity. Still, although strange it is not quite incredible. There are many persons who cannot stand on any elevated spot, without feeling so irresistible a desire of flinging themselves into the depths below that they dare not even stand near an open window or walk near the edge of a cliff." Wood's Natural History.—Here occurs a brilliant opportunity for Mr. McCann to distinguish himself by a metaphysical demonstration of the value of *the idea of a moral compulsion*, on the part of the earth beneath an open window or a cliff."

To be Continued.

NIGHT AND DAY WITH PLANTS.

It is the law of nature that all plants should sleep at night, but they may be artificially disturbed, the law set aside and yet the plants thrive. A French chemist tried the experiment on the *mimosa*, keeping it in a bright light at night, and a dark room during the day. The plant did not at first, take kindly to such unnatural treatment, but soon got used to the change, and at last turned day into night, and night into day, as easy as a daily newspaper editor.

A year or two ago as was my custom, I planted in my garden beds quite a number of hyacinths. When the spring opened, all of the bulbs but one came up. Thinking that it was a late one, and would yet appear, I waited patiently, but it came not. Wanting to fill the vacant spot with sonething else, I turned up the earth with my trowel, and lo, there was the hyacinth in full bloom, with *flower-stem growing downward!* It had by some chance, in covering up I suppose, got turned up side down, but nature was not to be cheated of her rights. Nor was the flower devoid of color, as one would suppose would be the case, considering that the flower was blooming in the dark, but was a finely tinted blue, only a few shades lighter than it bloomed in the natural way. It was such a strange freak of nature, and so contrary to the general idea that plants can have no color without light, that I called several witnesses to the fact, all of whom are ready to testify to the truth of the statement. HUON.

POTASSIUM.

It is well known that water is composed of two invisible, inodorous gases, oxygen, and hydrogen. Oxygen is a supporter of combustion, but will not burn. Hydrogen, on the contrary, is a combustible, but will not support combustion. Potassium is a metal which is lighter than water, and having a great affinity for oxygen. A very pretty experiment, which may seem wonderful to those who have never seen or heard of it, may be shown with these substances. Telling them that you are going to set fire to water, take a basin of water, and drop a small piece of potassium in it. Immediately upon touching the water, it will apparantly burst into a bluish flame, and skip about on the surface of the water, and finally disappear with a slight "*psh.*" The explanation is very simple. Potassium has a greater affinity for oxygen than hydrogen has, and immediately upon touching the water, it decomposes that substance, separating the oxygen from the hydrogen. It unites with the oxygen which forms with it potassa, and is

dissolved in the rest of the water. During this chemical action, there is sufficient heat produced to ignite the hydrogen, which, in the endeavors to escape, moves the potassium from place to place, upon the surface, and causes the skipping motion.

H. A .S.

—Important Medical Discovery—The details of the following cases we find in a late number of the New York *Medical Journal:*—

"An American doctor of medicine having heard of the discovery made in France, that pain could be relieved by hypodermic injections of cold water, resolved to try the experiment. His first case was a woman who, during three years, had suffered so much from lumbago that she cried out with pain on the slightest movement of the muscles of the back. The doctor injected ten drops of cold water under the skin in the lumbar region, on each side of the spinal column, and in less than a minute the patient felt relief. 'She stood up without pain, sat down without assistance, and in less than five minutes after the injection, picked up a pin from the floor with ease.' Some time afterwards the pain returned, but was mitigated the next day by a puncture without injection, and the woman who had been so long crippled was able to work at a sewing-machine. Another case was rheumatism of the ankle joint, cured by injection of ten drops of cold water; and a third was nodular rheumatism, involving the shoulder, elbow, wrist, and knee-joint of the right side. Here again the injection of cold water gave relief within five minutes. 'I repeated these injections,' says Dr. Dessau, 'two days after, when the left knee was attacked, with a like favorable result. In all these cases, slight complaint was made at the moment of injecting the water, of a burning sensation; but not more, I imagine, than when any other fluid is used for a like purpose. In this last case, I injected ten syringefuls of water at one visit, so there is no danger from the quantity employed.' It certainly is a most valuable and ready means of relieving pain, particularly in rheumatic cases."

—Military Service among Ants.—A gentleman of this city, one morning recently, while walking in his garden, observed two columns of ants crossing the path in opposite directions. Upon noticing the curious movements closely, he saw that those going in one direction carried the bodies of ants which he supposed to be dead, while those going the other way seemed to have deposited their burdens, and were returning to get new loads. It was his first impression that the ants were engaged in stocking a new cemetery with their illustrious dead. In order to note what effect a disturbance of their line would create, he dropped a little sand upon the column. Instantly the apparently inanimate ants sprang to the ground and became vigorously alive, while the carriers retreated in a pusillanimous fashion. As more grains were dropped the ants became very pugnacious, rearing up and attacking each grain furiously. From this singular conduct the gentleman concluded that the ants were the fighting members of the tribe, a sort of mounted infantry that was being transported across the country to guard some new frontier settlement, and that, as soon as the grains began to fall upon the column, the ants, thinking enemies had opened a fire from their catapults, allowed the warriors to dismount and pitch into action, while the carriers beat a retreat out of danger. In view of the circumstances, such a conclusion seems warranted. At any rate, antkind has been regarded since Solomon's time as exceedingly clever in all matters of domestic and social economy, and there is no telling to what degree of intelligence it has attained in the progressive age. Who knows but what we daily tread under our feet ant republics and insect empires, among which civil wars are progressing that necessitate the maintenance of standing armies at the public expense.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

—How the Oyster Grows.—The body of an oyster is a poor, weak thing, apparently incapable of doing anything at all. Yet what a marvelous house an oyster builds around his delicate frame. When an oyster is first born he is a very simple, delicate dot, as it were, and yet he is born with his two shells upon him.

For some unknown reason, he always fixes himself on his round shell, never by his flat shell, and being once fixed he begins to grow; but he only grows in summer. Inspect an oyster shell closely, and it will be seen that it is marked with distinct lines. As the rings we observe in the section of the trunk of a tree denote years of growth, so do the markings on an oyster tell us how many years has passed in his "bed" at the bottom of the sea.

Suppose the oyster under inspection was born June 15th, 1870, he would go on growing up to the first line we see well marked; he would then stop for the winter. In summer, 1871, he would more than double his size. In 1873 and 1874 he would again go on building till he was dredged up in the middle of his work in 1875; so that he is plainly five and a half years old. The way in which an oyster grows his shell is a pretty sight. I have watched it frequently. The beard of an oyster is not only his breathing organ—*i. e.*, his lungs—but also his feeding organ, by which he conveys the food to his complicated mouth with its four lips.

When the calm warm days of June come, the oyster opens his shell and by means of his beard begins building an additional story to his house. This he does by depositing very, very fine particles of carbonate of lime till at last they form a substance as thin as silver paper and exceedingly fragile. Then he adds more and more till at last the new shell is hard as the old shell. When oysters are growing their shells, they must be handled very carefully, as the new growth of shell will cut like broken glass, and a wound on the finger from an oyster shell is often very dangerous. —*Frank Buckland.*

—The bulletin of the Torrey Botanical Club contains a suggestive paragraph in reference to the influence of trees upon rain and atmospheric moisture, as shown by the experience of the island of Santa Cruz, in the West Indies. This island is said to have been a garden of freshness, beauty, and fertility twenty years ago; it was covered with woods, trees were everywhere abundant, and rains were profuse and frequent. The recent visit of a gentleman who had known the island in its palmier days revealed a lamentable change, one-fourth of the island having become an utter desert. The forests and trees had been cut away, rain-falls had ceased, and the process of desiccation, beginning at one end of the island, had advanced gradually and irresistibly upon the land, until for seven miles it had become as dry and barren as the seashore. Houses and plantations had been abandoned, and the advance of desolation was watched by the people, wholly unable to prevent it, but knowing almost to a certainty the time when their own habitations, their gardens, and fresh fields would be a part of the waste. Indeed, the whole island seemed doomed to become a desert. This sad result is owing entirely, according to the belief of the inhabitants, to the destruction of the trees upon the island some years ago.

—A Queer Bird—Eagle or Hawk?—Mr. Jacob Kepler, says *the Pottstown Ledger*, living about half a mile from Limerick Square, this county, captured a rare old bird on Friday in a wooden trapbox. This bird has annoyed Mr. Kepler for the past two years by depredating on his poultry. It is a question among those pretty well versed in ornithology as to whether it is a hawk or an eagle, as it has the peculiarities of both birds. It measures about five feet between the tips of its wings. It is quite large enough for an eagle, and it has the yellow beak of that bird. On the other hand it has no white feathers on the head and tail, and the beak though curved, is short like a hawk's. It is very strong, and when removed from the trap it buried its claws up to their roots in a pine board, and could only be made to loose its hold by prying them off with a lever.

—M. Emile Colltnot, the French manufacturer of earthenware has lately discovered a new mode of decorating buildings. Instead of applying a decorated faience to the wall, he proposes enameling the wall itself, by putting up a light scaffolding and using a blowpipe instead of an oven. The advantages of the scheme are cheapness and durability. Experiment has proved that the process is less expensive than seperate plates and the decoration is calculated to last as long as the stone itself.

—Yield of Orange Seeds.—Can any of our orange growing readers affirm or deny the following: F. B. Hudson writes to *Our Home Journal:* "I have recently made a discovery that an orange seed will produce more than one tree. I have found as many as five from one seed, all distinct, with no connection except in the seed. I separated and transplanted 20 from six seeds. I have shown to a good many of my neighbors, none of whom knew of it before."

A very heavy loss has befallen the Essex Hunt, in England, in the enforced and total distruction of the bitch pack. Two or three months ago a few cases of that dread malady known as "dumb madness" occurred, and as soon as the symptoms manifested themselves each hound was taken from the kennel and destroyed. Up to the 1st of August no further outbreak occurred, but during that period the disease spread so much that it was thought best by the master, Mr. Loftus W. Arkwright, after hearing the opinion of his veterinary surgeon, and that of his huntsman, to destroy the remainder of the pack. Accordingly these, numbering eighteen and a half couples, were shot by the head keeper and were afterwards buried in lime. The whole of the bitch pack, which was considered to be one of the finest bred and best hunting packs in the kingdom, had thus to be sacrificed.

Small Pet Department

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Nov. 16th, 1876.

1 Snowy Owl (*Nyctea nivea*). Presented by W. Carpenter, Jr., Salem, N. J.

1 Alligator (*A. mississippiensis*). Presented by Dr. E. J. Eldridge, Americus, Ga.

1 White-throated Capuchin (*Cebus hypolencus*). 1 Black-handed Spider Monkey (*Ateles melanochier*), 4 Parrakeets, 1 Red-billed Tree-Duck (*Dendrocygna autumnalis* (?)), 1 Veroet Monkey (*Cercopithecus lalandii*), 12 Macague Monkeys (*macacus cynomolgus*), 2 Pig-tailed Monkeys (*M. nemestrinus*), 1 Rhesus Monkey (*M. Cerythræus*), 1 Mandrill (*ynocephalus mormon.*) Purchased.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen'l Supt.

CATS.

While the majority of people have kindly feelings towards dogs, comparatively few are attached to cats; and yet the ancients made these animals special objects of attention and kindness. On many of the old monuments of Egypt representations of cats are to be seen, while quantities of bronze figures and mummies of them have been exhumed in and around Thebes and other cities. Some of these mummies, all swaddled in long strips of perfumed linen, and with their heads curiously painted, were discovered in an excellent state of preservation, and lying in wooden coffins. The Egyptains seem to have trained some of their cats to hunt and carry game, for in pictures of hunting scenes in the valley of the Nile, cats are represented pouncing upon marsh-birds, or bringing them to their masters. This variety of the feline tribe differs, however, from our common cat, being rather more of a tiger or leopard. When the sultan of El-Daher-Beylars—who reigned over Egypt and Syria toward 1260 A. D—died, he bequeathed a garden called "the cats' orchard," which was to be kept as a refuge for all stray and hungry cats This garden is still devoted to its original purpose, though greatly reduced in size. The cadi, being by virtue of his office and functions a trustee of all pions and charitable bequests, superintends a daily distribution, between noontime and sunset, of butchers' refuse meat and scraps, which are dealt out in proportionate quantities to each and every cat that comes or is brought into the large court yard known as the Mehkemeh. And there are regular *habitues* of the place that never fail to come at the appointed hour, whatever the weather. They throng in on all sides and the roofs of the neighboring houses literally swarm with them. As a natural consequence, the uproar is something terrific. In certain parts of Italy and Switzerland this same custom is observed. In Florence there is an old cloister which is used as a house of refuge for cats. This establishment is much patronized by those people who wish to select good mousers, as the animals are well trained and cared for. In Geneva the cats wander through the streets like the dogs in Constantinople, and are never molested. On the contrary, the people are generally very willing to feed them. In Rome, at certain hours, butchers and hucksters go through the city with meat for the cats, and as soon as the latter hear the peculiar cry or whistle of these dealers they rush out of the houses and get their respective shares of the daily meal, for which their owners pay a monthly contribution. The veneration felt by Arabs for cats arises from superstition. They believe that spirits assume their shape to visit their departed friends. The Mahometans have also prized the cat, on account of the prophet's liking for the animal. Many eminent men of ancient and modern times have valued cats as pets: for example, Cardinal de Richelieu, Cardinal Wolsey, Dick Whittington, Lord Chesterfield, &c.; but for all that many of our readers will agree with that witty French writer who said, "The Lord made the cat to allow us the pleasure of fondling a tiger."

The following story about "Colonel," a dog owned by Chas. Kestler, of Denver Col., by the Denver *Tribune*: "The animal is about five years of age, and has been with his present master from his (the dog's) birth. One of Colonel's amusements is the play of 'ball.' From some cause or other no one of the reasoning human family saw fit to pay any attention to Colonel's wishes and feelings in regard to the ball business during all of yesterday forenoon, and the ball itself was laid away in a drawer that occupies the center of a writing desk in the main office of the hotel. The Colonel stood this with canine dignity for several hours, but finally concluded on making an attempt to secure his ball, without regard to the human race. He spent the better portion of an hour in trying to open the drawer by pressing his feet against it. As this only made matters worse, he next endeavored to secure the 'open sesame' by pulling the knob in the center. This knob, however, was both small and round, and the Colonel could secure no grip with his teeth. His next effort was a 'rear' attack, and was perfectly successful. Going under the desk he manifestly observed the location of the back of the drawer, and also saw (and reasoned) that by standing on his hind legs he could insert his front paws between the back of the drawer and the back of the desk, and so press the former forward, and thus secure his much coveted treasure, the ball. To think, with such a dog as Colonel, was to act, and almost sooner than it can be told, and in the presence of a number of parties interested in the matter, the drawer of the desk was pressed out. Colonel at once appeared in front, from under the desk, and leaping upon it he saw and eagerly clutched his plaything. The efforts made by Colonel, his temporary confusion and distrust, his perseverance and final triumph were all witnessed by a number of gentlemen."

Exchanges.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"To exchange for cash" or "greenbacks," "wanted a purchaser," or "wanted an offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

W. H. RATHBONE, Uncasville, Conn., will exchange a trio of choice White Leghorn Chicks, (Smith strain,) for a copy, in good order, of Cooper's Work on the Game Fowl.

J. B. TUCKERMAN, Eaton, Madison Co., N. Y., will exchange Chromos and Frames, a quantity of Pop Corn, 1 trio Golden Poland Chicks, and 1 pair White Pouters, for offers. Write quick. All correspondence answered.

H. H. TSHUDY, Litiz, Pa., will exchange ten pairs of Tumbler Pigeons, and four Brown Leghorn Cockerels, for P. Rock or B. Leghorn Pullets, or offers.

H. S. CHAPMAN, Saybrook, Conn., has some fine Plymouth Rock Pullets to exchange for Golden or Silver Sebright Bantams, or Dutch Rabbits. Postal or any other card answered.

W. J. B., Box 489, Middletown, Conn., has five Buff Cochin Pullets to exchange for same of Plymouth Rocks, (pure bred).

W. B. SHERRY, Stony Brook, L. I., will exchange 10 varieties of Pigeons, two of Poultry, for Wild Deer, or a Shot Gun. Want good stock; mine is the same. Speak quick.

G. R. HAY, West Laurens, N Y., will exchange one thoroughbred Jersey Bull, 2 years old, solid color, for anything worth $80; B. Leghorns, B. B R. Game, or Bull Dog, for a Violin, Watch, Harness, Gun, or offers.

S. D. R. SMITH, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange one Success Washing Machine, cost $25; one Checker and Backgammon Board, with sett of Checkers (new), two Dice Boxes, with Dice (new); one set Solid Bone Dominos; one Cribbage Board; one small Spy Glass; one small Pocket Powder and Cap Flask; one Book Slate, 9x16; one Double (hinged) Slate, 10x18; one case Surveying Instruments, complete, and a large number of useful Books, for Leghorns and Bantams, or offers.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., will exchange a Magic Lantern, cost $200; a Graves' Incubator, $100; or German Canaries, good singers, for Black or White Cochins, or B. Leghorns. Must be first-class.

A. B. HOLCOMBE, JR., Lambertville, N. J., will exchange 1 pair Japan Silkies, 1 pair Silver L S. Bantams, and 3 Silver D G. Bantam Cockerels, for Plymouth Rock and Brown Leghorn Pullets, early hatched birds, or Japan silkie Cock.

F. A. PERRINGTON, Delaware City, Del., has Fancy Pigeons to exchange for White Leghorn Hens.

DR. H. ENOS, Milwaukee, Wis., will exchange White Cochin Chicks (large birds), and White Leghorn Chicks, for Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

J. JEWETT PARKS, Blairsville, Pa. wants a Scroll Saw and Foot Lathe in exchange for Fancy Pigeons, consisting of Jacobins, red and yellow, Pouters, Tumblers, Duchesse, B. B Red Game Bantam Cockerels, Ring Doves, Lop-eared Rabbits, Goat, Coach Dog.

P. H. SELOVER, Moravia, N. Y., will exchange four Dark Brahma Hens, extra fine, for four Silver Penciled Hamburgh Hens or Pullets, or two Silver Penciled Cockerels for two Silver Penciled Pullets. Must be good.

MRS. M. A. STEPHENSON, Chagrin Falls, O., will exchange a first premium White Leghorn Cockerel, for a standard Black Leghorn Cockerel, and a trio of standard Brown Leghorns, Todd's stock, for a pair of Pekin or Aylesbury Ducks.

MANSION HOUSE, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 trio P. Cochin Fowls, 1 trio S. P. Hamburg Fowls, 1 trio G. P. Hamburg Chicks, 1 trio White Leghorn Chicks, 3 trios Aylesbury Ducks, 3 first-class B. B. R. Game Hens, 100 pair Common Pigeons, 2 pair White Calcutta Fans, 1 pair Brown Helmets, 2 pair Black Short-faced Tumblers, 1 pair White English Carriers, 3 Parrot Cages, 5 Single Exhibition Pigeon Coops; also 4 Coops of Six Apartments, a lot of Waton's Roup Pills and Tonic Paste, for Buffalo Robes, Harness, Sleigh Bells, or offers.

J. A. ROBERTS, Paoli, Pa., wants a trio Light Brahmas, Plaisted's stock, No. 1; will give L. Brahma Pullets, cross of Williams, Kern and Felch or Golden Sebright Bantams pure, or Nursery Stock. No postals, or other offers in trade wanted.

F. J. DAVIS, 16 Cypress St., Rochester, N. Y., will exchange 2 pairs Outside Tumblers, or 1 pair Outside Tumblers, and 1 Blue Pied Pouter Cock, or 1 Rumpless Cock, (very good,) for 1 Singing Canary, or other song birds. My birds are good; want same.

W. H. RATHBONE, Uncasville, Conn., has Black Hamburg and White Leghorn Chicks, very fine, to exchange for Dark Brahma Pullets of some well-known strain. Must be nice. Send along your offers.

OLIVER D. SCHOCK, Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., wants 1 White Carrier Cock, 2 Blue Swallow Cocks (barred), 4 Yellow Jacobin Cocks with pearl eyes. The above birds must all be first-class; for which I will give Pigeons of many varieties. Postal cards accepted.

JAS. L. VOSE, Russell Hill, Wyoming Co., Pa., has a trio of Dark Brahmas, a trio of Part Cochins, and a trio of White Leghorns, and will exchange either trio for a trio of Aylesbury Ducks, or offers.

L. R. SPONG, West Fairview, Cumberland Co., Pa., will exchange 1 White-faced Black Spanish Cockerel, lot of Demijohns, all sizes, 1 Tobacco Knife, lot of Connecticut-made Baskets, lot of 3 bushel Burlap Bags, 4 lbs. Pepper, 1 lb. Cloves, 1 lb. Allspice, lot of Grape and Strawberry Boxes, for 1 years' subscription of Fanciers' Journal, Brown and White Leghorn Hens, &c. Make offers. Postal cards answered.

C. B. ELBEN, Pittsburgh, Pa., has one Flute, value $12; one Piccolo, value $6.75, both new; Black African Bantam Cockerels, to exchange for good Cigars, or Silver Ware.

MRS. DR. MARTIN, Mercersburg, Pa., offers Apple, Peach, and Pear Trees, all good grafted fruit, and fine Concord Grape Vines, for anything in Poultry line, or fancy stock of any kind. Desire B. Spanish, Aylesbury and Pekin Ducks, Turkeys, Rabbits, Guinea Pigs, or anything in the fancy stock line alive, or electrotypes.

S. D. R. SMITH, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange one Fancy Pigeon and Bantam Show Cage, 39 in. long, 33 in. high, 31 in. wide, galvanized 3 16 in. wire, two floors, eight apartments, door with brass patent lock, and key to each, fancy tin Mansard roof, nice turned wood posts, partitions galvanized wire, only used at last Fall's show, took 1st premium, cost $45, for Leghorns and Bantams, or offers.

ROBERT HOWARD, North Adams, Mass., will exchange Standard White and Brown Leghorns, Partridge and White Cochins, Dark and Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, and White-faced Black Spanish, for a first class Black-pied Pied Pouter Cock, or other Fancy Pigeons. None but A 1 birds wanted, as mine are.

S. D. R. SMITH, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange one pair of choice English and Irish Gip Ball Terrier Pups, three months old, full-blooded stock, best of pedigree given on application, for Leghorns and Bantams, or offers.

S. D. R. SMITH, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange one trio each, Fowls, Buff Partridge Cochins, Light Brahma; Chicks, three trios Buff, one trio Black, one trio White Cochins, one trio Light Brahma; Hens, five Black, one White, two Buff Cochins, four Dark, two Light Brahma, three White Sultans; Pullets, three Dark Brahma; one pair White Frizzle Fowls, one Japanese Silkie Cock, one Partridge Cochin Cockerel, one White Leghorn Cockerel, for Leghorns and Bantams, or offers.

E. C. NEWTON, Batavia, Ills., will exchange Electrotype Cuts of Poultry, for Books on Architecture, Tame Squirrels, or any thing of value. State what you have to exchange; also for what breeds you want cuts, and I will send proofs of cuts.

D. N. HULSHOUSER, Box No. 123, Milton, Pa., will exchange one trio of B. B. R. Game, hatched in May '76, for Plymouth Rocks.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 Harp, Piano, 3 good Violins, 1 10-keyed Accordean, 1 Evan & Watson's Safe, 1 Pocket, and 1 large Case of Homeopathic Medicines, filled and labelled in good condition, 1 Florence Sewing Machine, 1 bound vol. Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, 4 Fonts Type, assorted, 1 Single Silver-plated Buggy Harness, good as new, 1 Floebert Gun and Target, 1 Red Bird and Cage, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Electric Battery, for Alderney or Jersey Cow, or Double Breech-loading Shot Gun, or offers.

E. A. SAMUELS, 125 Tremont St., Boston, will exchange Band and Orchestra Music for first class Black Cochins to any amount; will also exchange for a thorough-bred Setter or Pointer Dog, if partly trained. Correspondence solicited. Catalogue mailed if desired.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a nice Family Horse, seven years old, weight 1,000 lbs., sound and kind, for a registered Jersey Cow.

A. M. CAREY, Selins Grove, Pa., will exchange Dominique Leghorns, Black Leghorn Pullets, Buff Cochins, or 10 other varieties of choice Fowls, for a nice Breech-loading Gun, or nice Double-barrel Gun, or for fine specimens Plymouth Rock Fowls.

BOOK EXCHANGE.

Advertisements under this head, of 4 lines or 48 words, describing and offering one Book for *Sale, Exchange*, or *Wanted*, will be allowed at 10 cents for each and every insertion.

A GOOD WORK ON ARCHITECTURE.—E. C. Newton, Batavia, Ills., wants the above in exchange for Electrotype Cuts of Poultry, Swine, &c. Describe book and give author's name, and price; also for what breeds you want cuts for, and I will send proofs.

GEORGE F. SEAVEY,

CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.,

Importer and Breeder of High Class Pigeons and Poultry, viz.:

Carriers, Smooth-head and Crested Fantails, Jacobins, Turbits, (winged, tailed and solid colors,) Inside Tumblers, Short-face Tumblers, and Berlin Button-heads, Silver and Golden Spangled Hamburgs, Sebright Bantams, and Pheasants.

I offer the following pairs Pigeons for sale at prices annexed, and can furnish single birds of many of the varieties.

Also a few choice Silver and Golden S. Hamburgs, at $5 to $10 each, or will sell my entire stock of Goldens.

CARRIERS.

White,	$10.00, 12.00 and 25.00	Red,	$10.00 and 20.00
Black,	10.00 and 25.00	Yellow,	15.00 and 30.00
Blue,	12.00 and 20.00	Dun,	10.00, 15.00 and 40.00

SMOOTH-HEAD FANTAILS.

White,	$4.00, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00 to 15.00	Red Cocks,	$3 00 to 6.00
Black,	10.00 and 15.00	Yellow,	18.00, 20 00 and 30 00
Blue,	4 00, 7.00, 10.00 and 15 00	Dun,	10.00 and 18 00

TURBITS.

Silver Wing,	$10.00	Dun Wing Hen,	$4.00
Black "	7.00 and 10 00	Solid White,	10.00
Blue "	7.00 and 12.00	Solid Black,	10.00
Red "	6.00, 8.00 and 10.00	Black tail,	10 00
Yellow "	15.00	Silver tail,	8.00

BERLIN BUTTON-HEADS.

White Cocks,	$5.00	Blue Cocks,	$5.00

JACOBINS.

White,	$8 00, 10.00, 12.00 and 15.00	Red,	$5.00, 7.00 and 10.00
Black,	4.00, 6 00, 8.00 and 12.00	Yellow,	12.00 and 15.00
Blue,	4 00, 8.00 and 15.00	Dun,	8.00

CRESTED FANTAILS.

White,	$10.00 and 15.00	Blue Hen,	$7.50
Black,	6.00, 12.00 and 18.00	Red Mottle Hen,	5.00

INSIDE TUMBLERS.

Black,	$12 00	Red Splash,	$8.00
Red,	12.00	Black Mottle,	8.00 and 18.00
White Splash,	8.00 and 10.00		

SHORT-FACE TUMBLERS.

Almond,	$10.00 and 25.00	Kites,	$7.00 and 10.00
Tortoise Shell,	5.00 and 8.00	Black,	4.00 and 8.00
Agates,	6.00 and 10.00	Mottled,	6.00

JERSEY, ALDERNEY, AND GUERNSEY COW.

HOW TO

Choose, Manage and Breed to the Most Profit.

Illustrated. Price, $1.50.

Address FANCIERS' JOURNAL, Hartford, Conn.

WANTED.

1. A Treatise on the Art of Breeding and Managing Tame, Domesticated, and Fancy Pigeons; by John Matthews Eaton, and published by the author, 7 Islington Green, London. 1852 Illustrated.

The Treatise of 1858 is not wanted.

2. A set of Six Matchless Engraved Colored Portraits, Life Size, by Wolstenholme, viz: The Almond, Black Mottle, Red Baldhead, Yellow-beard Tumblers, Black Carrier, and Blue Pied English Pouter.

3. A colored Diagram, or a Plan of Building or fitting up a Pigeonary, embellished with Tumblers, Pouters and Carriers.

We think there are several different diagrams, and would like all of them.

4. A set of six splendid Life Size engraved Portraits of The Fancy Toy Pigeons, colored, viz: The White Fantail, Yellow Jacobin, Silver Owl, Blue Turbit, Black-mottled Trumpeter, and the Black Barb.

All of above pictures published by J. M. Eaton.

A liberal offer would be made for any of the above in good order.

Any information regarding John Matthew Eaton's life and works would be gratefully received.

WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

BOOKS TO SPARE.

1. Handel's Israel in Egypt.....Novello's.
2. Haydn's Creation ..... "
3. Mendelsohn's Elijah..... "
4. Mendelsohn's St. Paul.....Ditson's.
5. Handel's Messiah ..... "
6. Life and Writings of Charles Dickens, by Phebe A. Hanaford.
7. Peregrine Pickle.....Geo. Routledge & Sons.
8. The Works of T. Smollet.....Lee & Shepard
9. The Portrait: a Romance of the Cuyahoga Valley. By A. G Riddle.
10. The Sexes Here and Hereafter, by W. H. Holcombe, M. D.
11. Our Own Birds, by Wm. L. Bailey.
12. The Romance of History: England. By H Neele.
13. Cyclopædia of the Best Thoughts of C. Dickens, by F. G. DeFontaine

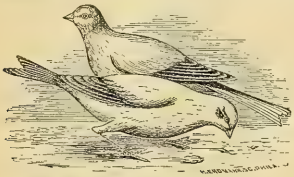
BOOKS WANTED.

1. Nuttall's Ornithology.
2. Bryant's Poems.
3. Drake's Biographical Dictionary.
4. White's Natural History of Selbourne.
5. Walton's Complete Angler.
6. Poems by "H. H."
7. Shelley's Poems.
8. Drake's Nooks and Corners of New England.

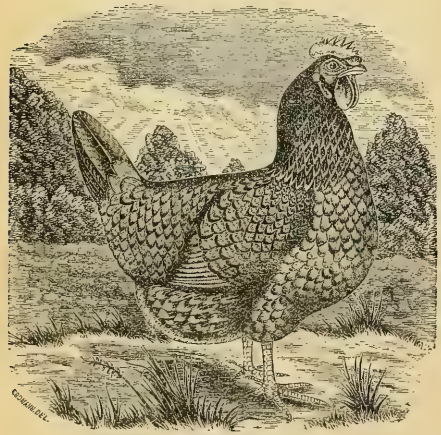
Some volumes of Harper's Monthly, and many other books.

Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books.

Write to WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.



London Fancy Canaries. $1.50.



Dark Dorking Hen. $4.00.

Game. $1.25.

Lop-Eared Rabbit. $1.25.

Poland. $1.25.

Dog. 75 cts.

75 cts.

Beard. $1.00.

Baldhead. $1.00.

Hens and Chicks. $1.25.

With Our Present Location and Conveniences, We Find Ourselves unable to give

JOB PRINTING

Our Personal Oversight. Therefore, preferring not to be responsible for others, we decline all offers of Work until further notice.

WE CAN FURNISH

ELECTROTYPES

However, as per list. Whereby persons owning what they wish to use, can have their work done at local offices, under their own supervision.

Silver Grey Dorking Cock	$4.00
Dark Dorking Cock	4.00
Dark Dorking Hen	4.00
Cuckoo Dorking Cock	4.00
Black Spanish Cock	4.00
Black Spanish Hen	3.00
Black Spanish Cock's Head	1.50
Scotch Terrier	2 50
Daschund	4.00
White Mice	1.50
Plymouth Rock Cock	3.00
Plymouth Rock Hen	2.50
Geese	1.00
White Leghorn Cock	3.00
Belgian Canary	1.00
Eggs	75
White Leghorn Hen	2.50
Dog's Head	75
Dog	75
Sebright Cock (small size)	75
Aylesbury Ducks	3.00
Brown Leghorn Cock	3.00
Brown Leghorn Hen	2.50
Mandarin Duck	3.00
Dark Brahma Cock	3.00
Dark Brahma Hen	2.50
London Fancy Canaries	1 50
Guinea Pigs	3.00
Wild or Canada Geese	3.00
Wood or Summer Duck	3.00
Lop Eared Rabbit	3.00
Belgian Hare Rabbit	3.00
Light Brahma Cock	3.00
Light Brahma Hen	2.50
PIGEONS.	
Pair Pouters	2.50
" Blue Owls	1.75
" Carriers	2.00
" White Barbs	1.50
" Baldhead Tumblers	1.50
" Nuns	1.50
" Blue Owls	1.50
" Beard Tumblers	1.50
" Swallows	1.50
" Black Barbs	1.50
" Magpies	1 50
" Jacobin	1.50
" White Owls	1.50
Fantail	1.50
Small Baldhead	1.00
Small Beard	1.00

FANCIERS' JOURNAL

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY PAPER,
DEVOTED TO
THE FEATHERED WORLD, THE STUDENT OF NATURE, AND THE INTERESTS AT HOME.

"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

ESTABLISHED 1873.
JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

Twelve months, . $2.50. Six months, . $1.25. Three months, or less, per copy, 5 cents. Single copies, 6 cents.
POSTAGE PREPAID.

NOTICE.—Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, DECEMBER 4, 1876. No. 47.

EDITORIAL.

THE BALTIMORE SHOW.

The following extract will explain itself. "We are going to have a grand show. I've just received a letter from the St. Louis Kennel Club and they *will be with us in full force.* At the lowest estimate we may count on 400 dogs.

The show of pigeons will exceed that of last year; and last year we had the credit of having the best display of pigeons yet held on this side of the water; but this year will beat it. Mr. John Yendall has promised to be here with his magnificent birds, and will himself offer a special premium of $50.

Philander Williams will be here during the entire show, with his noted stock. Indeed our prospects are very flattering, and I trust you will drop in and see us. I'm here, chuck full of biz.

Hastily,

BALTIMORE, MD. GEO. O. BROWN.

All who desire to see really good bred birds should make their plans to visit the Baltimore Show. There is no doubt but as far as the pigeon fancy is concerned, it will be the "Battle of the Giants." ED.

WESTERN PENNSYLNANIA POULTRY SOCIETY, PITTSBURGH, PA.,

Will hold their Annual Exhibition of Poultry, Dogs, and Pet Animals, January 10th to 17th, 1877. They expect to offer premiums to the amount of from $2,000 to $3,000. The premium list will be out early in December, and will be mailed to applicants. EDWARD GREGG, *President.*

A. H LANE, *Secretary.*

Western Pennsylvania is noted for the enterprise of its fanciers, and the good birds owned. With the Maryland show just closed, its prize winners transferred to Pittsburg—with the local beauties kept fresh for competition there—what may we not expect? So much that we shall try to be at both shows.

DEAR SIR:

Will you or some fancier inform me through your Journal, the simplest and easiest way to tell a cock from a hen pigeon, and oblige, yours, &c., YOUNG FANCIER.

Moore says in his Columbarium—"I shall next give you some instructions how to form a tolerable judgment whether a pigeon be a cock or hen, for in this point the best and oldest fanciers have been sometimes deceived; for this purpose, therefore, take the following rules:

The hen has generally a shorter breastbone than the cock.

Her vent and the os sacrum, or bone near the vent, is more open than in the cock.

Her head and cheeks are thinner, and she does not look so bold as the cock.

Her coo is shorter, and nothing near so loud and masculine as the cock's; besides, the cock frequently makes a half round in his playing, which the hen does not, though a merry rank hen will sometimes show and play almost like a cock, and, if very salacious, will sometimes tread another pigeon.

And lastly, in young pigeons, that which squeaks longest in the nest is generally reputed a hen."

RULES AND PREMIUM LISTS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, ETC., RECEIVED.

Premium List of Western New Hampshire Poultry Society.—I. W. Sturtevant, Secretary.

This society has also made liberal terms with the express and railroad companies, as this notice sent with the premium list would show:

"The U. S. & Canada Express will transport coops at reduced rates, and the American Merchants' Union Express will return coops free. Passengers attending the Exhibition will be carried for half fare from all stations on the Cheshire and Ashuelot Railroads. A special train will leave for all stations on the Ashuelot Railroad at the close of the Exhibition Thursday evening."

Special Premium List offered by the Illinois Poultry Association, from which we quote:

"W. H. Todd of Ohio, has been chosen by the Executive Committee to do the judging. All know him too well for any comment. Suffice to say that he is one of the best judges of poultry in America.

Judge Z. C. Luse of Iowa City, has kindly consented to attend our exhibition, and to deliver an address on poultry, some evening during the Exhibition. All know the Judge to be one of best breeders in all Iowa, not only of poultry alone, but also Jersey Cattle."

By the premium list of the Central Poultry Association of Pennsylvania, we learn that the birds are to be exhibited in pairs. 1st premium birds must score at least 170. 2d premium, 160 to the pair.

They offer also $100, as special association premiums. $20 for best collection of poultry; $10, best display of fancy pigeons; the rest to be given to best birds shown singly.

Card of E. S. Ellwanger, breeder of fancy pigeons, 140 Mt. Hope Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Card of G. R. Wheeler, manager of Farmers' Union Warehouse, Shedd, Linn Co., Oregon.

Selling out card of Express Poultry Yard, Stony Brook, L. I., W. B. Sherry, Prop.

Card of B. Blampied, breeder of G. and S. S. Hamburgs, W. Leghorns and Pea Fowls, at Mt. Zoar Poultry Yards, Elmira, N. Y.

Poultry and Pigeons.

CENTENNIAL AWARDS.

At the distribution of special premiums by the Centennial Commissioners, Mr. Herman Colell, of Brooklyn received the 1st prize, the fine gold medal valued at $100, presented by Mr. Burlingame, of New York, for the best collection of fancy pigeons In presenting the medal, the speaker remarked that Mr. Colell had done much to improve the breed of fancy pigeons in this country, and the valuable trophy had been fairly won. The 2d prize, of a gold chain valued at $75, presented by Messrs. Wirth Brothers, 92 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., for the b st collection of Trumpeters and Berlin Tumblers, was also won by Mr. Colell. Prize No. 3, a gold watch, stem-winder, also presented by Wirth Brothers, for the best variety of Pouters, was also awarded to Mr. Colell.

Very remarkable was the pair of Red-pied Pouters, which carried the prize, the male bird measuring 19½, and the hen 19 inches. Special premiums for the best collection of Owls, Swallows and Priests were also awarded to Mr. Colell.

The silver cup, valued at $50, was awarded to Mr. J. O. Thurston, of New York, for the best collection of Carriers. Very fine pigeons were also exhibited by Mr. C. Spiess, and Mr. A. Scheld, of Brooklyn.

New York, Nov. 25, 1876.

Mr. Jos. M Wade:

Dear Sir:—Having read the letters written by "Centennialist," on the Pigeon and Poultry show at the Centennial, I must say in the interest of the New York Exhibitors of Pigeons, that their show of fine birds was never excelled in any exhibition by any other State, and if the exhibition generally was a failure, it was due to the apathy of Fanciers in other States.

Philadelphia and Baltimore being the representative cities of their respective States in the fancy, should blush at being beaten by New York; those cities being the headquarters of so many fanciers, we expected to see them come out with a fine display, but, though the fanciers themselves were present, they left their birds at home; had they done as well as New York, the show would have been the grandest one ever held in this country. I think it a shame that such a fine exhibit of birds should pass unnoticed by the literary talent connected with The Fanciers' Journal and having waited a sufficient time for some report of the exhibition, and not b ing gratified, I will attempt to write what I saw there exhibited by New York and vicinity.

In Carriers, J. O. Thurston, of New York was ahead with his magnificent collection of ten pairs, P. C. Biegel, followed with two very fine pairs, next in order came D. E. Newell, and P. Schuchman, with several pairs, making in all, the finest collection of Carriers ever exhibited in this country.

In Pouters, A. Scheld and H. Colell of Brooklyn, and P. Schuchman, of New York showed a splendid collection.

Tumblers were shown by H. Colell and A. Scheld of Brooklyn.

In Barbs, D. E. Newell, exhibited his large and exceedingly fine collection of twenty pairs, many of them prize-winners at former shows.

In Russian Trumpeters, C. Spiess and H. Colell came to the front with magnificent birds.

Very fine African Owls were exhibited by H. Colell.

In Toys, H. Colell, A. Scheld, and C. Spiess showed birds as finely marked as the plates in "Fulton's Book of Pigeons."

To enter minutely into the merits of each exhibit would consume too much space, but I will say that almost every known variety of Fancy Pigeons were exhibited by New York alone.

Barb.

HAMBURGS AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Sunday.—Rain pouring down. My mind wanders back to the departed Centennial Poultry Show, and in particular to the display of Hamburg fowls and chickens. The principal exhibitors of Hamburgs were of Silver Penciled, Messrs. Rogers, Hurst, Taylor, and Schofield, of Pennsylvania, White of New Jersey, McMillan and Kay of Canada. Pennsylvania is without doubt ahead. The firm of Hurst & Taylor exhibited some very fine fowls and chickens. Some of the fowls would score 90 points. The chicks were not in as good exhibition trim as they will be in December. Mr. Hurst understands how to breed Silver Penciled.

The Schofield breeders, John, James, Thomas, and Mark, exhibited some very choice Silvers, and some of the chicks showed some very good points, but did not score over 90.

Mr. White, I was informed, paid $1,000 for a pair of imported Silvers! Some of the gentlemen named above would have sold him a pair, as good in all respects for $30, but, however, the birds were very good, and would point up well, and I have no doubt but that some of the birds exhibited in his flock will make their mark at some of our winter exhibitions.

One fact is evident, Pennsylvania has furnished some as handsome Silver Penciled Hamburgs as any one would wish to see on exhibition, fine silvery white head, light red eyes, deep red, large, square fitting, and good spike comb; opaque fitting close to the face, flat, round and even ear-lobe; neck and hackle fine tapering, carried well over the back; clear silvery-white back; breast in cock silvery-white, full and prominent, in hen, penciled evenly across with black bars. Tail in cock, black, full, and well expanded; in hen penciled across with black bars; shanks blue, and carriage upright and graceful.

We have birds like those described, and are proud of them. Canada, I will admit, is not far behind the States in good Silvers. Messrs. McMillan and Kay exhibited some noble birds, and yet I think we are even with them, and well, a little ahead. I think of all the Hamburg family, the Silver Penciled looked the best. However in Silver *Spangled*, Mr Seavey, of Mass., exhibited some very fine birds. In Golden Spangled, the Schofield family, made a fine exhibit. Mr. Eisenhart, Penna., showed one pair, and they were worthy of special mention.

I noticed in the Canada exhibit, one pair of Golden Penciled, the penciling commenced at the top of the head. Why they were placed on exhibition, I cannot understand. In Golden Penciled, Messrs. Hunt, Taylor and Long, of Pennsylvania, each exhibited birds handsome, and well up to the standard.

In Black Hamburgs, Canada is ahead. Mr. McMillan showed birds that would be hard to beat.

The Penningtons of N. J., and Mr. Adams of N. Y., had some very good birds. I have always loved the white-faced Black Spanish, and have bred them for a number of years.

I must speak of the exhibition of Spanish, made by Canada. I never examined finer birds. America has no Spanish birds

that can compare with them. Fine, large, noble fellows, good faced, fine comb, splendid tail, and perfect legs, but the largeness of the birds struck me more forcibly, that all other points. The trouble with American birds of the Spanish class, is, they are too small. We have sacrificed everything for the white face. We have gained the face, but have lost the body.

Taken all together, the Hamburg family showed careful breeding, and I, as well as many other fanciers, were highly pleased with the display.

DOYLESTOWN, PA. TENNENT.

THE FANTAIL.

In commenting upon this singular variety of pigeon it is almost necessary that we should preface our remarks by a few observations relative to the present varied opinions held by Fantail breeders, with regard to its characteristics considered of most importance. The conflicting opinions of fanciers have too often been manifested to need more than a passing reference to show the importance of establishing a standard in order to tone down, or settle, if possible, these differences, so that those young fanciers who seek enlightenment as to the real merits may not be discouraged by such contrary opinions as are at present promulgated, and which certainly must be quite as annoying to the fancier as embarrassing to the experienced judge. We do not suppose that all fanciers will follow our standard and depart from their own peculiar views, but we will endeavor to make clear our opinions, and lay them before the fancier to draw his own conclusions.

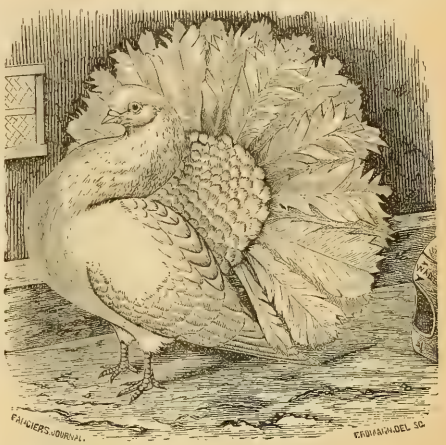
There appears to us to have been raised a local model in most districts where the culture of the Fantail has been at all cared for, and, as a consequence, we too often find that what one judge has denounced to-day as unworthy even of a commendation, a brother fancier and judge to-morrow pronounces perfect, and signifies such by the award of a prize. Thus our exhibitions are frequently looked upon, from the fancier's point of view, as mere lotteries—scrambles for honor, or gain, or both with a result far more gratifying to the wondering visitor than it is to those more intimately concerned. And it is to this reasonable cause, we think, may be attributed the fact that many staunch fanciers fall out of the ranks of exhibitors; and that others less skilled or educated in Pigeonology are deterred from taking part in so hazardous a speculation, and therefore either ride their little hobby in obscurity, or content themselves with such many-colored spangled mongrels as may be seen upon our English farmsteads or at the poultry shops in our busy towns, rather than submit to change of fashion or the various flights of fancy to which, as exhibitors, they are so often subjected.

We must not be supposed to be taking to task as referring to any of our qualified judges individually or collectively, for to all persons so engaged we would give our hearty support, and would strive to obtain for them the utmost freedom for their candid views, and also the greatest forbearance for their mistakes, for to such errors the most zealous fanciers or experienced judges are liable. In no variety is there greater allowance necessary than in the judging of a number of pens of Fantails, for in their carriage and deportment it may be truly said they are as changeable as the shade, and in consequence due allowance should be made. It is simply our desire to settle *great* points and merge *little* differences, in order to bring about a better understanding among fanciers and judges with regard to this general favorite.

The following description, then, is the result of our careful study.

Fantails, as all fanciers are aware, and as most of your readers will guess, take their names from the peculiar fan-like shape of their tails, and which is, of course, one of the most important points in the bird, and to which the fancier should direct special attention. But it must also be borne in mind that the Fantail possesses other peculiarities besides its conspicuous tail. It has an eccentric shaking motion of the neck, which has been thought much of by some fanciers—so much, indeed, that this characteristic was once sought for as an estimable point, and in preference to a large and expansive fan. By such admirers they were called "Broad-tailed Shakers."

There have been many strange tales told about this kind of bird which we pass over without notice, but two of the most remarkable we think it well to refer to, as they proceed from eminent naturalists, and may mislead those who seek instruction from such writers. From one of the abovenamed sources we learn that "The Fantail is capable of expanding and closing its tail like," says one "the Turkey," and another "the Peacock." But this notion must



be imaginary; it is contrary to fact, for the Fantail does not even possess the same power over its tail, as do the other varieties, for the Fantail cannot close its tail, but can only control the membrane upon which the feathers grow, in an upward, downward, and sideway motion, which does not influence the spread of the fan in any way.

Another peculiarity noticeable in this variety is, that in its shaking motion it stands upon its toes, and by its backward jerking also a person unaccustomed to them might suppose it would topple over backward; but as a rule, notwithstanding the extent to which the birds throw back their heads, they should be able to maintain their equilibrium gracefully, and carry erect and at ease the expansive fans with which they are adorned, and by which they are partially overshadowed.

Fantails, are generally speaking, of a strong and vigorous constitution, requiring but little care in their management beyond providing a suitable pen for keeping them dry and clean, and then with ordinary attention, they will thrive and prove prolific birds, and good also to rear their young. Plenty of space should always be given, and all nooks and corners avoided, lest they should crush, break, fringe, or wholly destroy their tails. Brick nests on the floor have been found most suitable for these birds. They seldom fly much and cannot fly long; and whatever may have been said about their aërial rudder, powers of locomotion, or high flying under exceptional circumstances, we know well from experience that good Fantails cannot and will not fly much, but that they are the tamest and perhaps the most tractable of all pigeons.

At present the recognized varieties of Fantails are *White, Blue, Silver, Black, Red* and *Yellow*. Splashed and Saddlebacked ones

are numerous, but are only looked upon as mongrels. It is a rare occurrence to find two of these latter kinds alike. There are also *Frizzled* and *Silky* Fantails. White Fantails are by far the most numerous, and amongst them are unquestionably to be found the best specimens.

The *general properties* or qualities of the Fantail are briefly summed up as follows, which, with the aid of our engraving, we hope will be sufficiently clear to elucidate our views. The *head* of the Fantail should be plain—capped ones were once numerous, but are now almost disregarded. The head partakes somewhat of the ordinary elongated shape of the common Dove Pigeon, but with a sudden rise from its small wart or nostril covers to the top of its head, and then as sudden a recedence to its *neck*, which should be slender and of a nice symmetrical curve. The *breast* must be prominent; the *shoulders* or wing-butts generally hidden from view; the *wings* should suddenly slope from their sockets, and just meet at their tips behind the bird, and trailing, or nearly so, upon the ground; the *back* is very short, as a result of the neck and base of the tail coming in contact; the *tail* should be large and wide-spread, in form three-fourths of a circle, and possessed of three rows of broad feathers, about forty-two in number. The bird must not throw backward its head so as to protrude behind, and thus divide its tail. To fanciers more accustomed to other varieti s forty-two feathers for the tail may seem a great many, and so, indeed, they are; but we have known a Fantail to have forty eight tail feathers, but we prefer a bird possessing qualifications even in a less degree, but in all its integral parts, rather than having solely a preponderating number of tail feathers at the sure sacrifice of an erect carriage, without which many essential and minor points are entirely lost. Our engraving shows the desired combination.

The tail should not only be of a three-fourths circular form, but should slightly incline over the back, but not be aside, nor should it too much overhang, otherwise by its weight the bird's wings are uplifted, the body hanging forward, and the general appearance spoilt.

The *eye* of the White Fantail is dark hazel; the *legs* rather short; the *beak* and *nails* pinkish white; *legs* and *feet* coral red.

To admirers of the expansive, many, and broad-feathered "fan" at any cost, we would again observe that such a point is very desirable, but in our admiration of such a good point we must not forget the proud tip-toe strut, the graceful carriage, and nervous shake so characteristic of a good Fantail, and without which the largest "fan" cannt be effectively displayed. We have had under our notice too many distorted specimens—toppling forward, and crouching beneath the weight of their bulky tails, their breasts in close proximity to the ground, their pinions crossed and pointing skyward—to adopt such point only as our standard. We should endeavor, as far as possible, to obtain the embodiment of all the essential qualities, of which good carriage plays so important a part; it is the means by which other good qualities are exhibited to advantage.

Blue Fantails are far less numerous than the White, and, as a rule, cannot be procured of such quality. The majority of Blues are of a dingy hue, but there are now many excellent Blue Fans of a good clear color. Blue Fantails should be of a good, bright, uniform color, the head and neck feathers of a little darker tint. Across the upper coverts (as in Blue Pigeons generally) there are two black bars; a rim of black is also upon the tail near to its extremity. The *eye* of the Blues must be pearl, the *beak* and *nails* dark.

Black Fantails should be as near as possible jet black; but as yet this desirable object is only occasionally attained. They are much too frequently produced of a bluish black, with oftentimes a faint indication of a bar, which is objectionable, and conclusively shows a cross with a colored specimen, and however desirable such cross may be to perfect other points, *color* must assuredly suffer.

The *general properties* of Blues, Silvers, Blacks, Yellows, Reds, Frizzled, and Laced Fantails are much alike; indeed, they should all answer the one general description. Color of *eye* and *feathering* in each of the *five first named* constitute the differences, and denote the variety to which the birds belong. Red and Yellow Fantails are very scarce. They should be of one even color, or "self colored," and must be free from the slaty gray too frequently visible upon most varieties termed self colored. They are held of little value unless they are pure and uniform in color throughout their feathering. The Reds and Yellows, also, seldom have such expansive tails or such broad feathers as the other kinds; their tails are more frequently of the tundish or shuttlecock shape, and in consequence are not so attractive as the Whites and Blues, but still they command attention from their novel appearance. Silvers are much like the Blues, presenting the appearance of a nearly-washed-out blue, save the bar and lower portion of hackle, which is dark—nearly black.

The *eye* of the Blues, Silvers, Blacks, Yellows, and Reds should be of a pearlish color. Good yellow-eyed birds are numerous in each variety (save Whites), but pearl eyes for Blues, Blacks, and Silvers should always be preferred. Of Yellows and Reds we are not so particular, but would prefer *pearl*.

Frizzled Fantails are scarce. They may be described as White Fans with their feathers turned upside down. *Silky* Fantails also present a singular appearance. They much resemble an ordinary specimen partially dried after a bath, but yet have, as their name denotes, a nice silky appearance. Good specimens are of a darkish tint on the eye, wattle, and nostril.

These two last-named varieties are extraordinary-looking birds, command a high price, and attract great attention at our public exhibitions from their very singular and rare appearance.

—*Journal of Horticulture.*

POULTRY AT GREAT BARRINGTON.

The thirty-fifth annual exhibition of the Housatonic Agricultural Society, holden at Great Barrington, Sept. 27th, 28th and 29th, with the finest display of live stock and farm produce ever made in western Massachusetts.

There were nearly a thousand head of cattle on ground, and all the leading breeds were well represented. Pigs were out in full force, and of all kinds and all colors, from the plump and sleek little Essex, to those domesticated Rhinoceroses, the Chester White. Sheep by the score, and last, but not the least, the Chickens. The officers of the society deserve great credit for the prominence they give to this department of the exhibition, and also for being the first in this vicinity to adopt the Standard as a guide for the judges. They have, the past season, erected a neat and convenient poultry-house, 14x60 ft., with ninety-four coops of the regulation size, and judging from the crowd that thronged the building during the three days of the fair, there was no lack of interest.

The building is well planned, and is an ornament to the grounds. The thanks of the exhibitors, and poultry breeders generally are due to Mr. A. L. Hubbell, the gentlemanly Vice-President of the society, for his exertions in carrying out the arrangements, and had the judging been honestly and fairly performed by the Standard, as the rules required, the show of poultry would have been a complete success. The writer is well aware that the position of judge at a show is an unpleasant, and generally a thankless task, and that mistakes are quite likely to occur; but if the committee go so far in pleasing their friends as to give prizes to fowls that are utterly disqualified they must expect to have their decisions pretty severely criticised.

There were 115 coops on exhibition, although only 81 entries

were made, owing to some misunderstanding of the regulations. This was unfortunate, as some of the very finest fowls were debarred from competition.

The display was a good one, most of the birds being really good specimens, with but few scrubs or mongrels to be seen, and showing a marked improvement over previous exhibits at this place.

The Leghorns took the lead both in numbers and quality, being the best as a class generally; the first premium birds being very fine. The 2d premium Whites, were the worst in the class. The cockerel having an enormous comb folded and twisted in front, and lopped at the back, making him absolutely disqualified as a show bird, and unfit for a breeder. The 2d pen of Brown contained the best cockerel in the class, and had the pullets been older they would have sharply contested for first honors.

The next in numbers was the Cochins; three coops of Buff, and nine of Partridge being entered; no Black or White being shown. The Buffs were all disqualified, and received no premiums. The The 2d premium trio of Partridge were very fine, and were good enough to compete for the highest honors at any show. The trio that received first were utterly and hopelessly disqualified, and I can account for this award, only on the "tickle me, tickle you" principle. The cockerel was a gaunt, ill-shaped, wicked-looking villain, and the pullets had clay-colored breasts, with scarcely a sign of penciling, and one of them had the nicest *webbed* feet that I ever saw on anything except a water fowl. Dark Brahmas, two coops, both deserving their awards. Light Brahmas, five entries, and excepting the first premium trio, were a bad lot. Plymouth Rocks were fair, Mr. Brewer's premium birds were remarkably fine, and I hope we may see them at some of the leading shows this winter.

Games were a good class, although the awards were misplaced. The first on Black Reds was given to a pen containing wheat-colored hens, and one had had a top-knot trimmed out, but it was so clumsily done that it was plainly to be seen by the most careless observer. The 2d went to a fine trio of Warren's strain, exhibited by F. C. Backus, of Pittsfield. This gentleman also showed the most promising trio of Red Piles that I have seen for a long time, but for some reason they were unnoticed by the judges. Mr. Dearing exhibited a magnificent Gray Duckwing, said to have been bred by Dr. Cooper. He was a tall, well stationed, powerfully built cock, showing plenty of bone and muscle, and would weigh I should judge, nearly 7½ lbs. There were several other coops of Game competing, but were mostly too young to show to advantage.

Polish, Hamburg, Houdan, and Dominiques, several coops of each, were fair birds; the first on Houdans going to the largest and finest trio of chicks that I ever saw at any show.

Three coops of Turkeys, four of Geese, and three of Ducks made out the list. The first pen of Geese were beauties, rivaling the newly fallen snow in whiteness, and were all the time surrounded by an admiring crowd of ladies. Rouen Ducks were fine, as were the Aylesburys, although the latter were rather below the average in size.

There were one or two coops of several other breeds, of which I did not make note, as time was limited.

I will add that in making this report, I have given the plain facts of the case, as they appeared to an outsider, and have endeavored to be fair and impartial, and "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

WASHENING.

LIST OF AWARDS:

Turkeys.—1st, F. K. Hinkley; 2d, Wm. Ford.

Geese.—1st, Hiram Dings; 2d, Mrs. L. Van Deusen; 3d, Geo. Kellogg.

Ducks.—1st, Rouen, Geo. Kellogg. Aylesbury, 1st, Geo. Kellogg.

Brahmas.—L., 1st, H. Dings; 2d, C. S. Joyner. Dark, 1st, F. C. Backus; 2d, S. B. Sardam.

Leghorns.—White, 1st, Geo. Kellogg; 2d, Albert Winchell. Brown, 1st, G. Kellogg; 2d, A. L. Branning.

Dominique.—1st, Chas. Scudder.

P. Cochins.—1st, J. R. Baldwin; 2d, S. B. Sardam.

Game.—Black Red, 1st, J. H. Race; 2d, F. C. Backus. Red Pile, 2d, J. H. Race. Blue, 2d, J. H. Race.

Polish.—Black, 1st, W. Clark. Golden, 1st and 2d, J. C. Wheeler.

Dominiques—1st, R. A. Holmes.

Houdans—1st, Jas. H. Beckwith; 2d, E. L. Gorham.

Bolton Grey.—1st, H. Hollenbeck; C. Brusie.

INSTINCT vs. SIGHT.

A Plain Blue Antwerp Homing Pigeon, from Van Opstal's stock, that I raised this year in Providence, R. I., was taken to Canton, Mass., distant 30 miles, to be flown, preparatory to flying a race from Boston to Providence.

This bird was tossed in a raging northeast storm, and where it could not have seen the earth if above it to distance of 300 yards, and consequently could not see 500 yards in any direction, still this bird found the way home in a comparatively short time.

It is needless to add that the person to whom the bird was sent ought not to have tossed it in such weather.

I have, with one of my friends here, who takes great interest in Homing Pigeons, flown a great many birds, but this is the most remarkable case that has yet come under our observation. I would add that this bird had flown from a point 18 miles from Providence, in the direction of Canton, two days previous to his flight in rain and fog.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 19th, 1876. G. W. A.

TO PRESERVE EGGS.

I have experimented with many nests of eggs this year, and find that butter or grease of any kind with me will certainly keep the eggs clear, but incubation will not begin. I have tried a solution composed of glycerine and olive oil with the same result. If you wish to keep eggs fresh for six months, take four ounces of the best glycerine and two ounces of the best olive oil, shake well up together and rub on the eggs. I had some eggs at breakfast that were put down last January in a cool cellar, that were treated with a coat of this egg preserver, and packed the large end down, in fine sand or salt, and you could not tell them from freshly laid eggs. Out of twenty-four dozen that we have used this month, that were put down in that way in January and February, only five bad ones (and they only had a strong musty smell *not rotten*, my wife said,) have been found among them.

DR. W. C. MUNROE.

WESTERN MASS. POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

ED. OF FANCIERS' JOURNAL:

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of our society held Nov. 23d, it was voted to judge and award society premiums to single specimens, each bird to be considered a unit, and stand or fall by its own merits. Also voted that a bird to receive 1st premium shall score 90 points, 2d premium 85 points, and 3d premium 80 points. These figures to be strictly adhered to by all judges. Awards will be made before the public are admitted to the hall.

Show will be held at Northampton from Jan. 24th to 26th inclusive, 1877.

Please give the above a place in your valuable paper at an early day, and oblige, yours very respectfully,

M. L. KIDDER, *Assistant Secretary.*

Sportsman's Department.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

RAIL-SHOOTING IN SOUTH JERSEY.

It is a curious fact that the Tuckahoe river which winds its crooked course between Atlantic and Cape May counties, and pours its muddy waters into Great Egg Harbor bay, contains not a single spear of wild rice from its source to its mouth, while all the numerous creeks that help swell the volume of its waters, above where the flood tides are salt, are filled with this reed. Rail birds, as every gunner knows, delight in the seeds and tender shoots of the wild rice, and where it is plentiful congregate in vast numbers and grow enormously fat. The marshes on the margins of the tributary streams of the Tuckahoe, as I said before, abound in wild rice and consequently are favorite feeding grounds of the rail.

The first of September, '76, found me staying at a farm house a stone's throw from the brackish waters of the Tuckahoe, impatiently awaiting one of the easterly gales and high tides which accompany this month of the equinox. On the fifth the wind "hauled round to the eastward," and a retired old sea-captain prophesied a high tide next day. Sure enough the sea-captain's prediction came true, and a very high tide, indeed, came in. Early in the morning I put on my overdress of white "duck," and shouldering my breech-loading gun, went down to the rail skiff which lay secured to a wharf at which coasting schooners were loaded with wood. The negro whom I had engaged to "push" for me, was already in the boat, smoking a short, black, clay pipe, which he removed from his mouth every few minutes to whistle:

"De gospel train am comin' by."

A slight rain was falling and the tide, which was yet only about half flood, had covered the marsh which I had selected as the scene of the "murder of the rail," to a sufficient depth for pushing our light boat over every part of it.

The strong arm of the negro at the oars sent the light skiff swiftly through the turbulent waters, and we soon entered the mouth of the selected creek.

"Sah, if you'll git ready, I think I can raise a bird or two out of dat patch," said Jake, my negro pusher, dropping the oars and seizing a long cedar pole with three "paws" at one end, to prevent it from sinking deeply into the mud. The boat was sweeping along a narrow bunch of wild rice. So I buckled my cartridge belt around me and drawing back the hammers of my gun, awaited the "flush" of a rail. But the negro gave the skiff a sudden shove through the reeds, causing me to lose my balance. I lay on my back in the bottom of the boat with the muzzle of the cocked gun staring Jake directly in the face. The negro's face assumed an ashy hue, and he ducked his head quickly to one side and said in a chattering voice, "Sah, I'd like to push for you, deed I would, but if you do sich a foolish trick as dat, agin, I'll jump over board and swim ashore, deed I will, sah!" It was a miracle that in falling I had not pulled the triggers and had a murder on my conscience.

Promising Jake that I would try to be less awkward, I regained an upright position and bracing myself firmly with my knees against the sides of the skiff, once more awaited a shot. Whack! went the push-pole on the surface of the water, *queet! queet!* went the rail from a hundred directions. "We's struck a mine of dem," said Jake. I had no time to reply, for even as he spoke bang! bang! went both barrels at two rail that had jumped up on either side of the boat. I missed them both. "Yah! yah!" roared the black, "O, golly! de patent gun!" But his laugh soon ceased and his countenance changed to a look of wonder, for while he was laughing I had put in new cartridges and cut down a rail that rose some thirty yards ahead. Another rose on the report, and I killed it, and while Jake was picking them up I had reloaded. "Anyhow sah, dem patent guns loads right smart," he said, greatly astonished at the rapidity with which a breech loading gun may be loaded.

During this day's sport I had an opportunity of observing a brutal method used by some of the South Jerseymen for slaughtering rail. Two farmers' sons in a "garrey" were practicing this pot-hunterish manner. They were on the marsh opposite, so I had a fine view of their proceedings. When a rail was flushed they would not attempt to shoot it, but allowing it to alight would push noiselessly up to it and poking their pot-metal gun within a few yards of the unwary bird, as it sat on the water, blow it nearly to pieces with 2 oz. of number five shot. The birds being very fat and adverse to flying far, these railthirsty Jerseymen secured some fifty terribly mangled rail, which birds together cannot contain less than six pounds of shot, making them enjoyable eating for people with false teeth.

Jake pushed up the creek until the tide turned, and then we came down with it, gunning the marsh on opposite side. In about three hours' shooting, I secured one hundred and thirty-four birds—an excellent bag, Jake said, but which he attributed not to my excellent shooting but to the rapidity with which a breech-loading gun can be shot.

Paul Logic.

Birds and Lighthouses.—The brightness of the lamps in the lighthouses of our coasts says the *Jacksonville Union*, frequently produces great destruction among birds. As they fly along the beach in the gloom of the evening, or seek the shelter of the land when the ocean breezes blow too strong for their comfort or pleasure, they are dazzled by the brilliancy of the lights in the towers, and frequently fly blindly against the glass of the building, crushing and breaking their bones, and often killing them instantly. On Wednesday evening vast numbers flew against the tower at Maryport, and were killed, or so badly bruised that they crawled away to die. It is said one of the light-keepers swept off in the morning six hundred dead birds from the top of the tower, and that many others were scattered on the ground at its foot.

A Good Joke was perpetrated by a Chemung county farmer, a member of the Elmira Farmer's Club. He had been greatly bothered by hunters from the city who had entered hiwo ods with a perfect abandon and slaughtered the squirrels in great numbers. One day he procured two or three squirrels, took them to a taxidermist and had them stuffed. He then took them to his woods and nailed them fast to the limbs of as many trees, in such a way that they could be easily seen by the hunters. How much powder and lead has been wasted on those squirrels it is impossible to tell, but many a good marksman has wondered why he could not bag the game. The old farmer has doubtless many a hearty laugh at the discomfiture of the hunters. We are not sure that we ought to have let the secret out, but the joke is a little too good to keep.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Nov. 22d, 1876.

1 Robin (*Turdus migratorius*). Presented by Mrs. Lewis W. Moxey, Phila.
1 Barn Owl (*Strix flammea*). One Badger (*Taxidea americana*). Purchased.
1 Barred Owl (*Syrnium nebulosum*). Presented by John Krider, Phila.
1 Red Owl (*Scops asio*). Presented by Mrs. Stewart, Phila.
1 Snowy Owl (*Nyctea nivea*). Presented by David Landreth & Sons, Phila.
1 Green Monkey (*Cercopithecus callitrichus*). Presented by Alex Cattell, Jr., Phila.
1 Spanish Cock and Hen. Presented by A. B. Goodyear, Phila.

ARTHUR E. BROWN, Gen'l Supt.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

—We copy the following from the fly-leaf of an old book on ornithology formerly owned by our contributor, Peter Peppercorn. "The study of Natural History is pleasing in youth, delightful in manhood, and a solace in old age. As, when we are no longer able to traverse the woods and fields, we may sit and recall the scenes of the past, and ponder over the wonderful works of Nature."

FASCINATION—PHOCA IN ANSWER TO J. M. M'CANN.

Continued from page 552.

Mr. Gosse in Romance of Natural History, after reviewing the whole subject concludes as follows: "We shall not perhaps err if we conclude that the peculiarity exists not in the object but in the subject; that it is a mental emotion capable of being excited by objects having little in common, except the death terror which they excite. I have no doubt that it is a phase of extreme terror: the singularity of the phenomanon consists in the reversal of ordinary instinctive laws which it induces."

"The power said to be posessed by the rattlesnake of fascinating its prey has been the theme of many an astonishing tale, and the posession of this faculty is still believed by many. There is no doubt that the smaller animals on which the reptile subsists are alarmed in the presence of their known enemy, and that fear may cause them to lose their self-possession, and thus they are more readily seized by their cunnning opponent."—Goldsmith's Animated Nature.

"Their glance has been said to have the power of fascinating their prey so as to make it drop into their mouths; but there can be little doubt that, if this power exists, it has been greatly exaggerated. That a suddenly surprised animal should be arrested by terror and easily fall a victim to the serpent is highly probable, but that it should descend to its destruction from the tops of the tallest trees is almost incredible."—Dic. of Nat. His.—Breton.

"Though it does not climb trees it nevertheless makes its principal food of birds, squirrels, &c. It was for a long time believed, that it had the power of torpefying them with its breath, and even of fascinating, that is, of forcing them by its glance alone to precipitate themselves into its mouth. It appears, however, that it is enabled to seize them, only during those irregular movements, which the fear of its aspect causes them to make." —Cuvier's Animal Kingdom.

"It is believed by some naturalists to have the power of fascinating its prey, by going at it so as to render it incapable of flight, but others are doubtful as to this being the fact. The probability seems to be that the victim is prevented from escaping merely by the extreme terror which its formidable enemy inspires."—Buffon's Nat. His.

"It has been supposed that the rattlesnake employs its rattle to startle the squirrels and other small animals upon which it feeds, from their repose, and that these being deprived of the power of making their escape, from the terror inspired by the unexpected proximity of their enemy, fall easy victims to its voracity, but this, like the accounts of the fascinating power exercised by the rattlesnake on their prey, is scarcely borne out by facts."—Orr's Circle of the Sciences.

"Numerous experiments prove that the rattlesnake eats indifferently all kinds of dead birds he meets with; and that he employs no supernatural means, as asserted, to seize his victims." —Cassell's Nat. His.

Carpenter's Zoology does not refer to it.

To be Continued.

—Mr. Turner Evans, of Paris, Iowa, has in his possession a mad-stone which he affirms and has the documents to prove, has effected 680 cures of persons and animals bitten by rabid dogs, in some cases where hydrophobic convulsions had set in. The stone is no larger than a man's thumb, and weighs but a quarter of an ounce.

—Queen Victoria has received from the empress of Brazil a present of a dress woven of the webs of the large South American spider.

—A petrified honeycomb is the latest Sacramento novelty. The combs are full of honey—and wax and honey are turned into solid stone.

For the Fanciers' Journal.

THE EDELWEISS (GUAPHALIUM LONTOPODIUM).

We may hope at some future day to see this interesting flower growing upon the northern crags and mountain-side of our own beautiful land. Here is what has been done with it in Germany.

It has been hitherto supposed that the Edelweiss could not be grown anywhere but among the Alpine mountains, neither, it was thought, would it bear transplanting. Such however seems not to be the facts as a gardner in Cassel, Germany, has succeeded in raising a little plant of it to a blooming flower! It was brought from one of the most inaccessible mountains of the Tyrol in the autumn of 1874, enveloped in a ball of moss, and was not disturbed until the next spring, when it was properly planted, and in June ten little blossoms appeared clad in the well-known hue of silver-grey, which developed into the snow-white tuft known in the language of flowers as "noble purity," which is the meaning of the name Edelweiss. With the success of the Cassel gardener in view, it is now proposed to try the transplanting of the Edelweiss to the Hartz and Thuringian Mountains in the hope that if it should grow there the tendency of Alpine tourists to seek it in the dangerous spots where is as yet only to be found flourishing, will die out. Not only has the tourist met with death or broken limbs in the endeavor to obtain the valued flower, but often has the young and hardy jäger been found cold in death, at the foot of the crag, on the top of which had grown the Edelweiss—the choicest gift an Alpine lover can bestow on the maiden of his love—with the snow-white tuft, for which he had ventured and lost his life, clasped in his hand!

The Austrian Alpine Club last year, alarmed at the number of accidents to seekers after Edelweiss, resolved to prohibit the wearing of it by the members of their club.

Be this our holy, high ambition,
What 'er our failings past and gone,
To rise above our sad condition
Seek "noble purity" alone,
And boldly mounting t'ward the skies
Gain e'en in death our Edelweiss.

GUY S. CUTUS.

The Home.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

DINING AT THE RESTAURANT, vs. DINING AT HOME.

AN EXPERIENCE OF A SINGLE WEEK.

[Scene.—Dining Room in Mr. Dymple's House—Time, Dinner Hour—Monday. Seated at table, Mr. and Mrs. Dymple—Miss Jennie, and Masters Phil and Charlie Dymple.]

Mr. D. Well Dolly dear! How glad I am that I have arranged my business so that in future I shall be able to dine with you and the children at home. You have a splendid piece of beef here; how will you have your slice, rare, or well done? Indeed you are such a *rare* woman yourself it would not be "well done" on my part to give you an outsider—"Second cut," eh? Well, there you are—Now Jennie, how will you have yours—rare, eh? well done for you—and Phil—rare too, and Charlie—"Rare papa;" —Well, here you are, why, what a *rare* set you are—Now Dolly dear serve out the coffee and you, Jenchen, the vegetables, and what a cozy, pleasant dinner we will have! I am quite provoked to think how much pleasant chat I have lost away from you and the children, Dolly, by being obliged through business, to dine at those confounded restaurants. And how any man who can go home to dine, does not go is a mystery to me; especially when I realize, as I do now what freedom there is from care, and what comfort and happiness there is in sitting down with one's wife and children to the principal meal of the day.

Mrs. D. Yes Ducky, it is very nice to have you home with us; the dinner never seemed right without you at the head of the table, and I hope after this there is where we shall see you every day. I am sure Jenchen and the boys, as well as myself, will do all we can to make your dinner hour a pleasant one. By the way, now that you are here, I wish you would measure the hall before you go, as we must have a new carpet put down, and I wish to know exactly how many yards to purchase.

Jennie. And Pop—Mrs. Marabout is to send home my new bonnet some time to-day—will you please leave me about $20, for indeed my pocketbook is quite empty—do now, that's a dear Pop!

Phil. And father, I wish you would see that gas-man again; there's a leak somewhere in my room, and it ought to be attended to—last night I was almost suffocated.

Charlie. Papa, I want a new strap for my school-books. You know you promised me one more than——

Mr. D. Yes, yes, now let me see; Dolly, you want the hall measured; Jenchen, there's your $20—what an extravagant puss you are—And Phil, just go over to Mr. Oxygen and tell him to come over here and attend to that leak—and Charlie, I'll get you a strap as I come home. Time's up now—should be at the store this moment! Good bye. (*Exit in haste.*)

Scene 2d.—Same as before. (Time—Tuesday—Family seated at table.)

Mrs. D. Now father, there's a nice pair of chickens for you to carve—at least they should be nice—but that range bothers me more than a little—I think we will have to have a new range put up, and I should just like to have one the same as Sally Bender has had put in her house—

Jennie. Yes Pop, that's just an elegant range. I was there to tea last Wednesday you know, and Tilly Bender did bake some cakes for tea which were just lovely! and if we had such a range as that you would see how I would "play dough," as you call it —and what cakes I would bake for you—do have a new range—and by the way, Pop, don't you think Mrs. Marabout sent a bill for $30 instead of $20, for my bonnet?—It's a love though—She says I made a mistake in the price, and that you would be angry at me for even thinking of wearing a $20 bonnet.

Mr. D. Indeed! my dear child, I thought you were very extravagant in giving $20 even, and I don't——

Phil. But father, the bonnet and the bill have both come home, and I hope you are not going to make us all look so mean as to haggle over it, for then I should be afraid you would do the same with my tailor when my "knickerbocker" suit comes home—and it's a "stunner," I tell you.

Charlie. Papa, you did not get me the right kind of a strap, I told you I wanted one just like Bill Swivell's, and papa, I want a "knickerbocker" too—all the fellers in our class wears 'em.

Mr. D. Well, you must have it, I suppose—and Jenchen, here's another "X." I always called you a *dear* girl you know. There! there! don't pout,—and now I must go.

Mrs. D. But Ducky! what about the range? Will you see to it?

Mr. D. Yes, yes, I will think of it.

Mrs. D "Think of it!" that's just the way with the men!

Mr. D. Well, well; I must go now.—(*Exit somewhat worried.*)

[Scene 3d—Wednesday—Time and place as before. All seated at table with the exception of Mr. Dymple.]

Mrs. D. I wonder where your father can be! Here's Phil in a hurry waiting to go to the boat-race—the dinner will be overdone if it is not soon served up; or it will be all cold when he comes if it is. I declare the men don't care how us poor women work and slave to please them. [*Enter Mr. Dymple.*] Well, you have come at last! I expect the dinner is all spoiled, and I had such a nice leg of lamb with mint sauce.

Mr. D. Why, Dolly dear, I could not come before, I had a customer in hand and by whom I made several dollars.

Mrs. D. There it is. All you men think of is *getting* dollars, and my nice dinner, after all my pains, getting spoiled.

Mr. D. And, I might say, Mrs. D. that all you women think of is *spending* dollars. Look at Jenchen's new bonnet——

Jennie. Now father I do not think I am extravagant at all. You ought to see Carrie Vanbeil's bonnet. Mine is nowhere, and her father didn't say a word! I declare father, I never saw such a man as you in my life. One has no comfort with you—(*cries.*)

Phil. I hope there will be no fuss like this when my "knick" comes home.

Charlie. Papa—Bill Swivell's got a new pair of shoes, and I want a pair just like 'em. They're patent leathers.

Mr. D. (*excited.*) I don't care if he has; nor——

Mrs. D. Husband! don't snub the dear child that way. If all the boys wear them, why he must have them too. And, now I think of it, you will have to send a plumber here to see about the water; we can't get a drop in the bath-room and Mrs. Bozer, our next door neighbor says they get a full supply all over the house. How do you like that lamb? It would have been better had you come sooner, though that range does work terribly; still I think you could get no such dinner at a restaurant. How did you like it?

Mr. D. Very well, but it would have been better if I could have had the same freedom from business as one can get at a restaurant. I hardly know among you all what I have had for dinner; but my time is up—I will think of *all* your wants, if I can, as I go back to the store. It will help digest whatever it was I have had for dinner.—(*Exit—As he hurries out of the door Mrs. D. calls out,* Hubby! Don't you think our front door and windows should be oiled? and the gate have a new coat of green?)

[Scene 4th—Thursday—Same time and place. All seated at table.]

Mrs. D. Now this is nice; all to sit down together and have a quiet dinner. So different I am sure, from your hotel or restau-

rant dinners, where all is noise and confusion. To be free from care, vexation, and annoyance, there is surely no place like home.

Jennie. Pop! Last summer you promised me a set of *croquet*; will you never get it for me? now the first clear day Carrie Dubosq, Alice Warwick, Susie Wilson, and their young men are all going out to the park to play, and I have promised to go with them, and Reading says that he will send my *croquet* out for me, so I wish you would get it to-day—stop as you go from dinner and tell Mr. Perry to send it home before night, then I will be sure to have it all ready.

Mrs. D. And Ducky, speaking of *croquet*, our kindling-wood is nearly out, Bridget says; I wish you would stop at the saw-mill and order a load. It is considerable out of your way I know, but then they send us such good wood that it pays for the trouble, and I know if you get to the store once, you are then so busy that you will never think to send for it, so I wish you to stop yourself, for we may be out in a day or two.

Charlie. Papa, I want a rousing flag to fling out of my window on the "4th July." Bill Swivell and Gus Mylertz are going to have one and I want one just like theirs. It will only cost ten dollars—pole and all—that's all I want for the "4th" besides a thunderin' lot of fire works! Now do get me the flag before they are all gone—Flags are going up like fun—they'll be awful dear, and scarce too, next week.

Phil. Father, I wish you would give me another slice of beef—rare, if you please. You ought to bring home a new carving knife, that one's played out, and I like my beef cut "diaphanous"—that's the word now. If you will give me the money I will get you a carver to-day, and at the same time you may as well give me the money for my "knickerbocker;" it will be home to-night, and my tailor says he's "one price," and "cash down" now.

Mr. D. Yes, yes; I declare you are all handing up your plates for a second supply, and as yet I have scarcely tasted a mouthful. Let me—

Mrs. D. Children! do let your father get his dinner. You should not bother him so at meal times. I declare! he has no peace with your wants—coffee? why I declare I had quite forgotten you, Ducky, but be sure you do not do that way about the kindling wood, dear.

Charlie. Nor about that flag, papa.

Phil. Or the money for my "knick." I declare I would not have the boy take them back for want of pay, for one million dollars.

Jennie. And, father dear, the *croquet*—whatever you forget, don't forget that.

Mr. D. (*rising*) Well, well, I will try and think of all, but—

Mrs. D. Stop Ducky, you have not had your dessert.

Mr. D. Have n't I?—Well really I don't know what I've had, for hearing of what you all have not! I must go without the dessert to-day as I have no time, but I will take an apple in my pocket. Good bye!

(*As Mr. D. goes, Mrs. D. cries*:—Ducky, don't forget the kindling-wood. *Exit D., closing the door with a bang.*)

[Scene 5th,—Dining Room as Before,—Time, Friday.]

Enter Mr. D. "No one here!" (*goes to kitchen door.*) Bridget! where's Mrs. D., and why is not the dinner ready?"

Bridget. Well Sur, the dinner ain't ready!—Mrs Dymple's up stairs,—the range wouldn't cook to day, Sur, and the kindling-wood is all gone, Sur! (*Enters Mrs. D.*)

Mr. D. How's this Dolly, it's quite late, and hardly a sign of dinner?

Mrs. D. Well, I told you that range was out of order days ago, but you did nothing about it, but say you would see to it, and then there is no wood, and I told you yesterday to order a load!

Mr. D. Well I did order it, but you did not say you were quite out, and so I did not hurry it up—and now tell Bridget to serve up dinner, as I must hurry back to the store.

Mrs. D. *That* store! You are always in a hurry to get to *that* store—one never has any good of your company; I declare Dymple, I wish—

Mr. D.—Dont wish anything, my dear, but have the dinner placed on the table, and ring the bell for Jenchen and the boys.

(*Bridget serves up, rings the bell—Enter Jennie and the boys. All sit.*)

Mr. D. Why Dolly, this steak would make excellent sole-leather! besides, it is much too rare—it is hardly warmed through!

Mrs. D. Well! I told you, that range would not cook!

Phil. Yes! father, and a dull knife makes tough beef; you wouldn't let me get a carver yesterday, and now "you see how it is yourself!"

Jennie. I don't want any beef, or anything else!—(*pouts.*)

Mr. D. Why, what's the matter Jenchen? you seem in a huff about something! Didn't your croquet come home?

Jennie. No it didn't, and at two o'clock, Reading will be here to take it out in his carriage. I don't suppose you ordered it at all?

Mr. D. Yes I did; and it was to come up early this morning.

Charlie. Papa, I want an eagle on my flag-pole. I don't like an old ball. A flag's no good that ain't got an eagle on the pole! What's a ball got to do with Liberty? And I want an eagle, "Liberty or Death," on the "4th of July!"

Phil. Father, I don't like that knickerbocker. The coat ain't nobby enough; and the vest must be too short, for all the fellers keep tellin' me to "pull it down!" The trousers are only twenty-five inches wide in the leg, and I ordered them twenty-five and a half. I want you to stop there and tell him to make me another; he won't do it for me, but he will for you!

Mr. D. Very well!—Now my dear, give me a cup of coffee, and with a taste of your rice pudding I must be off.

Mrs. D. Well it is too bad that you must go so soon after all a body's care! Oh, I liked to have forgotten. That hall carpet! It is half a yard too short! how came you to make such a mistake in the measurement?

Mr. D. I don't know that I did make a mistake, and I have no time now,—confound the carpet!

Mr. D. There now, fly into a passion! This is what I get for trying to make home look nice and comfortable, and you fall to swearing about it! (*cries. Exit Dymple with hat rammed down over his eyes, and hands in pockets, leaving the door wide open, which Mrs. D. shuts with considerable slam.*)

[Scene Last.—Saturday.—Same Time and Place.—All Seated at Table.]

Mrs. D. How glad I am Ducky, that you come home so regular to dinner. 'Tis so much nicer that I declare it is quite a different house; and you will spend no more money or time in those abominable restaurants, will you?

Phil. Say father, that suit of mine?

Charlie. Papa! my flag hasn't come home, and the "4th" is only three weeks off!

Mrs. D. Ducky, what *am* I to do about that entry carpet? I can't put it down. Why dont you speak? I am sure we have none of us been unreasonable; have we children?

Phil. I am sure I have hardly said a word the whole week—some fellows are knagging their governors for something all the time!

Jennie. I only said a word about croquet, and I ain't got my set yet either.

Charlie. Well, *all* I wanted was a flag, a pair of shoes like Bill Swivell's, a knickerbocker, some fire-crackers, and an eagle on—

Mr. D. Wife! give me my coffee and dessert, please.

Mrs. D. Yes; Ducky. There you are, and now tell me—?

Mr. D. Yes, now I *will* tell you! I have dined at home for one week, and not a dinner have I had in peace!

Mrs. D. Oh! Ducky!

Children. Oh! father!

Mr. D. One moment! I can hardly tell what I have dined upon during the last six days, for I have had carpets, gas-fixtures, knickerbockers, kindling-wood, water-pipes, patent leather shoes, bonnets, carving-knives, kitchen-ranges, flags, fireworks and spread eagles, each and every one in turn, and sometimes altogether; with a parting shot regularly fired at me every day as I shut the front door! Now I can dine at a restaurant without any of these articles served up, and where the only demand upon me is the value of the check the waiter brings me; where too I have a chance to know what I am eating, and time and opportunity to read my paper, in the bargain!

Mrs. D. But, Ducky!

Mr. D. One moment! It would seem as though you had all entered into a conspiracy, only that I know man, as well as woman, is a grumbling animal, and if the grumbling was done at the right time and place much might be borne with, but, allow me to say, Dolly and children, the dinner hour and table is not the right time and place to bring up the sum total of your wants. I shall attend to all unfinished demands on Monday; but henceforth, as pleasant as you think home, I shall dine at the restaurant. (*Exit Dymple while all stand amazed, and wonder* "what on earth can be the matter with father"?)

MORAL.

Wives, daughters and sons, the pleasantest home, and the best dinners may be spoiled by two much mixing of bonnets, gas-pipes, fireworks, patent-leathers, and "*sich.*" If you want husband and father to dine at home, transact your *business* at the proper time, and let him dine in peace, for truly may he say "better is a dinner of herbs where *peace* is, than a stalled ox, and *business* therewith!"

GUY S. CUTUS.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BOX 368, No. Attleboro, Mass., has for exchange one "Jaques" Incubator, in perfect order, and but little used, for offers. Singing Canaries preferred. Postal cards accepted.

G. E. BACON, Riverside Station, Conn., will exchange one second-hand Weed Sewing Machine, in good order, for one Brown Leghorn Cock and seven Pullets. Must be good ones.

JOHN D. TEMPLETON, No. New Salem, Mass., will exchange 1 pair of Geese, (cross of Toulouse and China), 1 S. S. Hamburg Cock, for G. S. Hamburg Pullet and trio of B. B. Red Games, or offers. The Cock is hatch of 1874.

C. P. BOLLES, Rockville, Conn., will exchange one pair of B. B. R. Game Bantams, and one pair of Wild Geese, also a Blue Dutchess Cock, and a Yellow Hen, for Inside Tumblers, (any color except black,) Fantails and Trumpeters. What offers?

S. P. HALLECK, Oriskany, N. Y., would like to exchange one trio of splendid B. B. Red Games, Plymouth Rocks, and Fancy Pigeons, for Self inking Press, ("Model" preferred.) Type and Fixtures, or Fancy Type and Fixtures alone. Who speaks first?

EDW. DEVOE, Box 115, Westchester, Pa., will exchange two Black Trumpeter Cocks, and three nice young Roosters, for offers; also for sale 1 Brown Leghorn and two or three young White Leghorn Roosters, about six or seven months old.

C. T. G. CHACE, No. 206 Franklin St., N. Y., will exchange W. C. B. Polands, Buff Cochins, Light Brahmas, Ducks, &c., all noted strains, for Pear, Plum, and Cherry Trees, Vines, Bushes, (Fruit), Grape, &c., Harness, Farm Wagon, Paint, Pigs, Apples, Potatoes, Grain, Books, Canary Birds. What offers?

CHAS. F. THOMPSON, Wadley's Falls, N. H., has good Brown Leghorn and Plymouth Rock Cockerels, and Light Brahma Pullets, to exchange for any kind of Hens and Pullets, Pekin Ducks, Poultry Books, or Papers. Write and make offers. Postals answered.

CHARLES A. ANDREW, West Boxford, Mass., will exchange Lop-eared Rabbits, of any age, or White Fantail Pigeons, for young Ferrets, or P. Rock Pullets, or offers.

WM. M. O'FARRELL. Taylorville, Ill. will exchange a trio of either P. Rocks, S. G. Dorkings, or Dark Brahmas, for a good No. 1½ S. & W. Revolver. Prefer Nickel-plated.

J. REBMEISTER, Box 163, Batavia, N. Y., will exchange one Wolf Esquimaux Dog for Fancy Pigeons

ATWOOD B. HOSKINS, Media, Pa., has for exchange Black Jacobins, Turbits, Silver-wing, Yellow-wing, and Solid Yellow, and Yellow Tumblers, for Dink's, Mayhew & Hutchinson, or Stonehenge on the Dog, or Belgian Antwerps.

G. KITZMILLER, Lock Box No. 4, Harrisburg Pa., will exchange one Mocking Bird, 40 pair Common Pigeons, and Tumblers, Jacobins, Barbs, Fantails, and other Fancy Pigeons, for anything that will not eat.

A. G. D'ARMOND, Morton, Delaware Co., Pa., has two Cocks and five hens, good Black Spanish, to exchange for pair of Yorkshire Pigs, or offers. Give, and expect good stock.

GEO. F. LAWRENCE, Worcester, Mass., will exchange one pair of Pea Fowls, in full plumage, very fine; one pair Himalayan Rabbits, for Poultry, Merchandise, or offers.

A. A. WYLLIE, Bowmanville, Ontario, has a Seven-shot Revolver, a small Printing Press, and nice Meerschaum Cigar holder. Will exchange for Fancy Pigeons. What offers?

WM. M. O'FARRELL, Taylorville, Ills., has for exchange P. Rock Pullets, a few choice Buff Cochin Cockerels, (Jones' strain.) for offers. Will answer postals.

JOHN F. NICE, Williamsport, Pa., has for exchange White-Shinned Japan Silkies, (very rare); also Black-Shinned Silkies, for Home Corn Sheller, one gallon Drinking Fountain, or offers.

SCOTT BROS., Wrightstown, Bucks Co., Pa., will exchange Red, Yellow, and Black Owl Hens, for Cocks of same; Black Magpie, Archangel, Tumbler, and Fan Hens, pair Black Moorcaps, Black Magpies, White Fans, Silver D. W. Game Bantams and B. B. R. Game Bantam Hens, and Blue Owl Cock, for offers.

GEORGE W. DIXON, Box 188, Worcester, Mass., will exchange exhibition Red Pyle Game Bantams (three pairs,) Silver Duckwing Game Bantams, Black Red Game Bantams, colored and pure White Guinea Pigs, for Merchandise; also 5 Black Cochin Pullets, and 1 Black Cochin Cock, extra, (W. P. Atkinson, P. Williams, and Streeter's stock), for Plymouth Rock or White Leghorn Pullets.

SUSAN HARMAN, Middletown, Pa., will dispose of the following Fowls in exchange: one pair Toulouse Geese, (Todd's strain,) Partridge Cochins, Black Cochins, Light Brahmas, Brown Leghorns. The above are Todd's strain. Make me an offer.

BENJ. BLAMPIED, 307 Mount Zoar St., Elmira, N. Y., will exchange one beautiful Black Walnut Mocking Bird Cage, highly ornamented, and fit for any parlor. is 4 feet long, 2 feet wide, 2 feet deep; arched door frame; double doors in front, French plate glass in doors and headlight. Large back door, with looking glass, and fine Chromo of Deer and Rabbit cased in same. Beautiful Steeple in center, also one at each end. Draw tray for cleaning cage, in three sections, and covered with rich oil cloth. Door and bell knobs silver-mounted. Was once offered sixty dollars for cage and refused it. Will exchange the same for five (5) trios of thoroughbred Poultry, following varieties: W. C. B. Polish, W. C. W. Polish, G. Sebright Bantams, W. Leghorns, Brown or Black Leghorns. None but pure stock wanted. Exhibition birds. Write.

T. D. ADAMS, Franklin, Pa., will exchange 4 trios of G. S. Hamburgs, No. 1 birds; Corn Shellers; Poultry; 30 Chromos, neatly framed; Fanciers' Journal, complete to '77; Parsons' Laws of Business; Wells' Every Man his own Lawyer; Water Fountains, (Wade's) ½ gallon; a White Pouter Cock, and Beagle Dog, for a small size Printing Press, complete, or offers on postal cards.

JOHN FORBES, Hurr St., between Front and Second, Harrisburg, Pa., has 5 volumes Bates' History of the Late Rebellion; worth $50.00. Will exchange for a good Double barreled Shot Gun, Breech-loader preferred; one Navy Revolver, one Brown Leghorn Cockerel, Dark Brahmas, Sultans, and good Singing Canary Birds. Two Brown Thrushes to exchange for offers.

J. T. BELL, Franklin, Pa., has 7 trios Black Red Games, '76 hatch, $10 per trio; Long Silver Watch Guard, $15; 7-shot Cartridge Revolver, $8; good heavy Single-barrel Shot Gun, $15; Single-barrel Cartridge Pistol, $4; three years Poultry World, in patent binder, $5.50; 75 lb. collection Minerals, $25; Home Corn Sheller, new, $2.50, to exchange for Breech loading Rifle, Breech-loading Shot Gun, Printing Press and outfit, Foot Lathe and Tools, large Cartridge Revolver, Music Box, or offers.

T. A. WINFIELD, Hubbard, O., wants Cooper's Work on Game Fowls, a pair of Cocker Spaniels, or fine Guns, in exchange for any of the stock advertised by him.

T. A. WINDFIELD, Hubbard, O., wants a good Carriage Robe in exchange for any of the stock advertised by him.

R. W. SNYDER, Owego, N. Y., wants to exchange pedigree Buff Cochins for a good Setter Dog, or offer.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., will exchange a Magic Lantern, cost $200; a Graves' Incubator, $100; or German Canaries, good singers, for Black or White Cochins, or B. Leghorns. Must be first-class.

A. B. HOLCOMBE, JR., Lambertville, N. J., will exchange 1 pair Japan Silkies, 1 pair Silver L. S. Bantams, and 3 Silver D. G. Bantam Cockerels, for Plymouth Rock and Brown Leghorn Pullets, early hatched birds, or Japan Silkie Cock.

A. M. CAREY, Selins Grove, Pa., will exchange Dominique Leghorns Black Leghorn Pullets, Buff Cochins, or 10 other varieties of choice Fowls, for a nice Breech-loading Gun, or nice Double-barrel Gun, or for fine specimens Plymouth Rock Fowls.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a nice Family Horse, seven years old, weight 1,000 lbs., sound and kind, for a registered Jersey Cow.

J. JEWETT PARKS, Blairsville, Pa. wants a Scroll Saw and Foot Lathe in exchange for Fancy Pigeons, consisting of Jacobins, red and yellow, Pouters, Tumblers, Duchesse, B. B. Red Game Bantam Cockerels, Ring Doves, Lop-eared Rabbits, Goat, Conch Dog.

P. H. SELOVER, Moravia, N. Y., will exchange four Dark Brahma Hens, extra fine, for four Silver Penciled Hamburgh Hens or Pullets, or two Silver Penciled Cockerels for two Silver Penciled Pullets. Must be good.

ROBERT HOWARD, North Adams, Mass., will exchange Standard White and Brown Leghorns, Partridge and White Cochins, Dark and Light Brahmas, Plymouth Rocks, and White-faced Black Spanish, for a first class Black-pied Pied Pouter Cock, or other Fancy Pigeons. None but A 1 birds wanted, as mine are.

D. N. HULSHOUSER, Box No. 123, Milton, Pa., will exchange one trio of B. B. R. Game, hatched in May '76, for Plymouth Rocks.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 Harp, Piano, 3 good Violins, 1 10-keyed Accordeon, 1 Evan & Watson's Safe, 1 Pocket, and 1 large Case of Homeopathic Medicines, filled and labelled in good condition, 1 Florence Sewing Machine, 1 bound vol. Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, 4 Fonts Type, assorted, 1 Single Silver-plated Buggy Harness, good as new, 1 Floebert Gun and Target, 1 Red Bird and Cage, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Electric Battery, for Alderney or Jersey Cow, or Double Breech-loading Shot Gun, or offers.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

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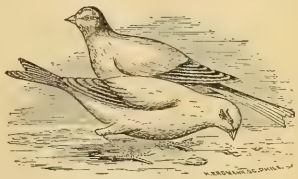

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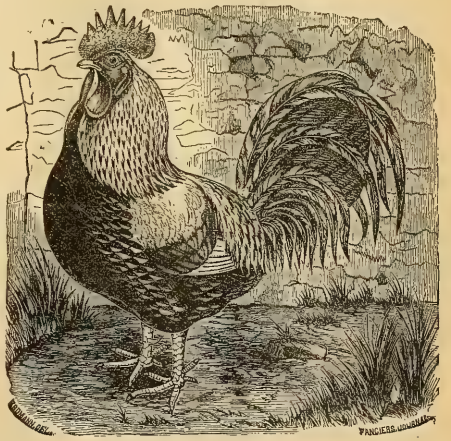

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NOTICE.—Anonymous communications not noticed. Rejected communications not returned. Manuscript not preserved.

VOL. III. HARTFORD, DECEMBER 11, 1876. No. 48.

EDITORIAL.

WEEKLY *vs.* MONTHLY.

To the many inquiries, we would say,—No. 50 we will make a double number—a sample of the *monthly* issue we design for 1877. The next number, therefore, being for January 1st, we propose to apply the price of the unissued numbers—Nos. 51 and 52—to the monthly subscription for 1877, and to credit subscriptions already made for the weekly for 1877, to the monthly account, or to refund the balance due at the close of the present year, to those who desire it.

Those whose subscriptions close with the year, we would be pleased to have renew with us, promising as soon as the times will warrant, to resume the weekly issue.

MISSING NUMBERS.

W. H. Jeffries, Irwin Station, Pa., says: Journal No. 45 failed to come to hand this week; please mail me one.

I know it has been published on time, as I have already got a hat full of answers to my "ad."

G O. Rudin, Evergreen, says: Please send me No. 43 of Nov. 6th, 1876, of your "Dear Journal;" it has as yet not come to hand. No. 44 received to-day. I can't do without a single number, so please forward the No. 43. I suppose it got lost, if so, charge me for the number, as I don't want you to be out any thing.

N. S. Cornwall, Northampton, Pa., says: Either you forgot me, or Uncle Sam's mail is at fault, as I have not received the last number of THE FANCIERS' JOURNAL, (Nov. 27th); if I do not receive the JOURNAL to read every Monday eve. things go wrong the whole week, so be careful that I have it in future, and much oblige.

The numbers were sent from the FANCIERS' JOURNAL office, and were doubtless "lost in the mail." Any subscribers not receiving the JOURNAL regularly will confer a favor by so informing us, when missing numbers will be at once forwarded.

GLEANINGS FROM THE MAIL.

S. Lott, Bellona, N. Y.—Wishing you success, and that you may be able to keep it as a weekly, I remain, yours, &c.

W. G. Wenck, McEwensville, Pa.—*Never* change THE JOURNAL to a monthly; rather than change, raise the subscription price.

A. G. Day, Ithaca, N. Y.—I am sorry to hear you talk of turning THE JOURNAL into a monthly, and hope you may still continue it as a weekly. It *is* a weekly messenger of news, regarding the fanciers' interest, and I hope you may meet with such success as will keep it running. I for one shall hardly know how to do without it. I wish you success in the future.

C. H. Stone, 615 Dunham Av., Cleveland, O.—I sincerely hope you will never merge the weekly into a monthly; weekly is bad enough.

J. M. Smyser, York, Pa.—Continue my subscription to the "FANCIERS' JOURNAL," for which, enclosed, find amount of subscription. I would not be without it, and consider it worth more than its price for the sake of the exchange column alone. With my best wishes for your success, I am respectfully yours.

W. G. Nichols, Springfield, Ohio. *Don't give up* THE WEEKLY JOURNAL!

H. S. Chapman, Old Saybrook, Conn.—I am sorry to hear that the FANCIERS' JOURNAL is likely to turn summersault backwards, yet we cannot expect you to publish it weekly for *our* benefit at *your* expense. I am ready for one, to guarantee another subscriber. If you change to a monthly would it not be well to have the publishing day about the 15th of the month, rather than the first? Many of your subscribers take monthlies, nearly all making their appearance the first of the month. Put yours at the 15th, it will help bridge over the gap from one month to another and gain you many subscribers.

OBITUARY.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. James L. Pierce, at Worcester, Mass. We learn that at the Springfield show last February, Mr. Pierce contracted the long and severe illness, which baffling the physicians, finally terminated his existence.

FRIEND WADE OF FANCIERS' JOURNAL:

I hailed with pleasure the column of household affairs in FANCIERS' JOURNAL, and regret to see that it has not been kept up. Now the way I would propose to remedy this is, let any one who wishes information on any subject send you the questions he or she may want answered, to be published in Journal with answer, if you are prepared to give it, if not, give some of your many readers a chance to answer; for they may know just what to say. What if the questions asked do not concern household matters? the ones seeking information will regulate that to suit themselves; they will ask the questions they want answered, and what will make a paper more interesting than the fact that one can get just the information he wants by simply asking for it?

With an earnest wish for continued prosperity of the Journal I commend this suggestion to your consideration.

J. S. EDWARDS.

Our pages are always open to the fanciers. Any information we can, we will give gladly. But unless questions require immediate attention we would invite our readers, that may have had an experience to warrant, to make the replies—thus increasing the interest.

I won first on Blk. African Bantams at Centennial, which makes me proud. Yours, C. B. ELBEN.

Poultry and Pigeons.

EGGS DURING WINTER.

It is by no means the cold weather that prevents hens from laying, as it is frequently stated or fancied. Many pullets—of many varieties—will begin to lay their first litters in December, or January, and very frequently the Asiatics will "lay all winter long," more or less, after the month of November, as we have reason to know. But these "winter layers," of *any* breed, are those that have been hatched early in the season, and who have successfully gone through their moult, in the fall or late summer. After they recover fairly from the critical indisposition referred to, they begin rapidly to make egg-meat, and soon begin to lay.

We sometimes read, of late, about the "remarkable breed of fowls" that some enthusiastic young fancier has become possessed of, "which begins to lay invariably early in the fall, and continues right on regularly, cold or warm, through the winter and spring, and succeeding summer." This must be a wonderful variety, indeed! We have never yet met with any such fowls, and we never expect to. It is entirely against Nature's laws that any such unusual occurrence should take place with domestic poultry, of any description.

That some varieties lay more eggs, and some less, we all know. But the process of egg-growing in the bird, and the natural laying of that product, are governed by fixed laws; and there is *no* deviation from those laws. Hens do not lay when they are moulting. Feathers fall out, and new plumage forms during this term, but no eggs are created then. If you get your birds out early enough in the year to allow them time to pass their moult in midsummer, such pullets will be likely to lay early in the following winter.

If those fowls, when a year old, pass safely through the second moulting in the summer, they will again lay early in the second winter, and so on. But never expect your *late* moulting hens, of any variety, to lay you eggs in winter time. It is simply impossible. The secret of these "winter-laying fowls" will be found to be limited to those hens or pullets which are very early hatched, and which *first* pass healthily through the moulting, in good season.

G. P. B.

DOMINIQUES.

I notice in The Journal that a Mr. Raub gives his experience in raising Dominiques, and asks for others to do the same. As his birds were not satisfactory to him, I feel as though I must say something in their favor. I have never before written in the praise of my fowls, so his reference to unprincipled dealers cannot refer to me. Dominiques were the first birds I ever fancied, and that was before the Brahmas or Cochins were known here. They have always given me entire satisfaction. The principal objection of Mr. Raub was their not breeding true rose combs. I have never been troubled in that way; mine have bred as true to color and comb as any other variety I have ever known. I find them maturing early, excellent as table fowls, and as layers they do not stand second to Hamburgs or Leghorns. I consider them the best fowl a farmer can raise, as they are ready for market sooner than the Asiatics, commence laying when from four to five months old, and continue to lay through the winter, when eggs are scarce and high. Their eggs are not as large as the eggs of either Cochin or Brahma, but more of them are laid in a year.

Dominiques cannot be kept in as close quarters as the Asiatics. They must have a large grass run, to do well. I hope to hear from others their experience with their birds.

Jesse G. Darlington.

Hestonville, Pa.

APOUD MANISH DINGS.

Mine Friend Mishder Vade:

How you vas again—long dhimes before I see me you dot oudher dhimes again py grashus. So, so, dot Cendennial Schicken Shows ish ahl done und quid dill annuder hunard years ish doon, und soom off you Schicken Vellers done do ahl you cood do make heem a suksess only dot Pulidine feller hee ish dher badriodic feller as never vas you ped me fife toller. Vell, vell, dot vos pig dhings on ise done id. Py grashus soom mid dhem vellers done petter had make soom ulsder overcood und pud heem on dhem half-naked schickens vot done god soom fedders on id. Vot een dhunder ish coom off mine friend vot ish Scheneral in dot pattle mid der "Blimodh Schtone" Schickens, has hee vercoft ahl dhem mongrells und now durned hees self do der bracdise mid medicines. Dhel heem do ghid oud hees recrudes und give us anouder campane, schusd do make id lifely scholder arms; ride apoud march!

Wass failed? mid Varren und Hurun—no hee didend run much eder, py grashus. Dhem ghame fellers schtand ub und vide like der tifle, und pud heats on der udder effery dhimes. I shust dhole you Mishder Vade dot ghame cock pissness ish von pad pissness, id makes heeps off droobles efery dhimes, you pet me fife toller. I pet me fife toller nexd vinder, ad Poston, dha vill call names und ma pe bud hets on dhemselvs. Pad pissness schendlemen, petter mind dot gholden rools vot says, "Sheat every onder fellers vat you sells schickens und ees to shust like may pe he vood scheat you if he got soom schances;" done id, hay?

Dot "Pest" Lide Prama preeder in dot pulidine done got hees schickens schudged mid Mr. Kleeflands, yid soom vellers ish hard doo plees und may pe hee done bleese hees self. Hee must haf soom vine ones in hees doo kludches of sevendy-fife. I dond like soom vellers like dot, hee ish doo good a preeder und vill soon peat Hans Snyder mid hees hunard und swelf pindt schickens. You bed me fife toller im hunard binds ish fu binds offer a good schudge schale dot schickens. Dhey ish schust a leedle vile longer mid der Schtandard mid Excellence id ish purdy good. Hav dot "Y. P." got der meesels offer ghone do der Cendennial? dhel heem do wooke ub und gif dot "Ky." feller annuder lick.

Yours effry dhimes, Hans Breichtman.

[We guess "Hans" has had bad luck raising "schickens" this centennial year, so he feels like poking somebody in the ribs "shust a leedle." Hans Breichtman petter he pees carefult mit himself.—Ed.]

Ed. Fanciers' Journal.

Dear Sir:—The Western N. H. Poultry Society has received 197 entries from Mr. C. E. L. Hayward, of Peterboro. I think it the largest number of entries and embraces the greatest variety of poultry and pigeons ever exhibited by one man. The entries embrace the following: 53 varieties of fowls; 7 varieties of turkeys; 9 varieties of geese; 13 varieties of ducks, and 68 varieties of pigeons.

Yours truly, John W. Sturtevant, Sec'y.

Keene, N. H., Nov. 27, 1876.

THE SPANISH FOWL—CONCLUDED

By W. J. Nichol.

Cutting the Face and Management of Chickens.

In my last I mentioned about cutting the faces of Spanish. One of my readers has since reminded me that I do not explain how best to perform this operation. I therefore take the opportunity of doing so. To cut the face properly a pair of curved surgical scissors are required. They should be sharp and strong, for the white is unusually tough and difficult to cut. In removing any of the ugly folds, either over the eyes or between the beak and eyes, cut well underneath the flesh, bringing the top pieces over and pressing the edges together. Should the wound bleed, freely sponge it with cold water, and endeavor to knit the edges together, and the bleeding will soon cease. The operation should be carefully done, without scarring the face, or to such a trifling extent as hardly to be distinguishable to many people. When finished, shut up the bird in a totally dark place for some eighteen or twenty hours. If allowed to run he would be pretty certain to commence shaking his head, which would start the bleeding of the wounds, but when confined in a dark place he is quiet, and on the following day very little can be seen except the dry blood round the cut, and in about a week or ten days it will thoroughly have healed.

It is very pleasing to find that several new fanciers have recently commenced to keep these birds, all of them residing in large towns, and perhaps I may just state that they will meet with many disappointments; but the pleasure and amusement of breeding, and the excitement of exhibiting, will far exceed all the little annoyances. I have received several letters from gentlemen asking various questions, and I need hardly say I shall at all times be very pleased indeed to answer any inquiries. Fanciers, as a rule, are only too glad to be able to advise or assist the beginner.

I have not mentioned anything about the management of the chickens, and, as some amateurs have asked for information on the subject, I propose answering their inquiries now. For the first week or ten days after the chicks are hatched nothing is so good to feed them on as crumbs of bread and hard-boiled eggs chopped up very small; they will require during this time to be fed nearly every hour, the first meal as early in the morning as possible; as they get older, barleymeal mixed to a consistency so that it will break and crumble when thrown on the ground; if too soft, the little chickens cannot get it down their throats, it also sticks to the outside as well as the inside of their beaks. A small quantity of cooked meat, cut up very small, may be given, and it is very amusing to see how eagerly they hunt one another for these little dainty morsels. They must not be indulged with too much meat, however much they may like it. Corn may now be given to them. I prefer good sound wheat, which they are very fond of; and if the weather is cold a little hempseed will be found beneficial; as they get older whole barley may be used, and occasionally maize. They should always have plenty of green food each day. If there is no grass run, then they must have cabbage or lettuce leaves, or grass cut up small, for unless they have green food of some kind it is impossible to keep them in proper health. Clean pure water should be easy of access.

The chickens are often infested with insects, especially when kept in small places. These worry and irritate the poor little creatures so much as often to cause their death. A short time ago I went to look at a friend's birds, and soon heard a most piteous and melancholy chirrup, and saw that the chickens were drooping their wings, and their bones were begining to show through their skin. Sure signs, these, that they have vermin, and on examination such proved to be the case in this instance. They should be well sprinkled all over the body, especially under the wings and round the vent, with fine sulphur, not forgetting the hen. Two or three applications will always prove sufficient to rid the chickens of their tormentors.

Plenty of fresh air and exercise is absolutely necessary for all young animals. If the chickens are confined, various plans must be devised to provide them with amusement and occupation. Little mounds of road dust, sand, fine gravel, dry earth, fine chaff, or small boxes placed about the yard, all help to give them something to do; and to watch their little antics as they chase one another round and over these little mounds is certainly most amusing.

Another plan, which will engage their attention for hours, is to get some brewers' grains, put them in a shady corner where flies can get at them, and when there are plenty of maggots, give a shovelful to the chickens to scratch over, and this they will do so effectually that when they have finished it will be impossible to find a single maggot.

Spanish are very much given to feather eating. I have seen birds entirely denuded of their feathers, except those in the tail and wings, and one would imagine they had been plucked. This habit is generally acquired when the chickens are first getting their feathers; it is, therefore, of the greatest importance that they should be well occupied then, and if one is seen picking out the soft feathers, which at this time are full of sap and blood, remove the delinquent at once, or it will very soon teach the others the same abominable habit, and when once learnt, a pullet or hen is sure to recommence plucking. Again, when about to lay, I have tried everything to prevent them from disfiguring one another, but all to no purpose, and the only plan with old birds given to feather eating is to keep them separate; and the house, of which a drawing appeared in The Journal No. 43, is well adapted for this, as it provides several small compartments suitable for single birds. With chickens, I have found if they once get well feathered without having learnt to pluck one another, they seldom do so afterwards. It will, therefore, be easily seen how important it is to keep the chickens occupied, not only to make them strong and healthy, but to prevent that plague to a Spanish breeder, feather eating.

One of our correspondents asks, "At what age should the white face begin to show?" This will generally begin to appear when the chickens are a month or six weeks old; at three months the lobe in the cockerels should begin to drop; and the pullets' lobes ought at that age also to show themselves very clearly; but their faces will be blue, and the more of this seen the larger will be the face. While the cockerels' wattles are firmly fixed to the underneath part of the face, so long will the lobes continue to drop; but when these are loose and the lobes and wattles become detached or hang loosely from the jawbone, very little increase either in the size of the face or in the length of lobes may be expected.—*The Country.*

Mr. J. M. Wade:

Allow a novice in poultry, to make the following enquiries, viz: what among the domestic fowls stands ahead for beauty of plumage?

Is the bird of Paradise a domesticated fowl, or a bird to be kept caged, where to be had and about what do they cost? What in their color and size?

My friend describes a fowl he saw at the Centennial Poultry Exhibition, as very beautiful in plumage, called Pluming Pheasant. May not be correct in the name, I trust your great familiarity with the like, will enable you to understand what I refer to. If so, have the goodness to state whether it is domesticated or otherwise, and where to be obtained.

My object is to get a few fancy, showy birds or fowls for grounds limited in extent. Wm. Post.

CAN A POULTRY FARM PAY?—NO. 2.

In my former article (page 476) I gave my reasons why I thought a poultry farm should pay in Great Britain. In the present sketch I purpose explaining how my friend and myself intend managing our poultry farm.

1st. We are seeking for thirty acres of land at a moderate rental to commence operations. We have two good markets easy of access, besides a good chance of local sales.

2d. We intend to take up both branches—viz., egg-producing and meat-producing, our breeding stock consisting of two hundred hens, all hardy good layers and good table birds, supplemented by fifty sitting hens, divided as under—sixty Houdans, sixty Brahmas, eighty Redcaps (and fifty Cochin hens for mothers). All these are good layers—the Cochins are the best of mothers and sitters, the Houdans are nearly equal to Dorkings, and the Brahma cross with Houdans give fine birds for table. The Redcaps, again (not generally known), are considered in Yorkshire among the best layers, as well as plump good table birds, very hardy, and easily reared.

3d. The system to be adopted is in the main the Bellair (French) one—namely, houses 16 feet by 15 feet, only instead of putting 330 hens into one house (which we shall do in the case of our young birds waiting for market), in our two producing-houses we shall put one hundred hens a-piece, divided as follows:—House 1, Twenty Brahma hens, twenty Houdans, and sixty Redcaps, with Brahma cocks. House 2, Twenty Redcap hens, forty Houdans, and forty Brahmas, with Houdan cocks. The fifty Cochin hens (mated when required with Houdans), will be kept in a spare shed, their duty being hatching young broods; still at other times they could be doing ordinary duty.

In this department, the hatching, the Brahmas could do good service also, leaving the egg laying chiefly to the Houdans and Redcaps. It will be seen from this that we shall save complication of breeds and general arrangements, requiring only two large runs besides the breeding one for young chickens.

Next to a cottage opening from the kitchen is the breeding house, arranged much as the Bellair one, 16 feet by 15 feet. Houses 1, 2, stock houses, and same size. House 4 same size, with a supplementary house No. 5, 14 feet by 15, for young stock waiting for market. The supplementary house could hold 250 birds; say 580 in the two. On the other side of the yard will be a second breeding house, a house for Geese, one for Ducks, each as above, 15 by 16 feet, and a larger spare house 24 feet by 15; to this must be added store-room and packing-room, each 16 feet by 15.

Between the chickens and the waterfowl is a courtyard 45 feet by 28, open, if required, to both departments. The whole area, exclusive of cottage and store-rooms, is 60 feet square. We purpose keeping twenty Ducks—viz., ten Rouen and ten Aylesbury, as well as six Geese (Toulouse). Such, then, is our proposed stock, buildings, arrangements, and general plan of work; now for some of the minutiæ.

First, I would call your attention to a proposed improvement of my own in the arrangements of nests, &c., in the fowl houses. According to the Belair system the nests are placed in tiers one above another at each end of the houses, with roosting perches covering the center area. According to my plan all the nests are on the ground, with board and perches as recommended by *The Canada Farmer*. These nests go all round the several houses; but as this would not give sufficient nests I multiply two double rows up the center of each house, with boards and perches all the same height from the ground. These center rows of nests are portable.

We do not expect to do all this producing power at once; we may begin with a half or a quarter of the stock as may hereafter be determined on. Again, we do not intend to keep our young stock on hand longer than to fit them for the market. We hope to arrange to send to the markets weekly or fortnightly all birds fit for table, and so to keep down the stock, thus having about five hundred birds fitting for market, a sufficient supply of young chicks in the breeding ground, and the breeding stock as above enumerated, thus having at most a thousand birds at one time throughout the year. By the arrangement of our two producing-houses that while we get the double cross of Houdans and Brahmas, we have in each Brahma hens mated with Brahma cocks, and Houdan hens with Houdan cocks, so that the several breeds can with care and attention be kept pure, and enable us for some few years to renew the stock of pure-bred ones of each class.

In the house arrangement and accommodation simplicity and economy have been duly cared for: the same may be said of the outside arrangement. We only require three divisions of runs—viz., one for breeding young chicks, one for the Houdan cross, and one for the Brahma cross. The outside bounds of these runs to be constantly changed to suit rotation of crops; in fact, the several flocks, if I may so call them, would have to be regularly herded out and in from their houses to their runs, thus giving extent and change.

Twelve acres out of the thirty round the yard are to be used for the poultry and their runs, leaving eighteen acres for cultivation. We could thus be nearly self-supporting, producing the crops required for our use—namely, barley and oats for our grain crop and straw; cabbages, lettuces—green crop; potatoes, turnips—root crop; and grass for hay and pasturage, giving a proper succession in rotation of crops in batches of six acres, roots and green crop forming one batch.

Finally, seeing what a limited amount of space and accommodation under this system is really required, and that every small holding we might take would necessarily have some sort of out-buildings and sheds, the building capital required need not be over £200, as elegant workmanship in shed-building is not required.

In time, of course, as the breeds become too much crossed we should have to erect a few pens for rearing an annual supply of pure-bred birds to work with. As good eggs and good table birds can only be had by breeding from good stocks, our aim must be ever to keep good breeds to work upon. —G. R. Harriott, *in Journal of Horticulture.*

The Westchester Co. Association send out a good premium list. Their show coming among the first, when the birds exhibited will be fresh and in good plumage, should be a success. We know of birds owned in that neighborhood, well worth the admission to see.

Having to deal with the National Express Company, they did the best they could for their exhibitors:

"Arrangements have been made with the National Express Company, whereby all articles for exhibition sent here by them at regular rates, will be returned free of charge."

They may be considered as having done a great deal, when from the following, also taken from their circular, we learn that the National Express Co. was a monopoly:

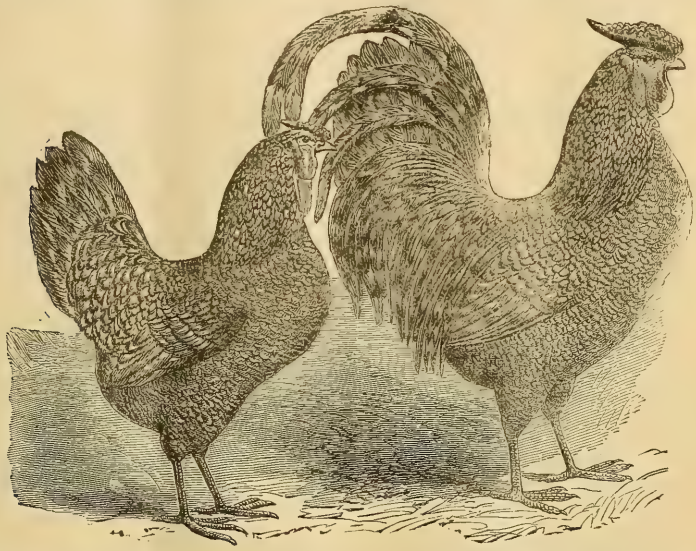
"All Goods, either from the North or South, must be shipped by the Harlem Railroad as freight, or by the National Express Company.

Mr. Jos. M. Wade:

I think this Express business ought to be attended to, as their charges are out of all reason. Now last week I sent a box away containing a pigeon, and paid the charge which was sixty cents. The same box was returned with one pigeon in from the same place and the charge was $1.05. It was the Adams Express Company. A. B. Hoskins.

DOMINIQUES.

Our friend Raub is sound in his ideas regarding Poultry literature. Would that we had more such breeders who are willing to state plain facts, including the faults common to different varieties, as well as their merits. Writers often show too much of a disposition to laud the fowls they breed, showing only their good qualities, with an apparent view to measurably deceive the public for the sake of making a sale. My candid opinion is that all such communications have a decided tendency to injure the cause, and result in final disadvantage to the writers, as well as the fraternity generally. I can sympathize with breeders of Dominiques, as well as many other varieties of fowls, in their disappointment, having bred them for several years, and often been disgusted with the result. In 1870, Col. Howland, of Chicago,—not O. Howland, the huckster,—showed some splendid specimens, winning first on old and young, at Chicago. These two trios I purchased. The accompanying cut was drawn from one of them and is a good representation of them. As a matter of course I was proud of my birds, and anticipated grand results. But "how are the mighty—ideas—fallen!" I counted my prize chickens before they were hatched. About one in ten *only* came up to my expectations. Customers were furnished with eggs, and as a specimen of returns, I quote from one of them: "The Dominique eggs hatched well, but, sir, I want you to understand that I am a man of influence, and do not propose to rest quietly when I have been swindled. Some of the chickens have white ear lobes, some have cloudy legs and black bills, and two are coal black. Two are splendid birds in every respect, but the finest cockerel, otherwise, has red feathers in his hackle. The other eggs you sent me have produced splendid birds, and are worth more than double what all the eggs cost, but the idea of being swindled by one whose reputation is as good as yours, cannot be tolerated." The above named faults I found in my own yards. I was aiming, at that time, to hold what little reputation I had gained, and permanently establish myself on a firmer basis. My disgust may be imagined, but my feelings cannot be described. Of course I apologized and explained, and made an offer which was accepted, the result of which was mutually satisfactory. I had determined to correct these faults in my Dominiques, and, although I have bred them ever since, all my experience and labor has not yet eradicated all of them. Since the first year no black ones have appeared, and for two years past about one half of the chicks are splendid specimens, while the other half will show either white ear-lobes, ill shaped combs, black beaks, cloudy legs, and red or straw colored feathers. These defects I believe to be common to every strain of Dominiques in the land. In view of the above facts, I sometimes fail to restrain a smile of contempt, that steals over me when I read the arguments brought forth to prove that "*my* Dominiques," "*my* Brown Leghorns," "*my* Brahmas," or *my* ANYTHING are faultless, and the only ones adapted to the wants of everybody. No variety of fowls are without their faults, some are more faulty than others, and when we all decide to show up the faults, as well as the merits, we will start on the sure foundation. There is no better way to improve than to study our faults. In the above picture I have shown the dark side of Dominiques, and now propose to show the other side. My experience teaches me, that, notwithstanding their faults, they are truly a valuable breed, possessing beauty, hardiness and utility. As egg producers and as table fowls they are surpassed by very few. They are good sitters and mothers, but not so persistent in "hugging the delusive phantom" of hatching chickens in a barren nest, as the Asiatics. They bear confinement well, and with moderately warm quarters are as good winter layers as Brahmas, and are well adapted to the wants of the farmer, or any one who has but a small yard.



But for a beginner, who desires something that will breed true, I would advise him to choose some other variety.

J. Y. Bicknell.

P. S. I have no Dominiques to sell.

Several large White Arctic Owls, a bird rarely seen south of the St. Lawrence river, have been recently shot near Brunswick, Maine.

VALLEY POINT POULTRY SHOW.

The following is the list of awards of the above show at their 9th annual exhibition, held at Cuba, N. Y., Sept. 26th to 29th.

Light Brahmas.—1st, Ormiston Bros., Cuba; 2d, Irwin Thomas, Franklinville.

Dark Brahmas.—1st, E. A. Newton, Cuba; 2d, S. C. Drew, Cuba.

Partridge Cochins.—1st, F. F. Latta, Friendship; 2d, S. C. Drew.

Buff Cochins—1st, E. Ricker, Cuba; 2d, John S. Howan.

Creve Cœur.—1st and 2d, Geo. Conners, Seymour.

Houdans.—1st, Geo. Conners; 2d, H. J. Smith, Friendship.

Plymouth Rocks.—1st and 2d, F. F. Latta.

White Leghorns.—1st, W. F. Fisher, Cuba; 2d, Nelson Alexander, Black Creek.

Brown Leghorns.—1st and 2d, F. F. Latta.

W. F. Black Spanish.—1st and 2d, S. C. Drew.

Golden Spangled Hamburgs.—1st, H. J. Smith; 2d, W. G. Kidder.

Silver Spangled Hamburgs.—1st, E. A. Newton; 2d, S.C. Drew.

Golden Penciled Hamburgs.—1st, E. A. Newton; 2d, W. G. Kidder.

Silver Penciled Hamburgs.—1st, F. F. Latta; 2d, W. G. Kidder.

W. C. Black Polish.—1st and 2d, H. J. Smith.

W. C. White Polish.—1st and 2d, H. J. Smith.

Golden Polish.—1st and 2d, H. J. Smith.

Silver Polish.—1st, H. J. Smith; 2d J M. Thomas, Cuba, N. Y.

B. Red Game.—1st and 2d, Ormiston Bros.

Derby Game B.—1st and 2d, D. Shay, Cuba.

White Game.—1st and 2d, D. Shay.

B. B. R. Game Bantams.—1st, F. F. Latta; 2d, E. Ricker.

Bronze Turkeys.—1st, S. C. Drew; 2d, Wm. Simpson, Jr, New Hudson.

Slate Turkeys.—1st and 2d, S. C. Drew.

Black Turkeys.—1st, S. C. Drew; 2d,———

White Turkeys.—1st, S. C. Drew; 2d, G. F. Gallup.

Pekin Ducks.—1st, Ormiston Bros.; 2d, Thos. Strahan, Cuba.

Rouen Ducks.—1st and 2d, J. F. Adams, Seymour.

Aylesbury Ducks.—1st, J. F. Adams; 2d, C. Halsey, Black Creek, N. Y.

Cayuga Ducks.—1st and 2d, J. Foland.

Pea Fowls.—1st, H. J. Smith; 2d, S. C. Drew.

Guinea Fowls.—1st, H. J. Smith; 2d, S. C. Drew.

Bremen Geese.—1st and 2d, J. M. Thomas.

Largest variety, and best exhibition of fowls; 1st, H. J. Smith, Friendship, N. Y.; 2d, F. F. Latta, Friendship, N. Y.

Mr. Editor:

I desire to make a few comments upon the articles written by P. Card, and B. G., Nos. 34 and 35, of Sept. Nos. I am glad to see that P. Card has so fearlessly sounded the key note of this Postal Card campaign, and that so many P. Cards are rising in his defence. P. Card's articles are logical, reasonable, and good sound sense combined. He has given the 3 cent stamp required by fine-haired gentry, a just and deserving rebuke, for advertising "*no postal cards* answered." Has B. G. or Young Breeder ever seen an advertisement of a business man offering his goods for sale, concluding with "no postal cards answered?" B. G. thinks if everybody had been pestered with postal cards as he has been, all would get tired of them. For my part I have had my share of them. I never considered them pestering, but am glad to receive them, and perfectly willing to answer any and all questions relating to my fowls, *free of charge.* Several years ago I sent postal cards to five or six of the leading poultry papers then published, as them to please send me specimen copies as I wished to become a subscriber; four of the six responded and sent specimen copies, free of charge, and since that time I have been a constant subscriber to those papers, and have at times patronized their advertising pages. *So much for answering postal cards.*

I agree with P. Card, and disagree with B. G. and his friend *Young Breeder*, that poultry men who really have a large correspondence to respond to, call postal cards a curse and nuisance that should be abated.

The government had better retire these postal cards, if they hurt these fine haired dealers. If I want to buy a sewing machine, wagon, chickens, ducks, geese, or bull pup, I will write a postal card, *providing* I can get all the questions on that I want a reply to, if the postal will not contain what I wish to write, why then of course we will get a 3 cent stamp. If the correspondent will not answer my postal card, why then we will address another to the man that has the good sense to reply to all inquiries concerning his stock. Good for you, P. Card. Long may you prosper.

Leo. A. Dosch.

Brookville, Ohio, Oct. 16.

"SETTING."

In Tennet's description of the pigeon exhibit, at the Centennial, and the remark of General Walker to the lady's enquiry, "if this is the room where they hatch?" Walker's reply was, "No, this is where we set." This reminds us that but a few squares from where this exhibit was made, at the hotel on Lancaster Av., Hestonville, there is, or was, not many years ago, a tin plate on the door of the room to the right of the entrance, on which was painted, "*Ladies Setting-room.*" Although this appears to have been a "setting" room, we doubt if anything more than gossip was ever hatched there.

RED BARB COCK.

We understand that Mr. D. E. Newell of New York city, offered $60 for the Red Barb cock we illustrated a short time since in The Journal, hoping to add it to his already valuable collection. But its owner, Mr. Erdman, refuses the tempting offer.

ERRATA.

In Centennial pigeon display, line 22, page 546, for Morse read Moore. The gentleman referred to is Mr. E. H. Moore of Melrose, Mass.

I have bred Dark Brahmas several years, both in England and this country, and I can freely say that for utility and general purposes, both for the farmer and townsman, they stand at the head of the list, and if you desire beauty, where can you find it stand out with more perfection, than in the finely penciled Dark Brahma Pullet?—*Circular of E. G. Bayley.*

Carrier Pigeons.—A proposition is on foot for establishing a regular-pigeon communication throughout the country of Suffolk, for police purposes, the head quarters to be at Ipswich.—*Live Stock Journal.*

The beak of the Carrier is (or should be) light, that of the Dragoon black; this forms a distinctive feature between the two varieties, so the beginner can always by this means distinguish between the two. H.

I have now been a constant reader of your paper for two years, and I am constrained to say, it fills the bill. As long as I breed fancy poultry I must have it. Sooner curtail expenses elsewhere than do without it. I take several Monthlies, they are too long coming, compared with your weekly. Leo A. Dosch.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

Oatmeal.—We find it a good rule and a change to have oatmeal mush one breakfast and oaten cakes the next. Our rule for the latter is :—Take two cups of cold oatmeal mush—mix one egg thoroughly through it, add one tablespoon of sugar, and flour enough to make into cakes. Dip each into pounded cracker and fry brown in *hot*, sweet, clean, lard or drippings. Oatmeal mush needs to be thoroughly cooked—or if time will not permit in the morning, soak the meal over night.

Things not generally known.—Cotton and linen cambrics are washed with soap much better in soft water; but then it is much better to rinse them afterwards in hard water, as it shrinks and hardens the fibres, and gives the cloth more firmness and elasticity, while the soft water would leave the fabric more lax and limpid—and less brilliant.

Potash and soda are both alkalies, and have some like properties, still, they are very different in some respects. Potash is made by boiling down into a solid mass, like maple sugar, the lye of wood and vegetable ashes in a pot; while soda is procured by burning a sea weed or grass known by the name of *Salsoda.*

Both potash and soda, when boiled with grease or oily matters will make soap, but of a different character—soda and oil form hard soap, while potash and oil form soft soap.

This is the reason why alkalies applied to grease spots on cloth will remove and clean it—the grease combines with the alkali, forms a soap, which then is easily washed off with water.

For much the same reason, rubbing pure clay on grease spots will cleanse them, as the grease has a strong affinity for the clay, and when combined, water will readily wash out the whole; this is the principle of cleaning cloth with Fuller's clay.—*Maryland Farmer.*

SALT PORK cut into slices and soaked over night in milk is an improvement upon even fresh pork.

Nun's Puffs.—(Contributed.)—Take two ounces of butter and rub it into a pint of flour; boil a pint of milk and pour over it, and stir very well, then put in four eggs and beat the whole well together: pour the batterb y the tablespoonful into boiling lard or butter.

Burns and Scalds—The common whiting of commerce (found in nearly every kitchen), reduced by cold water to the consistence of thick cream, is to be spread on a light linen rag, and the whole burnt surface instantly covered, and thus excluded from the action of the air. The ease it affords is instantaneous, and it only requires to be kept moist by subsequent occasional sprinklings of cold water.—*Scientific American.*

Weeds growing in water purifies it.

PERIOD OF GESTATION AND INCUBATION.

	Shortest Period Days.	Mean Period Days.	Longest Period Days
Dog,	55	60	63
Cat,	48	50	56
Rabbit,	20	28	35
Hen,	19	21	24
Turkey,	24	26	30
Duck,	28	30	32
Goose,	27	30	33
Pigeon,	16	18	20
Pea Hen,	25	28	30
Guinea Hen,	20	23	25
Swan,	40	42	45

Bread crumbs and German paste, with meal worms, is a good standard food for Blackbirds, etc. A little ripe fruit may be given occasionally, by way of a treat. H.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

LIST OF PLANTS IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.

Continued from page 527.

Hepatica—triloba, liverleaf.
Hydrastis—canadensis, turmeric root, (very scarce.)
Helianthemum—canandense, frost-plant, rock rose.
Hypericum—perforatum, common St. John's-wort; do. corymbosum, spotted; do. mutilum, small.
Hibiscus—syriacus, (althea) Syrian Hibiscus.
Heuchera—Americana, alum-root.
Hydrangea—arborescens, common Hydrangea.
Hamamelis—virginiana, witch hazel.
Hydrocotyle—americana, pennywort; do. umbellata, pennywort.
Heracleum—lanatum, cow parsnip.
Hedera—helix, English ivy.
Houstonia—coerula, dwarf pink, innocence.
Heliopsis—loevis, (Helianthus) ox-eye.
Hieracium—venosum, veiny-leaved hawkweed; do. paniculatum, slender.
Halesia—tetraptera, four-winged snowdrop tree.
Impatiens—pallida, touch-me-not; do. fulva, jewel-weed, touch-me-not.
Inula—helenium, elecampane.
Kerria—japonica, (Corchorus japonica,) Japan globe-flower.
Krigia—virginica, dwarf dandelion.
Kalmia—latifolia, mountain laurel; do. angustifolia, narrow laurel, sheep poison.
Lepidium—virginicum, wild pepper-grass.
Lychnis—githago, corn cockle.
Lechea—major, larger pinweed; do. minor, smaller pinweed.
Lespedeza—violacea, violet-flowered lespedeza; do. repens, trailing lespedeza; do. capitola.
Lythrum—salicaria, loose strife.
Ludwigia—alternifolia, seed-box, bastard loose-strife.
Lonicera—tartarica, tartarian honeysuckle; do. alba, white honeysuckle; sempervirens, trumpet honeysuckle; do. xylosteum, English fly honeysuckle.
Leucanthemum—vulgare, white-weed, ox-eye daisy.
Lappa—major, burdock.
Lactuca—elongata, trumpet milkweed.
Lobelia—inflata, indian tobacco; do. syphilitica, blue cardinal flower; do. spicata.
Lysimachia—ciliata; do. quadrifolia, four-leaved loosestrife; do. nummularia.
Linaria—vulgaris, (Anterhinnum linaria), toad flax; do. elatine, small toad flax.

To be continued.

FASCINATION—PHOCA IN ANSWER TO J. M. M'CANN.

Continued from page 568.

Compte's Herptology.—Same as Cuvier' Animal Kingdom :—"The cat-bird is one of those unfortunate victims, and indeed the principal, against which credulity and ignorance have so often directed the fascinating quality of the black snake. A multitude of marvelous stories have been told me by people who have themselves seen the poor cat birds drawn, or sucked, as they sometimes express it, from the tops of the trees (which by the by the cat-bird scarcely visits) one by one into the yawning mouth of the immovable snake. It has so happened with me, that in all the adventures that I have personally witnessed the cat-bird was actually the assailant and always the successful one. These encounters never take place but during the breeding time of birds, for whose eggs and young the snake has a particular partiality. It is no wonder that those species whose nests are usually built near the ground should be the greater sufferers, and the most solicitous for their safety: hence the cause why the cat-bird makes such a distinguished figure in most of these marvellous narrations. That a poisonous snake will strike a bird, and allow it to remain till nearly expiring before he begins to devour it, our observations on the living rattlesnake, at present (1811) kept by Mr. Peale, satisfy us is a fact; but that the same snake, with eyes, breath, or any other known quality he posesses, should be

capable of drawing a bird, reluctantly from the tree tops to its mouth, is an absurdity too great for me to swallow."—Wilson's Am. Ornith.

Let me suggest to Mr. McCann that "*the flaming eyes and fiery tongue* of the living serpent," although very impressive language, is rather an extravagant expression for a *student of nature.*"

He says: "Here we have the testimony of eminent men of science and of unimpeachable veracity. They have seen in various parts of the world, the fascinating power of the serpent over its victim. What right have we to question their statements?" Such talk in this day and age of the world when the musty relics of tradition and superstition are being overturned in every direction, is simply ridiculous. As to the value of the evidence in support of any theory which taxes our credulity, the following extract from a lecture by Prof. Czermak in the private physiological laboratory of the University of Leipsic is to the point.

"The physiological facts which I shall demonstrate and discuss as they occur in various animals, are remarkably surprising. They will afford us opportunities for making deductions which are interesting in their historical relations, and they will also serve to demonstrate to us how man, uneducated in natural science, is deficient in judgment when he comes to view unfamiliar incidents of nature. They will show us that such a man examines natural phenomena in a way which is certain to deceive him, by convincing him that he has observed events which in reality never occurred. The obstinacy and lack of discernment which he thus brings to bear on his investigations are truly astonishing; and it is not surprising therefore, that the intelligent inquirer into the operations of nature should place little reliance on the testimony of highly honorable persons whose minds are untrained to the work they have undertaken. Even when such persons are possessed of great culture—even perhaps in natural science—but are not infused with that spirit of exact investigation so necessary to the discovery of truth in nature, we are justified in regarding their statements with hesitation and suspicion. Often, very often, we are obliged to listen to relations of unusual or dubious natural events, and cannot avoid feeling irritated at the asservations—which the speaker regards as putting an end to all argument—"I was there. I saw it all with my own eyes, and heard it all with my own ears. What I report is actually true!" The relator has really been present; he has seen and heard everything of which he speaks; he is in real earnest, and he tells the truth; and yet what he reports has never taken place, and the real investigator of nature is perfectly right in disregarding his testimony, while at the same time his truthfulness is not questioned. This may strike you as paradoxical. It is so, however, only in appearance, for the discrepancy disappears when we come to make the discovery that it is the perception of the observer which is at fault, and that the eyes and ears have been correct so far as their functions were concerned. The circumstance is what I call *an event viewed unequally.* In the want of discernment in which such an observer is placed when investigating nature, he regards the temporary coincidences and consequences of certain real events as in themselves real. He accepts these circumstances at once, and without thorough investigations, as having an intimate and direct relation with real events. He therefore forms a conception of something which is not real and he reports as an actual occurrence that which, in the way he means, never in fact took place. Such a circumstance constitutes an event not thoroughly tested, or an incident unequally investigated, and, I believe we are not merely logically justified, but morally forced, to distinguished among events in the perception of nature, a new and especial category, that of *events viewed unequally.*" * * *

"Nothing strengthens the mind like a habit of investigating natural events with thoroughness and strictness. Without this habit credulity and superstition can neither be broken nor restrained."

NOTES FROM A PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Its so queer about the lichen growth on these trees. Upon some it will be only on the northern exposure of the bark, from root to the very highest twig, and that the shield lichen. Then may be the very next tree will be perfectly free from extraneous growth of every kind. The next may be draped in the garlands of the lace lichen, while another will be a mass of mistletoe. Why the difference in parasitical growth in such close quarters? As I said before, it's queer! I was thinking to-day about the mistletoe. Did you read in the *American Garden*, I believe it was, of 1875, about the English mistletoe. I saved the scrap at the time, and hunted it up for you as soon as I got home.

MISTLETOE IN ENGLAND.

"The mistletoe is rarely, or almost never at present found growing upon the oak. Indeed I have read in some recent authority that only three oak trees are known in all Great Britain with mistletoe upon them. Being in England on Christmas day, and observing the mistletoe everywhere conspicuous—in company with the holly, ivy and laurel—I made inquiry, wherever I could get a chance, as to whence the supply was obtained. Some knew only that just before Christmas day, at the markets, one could get a bunch of mistletoe, holly and ivy to hang in the window, for "tuppence" or more, according to quantity or quality. I saw few people who had seen it growing; and those had only seen it upon crab-trees or old apple-trees, never upon an oak; and hardly any would believe that it could grow on an oak. Nor had they ever seen it except in the west of England. Generally, they thought that it grew only in England. At a wholesale stand in a market in Liverpool, the day after Christmas, I saw a very large bunch on a piece of an apple-tree limb, the branches of mistletoe being as much as four feet long, and the thickest part of some branches an inch and a half or two inches in diameter. The price of that bunch, then, the day after Christmas, was five shillings sterling. The market-man said he believed it came from Kidderminster; and that the market supply came from the west of England.

I had, however, several opportunities to inquire of well-informed business men, familiar with the imports and exports and shipping of England, and they uniformly gave me quite another account, which, in the words of one of them, as nearly as I can remember, is the following:—"O yes, I know all about the mistletoe; it is a fungus; a thing that grows on the branches of trees. I never saw much of it in England; it always grows on knotty old apple-trees; never on an oak. They tell some rubbish about oaks and Druids and the sacred plant; and, particularly among the lower classes, that it is good to kiss the ladies under at Christmas—a sort of harmless bounce, a deceit, that does very well. But I've seen no end of it in Belgium, on old orchards; apple trees that are lumpy and don't bear much fruit; and at Christmas time they import immense crates of it from Belgium into England; crates of immense size—most surprising numbers of them—and supply the whole English market. It's just as good, for there's not much more mistletoe than Druids in England now." I learned also, that, according to general report, the mistletoe was propagated by boring holes in the bark of trees, deep enough to get at the sap, and inserting the broken berry, or the seed with its viscous covering.—*Isaac H. Hall in Torrey Bot. Club Bulletin.*

That was a surprise to me at the time of reading it. The idea of the mistletoe growing upon apple-trees—about equal to the "figs upon thistles." Why, of course, they were a growth upon the oak!

Did the Druids have apple-trees? Maybe they did—but in some way my impression was they didn't. But it's queer again the mistletoe does not grow upon oaks in England, or on the continent, but grows upon nothing else in California, that I ever saw, and the growth is so rank! Another error, the mistletoe is not a fungus. The fungi never show green herbage—think of a mush-

room with leaves, or a mistletoe in mushroom form. The fungi belong to the cryptogami, whereas the mistletoe is of the order *Diœcea*, class *Tetrandria*. The mistletoe is a true parasite, its root penetrates the soft white substance between the inner bark and the wood, and absorbs the juices that should have gone on further for the support of the tree. Annie thinks they are found only upon dying, decaying trees. Granted, but the death, decay, is because of their presence. There is another difference; a fungus is not a true parasite, it simply clings to the surface, receiving its nourishment from the air—and yet the rule won't hold good—because lately the Academy of Sciences have had presented to them a new fungus growth found in Nevada country, that is destructive to the growth of pines up there.

By the way, writing of fungus—a new one has lately been presented to the Microscopical Society, of which fungus I was favored with a photo. which I forward to you. At the presentation was read a paper descriptive, which I also send you.

Agaricus tridens.

Pileus fleshy, conctriform, skin very thick, coriaceous, color light buff. Edge entire and involute. The peculiar manner in which the pileus is attached to the stem gives it the form of a nautilus shell, as will be seen by the accompanying photograph. The *stem* is *three feet, four inches* in length, being attached to the timber on which it grows by a large disk of from eight to ten inches in diameter. The disk is clothed with a thick soft brown felt, which also extends along down the stem for some eight or ten inches. At the point of attachment to the disk the stem is two inches in diameter, and of a firm woody character, though no traces of any woody fiber can be found, but on the contrary the entire stem is of the same character as the pileus. At nine inches from the point of attachment to the disk the stem divides into three branches, which, singularly enough, in the space of nine inches, again unite; but two of the three branches at this point come off and terminate at the side of the main stem, in smooth tercte points. The main stem now continues downward and enlarges to a diameter of nearly three inches. It is now no longer covered with felt but becomes smooth and hard till the point at which the pileus is thrown off. Here a most singular growth has taken place. From all sides short branches resembling the young antlers of a stag have been thrown out, and two of these becoming more vigorous than the rest, have pushed down; the larger of these two was now divided into three, *forming a perfect trident*, as will be seen. These antlers, if I may so call them, are at first roughened, and slightly sulcate; at their division they become smooth as if turned in a lathe, the ends are blunted, and at the very end it is divided so as to give the end a stellate appearance. The gills are distant, decurrent, notched and sinuate, and of a pale straw color. It is most assuredly one of the Hymenomycetes, and an Agaric. The spores are ovate or round, exceedingly minute and borne on true basidia.

The peculiarity of this fungus is its being found only in the abandoned drifts of mines, where it has received the name of the Lily of the Mines.

This particular specimen was found attached to the timbers of a drift long closed in the Yellow Jacket Mine, Virginia City, Nevada, where the still moist air was most favorable to fungoid growth. [*To be continued.*] Pacific.

Small Pet Department

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Dec. 2d, 1876.

1 Alligator (*A. mississippiensis*). Presented by Saml. F. Keely, Roxborough, Pa.

1 Horned Toad (*Phrynosoma cornuta*). Presented by Wm. N. Famous, Phila.

1 Black Spider-Monkey (*Ateles ater*). Presented by Robert Kevin, Phila.

1 Bald Eagle (*Haliætus Cucocephalus*), and 1 Snowy Owl (*Nyctea nivea*). Purchased.

1 Loon (*Colymbus torquatus*). Presented.

1 Common Gannet (*Sula bussana*). Presented by W. H. Zern, Atlantic City, N. J.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen'l Supt.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ZOO NOTES, NO. 4.

by huon.

Prairie Dogs.

If you have enough rabbits, squirrels, and guinea-pigs, and want still other pets, try the prairie-dogs. They are very amusing, their antics and gambols being quite as funny as those of little kittens. If you have ground for a prairie-dog village you will find as an amusement it will pay. At the Philadelphia "Zoo" the "village" gets a large share of attention where, though they have lost in some measure their fear of strangers, they still go through the form of setting a watch, and always seem to have out a picket to warn of the approach of any foe; which picket, or guard, though it changes, is always made up of the old dogs, sitting solemnly upright, the dog on watch duty remains, while the others feed, and sounds his note of alarm by rapid barks or rather squeaks, when down sink the whole tribe in their holes, disappearing as suddenly as Roderick Dhu's men did in the Highland heather!

Make yourself at home with the prairie dog, and he will become quite familiar; he will come at your call, take food from your hand, and even from your pocket. He will climb up to your shoulders, gnaw your buttons, and poke his inquisitive little nose into your pockets if he but smell a cake or a cracker there. In short, there is not a funnier little pet out than the prairie dog.

The white elephant.

The largest White Elephant to be seen in Europe belongs to the Emperor of Russia, and is located in the Grand Park, at St. Petersburgh. It was a present from a former Shah of Persia to a former Emperor of all the Russias, and is said to be at least one hundred and fifty years old! Certain it is that the animal was in the same park in the time of the infamous Empress Catharine, who was crowned Empress at Moscow, in 1762, and died in 1769, and could he talk, what a story he could tell of the high jinks of that extremely dissolute Empress and generally bad woman, who inhabited the very palace, to which the park then, as now, belonged.

When this white elephant was a "new arrival" in Russia, he was decked out in very fine trappings, with richly ornamented riding-turret, etc., but for a couple of generations past, he has steadily refused to be saddled and mounted. In his old age he has grown cross and unmanageable, as though he had outlived his love of the world, and has become disgusted with things in general.

In the Philadelphia "Zoo" have been lately introduced two baby elephants, "Baby-Boo," male, three years old, and "Wolly-po-tump," female, four. They are healthy, playful little animals

of the Indian species, and we may reasonably hope from their good condition, and the great care taken of them by their keeper, that when the next Centennial comes around, they may be able (we shall improve now, since our Centennial, so much that elephants may talk by that time) to tell the people of the wonders of 1876.

ALBINOS.

From the *Chicago Field* of Nov. 25th, we learn that Dr. A. F. McKinney recently shot a female Albino quail, *Ortyx Virginiana*, on his plantation at Germantown, Tenn. It was a beautiful specimen and was presented to Mr. D. Bryson of Memphis, Tenn. About a week ago the "*Forest and Stream*" received at their office in New York, a partial Albino quail, shot by Mr. H. Fassett of Philadelphia.

This reminds us to say a word for

"BILLY JONES,"

A pure white squirrel, the last of three we received over a year ago, from Mr. Edward Bassett of Berlin, Wisconsin. One, a female, died a few months after it came to us. She had many indications of having received a charge of shot, which charge doubtless caused the convulsions which finally carried her off. She was very tame, and a great pet. Being unable to jump to any distance, she was often allowed her liberty. The second, a male, was sent to Lewis Ruhe, (importer of rare animals) 98 Chatham street, N. Y. But "Billy Jones" was too smart—too nearly perfect, for us to part with, consequently, in one of Osborn's

Incomparable Cages, "Billy accompanied us to the "land of steady habits," where he has been much admired. During the winter "Billy" is kept in the kitchen, and carefully attended by a lady who is very fond of pets, therefore he is in the best of health all the time, and as he is constantly talked to (ladies must talk to something) he has got so he always replies, in his way, which is very amusing. He does not often get his liberty, because there is *too much* "squirrel" in him. He is too lively. The first time he was let out he landed on our shoulder, then on our writing table, when inkstand, paper, and other materials were thrown around very lively. From the table he sprang to the plants in the window, where he was soon half buried in the dirt. At another time he got out on the lawn. He made no attempt to run away, but got in the loose dirt under an arbor vitæ, where he almost buried himself, eating and rolling in the dirt like a playful kitten, proving to our satisfaction, that squirrels in cages are sadly neglected. They need and must have loam occasionally in some form, or they will not keep in that condition so pleasing to lovers of squirrel pets. Their diet should be varied, and consist of nuts, clover heads, grass, bread, &c. In fact, "Billy" does not seem to have the best of manners, for he will ask for apples, or anything he needs, if any one is eating in sight the article he wants. He knows no fear, as when let out he will run between the legs of any dog however large or strange, the same with cats. It is amusing to see him examine our cat's tail, as she sits watching him placidly until he finally tests it with his teeth, when pussy jumps up as though she was wanted elswhere. Having just shed his coat he is pure white, with bright pink eyes. He is perfect in form, larger than the gray squirrel, and has a very large bushy tail. Will some of our naturalists tell us, why with his new coat his actions have changed? He has become apparently more savage. Is this the pairing season for squirrels, or why is he more savage at this time?

During the winter of 1875 and 1876, we had 3 white squirrels, 1 black, 1 gray, and 2 striped ones. In the evenings we often let several of them loose in our dining room. The striped ones were always timid and would shun us. The larger squirrels seemed untamable until their teeth gave out, when they became tame and would take food from the hand. The black or gray would always make room for the white ones, which among themselves would have terrible encounters, and always had to be separated. It was a very pleasant sight to turn all loose at once when they were hungry, and watch them feed until satisfied. The white female had a particularly winning way of half sealing, half coaxing nuts from the others; when all were satisfied they would hide the remaining nuts. Never putting two nuts in one place so long as they could find two places—we purposely made as many places as possible, by providing slippers, boots, &c., &c., and never in our experience were two nuts put in one place until all the places had been utilized, then, and then only, would they begin to put two in a place, and finally three, &c., &c. To us this rather hurt the theory that they lay in large stores of food in *one place* for winter. As George P. Burnham would say, "why is this thus? Will McCann, Huon, or Phoca please explain?

WADE.

EXCHANGES.

☞Advertisements under this head, of four lines, or forty-eight words describing and offering for **Exchange only**, will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞"TO EXCHANGE FOR CASH" or "GREENBACKS," "WANTED A PURCHASER," or "WANTED AN OFFER," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstances be admitted to the *Exchange* or *Want* column.

☞No Exchange or Want will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

F. F. GROW, Glenwood, Pa., will exchange a pair of P. C. Fowls, very fine, weight 20 lbs.; also fine Rouen Ducks, for White-crested Black Polands. A chance for a good trade for some enterprising person. None but good birds wanted.

H. H. TSHUDY, Litiz, Pa., will exchange one trio B. Leghorn Chicks, and one trio Buff Cochin Chicks, for Plymouth Rock Pullets.

S. C. SMITH, Lock Box 132, Warren, Pa., wishes to exchange a Violin, cost $16, for a Cocker Spaniel, broken on Grouse, or a good Pointer Pup Dog.

ABM. V. N. DeFOREEST, Metuchen, N. J., will exchange an Adams Cottage Printing Press, 9x13, warranted to be in perfect order, for Brown Leghorn, or offers.

J. HORACE FASSITT, 1630 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange a pair of Yellow Mottled Trumpeters, for a pair of Flying Antwerps.

BOX 2946, New York, wishes to exchange White Barbs, Black and Dun Carriers, and Antwerps, for a Double-barrel Breech-loading Shot Gun, which must be by good maker, and in fair condition, or offers.

H. E. SPENCER, Centrevillage, Broome Co., N. Y., will exchange either a trio of White Cochins, Todd's stock; White Leghorns, J. B. Smith's strain; or Brown Leghorns, F. J. Kinney's strain, for Plymouth Rock Pullets, or Pekin Ducks. Must be good stock. Answer at once.

JOHN K. CAMP, Winsted, Conn., will exchange Scribner's Monthly, bound in cloth, new, years 1871 and 1872; and a book entitled, Events at the National in 1873; also two fine Light Brahma Pullets, and one yearling Hen; also S. S. Hamburgs, for fine Colored Dorkings, yearling Hens or Pullets, or B. B. Red Game Bantam Pullets.

W. J. EVENDEN, Williamsport, Pa., will exchange 2 Irish Setter Pups, lemon and white, 3 months old; 3 B. B. R. Game Bantam and 3 Silver Duckwing Game Bantam Cockerels, 1 pair Red Carriers, breeders, 1 Red Jacobin Cock, 1 Violin and Bow, valued at $25, and a Watch, valued at $15, for Breech-loading Shot Gun, Rifle, Cigars, Berkshire Sow, or offers.

WINFIELD, Box 110, McEwensville, Northumberland Co., Pa., has Houdans, one Single-barrel Shot Gun, with Game Bag and Shot Pouch, one copy Graham's Standard Phonography (new), several Cases, all sizes, Homeopathic Medicines, never been opened; one copy Winner's Guitar Instructor, &c., for offers in Pigeons, Game Bantams, or other Fowls. Postals received.

G. E. BACON, Riverside Station, Conn., will exchange 1 Brown Leghorn Cockerel, and 3 Pullets, for 1 trio of Bronze Turkeys.

J. HORACE FASSITT. 1630 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa., will exchange 2 pairs of Antwerps, for two pairs of Jacobins, White, Black, or Blue.

E. F. ERLAND, Plymouth, Mass., will exchange first-class Pekin and White Call Ducks, for German Canaries, good singers, and Wild Geese, first-class.

E. M. PEASE, 35 Grand St., Hartford, Conn., wishes to exchange a set of Key Check Dies, Letters and Figures, (steel); also good assortment of German Silver Key Checks and Rings, for Leghorns, or a Fleetwood S. roll Saw.

C. M. GRAY, Trenton Falls, N. Y., wants to exchange Printing Press, Violin, Pointer Dog, Partridge Cochins, Rouen Ducks, Pile Game Chicks, Derbys and Bantams, for a Rifle, Shot Gun, Revolver, Watch, Set of Harness, Berry Plants, Fruit Trees, &c.

HENRY CLAYTON, Mount Pleasant, Del., will exchange Buff Cochin Chicks, (bred from choice birds of Williams' and Churchman's strains,) for one pair of good Turbit Pigeons, and one trio of choice Black Red Game Bantams. Correspondence solicited.

DR. J. THOS. BUSSEY, Emmittsburg, Md., will give 2 Brown Leghorn Cockerels for a good Brown Leghorn Cock, and 2 P. Rock Cockerels, or 1 P. R. and 1 American Dominique Cockerel, for Houdan Cock. Must be good.

EZRA B. DIBBLE, New Haven, Conn., will exchange 6 Hens and 1 Cock, Light Brahmas. Hens weigh from eight to eleven lbs. each; all hatch of 1875, for anything (but live stock) that I can realize $20 cash for.

C. B. ELBEN, Pittsburgh Pa., has one Flute, value $12; one Piccolo, value $6.75, both new; Black African Bantam Cockerels, to exchange for good Cigars, or Silver Ware.

ORLANDO SEELY, Box 129, Ithaca, Tompkins Co., N. Y., will exchange Silver Spangled Hamburgs, B. B. R. Game Bantams, and White Fantail and Flying Antwerps, bred from imported stock, for small Printing Press, or offers.

THE WOODBERRY NEWS, published at Woodberry, Md., will exchange Advertising, for Chickens, Ducks, Geese, &c., of fancy breeds, or for the Eggs of either.

E. FRIES, Sherrills Mount, Iowa, will exchange first premium and pedigree Essex Pigs, for other breed, or good Newfoundland and Shebleris Pup; also D. and L. Brahmas, premium birds, for Figs. Will warrant all my stock to give satisfaction Answer quick.

BOX 368, No. Attleboro, Mass., has for exchange one "Jaques" Incubator, in perfect order, and but little used, for offers. Singing Canaries preferred Postal cards accepted.

G. E. BACON, Riverside Station, Conn., will exchange one second-hand Weed Sewing Machine, in good order, for one Brown Leghorn Cock and seven Pullets. Must be good ones.

C. P. BOLLES, Rockville, Conn., will exchange one pair of B. B. R. Game Bantams, and one pair of Wild Geese, also a Blue Dutchess Cock, and a Yellow Hen, for Inside Tumblers, (any color except black,) Fantails and Trumpeters. What offers?

CHARLES A. ANDREW, West Boxford, Mass., will exchange Lop-eared Rabbits, of any age, or White Fantail Pigeons, for young Ferrets, or P. Rock Pullets, or offers.

BENJ. BLAMPIED, 307 Mount Zoar St., Elmira, N. Y., will exchange one beautiful Black Walnut Mocking Bird Cage, highly ornamented, and fit for any parlor. Is 4 feet long, 2 feet wide, 2 feet deep; arched door frame; double doors in front, French plate glass in doors and headlight. Large back door, with looking glass, and fine Chromo of Deer and Rabbit cased in same. Beautiful Steeple in center, also one at each end. Draw tray for cleaning cage, in three sections, and covered with rich oil cloth. Door and bell knobs silver-mounted. Was once offered sixty dollars for cage and refused it. Will exchange the same for five (5) trios of thoroughbred Poultry, following varieties: W. C. B. Polish, W. C. W. Polish, G. Sebright Bantams, W. Leghorns, Brown or Black Leghorns. None but pure stock wanted. Exhibition birds. Write.

T. D. ADAMS, Franklin, Pa., will exchange 4 trios of G. S. Hamburgs, No. 1 birds; Corn Shellers; Poultry; 30 Chromos, neatly framed; Fanciers' Journal, complete to '77; Parsons' Laws of Business; Wells' Every Man his own Lawyer; Water Fountains, (Wade's) ½ gallon; a White Pouter Cock, and Beagle Dog, for a small size Printing Press, complete, or offers on postal cards.

R. W. SNYDER, Owego, N. Y., wants to exchange pedigree Buff Cochins for a good Setter Dog, or offer.

W. C. EATON, Newark, N. J., will exchange a Magic Lantern, cost $200; a Graves' Incubator, $100; or German Canaries, good singers, for Black or White Cochins, or B. Leghorns. Must be first-class.

BOX 869, Rockville, Conn., will exchange a nice Family Horse, seven years old, weight 1,000 lbs., sound and kind, for a registered Jersey Cow.

J. T. BELL, Franklin, Pa, has 7 trios Black Red Games, '76 hatch, $10 per trio; Long Silver Watch Guard, $15; 7-shot Cartridge Revolver, $8; good heavy Single-barrel Shot Gun, $15; Single-barrel Cartridge Pistol, $4; three years Poultry World, in patent binder, $5.50; 75 lb. collection Minerals, $25; Home Corn Sheller, new, $2.50, to exchange for Breech-loading Rifle, Breech-loading Shot Gun, Printing Press and outfit, Foot Lathe and Tools, large Cartridge Revolver, Music Box, or offers.

JNO. F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 1 Harp, Piano, 3 good Violins, 1 10-keyed Accordean, 1 Evan & Watson's Safe, 1 Pocket, and 1 large Case of Homeopathic Medicines, filled and labelled in good condition, 1 Florence Sewing Machine, 1 bound vol. Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, 4 Fonts Type, assorted, 1 Single Silver-plated Buggy Harness, good as new, 1 Floebert Gun and Target, 1 Red Bird and Cage, 1 Rabbit Hutch, 1 Electric Battery, for Alderney or Jersey Cow, or Double Breech-loading Shot Gun, or offers.

JOSHUA BOWERS, Morrow St., between 5th and 6th, Wilmington, Del., has a pair of splendid Newfoundland Pups, 6 weeks old. They are thoroughbred, I know, for I have their mother. I would like to exchange them for first-class Carrier Pigeons. I have also about 15 pair of Outside Tumblers, mostly black. I would exchange for other varieties of Pigeons.

WANTED.

READ INSTRUCTIONS AT THE HEAD OF EXCHANGES.

The name and address of any person acting dishonestly through the Exchange and Want columns, will be placed at the head of Exchange column.

DR. O. W. BROWNBACK, Pendleton, Ind, wants a trio of Partridge Cochins. Please describe fully, and give lowest cash price.

R. M. GRIFFITH, Wilmington, Del., wants purchasers for his stock of Pigeons and Chickens, at down prices. Send your orders at once.

R. M. GRIFFITH, Wilmington, Del., wants to rent to a Breeder, for one or more years, House and Lawn, 10 acres of Land, Poultry Yards, Pigeon Lofts, all complete. Parties can have possession immediately if required.

WANTED.

1. A Treatise on the Art of Breeding and Managing Tame, Domesticated, and Fancy Pigeons; by John Matthews Eaton, and published by the author, 7 Islington Green, London. 1852 Illustrated.

The Treatise of 1858 is not wanted.

2. A set of Six Matchless Engraved Colored Portraits, Life Size, by Wolstenholme, viz: The Almond, Black Mottle, Red Baldhead, Yellow-beard Tumblers, Black Carrier, and Blue Pied English Pouter.

3. A colored Diagram, or a Plan of Building or fitting up a Pigeonary, embellished with Tumblers, Pouters and Carriers.

We think there are several different diagrams, and would like all of them.

4. A set of six splendid Life Size engraved Portraits of The Fancy Toy Pigeons, colored, viz: The White Fantail, Yellow Jacobin, Silver Owl, Blue Turbit, Black-mottled Trumpeter, and the Black Barb.

All of above pictures published by J. M. Eaton.

A liberal offer would be made for any of the above in good order.

Any information regarding John Matthew Eaton's life and works would be gratefully received.

Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books, old and curious books, and Autographs of men of note, living or dead.

WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

RABBIT BOOK FOR THE MANY.

Containing the HISTORY OF THE RABBIT from the earliest times. Descriptions with illustrations of all the show and fancy varieties, and full directions for their selection, breeding, and management; the treatment of their diseases, and the construction of their dwellings. Sent post-paid on receipt of 30 cents. Address

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VOL. III. HARTFORD, DECEMBER 18, 1876. No. 49.

EDITORIAL.

OUR WEEKLY SUPPLEMENT.

From all quarters the word has come, "Don't give up the weekly." Letters have fairly poured in upon us, assuring us of the satisfaction the JOURNAL has given as a periodical, and of its usefulness as an advertising medium. We dislike to deprive our paper of its characteristic, but find it impossible to bear the expense of maintaining it. We have given the matter much thought. Have seriously asked the question, "How can we afford to keep up the weekly issue?" One plan has suggested itself, and we have hastened to carry it out in the Supplement which we shall present you the coming week. It is our plan for 1877 to issue monthly, a paper similar to the No. 50 of Vol. 3, and in the interim, to issue three numbers of the Supplement, thus giving the alive men of the fancy a chance to advertise freely. This Supplement will be sent to all subscribers to the monthly, *free*. It will also be sent without the monthly to any address, for 50 cents per annum, 40 numbers being issued during the year. Special terms to agents. Agents wanted everywhere. Exchange rates the same as in the present weekly. Advertisements ten cents per line of about eight words. Advertise! Send us your advertisements, and help us to support a weekly advertising medium for the fanciers.

COMPLIMENTARY TICKETS.

We return thanks for the complimentary tickets to the Fairfie'd (Maine) Poultry Show, and to the Western New Hampshire Poultry and Pet Stock Exhibition.

INFORMATION WANTED.

How did Mr. John Bishop ever succeed in hatching those chickens in the Jaques Incubator? (See JOURNAL No. 16, May 1st, 1876, page 195.) He said he would let us know some future day. I would be very much pleased to read it in the FANCIERS' JOURNAL; it would benefit me and many other readers of the precious paper.

Yours truly, E. E. H.

HOLD ON TO THE WEEKLY.

FRIEND WADE:

I sincerely hope you will change your mind in regard to making the JOURNAL a monthly; if you make the subscription price $3.00 per annum, I have confidence to believe all the old subscribers would gladly pay it. Hold on to the Weekly, and place my name on the subscription list at $3.00. I can only say—shame, shame on the Poultry Breeders and Fanciers of America, if they do not at once respond and help hold up your hands.

DOYLESTOWN, PA. W. T. ROGERS.

PREMIUM LISTS, CARDS, CATALOGUES, ETC., RECEIVED.

Rules and premium list of the Leavenworth Poultry and Pet Stock Association. The *regular* premiums are liberal, but there are also 178 *specials* offered.

Their rules seem to have been made with care, and with the good of the exhibitor in view.

Reductions from the regular fare are announced as having been promised by the railroads centering at Leavenworth, while the Express Cos. collect full rate *to* the show but return specimens free.

This new society has our best wishes for success in this their second exhibition.

Special prize list of the Maryland Poultry and Fanciers' Association, enumerating thirty-one very liberal premiums for dogs, and nineteen for poultry.

Their railroad arrangements are as follows:

"The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will carry Dogs free, to and from the exhibition, from all stations on their lines.

"The Pennsylvania Central will also carry Dogs free on their road, East of Pittsburg, to the show.

"The Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, will also carry Dogs free."

Entries close 20th December.

Constitution and By-Laws of the Saginaw Valley Poultry Association.

Show to be held at East Saginaw, Mich., Jan. 30th to Feb. 4th, 1877.

J. H. COWELL, M. D., *Secretary.*

In spite of the dull times the forming of new societies in Michigan and Maine proves the interest alive.

Illustrated catalogue and price list of Asiatic fowls, as bred by Halsey and Cosgrove, Le Sueur, Minn.

Card of Chas. W. Gunn, dealer in birds' eggs, nests, and skins, rabbits, pigeons, etc., 10 Jeff. Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Circular of E. G. Bayley, Breeder of Dark Brahmas, exclusively. Yards at 20 West Maryland St., Indianapolis.

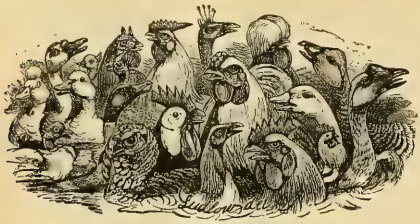
Card—Harmon Bowers, Fanciers' store, cor. Hudson Ave., and Green St., Albany.

Circular of Key-Stone Poultry Yards, C. U. Johnson, North East Pa. "Lt. Brahmas a specialty."

Card of Birch Lawn Poultry Yards, M. T. Kelley, Bloomingdale, Park Co., Ind.

S P. Stone, Farmer Village, N. Y., breeder and shipper of pure bred fowls.

John A. Lord, Kennebunk, Maine, breeder of high class W. Cochins, and Lt. Brahmas.



Poultry and Pigeons.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

Be careful of the new plumage of the birds intended for the show room. Give such birds clean sand for their dust baths.

A bird CAN *be washed* if the feathers are soiled, but wash and blue them ever so well, the plumage has lost the luster, that, like the bloom on the peach, is only once given.

Give exhibition birds plenty of room, otherwise they may get quarreling, and be ruined for the show-room. Guard carefully against feather-eating. Watch closely for the first signs of it, and punish the offender.

Guard against sickness not only from exposure, but from lack of exercise, also. Be careful, if cold weather sets in, to prevent frozen combs.

If any portion of excreta clings to the fluff, give the birds a bundle or so of straw to pick over and work among, and the soiling will soon be worn off.

Feed liberally and regularly. Do not cram your birds to get great weight. If you do, it will be at the expense of some other point or points.

Be an honest exhibitor. If nature has disqualified your birds, accept the fiat. Don't resort to plucking, cutting or painting. If your Black Cochins have red hackles, don't paint them, hoping to deceive the judges. If you have influence, don't use it to put them in a poor light, else you'll be apt to hear that keen-eyed Scotchman that breeds Buffs, say, "put 'em out, mon, put 'em out, they're a disgrace to the show." "Be honest, though the heavens fall."

THE AMERICAN STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE.

The American Standard of Excellence is the subject of considerable discussion at this time, and promises to continue to be till after the meeting of the A. P. A. at Boston, in January next. And, as an interchange of the sentiments of the fanciers of the country is the only way to learn just what is wanted, I presume the real or imaginary errors, omissions, &c., will all be made right in due season. I cannot lay claim to the title of "old breeder," either in years or experience; yet I trust I have enough of both to entitle me to give my opinions in this important matter, for it is an important matter. Breeders have been now several years conforming to its teachings in mating and breeding their stock, and now have probably got themselves properly *fixed* to produce standard birds. And this being the case the members of the A. P. A. and those conducting the present criticisms of the Standard, should be very guarded in what they do lest they destroy the work which has already been done, and also destroy the confidence of American fanciers in the possibility of ever being able to form a perfectly reliable Standard. Do not do as children with a box of building blocks—knock down what you have constructed to build some more elaborate and fantastic appearing structure. I notice several critics make very strange assertions in relation to it. One says, "Give us Wright's Poultry Book for a Standard, and that is good enough for America, England, &c." Now with all due respect for the writer, and Mr. Wright, I would like to enquire if Mr. Wright is better authority than the combined talent and experience of the united fanciers of America. I am too thoroughly American and Yankey to believe that American fanciers cannot frame a Standard better suited to America than Wright, Tommy Dod—or any other man. The English may be older as poultry fanciers, but does any one claim they are better in all things pertaining thereto?

No, gentlemen, we have now a Standard. If it is erroneous in some points, cut them out and replace them with better. If it omits anything necessary add that to it, but leave the structure as it is. Do not let petty jealousy or pecuniary interest destroy that harmony which is so necessary to prosperity in any undertaking. One learned gentleman does not know how to mate up a pen of Lt. Brahmas, as he does not know whether a hen with a single comb is a good Brahma or not. Now with all due respect to the gentleman's standing as a breeder and writer, I would like to suggest that a little common sense—very common sense too—should help a six year old boy out of that difficulty. I have a boy four years old who would quickly tell you that kind of bird was not a Brahma at all. Again, the same gentleman says "not a Corporal's guard of the best fanciers of the country ever refer to it in mating up their breeding pens." I submit that the "old fanciers" know just how to mate their birds to produce Standard birds, as required by said Standard. Also that common sense and scientific experiments, pedigree, &c., have helped intelligent old and young breeders to mate their breeding pens. If the Standard of Excellence does not suit you, please tell us *why*, and give us better reasons for changing it or for substituting the fruit of your fertile brain for it, and none will be faster to follow you than the subscriber. But we have a Standard now, and let us *improve* it if it is found incomplete; but do not destroy it. You cannot all have a Standard to suit your "strains" or peculiar fancies—ah! there's the rub—it *does not* suit every strain in the country, and it will not do till it suits MY STRAIN; so I will throw cold water on it, and on its ruins I may rear an edifice like unto my strain. Another finds that "it is not full and explicit enough, and fails to meet all the requirements of all cases, according to *his* idea. I will admit that in a few cases more might be said to the Amateur or "Young Fanciers," but to judges, such as associations should employ, it is full enough in its teachings. A fancier qualified to judge birds at a show should have judgment as well as knowledge and experience, and that judgment will point out to him the course to take in any case that may come up. In the cases mentioned by this last critic, the gentleman himself is not in the dark as to how to act or how he would act if such a case came before him. For if, as he says, he cannot sufficiently condemn the fault by the number of points credited to that particular part, should he cut them off entirely he has still one or two more ways to reach and punish the defect.

Again you can never expect to form a Standard that will enable every one that sees it to judge and score a bird properly. For every one is not capable of applying the most simple rules to judging poultry or any thing else. Some people are entirely incapable of doing or learning anything correctly. Or they may learn some things and are incapable of learning others. For instance, I was acquainted with an officer in the army during the late war, who could never learn a bugle call. Even calls that his horse (he was a cavalry officer) learned, he could not learn, such was his want of an ear for music. Another case was that of a school-mate of mine who was so deficient in comparison of colors that he had to leave his situation as clerk and seek other employment because he could not tell blue from green, nor purple from black. Now both these gentlemen were smart, reliable business men, but were deficient in these particu-

lars. Now take a man who is deficient in "comparison," and what kind of a poultry judge would he make, if even you put into his hands a Standard guide as large as a family Bible? Take one deficient in color, and put him to judging Games, P. Cochins, or Hamburgs, and what kind of a verdict do you suppose he would render?

Now do not charge the American Standard of Excellence with your own failings. *It* is not to blame if you cannot tell a bird of fine symmetry from a long legged, staggering cockerel, homely in shape, and uncouth in gait and appearance. Do not hastily condemn the work of the best fanciers of America, because you cannot find a good bird, or tell one when you see it.

ELIPHALET STOWELL.

EGGS, FOWLS, AND GAME IN CALIFORNIA.

WHY IMMENSE SUPPLIES ARE BROUGHT TO CALIFORNIA FROM THE EAST.

Within the past fortnight half a dozen car loads of eggs have arrived in this city from Iowa and adjacent States. One importer alone received 30,000 dozen, and the price fell from twenty-four cents to twenty-two cents. It is not surprising that so large a quantity of Eastern eggs has thus suddenly been brought into our market, because a demand in almost any spot on earth in these days of railway facilities will find a supply. But it is somewhat surprising that our own people, knowing the demand to exist, have not taken more efficient means to supply it nearer home. Perhaps no better market can be found than San Francisco for eggs, fowls, and game. The stall-men are constant rivals in their bids for an increased supply. This is not the season for game, but small birds, hare and rabbits are taken in any quantity, while chickens fit for broilers are in great demand at from five to seven and a half dollars a dozen, and roosters and hens readily bring nine and ten dollars at wholesale, and ducks ditto. Hitherto

RAISING FOWLS

Has not been considered a profitable speculation in California, because the long Summer drouth and dust are said to breed vermin and disease; and when the owner of a fine flock wakes up some fair morning he is likely to find that one or two hundred have suddenly died during the night. This is very discouraging, and detracts largely from the profits. To meet such emergencies or avoid such calamities, chicken growers must closely study the peculiarities of our climate and the habits and requirements of the poultry. Fowls need fresh meat as well as a farinaceous diet. Old bones and oyster shells pounded up are not sufficient, though useful during the laying season. But every chicken raiser ought to understand that if drouth and dust are the cause of disease, verdure and water are in a great measure the remedy. Therefore one who would be successful in raising fowls for the market should first of all select some spare piece of land, and, if barren, plant it with eucalyptus trees for shade, irrigate and sow it with grass, and keep it green the year round. Chickens

NEED BOTH SHADE AND GRASS,

And will not do well without these advantages. But with a good shady grove and green grass to keep the fowls fresh and healthy, and movable henneries kept well whitewashed, and moved frequently to keep the fowls clean, there is no good reason why anyone should fail in this enterprise who knows anything about the business and science of poultry raising. One gentleman in Texas has an annual income of ten thousand dollars from his poultry ranch. And there is a fortune in this business for anyone competent to conduct it on this coast. The constant demand, which can only increase with the increase of our population, assures the profit. And if our people will give more attention to this matter they will not only be paid for their pains, but we shall not need to look to the East for aged eggs or a supply of poultry.

—*San Francisco Call.*

THE NEXT SEASON'S WORK.

It is none too soon to begin the work for next year's breeding. Those who have kept their young birds of both sexes together, should make haste to separate them, and the stock should be looked over, to see the material on hand for the season's work. Where the work of the year past was a success, it may now be noted, and thought be taken how the success may be continued; where it was a failure will also be shown now, and the true fancier will consider where the fault lies, and will study to rectify it. The live fancier is already seeking through the press, his patrons for the future. He makes the reading world familiar with his name and wares, before the mass of the breeders have realized that one season is past, and another upon us. "Delays are dangerous" to the advertiser.

GOUT OR RHEUMATISM IN FOWLS.

These two names are applied indifferently to an inflammation of the feet or the joints of the legs. The affected parts will be reddened and swollen, and the bird will probably show signs of pain. The disease is probably caused by some fault in the digestive apparatus, but the trouble mav be increased by exposing the fowl to cold and wet. There are several forms of these diseases, besides the one described. In one, the only symptom may be a slight lameness, or with this, the joints may be stiff and the toes bent up, or twisted to one side. The trouble called "cramp" is perhaps of a partly different nature, but this is not certain.

When the inflammation is very great, the bowels should be well opened with jalap or calomel. Twice a day may be given a pill containing a half-grain of extract of colchicum. The bicarbonate of potash might prove a valuable remedy. Opium may also be administered in the same doses, or more if necessary to soothe the pain. The local treatment consists in washing the affected parts with warm water in which is dissolved potash, or in case there is only a stiffness, and no great amount of inflammation, some mustard may be added to the water. Oil of mustard is said to be useful internally in this last case. Sweet oil also has a favorable influence in cases where there is much inflammation. The fowls should be removed to a warm, dry place and be fed well.—*Rural Home.*

SHOW AT EASTON.

The grand consolidated Poultry and Columbarian Show of Eastern Pennsylvania will be held at Easton, from January 5th to 8th, inclusive, and under the able management of Messrs. McKeen and Hulick, will undoubtedly be a grand success. The exhibition hall is situated in the central part of the city, and is far preferable in every way to the building that was used for the same purpose last year The first premium will remain the same as last year, namely $5.00, and there will also be a splendid list of specials. For fanciers, no better show will be held during the winter of 1877 for the display of stock owned by them, than at Easton. The judging will be done by men thoroughly competent to act in that capacity. The number of points to the pair, required for first premium will be 175, second 165, third 155. The first premium on pigeons will be $2.00, and they must be of a high degree of excellence to obtain the award.

As there will be no exhibition at either Doylestown, Philadelphia, or Allentown during the present winter, of course the city of Easton will be the grand center of attraction, and as it is the first grand consolidated show of poultry and pigeons ever held in that part of the country, a large turnout of people and stock is predicted. The preparations now being made are all on a grand scale.

TENNENT.

SPANISH AT THE CENTENNIAL.

Editor Journal:—

"Every man thinks his own geese swans;" and this saying was more than ordinarily well exemplified in "Tennent's" article pertaining to "Hamburgs."

The display of W. F. B. Spanish, in both the Canada and American departments comprised *good and bad birds*, as did also the display of *Hamburgs*, for which Mr. "Tennent" shows such doting "literary" inclinations. He says:—"We have sacrificed everything for the white face;" and apropos we will add, that the W. F. B. Spanish show equally as "careful breeding" as the Hamburgs, and to quote additional words of "Tennent," "I, as well as many other fanciers, were highly pleased with the display." The American display of Black Spanish was fine beyond a doubt, as were nearly all the different classes, and in justice to exhibitors, honors should be given to those entitled, and "slurs" omitted.

America, we are pleased to state, has some *very fine* Spanish fowls, and as far as the *face* is concerned, must in many cases be acceded equal, if not superior to foreign exhibits. American Spanish fowls have *not* deteriorated as much as "Tennent" would have us believe, and in our opinion, this class is being continually improved by its many enthusiastic admirers, and we predict that eventually America can boast of W. F. B. Spanish equal to *any*, both as regards *face* and *size*.

Pero Nixon.

PREPARING POULTRY FOR MARKET.

Poultry should not only be fat when killed, but should be properly dressed and put up for the market. Poor goods may not sell because they are presented in an attractive form, but the best will not bring good prices unless they attract by their appearance. After the fowls are killed comes the most exacting part of the work of preparation. The skin must not be broken; it must not be parboiled; pin-feathers must not be left in, nor the down stand out like the first virile furze on a boy's face. To prevent these unsightly and repulsive appearances follow a few simple and natural directions. Pluck the fowl while the animal heat still remains; do not kill at a time more than you have facilities for immediately dressing. The use of hot water is certainly essential, but do not have it hotter than is absolutely necessary in order to start the feathers. Pick out all the pin-feathers, using tweezers if necessary, but do not tear the skin. Singe the plucked fowl over a gas jet or the flame of a kerosene lamp; in the latter case it is sufficient to hold the fowl over the glass chimney of an ordinary kerosene lamp, turning the fowl rapidly. The work may be done in a few seconds. Some prefer a handful of feathers or a few scraps of paper kindled to a quick blaze in the fire-place or stove, the lids of the latter being removed.

In some markets poultry is sent with crop and intestines undisturbed, probably as much because it is thought the fowls look fairer and plumper, as for any hope of gain from extra weight. It is preferable on some accounts to draw the fowls. The French market-women draw their poultry, carefully wipe out the cavities and stuff with a bunch of clean unsized paper—ordinary straw or manila paper—and their poultry is delightfully sweet and attractive.

Poultry should not be packed for transportation until entirely cold. Then it should be laid in clean straw, breast down, keeping wings and legs close to body. See that there is no discoloration of blood on the skin. If the heads are removed pull up the skin of the neck and tie it over the severed portion with a bit of strong thread or twine. Never cut off the spurs of old hens or cocks with the idea of passing them off for young chickens; purchasers are generally older than the most ancient specimens of your poultry yard, or if perchance the customer is green, that is no excuse for dishonesty.—*Canadian Poultry Journal.*

A MIDSUMMER RAMBLE.

I enjoyed my midsummer ramble so thoroughly that I cannot keep it a secret. Leaving Baltimore one bright, beautiful Tuesday morning, I was rapidly "whisked" along by the fast mail, via the N. C. R. R. The grand and picturesque scenery seemed like a vast panorama, to unroll before me, displaying all the glorious fullness of a bountiful season. Well tilled, nearly kept farms, followed one another or rather were passed on one side, while on the other, the beautiful Susquehanna was slowly ebbing its way to the Chesapeake Bay. The river was exceedingly low, looking as if it might be easily forded any place between Harrisburg and Williamsport. Considerable tobacco is raised along the river flats. What a grand sight it was to suddenly "round a curve," and have in a twinkling, as if by magic, spread out before us, green, velvety green fields, skirted with forests whose foliage, had already, in anticipation of Autumn's kisses, commenced to blush; fields of snow-white buckwheat blossoms, whose fragrance filled the air; orchards weighed down with red cheeked fruit, and cattle standing knee-deep in the water, while in the distance amid the hazy atmosphere—such as only that season affords—towered in uneven sublimity, the mountains, whose sides and tops are always covered with the evergreen of hemlock and pine. Five P. M. found me in Elmira, where it was unpleasantly warm, and exceedingly dusty. I thought how different the weather, from the last time the Editor of the *Journal* was there—when he was "*snowed* in for a week." Another hour, and I was at Watkins, where we were met by Dr. J. W. Lyon of Burdett, whose hospitality we enjoyed for several days, as well as numerous rides after *his* fancy stock. The Doctor is an enthusiastic fancier of horses, and what he does not know of them is not worth knowing.

After doing this place with its Glen, Eldridge, Seneca Lake, Hector Falls, and other attractions, with a party of ladies and gentlemen I visited little Cayuga lake, on a fishing excursion—but knowing how incredulous "some" of the readers of the *Journal* are, about fish stories, I refrain from "telling" the quantity of fish caught. On our return, we halted at a substantial, cosy farm-house, (apples were ripe there) and I was shown a pair of "*new California*" (?) fowls. They came all the way "from the gold regions," and were a pair of *very poor* Partridge Cochins.

Binghamton was my next *halt*. Time was so limited here, that I was unable to visit Mr. Martin, and some other fanciers. Next up the charming Chenango Valley to Oxford, where I spent several days substantially enjoying myself with an uncle—who, to my surprise, I found a chicken fancier, having W. C. B. Polands. All theories to the contrary, his Polands are good incubators and mothers. We saw one set of early chicks, nearly full grown, and his best hen clucking around, (with a nice brood of young) as motherly as a Brahma. They are allowed full range all weathers, and have proved as hardy as any fowls.

With Mr. Geo. T. Brown, I visited the pretty village of Norwich, (Chenango Co.) In riding through the place, we saw several yards of nice pure bred poultry. The only fancier we found was the Hon. A. G. Prindle, county judge, but only discovered that he was a fancier by having his fine pigeon loft pointed out, as we were riding past. Having had an invitation to visit a dairy—for which both Chenango, Orange, and Herkimer counties are noted—our next stop was at the farm of Mr. Gilbert J. Brown, Smithville Flats. Forty cows were here milked, among which were some fine specimens of Jerseys. Mr. B. was kind enough to also show us through a cheese factory, with a capacity for the milk of four hundred cows. We also spent a day in fishing on Cincinnatus pond, noted for its fine "pickerel." Reluctantly I left this land of milk and golden butter, and started again for Watkins.

On the route when near Owego, I saw grazing on the hillside a

fine herd of pure Holstein (or Dutch) cattle, which, with their very distinct characteristic marking—known as the "belt,"—together with the bright green pasture as a back ground, afforded a most attractive, and animated picture. I saw some choice cattle, yet must admit that before I left Baltimore I saw at the farm of Mr. T. A. Cochran, Ayrshires, and Jerseys, that were the *boss*-es of all I had yet seen. Next, a steamer from Watkins *via* the beautiful Seneca Lake, to Geneva—just in time to catch on the rear platform of the last car, and we were on the rail, bound for Utica.

The first glance after *platforming*, showed us the honest countenance of our friend J. Y. Bicknell, a *fancier's hand shake*, and "Mr. Brown, Mr. Adams" Ah! I thought this is *Newton* Adams—and I said "Mr. Adams I am very glad to meet you." Mr. Adams was there, with a horse and carriage, and kindly volunteered to show us around the city. I was pleasantly surprised to find such elegant and substantial mansions, and artistically designed grounds. Fort Hill Cemetery was visited, which we found very attractive, and commanding a fine view of Utica and surrounding country. It contains a splendid conservatory, in which, are many very rare, and choice tropical productions. Mr. Bicknell called my attention, by means of a microscope he carried with him, to beauties I never dreamed of. The uninitiated can hardly imagine what hidden beauty, in plant life, the microscope renders visible, in even the most common flower. Like Mr. B., hereafter our constant companion shall be the microscope. At the monument of a Mr. Barnard, we noticed a bust figure of a beautiful woman—by Hiram Powers. It seems Mr. Barnard, when in Rome, it saw, admired, and purchased. It is a masterpiece of art. We came very near—(*our* trio of fowl fanciers, Bicknell, Adams, and Brown,) getting into the *Lunatic* Asylum, as *visitors*, of course (?) However we were on the grounds, where we saw several of the *in*mates, *out*side enjoying themselves in a *rational* manner. A drive along the very extensive grounds exhibited to us large and most excellently cultivated fields of vegetables, thrifty and prolific as a Peter Henderson market garden. Last but *not* least, we drove up to the residence of Mr. Adams, and had the gratification of inspecting some grand specimens of Golden and Silver Spangled, and Black Hamburgs, White Leghorns, and Plymouth Rocks. No wonder he walks away with the premiums, when he shows, for he has the stock that is bound to win, if there is anything in points, *al a* Standard, Mr. Adams is an enthusiastic fancier, quality in preference to quantity his idea. I have a habit, when I am about to meet a stranger—of whom I have heard about, of drawing, so to speak, a mental photograph of what I expect to find him like. But in about all cases, my *mental photo's* are *not* very good likenesses. Now I intended to see Mr. Adams, and imagined in him, I should find one of that style of men who would point out to us his Leghorns, and remark, in a bigoted manner: "There's some *leghorns* I'd like to see *anyone* beat." Don't know why I got this idea. In Mr. A. I found a polished gentleman, a judge of fowls, who was aware his birds would exhibit their qualities, and gave his visitors credit enough to consider they were capable of appreciating the same. "Train time" was drawing-near, and I departed from Mr. Adams, and with Mr. Bicknell was soon on my way to his well known yards. A night's good rest, a hearty breakfast with mine host Bicknell, and his estimable family, and I am in excellent spirits to inspect his stock. The first great attraction I saw was some remarkably fine Aylesbury ducks. I pick one of them up, and discover in this *weigh*, he does not deceive his looks. Then I notice a pile game cock, and three hens, that are unusually excellent. No wonder; they were *imported*! Then I saw for the first time a yard of real Cayuga ducks. Then, as Mr. B. feeds, I follow him around, coming to Spanish, (grand ones) Creves, Laflech, Cochins, Hamburgs, Houdans, Bantams, &c. But as he has separate farms, where some of his stock is reared, I enjoy the following day in visiting them. But why dwell in praising his stock when all that is necessary to show their qualities is to remark they were: "*Bicknell's Stock.*" I have always had a strong belief that a *fancier* could successfully manage a number of breeds, and care for them just as well as with *one* breed as a *specialty*. If for no other reason, than with one breed, the study of the characteristics are soon noted—no contrast to note any difference, &c., while with several breeds, the observant fancier may always discover something characteristic in each variety, thereby enabling him in discovering merits and demerits, besides allowing no opportunity for monotony. Keeping several varieties is not *merely* a pastime, but a business. At least such has been my experience, and I discovered J. Y. B. took *better* care of his flocks than did any "specialist" I have ever known, Of another thing I am satisfied, to be a successful breeder of "*good*" fowls, one must be a *true fancier*, a lover of his birds. As I silently contemplated Mr. B, I remarked, the labor (?) of caring for his feathered beauties, was no task, but a pleasure. But I digress. Among his pigeons I noticed some fine White Trumpeters, and grand outside Tumblers. I must admit—not that I would willingly rob J. Y. B. of any of his merited laurels—that I had covetous thoughts, and as I stood surrounded on all sides with featheredesters, I mentally wished "*I were in his boots.*" Don't be astonished reader, when I say my wish came to pass *that very night.* But let it be a warning to *us* all, not to make such avaricious wishes. Yes that night *I* was in *his* boots, and down the stream with him fishing. Also the next day, those same rubber boots were again brought into requisition, for a similar excursion. A terrible windy day, yet our success was excellent, and among the day's incidents was J. Y. B's wrestling with a huge turtle, for which I *kindly* loaned him *his boots* to "land him." I caught a number of fine young salmon, but to their element again returned them, as Mr. B. had only a year previous, placed several thousand in the stream. An afternoon was devoted to riding around viewing the splendid country, in his immediate vicinity, where hops are very extensively cultured. It was a novel sight to me—the tall straight poles, in their long systematic rows, not unlike an immense vineyard; the pretty contrast of the hops, against the dark green foliage affording a most pleasing picture. The strange looking, seven bushel boxes (I mean to say boxes *holding* seven bushels *each*) the pickers deposited the hops in, reminding me of the old fashion square well curbs, in the days of the "old oaken bucket." The peculiar looking houses for drying were also objects of wonder. A merry lot of young people generally do the picking. The vines are cut near the ground, the poles pulled up, brought to the boxes and the hops removed. The young folks performing this duty, chatting, and sometimes gayly singing some familiar air, all joiniug in the chorus, gave evidence that enjoyment was also prevalent. A brief conversation we held with one of the young ladies who was highly intellectual, pretty, and stylish, and a daughter of a most estimable family, induced us to conclude that hop-picking in such company has its *romantic* attractions also No wonder worthy young men and women do here congregate. Passing by several houses after night fall, we heard their merry voices in song, and once, the tones of a violin rang out on the clear night air, and we saw pantomimic shadows flit across the window curtain, in the "all promenade." At one time, we sat in the carriage in sight of *twelve* hop yards, some of them embracing a good many acres. Mr. Bicknell anticipates soon changing his present business, which necessitates the reduction of his stock. I sincerely hope that the fraternity will not entirely loose him as a fancier, for such gentlemen are needed in the fancy, to neutralize the effect of unprincipled dealers.

To be continued.

ANNUAL MEETING OF N. H. POULTRY SOCIETY.

At the annual meeting of the N. H. Poultry Society, held in Manchester, Dec. 4, 1876, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President.—Hon. Virgil C. Gilman, of Nashua.

Vice-Presidents.—Gen. Natt Head, Hooksett; Albert Beard, Nashua; J. O. Adams, Manchester; Lowell Eastman, Concord; Warren F. Daniell, Franklin; Horatio Crowly, Keene; J. G. McKeen, So. Acworth; Warren Brown, Hampton Falls; G. W, Dolloff, Lake Village; C. E. L. Hayward, Peterboro.

Secretary.—Andrew J. Tuck, Nashua.

Treasurer.—Wm. G. Garmon, Manchester.

Attorneys.—Sulloway & Topliff.

Auditors.—Aaron Young, Portsmouth; H. M. Putney, Andover.

Executive Committee.—Col. Geo. W. Riddle, Wm. T. Evans, A. W. Quint, C. H. Bradford, Manchester; O. A. Hamblett, Milford; C. C. Russell, W. H. Knowles, Nashua; C. M. Boynton, Concord; D. F. Silloway, Fisherville; J. H. Morrison, Marlow.

Mr. Jos. M. Wade:

Dear Sir,—I would like to inquire through the columns of your Journal, (if you will permit) the best, safest, and cheapest way to pack eggs for hatching, in quantities of from one to three dozen, so that they may arrive in good order to the person with whom you may be dealing.

I am very sorry to hear you speak of changing your paper from a weekly to a monthly, and for one, I will try to help to make it pay as a weekly, by getting one or two subscribers for you. Brother fanciers, let us all try, by putting forth a little extra effort among our neighbors and see if we cannot make The Fanciers' Journal a paying journal, and have it remain as it is, a weekly visitor, instead of receiving it only twelve times during a whole year.

B. M. Crosby.

Our method has been, to pack in dinner baskets, costing from 40 to 50 cents each, with which we were as successful as we could expect. We first wrapped each egg in paper, then packed in bran, or cut hay. Pressing the cover down tight and fastening with wooden pins. Almost the last dozen eggs sent out by us were packed in this way, the basket then rapidly rolled over a floor some 20 feet, and shipped to West Va., from Phila. Eleven healthy chicks were hatched from them.

Editor Fanciers' Journal:

The secretary of the Berks County Poultry and Pet Stock Association informs your representative, that the coming show, commencing on Dec. 25, has prospects of a very fine and large collection of stock. One of the principal buildings, Keystone Hall, at Reading, the county seat, has been engaged. Part of the exhibit made by the Netherland Agricultural Society at the Centennial, will also be on exhibition, and the florists will show a large collection of plants, etc., from their green-houses. The hall will be exquisitely and elaborately decorated. With such a scene and such a collection of birds as may there be seen, the exchequer of the society will be amply filled. Amongst those prominently connected are the judges of the courts, iron masters, the legal fraternity and state officials, together with the prominent fanciers of the county and state. We will give your readers full particulars in the future. Fraternally,

Alexandrina.

The origin of Easter eggs—a hen.

PIGEONS.

(Continued from page 547.)

The last dietetic, or rather, perhaps, medicinal article, necessary to be described, is the salt cat, so called from some old fancy of baking a real cat with spices, for the use of pigeons, which, however, I never observed to eat animal food. In compliance with this custom, I caused to be placed in the middle of the pigeon loft, a dish of the following composition: loam, sand, old mortar, fresh lime, bay-salt, cummin, coriander, carraway seed, and all-spice, moistened into a consistency with urine. The pigeons were constantly pecking at this, and were in a constant state of good health; how much of this may be attributed to the use of the cat, I cannot determine; but, certainly, they are extremely fond of it, and if it had no other merit, it prevents them from pecking the mortar from the roof of the house, to which otherwise they are much inclined. The cat was mixed and heaped up in a dish, a piece of board being placed upon the summit, to prevent the birds from dunging upon it; when it became too hard, it was occasionally broken for them.

The regular old formula for this cat is as follows:—gravel or drift sand, unctuous loam, the rubbish of an old wall, or lime, a gallon of each—should lime be substituted for rubbish, a less quantity of the former will suffice—one pound of cummin seed, one handful of bay-salt; mixed with stale urine. Inclose this in jars, corked or stopped, holes being punched in the sides to admit the beaks of the pigeons. These may be placed abroad.

Many fanciful and groundless tales may be found in old books, relative to the medicinal and remedial properties of almost every part of the pigeon; thus much, however, may be relied on, their flesh, when young and in good condition, is a nourishing and stimulant diet; that of the full-aged pigeon more substantial, but harder of digestion, and, in a considerable degree, heating. The general rule of color affecting quality in the flesh, holds good in tame pigeons. The black and dark feathered are proportionally dark or brown fleshed, of high flavor, inclining to the game bitter of the wild pigeon. The light color in the feathers denotes light and delicate flesh. Their dung is of an extremely heating and drying quality, whether as a manure, or for medicinal purposes. It was in former days, a principal ingredient in nitre-beds, when that article was almost entirely manufactured at home.

Carriers, Horsemen and Dragoons are travelers or messengers, and I have occasionally seen Tumblers turned off, at the distance of forty miles from home. The Carrier, it is said, has performed a journey of forty miles in an hour and a half, and of over ninety miles in three hours. A Dragoon has flown seventy-six miles in two hours and a half; this ancient fancy of flying pigeons had declined, but has, it seems, revived within a few years. The admired qualities in the Tumbler are excessive high flight, so as to be almost imperceptible to the keenest eye, in fine and clear weather; perseverance in their flight for many hours together, and tumbling over and over repeatedly during their ascent and descent.

Whatever benefit or utility may have been derived, in ancient days, from these winged messengers, it is probable the moderns reap no other benefit from them than that of amusement and the gratification of curiosity, by flying them for prizes and betting. Scarcely, however, is there a great race or great fistic contest at a distance from the metropolis, but a profitable use is *said* to be made by pigeon-flyers, in sending instant intelligence of the result to their confederates in town. But after all, this appears with perhaps a few exceptions, to have been from the beginning, a regularly repeated hoax; and such is the opinion of a late writer in the sporting magazine. The practice, nevertheless, of flying pigeons between this country (England) and the continent, has revived within the three or four last years, and has been frequently repeated. It is pretended that speedy intelligence is thus kept up between London and Rotterdam, on the course of exchanges.—*To be Continued.*

HOMING ANTWERPS.

It seems to me, Mr. Editor, to be rather remarkable that there are, among the pigeon fanciers, so few who keep the Antwerp Homing bird. When I reflect upon the subject of pigeon-keeping as a fancy, study, or hobby, and bear in mind the care that must be taken of Toy Pigeons, the difficulty of raising them, with their delicate constitutions from constant confinement, it really looks to me as though the producing of a spreading tail in one variety, a protruding crop in another, a ruffle on the breast, or a frill about the neck of another, cannot be as satisfactory or as interesting as is the raising of the keen-sighted, swift-flying, and home loving Antwerp. Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to watch my birds, when, in their morning flight, they circle upwards and upwards until they are mere specks in the sky, knowing full well that nothing but death from a hawk, who, by the way, is not likely to be hovering over a city, will prevent my finding them in their cote when they have tired of exercising. The simple fact of their loving "home" so, is, in itself, a very pleasing feature, and when, with a little training, you are able to send a dozen of them away, thirty, fifty, or one hundred miles, and knowing the time they are to be tossed, what can be more delightful than, with your friends on the lookout with you, to see them far in the distance, coming straight for home like grape from the mouth of a cannon, and mighty near, as just then the shout "here they come," bursts from your lips, and you want to take each and every one of them close to your breast and endeavor to tell them how much they have contributed to your pleasure.

The keeping of Antwerp Homing pigeons has given me a great deal of enjoyment, and if I had children it would please me very much to find that they exhibited an interest in the raising and tending of these birds. Next year my friends and myself propose to have quite regular communication between Block Island and this city, with these birds; the Island is fifty miles away, one half the distance being straight "out to sea" from the main land.

G. W. A.

Providence, R. I.

We sincerely hope the Antwerps of "G. W. A." will escape the unmerciful grip of the hawk, but we will assure him that very many pigeons are annually taken by hawks, over the city of brotherly love, (not between hawk and pigeon) and carried into the wilds of Jersey. T. Grist, of Philadelphia, has often witnessed this thing with his favorite birds.

A PRELIMINARY.

BY V. M. F.

It is nearly two years since I had the pleasure of contributing to the Fanciers' Journal, and in the mean time it has spread its wings and flown northward. But what a change! It was good and valuable before, but now it is what I have been looking for all my life. A journal uncurbed by an exhausted subject, and one launched upon the great sea of Nature, in which the useful and the beautiful both have a place. But the greatest field for discovery still lies in the forest. I do not expect in this short article to come down to the work which I have laid out for future contributions, if acceptable to you and your readers, but simply to view the field, and premise for after-thoughts. Consistent with former subjects, I still cling to the old theme—*domestication* and *acclimation*.

I do not accord with some naturalists who believe in Mr. Darwin's theory of creation. If I did, all my advocacy would be misconceived.

Sacred history asserts that all the living creatures were made for man. Taking that for true, the Creator fashioned them for man's use, making a complete agreement and harmony between man's wants, and the lower animals' adaptation to supply that established need, which man has for the living creatures under him.

This presupposes a duty in man to ascertain through his judgment, what the creatures are adapted to supply. Remote ancestors have found out the use of the horse, cow, hog, sheep, and some other animals. But brute creation did not stop with those. If they had been sufficient for man's use, creation would have stopped with them. But it is assumed that the balance were made for food for man, and for one another, in an unsubdued or wild state. If any are unsusceptible of any other use, then, that problem is solved. But if other uses can be discovered then it is not. And to that, I will invite attention in subsequent contributions.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

Household Recipes.

Oat Meal Bread.—No more wholesome bread can be eaten than that made of good, clean, sound oats. They are a fine substitute for wheaten grits, and by many preferred to cracked wheat. Oat meal makes nicer, whiter, and more light or puffy griddle cakes than buckwheat. Weight for weight, oat flour has more nutriment, and is more digestible than wheat flour; and it makes nice mush.

The heaviest and soundest grain should be selected; then run through a hulling or smut machine; then coarsely ground and the thickest bran bolted out.

When we were farming we always selected a few bushels of our best oats, and had them nicely ground for our family use.

Remedy for Warts.—Ten cents' worth of cedar oil, applied a little at a time every few days for a couple of weeks, will cause the warts to slough off and disappear. This remedy is so unfailing that it should be generally known.

Broiling Meats.—When meats are broiling on a gridiron over hot coals, the sudden heat applied sears the outside, which shuts in the juices, and the rapid application of heat soon cooks the meat through, if in moderately thin pieces. It is then tender, juicy and palatable. Those who never broil their fresh meat, fish or poultry do not know the excellence of a properly-cooked dish of animal food.—*Jackson Sentinel.*

To Boil a Ham.—It should be put into cold water and the water changed two or three times, according to the saltness of it. Allow one hour to every three pounds, to boil it tender. If desired very nice, a pint of champagne may be added when the ham is about half boiled. When well done, peel off the skin, roll two soda crackers, fine, add to them pepper to taste and cover the fat of the ham. Set the ham in the oven until the "cracker meal" is slightly browned, then lay it on the dish for serving. Cover the bone with a paper ornament, made by cutting a feather edge on a long strip of stiff white or fancy-colored paper, and winding it around the bone in the shape of a feather. The ham is then ready for the table.

—Keeping Cider Sweet.—This fall, cider is ridiculously cheap, and those who have plenty may be interested in knowing how to keep it sweet. We find the following process recommended as efficacious:—Allow the cider to work until it has reached the state most desirable to the taste; then add grated horse radish in the proportion of a tumbler and a half to the barrel of cider, and shake up well. This arrests further fermentation, and after remaining a few weeks it may be racked off in clean casks, and the air excluded by closing the bung. Cider preserved in this way has a very pleasant flavor.

Errata.—For the sentence, "the larger seemed," etc., in 2d column, p. 578, read, "they (the striped squirrels) seemed untamable," etc.

On page 577, 3d line, read "class *Dioecia*, order *Tetrandria*," for "order *Diorcea*, class *Tetrandria*."

Familiar Science.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

CARRIGEEN.

The *Chondrus crispus*, or Carrigeen, which grows in such vast quantities on the coasts of the British Isles, belongs to the rhodosperms, though when growing, as it frequently does, in shallow tide-pools, exposed to full sunlight, its dark purple color fades into green or even yellowish white. When boiled, it almost entirely dissolves in the water, and forms on cooling, a colorless and almost tasteless jelly, which of late years has been largely used in medicine as a substitute for Iceland moss. Similar nutritious gelatines, which also serve for the manufacture of strong glues, are yielded by other species of rhodosperms, among others by the *Gracillaria spinosa* of the Indian Ocean, which the Salangala (*Hirundo esculenta*), a bird allied to the swallow, is said principally to use for the construction of her edible nest.

The steep sea-walls along the south coast of Java are clothed to the very brink with luxuriant woods, and screw-pines strike every where their roots into their precipitous sides, or look down by thousands from the margin of the rock upon the unruly sea below. The surf of incalculable years has worn deep caves into the chalk cliffs, and here the Salangala builds her nest. Where the sea is most agitated whole swarms are observed flying about and purposely seeking the thickest wave-foam. From a projecting cape, on looking down upon the play of waters, may be seen the mouth of the cave of Gua Rougkop, sometimes completely hidden under the waves, and then again opening its black recesses, into which the swallows vanish, or from which they dart forth with the rapidity of lightning. While at some distance from the coast the blue ocean sleeps in undisturbed repose, it never ceases to fret and foam against the foot of the mural rocks, where the most beautiful rainbows glisten in the eternally rising vapors.

Who can explain the instinct which prompts the birds to glue their nests to the high dark vaults of those deep, and apparently so inaccessible, caverns? Did they expect to find them a safe retreat from the persecutions of man? Then surely their hopes were vain, for where is the refuge to which his insatiable avidity cannot find the way? At the cavern of Gua-gede, the brink of the precipitous coast lies eighty feet above the level of the sea at ebb-tide; the wall first bends inwards, and then, at a height of twenty-five feet from the sea, throws out a projecting ledge which is of great use to the nest-gatherers, serving as a support for a rotang let down from the cliff. The roof of the cavern's mouth lies only ten feet above the level of the sea, which, even at ebb-tide, completely covers the floor of the cave, while at flood-tide the opening of the vast marine grotto is entirely closed by every wave that rolls against it. To penetrate into the interior is thus only possible at low water, and during very tranquil weather; and even then it could not be done, if the rugged roof were not perforated and jagged in every direction. The boldest and strongest of the nest-gatherers wedges himself firmly in the hollows, or clings to the projecting stones, while he fastens rotang ropes to them, which then depend four or five feet from the roof. To the lower ends of these ropes long rotang cables are attached, so that the whole forms a kind of suspension bridge throughout the entire length of the cavern, alternately rising and falling with its inequalities. The cave is 100 feet broad and 150 feet long as far as its deepest recesses. If we justly admire the intrepidity of the St. Kildans, who let down by a rope from the high level of their rocky birthplace, remain suspended over a boisterous sea, we must needs also pay a tribute of praise to the boldness of the Javanese nest-gatherers. Before preparing their ladders for the plucking of the bird's nests, they first offer solemn prayers to the goddess of the south coast, and sometimes deposit gifts on the tomb where the first discoverer of the caverns and their treasures is said to repose. Thus in all zones, and in every stage of civilization, man is directed by an inward voice to seek the protection of invisible powers when about to engage in a great and perilous undertaking.

As I have already mentioned the Salangala builds her nest of sea-weeds, which she softens in her stomach and then disgorges. During its construction, new layers, which soon grow hard in the air, are continually deposited on the margin, until it has attained the proper size. When gathering time approaches, some of the pluckers daily visit the cavern to examine the state of the brood. As soon as they find that most of the young are beginning to be provided with feathers, their operations commence. These nests form the first quality; those in which the young are still completely naked, the second; while those which only contain eggs, and are consequently not yet ripe, rank third. The nests with young whose feathers are completely developed are over-ripe, black and good for nothing. All the young and eggs are thrown into the sea. The gathering takes place three times a year; the birds breed four times a year. In spite of these wholesale devastations their numbers do not diminish, as many of the young have no doubt flown away before the day of execution, or other swallows from other unexplored caverns may fill up the void. In this manner about 50 piculs are annually collected, which the Chinese pay for at the rate of 4,000 or 5,000 guilders the picul. Each picul contains on an average 10,000 nests. Dividing these 500,000 nests among three gatherings, and reckoning two birds to each nest, we find that more than 333,000 swallows inhabit at the same time the Javanese coast caverns.

In the interior of the island, in the chalk-stone grottos of Bandong, the Salangala also breeds, but in far inferior numbers, as here the annual collection amounts on an average to no more than 14,000 nests. In these inland caves, swallows and bats reside together, but without disturbing each other, as the former when not breeding leave their caverns at sunrise, disappear in the distance, and only return late in the evening, when the bats are already enjoying their vespertine or nocturnal flight.

In Sumatra and some other islands of the Indian Archipelago bird's nests are likewise collected, but nowhere in such numbers as in Java. They are brought to the Chinese market, where they are carefully cleaned before being offered for sale to the consumer. The addition of costly spices renders them one of the greatest delicacies of Chinese cookery, but as for themselves they are nothing better than a fine sort of gelatine.

The Japanese have long been aware that the costly bird's nests are in fact merely softened algæ. They consequently pulverize the proper species of sea-weeds, which are abundantly found on their own coasts, boil them to a thick jelly, and bring them to market under the name of *Dschin-schan*, as artificial bird's nests. The Dutch call it Agar-agar, and make great use of it; simply boiling sufficient to convert the dried substance into a thick uniform jelly, which is both nourishing and easy of digestion. Thus we see that the algæ, which the Romans considered so perfectly worthless, that, when they wished to express their utter contempt of an object, they declared it to be still viler than the vile sea-weed, "*projectâ vilior algâ*," are by no means deserving of so hard a sentence.

Man himself might be much more justly reproached for neglecting the abundant stores of nourishment, which nature has gratuitously provided for him on all flat and rocky coasts. For not only the species I have mentioned are eatable, but also some of the commonest fuci of our seas (*Fucus nodosus, F. vesiculosis, Laminaria saccharina*), as well as the gigantic alarias and durvilleas of the colder ocean regions. And yet how rare is their use, notwithstanding the increasing wants of a rapidly growing population.

"The Sea"—Hartwig.

Mr. J. J. Wier, says a foreign paper, exhibited some larvæ at a meeting of the Entomological society, which he believed to be only the common meal-worm (*Tenebrio*), but which had been found in the corks of port wine bottles. Considerable damage had been done, since they ate quite through the cork, and allowed the wine to escape. He suggested the use of bran instead of sawdust, as the probable cause of their incursion into the cellar. Mr. W. W. Saunders related an instance of a number of larvæ of *Dermestes lardarius*, which were brought into the docks with a cargo of skins, effecting an entry into an adjoining ware-house, where they perforated and rendered entirely useless a quantity of manufactured corks.

—Queer Fish.—There has just been placed in the New York Aquarium a rare species of fish recently brought from Japan by Mr. Gill, of the firm of Martin Gillet & Co., of Baltimore city. Mr. Gill has had several of these fish at his residence in Baltimore for some time past. These fish are said to be the first of the kind seen in America, and since being placed on exhibition in New York the specimen forwarded by Mr. Gill has attracted much attention from prominent naturalists. The peculiarities of the fish are the brilliant colors of their scales and three separate and perfectly developed tails, which the Japanese claim are the result of many years of the most careful breeding. Numerous attempts have been made to bring this fish to America, but this is the only instance in which success has been attained. A swinging tank, nicely balanced on axles, was suspended on board the ship, so that the effect of the ship's motion was scarcely perceptible, but even after this care had been taken, only seven fish out of twenty-eight survived the journey. Mr. Gill has taken great care providing for the remaining six, which he kept in his house in Eutaw Place. They have spawned fifty young, exhibiting all the peculiarities of the originals. The fact that this fish has never been seen outside its native waters in Japan, together with the peculiar interest attaching to it from the careful manner of breeding necessary to produce the triple lace-like tails, renders it of much importance to all fish culturists. The full grown ones are about eight inches in length, their tails being nearly four inches long. When placed along side of our gold fishes their brilliant colors show in striking contrast.

Small Pet Department

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Dec. 6, 1876.

1 Bittern (*Botaurus minor*). Presented by H. B. Case, Londonville, Ohio.
3 Bantams. Presented by Spencer Trotter, Phila.
1 Opossum (*Didelphys virginiana*). Presented by Ellwood Johnson, Germantown, Pa.
5 Ruffled Grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*), 2 Moose (*Alce americanus*), and 2 Polar Bears (*Ursus maritimus*). Purchased.

Arthur E. Brown, Gen'l Supt.

ZOO NOTES, NO. 33.

BY HUON.

Why the Gannet Would Not Feed.

Some weeks ago the Zoo Garden came into possession of a Gannet, sometimes called the "solan goose," but whose scientific name is *Sula bassana*. Now *Sula* is something of a bird, being near three feet in length, and broad in proportion. His color when full grown is white generally; the head and neck buff, and the primaries black. The yearling bird is nearly quite black, and all through life it bears marks around the eyes which look like a pair of "spec's," hence Gannet has been given another name—"Spectacled Goose."

A dear lover of fish is your Gannet, and it has been supposed by some that he was quite indifferent as to kind, so that they were fishes, but such we shall directly see is not quite the case. In his own waters along the coast of the Atlantic, Gannet is a mighty fisher, no fish of common size being too large for him to attack or capable of evading his terrible beak. Poised high in air he sights a fin in the blue waters beneath him, and down he comes like a thunderbolt, sending his sharp bill through and through his unsuspecting victim.

This habit of his causes him sooner or later to be caught himself when he is wanted, as the Gannet hunter nails a herring to a flat board and sets it afloat as a trap. Spying the herring, down swoops Gannet sending his bill clear through the board from which it cannot extricate itself, and thus becomes an easy prey to the fowler.

Sometimes Gannet interferes with the fishermen, seizing upon the center of the net as it is being drawn in, and getting entangled in the meshes is captured along with the fish.

So much for the bird—now as to why he did not feed. Upon his first appearance he was handed over to keeper Pavonarcus and by him placed in the basin of the fountain which forms the center ornament of the Aviary.

When feed time came Gannet would not eat, but the keeper thinking it was because the bird was tired after its journey, or that it was a stranger, gave it no further thought for that day. But the next day it was the same thing—in vain did he try his choicest fish upon him—then a piece of his freshest meat—all in vain, Gannet was not to be tempted. Keeper now began to fear for his bird, and wondering what was its particular tap, he wended his way to the sea-lion pond to consult with keeper Sheppard as to what he should do.

"Try some of my nice fish," said sea-lion keeper, and armed with a blue fish, a gar, and two or three white perch, back to the Aviary went its keeper, and one after another he laid them before his fasting bird. All in vain! That wonderfully abstemious or terribly obstinate biped, statue-like, stood on the rim of his fountain, refusing even to look at a single fish.

"I have some 'high meat,'" said sea-lion keeper, when on the third day bird-keeper imparted to that worthy his troubles, and some of the "high meat" as an experiment was carried away and placed before Gannet, but still in vain. Gannet was neither tempted, or offended, he would simply like Falstaff with honor, "have none on't."

Then said Pavonarius, "the bird must die."

"Yes," said sea-lion keeper, "the bird must die."

"Yes," said superintendent Brown when called in to the consultation round the fountain, "the bird must die."

"Never say die if the court knows itself," said the Gannet, out of the one eye it had placed upon the consulters, just as though it had heard every word of their consultation. Nor did Gannet die, though the fifth day had now passed since he had been declared off his feed.

The morning of the sixth day of Gannet's advent was the proper time for cleansing the fountain, drawing off the water and filling it afresh. Vessels had been provided for the reception of the various kinds of fish which sported therein, and which now must have a temporary removal. On the fountain rim sat Gannet watching the proceedings as though he knew all about it, and what a row there would be directly. Divers fish were transferred to the basins, the water all drawn off, when keeper Pavonarius exclaimed "What's become of all my gold fish? A week ago I had more than two dozen of them here; all the other fish of various kinds I find, but not one of my beautiful goldies."

"I could tell you what became of them," said the eye of the Gannet as he sat there on the rim of the fountain, looking as innocent as a new-born lamb—and just then it dawned upon the mind of the bird-keeper, why the Gannet did not feed, and since that discovery there being no more gold fish, three fresh, blue mackerel per day is that bird's allowance, and his appetite is good to this day.

THE SQUIRREL AND THE BURGLAR.

A German story thus illustrates the fact that no creature is too small to be of use, sooner or later:

"An apothecary had a tame squirrel, which he used to keep in his own private room adjoining his shop. The little fellow was allowed plenty of liberty, for the door of his cage was frequently left open, and he used to climb up doors and windows and spring thence upon his master's hand.

As the winter came on, he was in the habit of building himself a nest of any tow he might find about, and used to choose for residence the pocket of his master's coat. When, in the evening, the coat was taken off and hung upon a nail, the little squirrel would climb up the door on which the nail stood, run down the coat, and take up his quarters in the pocket, carrying always in his mouth a good supply of tow, which he had prepared and rolled together beforehand, and with which he contrived to make in the pocket the cosiest night's lodging in the world.

"A housebreaker, watching his opportunity, selected an especially dark night for getting in through the window of the apothecary's little back room behind the shop. He knew that the apothecary kept no dog; he could easily guess where his coat would be likely to be hanging up. He soon found the pocket, and was just about to lighten it of purse, pocket-book and keys, when a misfortune totally unexpected befell him.

In rummaging for keys and purse, he had struck the squirrel, of whose strange habits with regard to his bed-room he had not been aware. Not liking to be thus suddenly disturbed, the little animal gave the thief so sharp a bite on his thumb that he could not forbear yelling with pain, and the master of the house, alarmed at the unusual sound, came into the room armed with the poker just as the thief was escaping through the window.

The watchman happening to be passing, the unwelcome guest was given into custody; and as the geese at Rome had saved the capital by their cackling, so the little squirrel had saved his master's property by lodging in his coat pocket.

MISSEL THRUSH versus SQUIRREL.

I was spectator—says Rev. R. Blight of England—of an encounter between the above pugilists.

Having found a missel-thrush's nest about the middle of March, I was anxious to find out when the young ones would be hatched. I therefore went daily to look at the nest. On Thursday morning a squirrel, feeling I suppose, a deeper interest than even I did, paid it a visit. He met, however, with a very different reception, for while I was permitted to climb up the tree so as to overlook the old bird in the nest without disturbing her, his kind attentions (whatever his intentions may have been) met with a most cruel and decided repulse. I was just in time to see the squirrel knocked, not only off his legs, but also off the branch on which the nest was built, down to the ground—a distance of ten feet. His bewildered look at such unladylike conduct was a study for an artist. The old bird did not allow him time to recover but alighted on his back and furiously pecked away at his poor head, so that I began to fear that I should have a dead squirrel to pick up.

What with the shrieking of the Missel-thrush in not very melodious tones, and that peculiar noise of the squirrel when irritated, and the scuffle among the dead leaves, there was a pretty hubbub. The squirrel after a few seconds managed to get away and ran up a tree. The bird flew at him again, and again compelled him to come to the ground. He then got into an angle in the roots of a tree, and sat on his hind legs, boxing away with his fore legs, in what, I suppose, is the "most approved" squirrel "style," reminding one forcibly of a certain Scottish hero of whom it is sung,

> "His back against a rock he bore,
> And firmly placed his feet before."

But the missel-thrush had the best of it, for she flew down at him from above; and no one can be surprised that, with those wings flapping just in front of his eyes, and those terrible shrieks sounding in his ears, the squirrel at once decided that "discretion is the better part of valor," and made another bold effort to escape. He ran about twenty yards along the ground, and in that distance was three times pulled up to defend himself with his fists. At length he reached another tree, and by cork screwing round the trunk contrived to reach the upper branches. As the tree was one of an avenue there was a good course for him; and now began a veritable "race for life," for the missel-thrush darted with such violence at him that, had she struck him, he must have fallen at least thirty feet. The race continued for nearly three hundred yards, when the missel-thrush gave up the chase and returned to her nest, where she sat for some time muttering in a very significant manner, and adjusting her ruffled feathers. During all this time, until the race began, I was never more than two yards distant from the combatants, but neither appeared to notice me in the least degree. I saw nothing of the male bird the whole of the time. Had he joined in, I fear that Mr. Squirrel would not have got off as easily. It was a fair fight, and I have now an immense admiration for the "pluck" of the missel-thrush, while I have become more inclined than ever, should I be put on the grand jury, to find a true bill against the family of ths squirrel, on the charge of feloniously entering dwelling house, with intent to murder.

GEORGE F. SEAVEY,

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Importer and Breeder of High Class Pigeons and Poultry, viz.:

Carriers, Smooth-head and Crested Fantails, Jacobins, Turbits, (winged, tailed and solid colors,) Inside Tumblers, Short-face Tumblers, and Berlin Button-heads, Silver and Golden Spangled Hamburgs, Sebright Bantams, and Pheasants.

I offer the following pairs Pigeons for sale at prices annexed, and can furnish single birds of many of the varieties.

Also a few choice Silver and Golden S. Hamburgs, at $5 to $10 each, or will sell my entire stock of Goldens.

CARRIERS.

White,	$10.00, 12.00 and 25.00	Red,	$10.00 and 20.00
Black,	10.00 and 25.00	Yellow,	15.00 and 30.00
Blue,	12.00 and 20.00	Dun,	10.00, 15.00 and 40.00

SMOOTH-HEAD FANTAILS.

White,	$4.00, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00 to 15.00	Red Cocks,	$3 00 to 6.00
Black,	10.00 and 15.00	Yellow,	18.00, 20.00 and 30 00
Blue,	4.00, 7.00, 10.00 and 15.00	Dun,	10.00 and 18.00

TURBITS.

Silver Wing,	$10.00	Dun Wing Hen,	$4.00
Black "	7.00 and 10.00	Solid White,	10.00
Blue "	7.00 and 12.00	Solid Black,	10.00
Red "	6.00, 8.00 and 10.00	Black tail,	10 00
Yellow "	15.00	Silver tail,	8.00

BERLIN BUTTON-HEADS.

White Cocks,	$5.00	Blue Cocks,	$5.00

JACOBINS.

White,	$8.00, 10.00, 12.00 and 15.00	Red,	$5.00, 7.00 and 10.00
Black,	4.00, 6.00, 8.00 and 12.00	Yellow,	12.00 and 15.00
Blue,	4 00, 8.00 and 15.00	Dun,	8.00

CRESTED FANTAILS.

White,	$10.00 and 15.00	Blue Hen,	$7.50
Black,	6.00, 12.00 and 18.00	Red Mottle Hen,	5.00

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Black,	$12 00	Red Splash,	$8.00
Red,	12.00	Black Mottle,	8.00 and 18.00
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Almond,	$10.00 and 25.00	Kites,	$7. and 10.00
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OF THE

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BUFFALO, N. Y.,

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CHAS. A. SWEET, President. GEO. W. WHITE, Secretary.

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head of 5 lines or 40 words, describing and offering "for Exchange only," will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "To Exchange for Cash," or "Greenbacks," "Wanted, a Purchaser," or "Wanted, an Offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstance be admitted to the Exchange or Want column.

☞ "Enclose stamp for reply" will not be allowed. Each and every advertisement must be written on a separate slip of paper, and on one side only.

☞ No Exchange will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

E. KRAUSE, Zanesville, Ohio, will exchange one pair of fine Maltese Kittens, one Gray Squirrel, one California Quail, young Angora Rabbits, out of imported stock, same Lop-eared Doe, for a good full blooded Lop-eared Buck, or a young pair of Silver Gray, Patagonian, or Belgian Rabbits, or offers.

CHARLES W. HOITT, P. O. Box 425, Nashua, N. H., will give 1 pair Black Jacobins, 1 pair Splashed Tumblers, 1 Black Short-faced Tumbler Cock, and 1 Archangel Cock, for 1 pair Belgian Canaries (long breed), or 1 pair of Blue or Red Fans. Must be fine birds. Will give one pair of Trumpeters, (Cock yellow, Hen black,) for 1 pair of Blue or Red Fans.

JOHN R. GLENN, West Chester, Pa., wants to exchange 1 pair of Blue Pouters, and 1 pair of Gray Squirrels and Cage, for White Crested White Polish Chickens, or Brown Leghorns; also two Fan-tailed Hens for 1 Cock Bird.

JOHN E. SCHUM, 150 South Water St., Lancaster City, Pa., will exchange a fine Pointer Bitch, 1 year old, out of imported stock; also one Setter Pup Dog, 4 months old, both very fine built, and cannot find any prettier Bitches or Dogs than the above named; also some very nice Fancy Pigeons, for offers. Speak quick. All letters, &c., answered at once.

F. A. CLOCK, Bay Shore, L. I., will exchange 6 standard Brown Leghorn Pullets, for 6 standard Light Brahma Pullets, either Felch or Williams strain.

JOS. A. BATZER, 307 N. Eden, above John St., Baltimore, Md., will exchange one pair of Canaries, male and female, with Fancy Cage, male a good singer, for one pair of Pouters, White, or Red Pied. Must be large birds, and heavily booted.

JNO. H. WAITE, Baldwinville, Mass., will exchange fine Black Cochin Chicks, price $10 per trio, for Brown Leghorns, Dark Brahmas, or offers. Want nothing but good stock.

JOHN F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 5 beautiful Grey Squirrels, with Fancy House, 1 pure White Female Squirrel, with French Roof Cottage, wheel attached; 3 good Violins, 3 Parrot Cages; 1 Rabbit Hutch, 4 apartments; 15 pair of Aylesbury Ducks, 1 trio P Cochins, 3 pair Black English Carriers, and 2 pair White, extra birds; 7 pair White Calcutta Fans, 1 Red Helmets, 3 pair Black Short faced Tumblers, 1 Pouter Cock, 1 Red-wing Turbit Hen, 1 pair Mottled Tumblers, 2 old style Family Clocks, stand about 8 or 9 feet high, first-class timekeepers: 1 show case, with four drawers, for Cigars or Tobacco, Oats, Corn, Potatoes, Buffalo or Lap Robes, or offers, but no live stock.

JOHN THORRET, Meriden, Conn., has for exchange one Setter Dog, young and partly broke; also one Setter Dog Pup, 4 months old; also 1 Brown Leghorn Cock, took second premium at Bristol last winter. Mine are good stock, and want the same.

J. H. HEKENAMER, Williamsport, Pa., wants to exchange one pair of Black Snells, one pair of Turbits, silver-wing Cock, with red bars on wing, Hen solid black wing; one solid White Barb Cock, for a trio of Silver Lace Bantams. My birds are all first-class; same expected. Postal cards accepted.

E. P. DATESMAN, West Milton, Pa., has for exchange 1 trio Buff Cochins, good; 1 trio S. S. Hamburgs; Chicks, 1 pair S. S. H.; Fowls, 3 P. Cochin Hens, 2 P. C. Pullets, 2 Cocks of P. C., 2 W. Leghorn Cockerels, 1 trio D. Brahmas, 1 Houdan Cockerel, for L Brahmas, Brown Leghorn Pullets, Pekin Ducks, Fancy Pigeons, or offers.

THOS. S. WEIDENHAMER, Milton, Pa., has 1 pair Mottled Carriers, 2 pair White Fans, 1 pair Bald-head Tumblers, 1 pair Yellow Tumblers, 1 pair Mottled Tumblers, 2 pair Brown Tumblers, 1 pair Moorcaps, 1 odd Quaker, 1 odd Fan, 1 pair Rabbits, 1 Trained Dog, 1 Accordeon, 1 Violin, 1 Banjo, to exchange for offers.

CHAS. O. MEIXALL, Box 256, Milton, Pa., will exchange 3 pair Pouters, 3 pair W. C. Fans, 1 pair Smooth-head Fans, 1 pair Mottled Fans, 1 odd M. Fan, 1 pair Yellow, 1 pair Black, 2 pair Shells, 1 pair, one Red and one Black Tumblers, 1 pair Brown Sunbians, 1 pair German High-flyers, 2 pair Carriers, 1 pair Dutchess, 1 pair Barbs, one black one red. (The above stock are mostly old mated birds, and No. 1 breeders and good birds, and nothing but the same wanted) in exchange for Brown and W. Leghorns, Game Fowls. Any one not having good stock need not answer this. The Game to be "Dead Game," and warranted to be such, or offers. Or will exchange for a Breech-loading Shot-gun, or Rifle, or all kinds of Hamburgs, Polish, or all kinds of Fancy Fowls.

J. B., JR., 719 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y., will exchange Yellow, Black, and White-crested Fantails, for Yellow, Black, and White Smooth-head Fans, Smooth head Red Fan Hen, Crested Red Fantail Cock. See wants.

J. B., JR., 719 Ellicott St, Buffalo, N. Y., has to exchange 4 Red-Pied Pouter Cocks, 1 pair White Pouters, 1 Blue, 1 Black Pied Cocks, and 1 Mealy Pouter Cock, for Pouter Hens, or Blue Fantail Hens; Red, Black, and White Barbs, for Swallows. See wants.

A. HOSMER, Lawrence, Mass., will exchange a trio of Buff Cochins, and White Leghorn Cockerels, for Plymouth Rocks, Black Cochin Cockerels, or G. S. Bantam Pullets. Must be good.

ABM. V. N. DeFOREEST, Metuchen N. J., has for exchange a large Male Goat (castrated), two years old, perfectly broken to harness, very gentle; value of Goat and Harness, $10 00. This is a rare offer. Brown Leghorns preferred.

G. A. STOCKWELL, Worcester, Mass., will exchange White Turkey Cock, pair Black Bantams, Pitman's Phonography, Whitter's Poems, Geo. Eliot's Works, Vanity Fair, by Thackeray, Eugene Aram, and Last Days of Pompeii, by Bulwer, Life of Gen. Scott, Gates Ajar, and Hedged In, by Phelps, Old Town Folks, by Stowe, Tupper's Philosophy, (indispensable,) for Poultry and Pigeon Books, Birds, Pigeons, Coops, Cages, Lumber, Grain, Rouen Drake, Mastiff Dog Pup, pure bred laying Pullets, or offers.

W. F. MUCHMORE, Basking Ridge, N. J., will exchange a new Parlor Organ, price $275, warranted, for Brown Leghorns, Partridge Cochins, Light or Dark Brahmas, and $75 in cash. Make some offer.

POST OFFICE BOX 248, Racine, Wis., will exchange a new Sewing Machine, "Independent," cost $60, for Breech-loading Shot Gun, or offers.

F. A. PENNINGTON, Delaware City, Del., will exchange G. S. Hamburgs, No. 1 birds; 1 flute, cost $10; 1 Walnut Mocking Bird Cage, cost $12, for White Barbs, Red or Blue Fans. Must be No. 1 birds.

S. NEWTON, Oakdale, Allegheny Co., Pa., will exchange a few Paintings and Engravings, without Frames, Small's Manual Homœopathic Practice, and How to Make the Farm Pay, for Greenhouse Plants, Roots or Seeds. Send list of Plants.

JOHN HOGAN, Newton, N. J., will exchange a pair of Dorkings or Games, for a large Plymouth Rock Cock, a pair of Rouen Ducks, Cooper's Game Fowls, or offers in Game Bantams.

E. F. ERLAND, Plymouth, Mass., will exchange first-class Pekin and White Call Ducks, for German Canaries, good singers, and Wild Geese, first-class

E. M. PEASE, 35 Grand St., Hartford, Conn., wishes to exchange a set of Key Check Dies, Letters and Figures, (steel); also good assortment of German Silver Key Checks and Rings, for Leghorns, or a Fleetwood Scroll Saw.

ABM. V. N. DeFOREEST, Metuchen, N. J., will exchange an Adams Cottage Printing Press, 9x13, warranted to be in perfect order, for Brown Leghorn, or offers.

ORLANDO SEELY, Box 129, Ithaca, Tompkins Co., N. Y., will exchange Silver Spangled Hamburgs, B. B. R. Game Bantams, and White Fantail and Flying Antwerps, bred from imported stock, for small Printing Press, or offers.

THE WOODBERRY NEWS, published at Woodberry, Md., will exchange Advertising, for Chickens, Ducks, Geese, &c., of fancy breeds, or for the Eggs of either.

F. FRIES, Sherrills Mount, Iowa, will exchange first premium and pedigree Essex Pigs, for other breed, or good Newfoundland and Shebleris Pup; also D. and L. Brahmas, premium birds, for Pigs. Will warrant all my stock to give satisfaction. Answer quick.

WANTED.

Advertisements under this head of 5 lines or 40 words, describing what is wanted, will be allowed at twenty-five cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

ROWLEY & MORGAN, 16 Genesee St, Utica, N. Y., want Fans, Black, Yellow, and Mottled. Speak quick.

A. A. WYLLIE, Bowmanville, Ont., wants purchasers for Pigeons, either for single birds, or by the lot; wants also a Blue Fantail Hen. State price.

MINNIE DACHSHUND, Box 92, Basking Ridge, N. J., wants the address of a pure bred or imported German Dachshund Dog.

J. B., JR., 719 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y., wants Pouter Hens, Smooth-head Blue Fantail Hen, Crested Blue Fantail Hen, Smooth-head Red Fantail Hen, Crested Red Fantail Cock, Blue Barless Swallows, Red and Yellow Swallow Hens, Blue Bar Hen, pair of good Black Swallows.

GEO. IRWIN, Mayville, Chautauqua County, N. Y., wants a pair of pure bred Wild Turkeys. Give price, and pedigree, as far as known. None but pure bred wild wanted.

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1. A Treatise on the Art of Breeding and Managing Tame, Domesticated, and Fancy Pigeons; by John Matthews Eaton, and published by the author, 7 Islington Green, London. 1852 Illustrated.

The Treatise of 1858 is not wanted.

2. A set of Six Matchless Engraved Colored Portraits, Life Size, by Wolstenholme, viz: The Almond, Black Mottle, Red Baldhead, Yellow-beard Tumblers, Black Carrier, and Blue Pied English Pouter.

3. A colored Diagram, or a Plan of Building or fitting up a Pigeonary, embellished with Tumblers, Pouters and Carriers.

We think there are several different diagrams, and would like all of them.

4. A set of six splendid Life Size engraved Portraits of The Fancy Toy Pigeons, colored, viz: The White Fantail, Yellow Jacobin, Silver Owl, Blue Turbit, Black-mottled Trumpeter, and the Black Barb.

All of above pictures published by J. M. Eaton.

A liberal offer would be made for any of the above in good order.

Any information regarding John Matthew Eaton's life and works would be gratefully received.

Correspondence solicited on the subject of Pigeon Books, old and curious books, and Autographs of men of note, living or dead.

WM. GARDNER BARTON, Salem, Mass.

PEDIGREE A NO. 1.

I have shown L. and D Brahmas, and Pea-Comb Partridge Cochins 17 times, and have won 16 first, "1" second, and two special premiums; stock from *Felch, Williams, Herstines*, and *Edmonds* noted strains. Eggs, $3.00 per 13

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Poultry Breeding (Geyelin)	1 25
The Poulterer's Companion (Bement)	2 00
Domestic Poultry (Saunders) Paper, 40c., Cloth,	75
American Bird Fancier	30
Rabbit Fancier (Bement)	20
Illustrated Book of Poultry (by L. Wright), in 25 monthly parts, each	50
" " Pigeons " " " " " "	50
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"NOT FOR ITSELF—BUT FOR ALL."

ESTABLISHED 1873.
JOSEPH M. WADE, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. III. HARTFORD, DECEMBER 25, 1876. No. 50

EDITORIAL.

OUR CLOSING NUMBER.

The present number will close the year, complete the third volume of the FANCIERS' JOURNAL, and its present issue as a weekly.

The letters that have come to us from all quarters give us the assurance that our efforts have been appreciated, and we feel the proof conclusive when we note the fact of the greater part of our patrons already renewing their subscriptions for 1877, and their promises of unsparing efforts to add to our list. And too, very many new subscribers have also come to us. Altogether the future looks bright, and we are hopeful that with another year we may take up the weekly issue, and by having our paper self-sustaining, be able to add from our private resources the best talent, both of pen and pencil to be found in either England or America. Of those who have delayed their renewal for 1877, we respectfully ask their continued patronage, promising if the past has been good, the future shall be better; as we shall improve upon our successes, and profit by our mistakes.

Remember, our JOURNAL is the *fancier's* journal; protective of the fancier's interests, and promotive of the fancier's good. Devoted to no ring, influenced by no clique, each fancier is but serving his own cause in building it up. Not only do we ask for your aid as subscribers, but, as practice is twice better than theory, we ask your contributions to its pages. We ask for your comments, your criticisms, your experiences, experiments, successes and failures, that the new comers may learn from you. Consider the JOURNAL as belonging to the each one of you. Consider its usefulness, its standing, as conducive to your success as fanciers; for as its sphere is enlarged, so also will the measure of the good it may afford be added to.

For our little paper, "The Exchange and Mart"—our effort to furnish a weekly advertising medium for the poultryman—we also ask your attention, your patronage. At all events give it a trial. Advertise in it if but once. See what a circulation of 5,000 will bring to you. If you are willing to circulate it in your neighborhood, among your friends, send to us for copies, and they will be forwarded to you at once, free of charge. The "Exchange and Mart" will be issued the 1st, 8th, and 24th of each month; the monthly being sent out upon the 15th. We hope thereby to bridge the gulf made by the monthlies whose publication day is the 1st, and by so doing afford satisfaction to those for whom we labor.

Subscribers not receiving the FANCIERS' JOURNAL, or the 'Exchange and Mart," will please notify us immediately.

BUFFALO INTERNATIONAL POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Mr. Geo. W. White, secretary of B. I. P. A., writes us:

"We expect to have the grandest show we have ever had, and shall not be cramped for room as we generally have been."

We expected as much. The Buffalo fanciers do nothing by halves.

CONTENTS OF VOL. 3.

Those who receiving the FANCIERS' JOURNAL for the first time, would know the material used in the make-up of a year, may do so by looking over the index sent out with the present number. Back numbers can be supplied—bound or unbound. Vol's. 1, 2 and 3—desirable additions to any library—we will supply bound in cloth, at $3.75 each. Covers also furnished at 65 cents each. Sent by mail prepaid.

ACCEPTED MANUSCRIPT.

Acclimation and Domestication, (V. M. F.;) Domestication of Quail, (B. White;) "How will it wash," (Guy S. Cutus;) A Rainy Day at the Zoo, (Huon;) Jeannie Englehardt, (Huon;) Crumbs of Knowledge, (Ad. sum;) Our American Standard, (E. S.;) Notes, (Pacific;) Madeira Vine, (E. H.;) The Mistletoe *vs.* Pacific, (E. H.).

Those desiring to advertise in the "Exchange and Mart" will please send their advertisements at once. We would call attention to the column of "sales," also added to the JOURNAL'S columns, where articles of a single kind may be offered for sale at 25 cents each insertion.

CARDS, CATALOGUES, ETC., RECEIVED.

Card of Ozro C. Barrows, prop. of Bristol Poultry Yards, Bristol, R. I.

Centennial Card of C. B. Elben, breeder of Blk, African Bantams, Pittsburgh, Pa.

E. A. Lyman, Keene, N. H., White Crested Polish a specialty.

H. B. Batterson, Prop. of Sunnyside Poultry Yard, Elmira, N. Y.

GENESEE POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

Premium list received, for the second annual exhibition of the Genesee Poultry Association, to be held at Batavia, N. Y., commencing Jan., 10th, and continuing until the 18th.

Entries close Wednesday, Jan. 10th.

HENRY TODD, Sec,y.

NEW SOCIETY.

The fanciers of Orleans Co. have organized an association, and propose holding an exhibition at Albion, commencing Jan. 22d, and continuing 5 days.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR:

I am disappointed that you are to make the *Journal* a monthly. I will pay $5 a year for it as a weekly. Enclosed find $3, one copy to be sent to my own address, as heretofore; the other to be sent to ——— Yours, &c.,

BINGHAMTON, N. Y., B. F. BEARDSLEY.

DEAR SIR:

"If our exertions at the last poultry show were of any benefit to the *Journal*, our services will be at your disposal at the next exhibition. Please answer, but do not give up the ship. The wind has been contrary to us all this year, but surely will change after new year." With best respects, yours,

G. DILLENBERGER & SON.

FRIEND WADE:—I am very sorry to hear you intend taking off our welcome visitor, the weekly, but hope you find in the monthly a source of pecuniary gratification.

Yours, &c.,

NEW YORK, Dec. 15th, 1876. W. L. LUNDY.

FRIEND WADE:

With others I must express my regrets at the idea of having the JOURNAL changed to a monthly. In case there is encouragement enough to warrant a continuance of a weekly, I will guarantee to send you five subscriptions at $2.50 each, and will remit the amount whenever notified of said continuance. Will not other subscribers and friends of the JOURNAL make efforts to furnish proper support?

Yours truly, J. G. BICKNELL.

BUFFALO, Dec. 20, 1876.

When a fancier with the world-wide reputation of J. Y. Bicknell, acknowledges the need of a weekly, what must the necessity be for the dealer whose name is not known in scarcely his own street? There are two secrets in successful business of any kind; the first, let your stock be first-class; 2d, let the world know you own it and have it for sale, by the advertising of it.

MR. JOS. M. WADE:

MY DEAR SIR:—I see you intend to make a monthly of the JOURNAL. If not too late take my advice, and do not make a monthly, for the field is already occupied. We need a weekly. Keep it going as a weekly. Have only 4 pp. reading matter, and as much advertising as possible, for which you can add pages. If not too late, give the matter a thought. I am sorry you ever took it away from Philadelphia. REV. G. W. FREDERICK.

DEAR SIR:

"We will try to do all we can for you. We will miss it very much if we do not get one every week." E. R. KRAUZE.

DEAR SIR:—I am sorry that you are compelled to go back to a monthly. I would much sooner pay more, and have it a weekly. Whatever way you fix it, consider me a subscriber.

GREEN BANK FARM. J. W. HARTMAN.

MR. WADE:—

DEAR SIR:—Having seen in the *Journal* that it is going to be a monthly instead of a weekly, I must say that I feel sorry for the change. I would rather give $4 for your weekly, than do without it. I am getting 3 different journals at present, and prefer the weekly before all the others, but I will continue it as a monthly, hoping it will become a weekly before long.

Yours truly,

JOHN BROWN.

A NEW NATURALISTS' DIRECTORY.

The work will be arranged according to subjects, will contain a list of all naturalists in North America, their special department of study, and remarks in regard to specimens they may have for exchange, or wish in return.

In addition to this we shall endeavor to give, after each subject a list of the standard literature devoted to that department of science. The work will be issued late in the fall, so that names can be inserted, and duplicate specimens collected the present season for exchanges next winter. Blank pages will be inserted for notes and memoranda.

Names should be sent in *at once*. Give (plainly written) *name, town or city, county, state,* department of science which you are interested in, and any necessary remarks about your duplicates, and specimens wanted in exchange. *Names inserted free.*

Mention whether you wish to become a subscriber to the work, and if you wish more than one copy, give the number, as the edition will be limited to the number subscribed for.

The price will not be over $1.00 per copy. No money will be received until the book is ready to be sent out.

Our friends will aid us greatly by sending us the address of their Naturalist acquaintances with their own, at the earlies, date possible.

S. E. CASSINO, Salem, Mass.

MISSING NUMBERS.

DEAR SIR:

In December last (1875) I sent $5.15, to Poultry Record for one year's subscription to each of the following poultry journals; American Poultry Journal and Record, World, Bulletin, Nation, Fanciers' Journal and Review. Not one of the journals have come regularly; one or more of each not having come at all. Of the Fanciers' Journal, I have not received numbers 3, 18, and 45, for 1876. Of the Review I have received but four numbers. Will you, please, send me those missing numbers of the Fanciers' Journal? If I contrive to live I will subscribe for a Poultry Journal for 1877, but I wish to subscribe for one of which I will receive all the numbers.

Think I sent you postal card week ago concerning the missing numbers.

J. D. THORLEY.

THE JOURNAL passing through so many hands before reaching our subscribers, we can only promise that the numbers shall be mailed regularly, and missing numbers replaced.

FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

FRIEND WADE:

Can you give me the address of any pigeon fancier in San Francisco? I don't know of one, but if you do and will send me their address you will greatly oblige. Yours truly,

SAN FRANCISCO. H. F. WHITMAN.

Mr. J. H. Ringot, Cor. Scott and California streets, will doubtless welcome you to his loft, and introduce you to brother fanciers.

WHITE CARRIERS.

DEAR SIR;

Please answer through the columns of the JOURNAL. Should White Carriers' legs be feathered? I bought a pair, and the legs are heavily feathered, with feathers two and three inches long.

Answer in first JOURNAL if possible, and oblige,

YOUNG FANCIER.

The birds you describe are evidently crossed with Dutchess or Feather-legged Runts. Carriers should be clean legged *always*.

DEAR SIR:

I notice that there are lots of complaints against the express companies. I sent a small printing press with type, &c., weighed ten pounds, to Williamsport, Pa., and when it arrived there they charged $4.50, and I got it from New York for $1.50; it is outrageous. A. A. W.

ONTARIO.

POULTRY AND PIGEONS.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

If from your poultry you desire eggs, more of heat external and internal (the latter by heat producing stimulating food) must be given *now*, than during the spring and summer season. Remembering always that the production of eggs in winter is unnatural, and unnatural means must be afforded to gain this end. Remember, also, if your birds are rare, choice specimens, and the eggs are for table use, you may pay dear for them. How? Consider for a moment. Egg-producing naturally is confined to two seasons, the spring and summer; if by forcing, the two seasons are lengthened to three, almost four, must it not be at the expense of vitality? May not shortness of life be the result? Nature is a unit; you cannot add to one quarter but at the expense of another. To the farmer whose poultry profits are when eggs are high, we would say, feed well, give good stimulating food, give warmth and protection, and you will be rewarded. But to the fancier—whose profit is in eggs for hatching, whose pride is gratified by the showroom award—don't force your birds. Do not crowd them either for work or for room. Give just sufficient warmth for perfect health. Remember that nature cares for her own. If your birds are in heated quarters the feathering will be light and thin. If in cooler it will be heavy and perfect. The eggs, if the laying be delayed until nature herself favors, will produce stronger and healthier chicks, and the percentage be greater than if the result of a forcing, cramming, artificial feeding and care. Let your care and effort be for *perfect condition*, and the result will be, if your stock is good, perfect plumage and but few clear eggs when the hatching season arrives.

If you have flooring in your chicken house and use sawdust under the roosts for cleanliness, don't use it upon the feeding place. If during winter your feeding place is in the same pen with the roosts, nail a strip across the floor say two inches high, separating the parts, thus keeping the sawdust to its duty. Upon the feeding place throw sand or soil of any kind. Sawdust is injurious to fowls, it is an indigestible substance the gizzard can not act upon, and not only does it make the birds uncomfortable, but by causing unnatural thirst, very soon affects the birds' general condition. The gravel the birds will find and take from the sand or loam will prove beneficial to their health. In weather when the birds are confined indoors, cover the feed lightly with hay, straw or autumn leaves, as a promotive of health in affording exercise.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE STANDARD AGAIN.

In discussing the merits and demerits of the *Standard of Excellence*, we should not make it accountable for the sins of Agricultural and Poultry Societies, as is often the case. An Agricultural society holds a fair, and has a Poultry class amongst its other attractions, and in its announcement it tells us that the Judges will be governed in their awards by the *American Standard of Excellence*. But when the Judges call on the executive committee for instructions, they are told that as the different varieties are but poorly represented, and there are not more coops than premiums, they had better just give the best coop the first premium, and the next best the second premium, if indeed there are two coops—and that will be all that is required of them, as it is expected of the society to encourage all branches of agriculture, and it will not do to disqualify Squire So-and-so's birds, as it would do more harm to the society than the payment of the $2 premium. So Mr. Judge finds he has to award premiums to *all* birds without regard to even the disqualifying features of the cases that may come up.

He is called upon to award a first premium to a cock mated with a pullet, or a cockerel mated with a hen. I know whereof I speak, as I have awarded premiums in such cases, and yet those to whom the premiums were awarded advertised their stock as first-premium stock, and were backed up by the advertised regulations of the Society that the stock was judged by the *Standard*.

And this kind of business is not done alone by Agricultural Societies, but also by regularly organized Poultry Societies who think more of the good will of some "Squire," or "Deacon" or "Judge," than they do of the reputation of the Judge who awards their premiums for them, or the character of the poultry business in general. And when a fancier who sees these first premium birds asks who the judge was, he is told that they were judged by the *Standard*, and they are consequently standard birds, and as such, he advertises them, and sells their progeny in eggs or chicks on an equal footing—when the real facts are unknown—with those who have spent years of time, experience and money. If that fancier who makes the inquiry and the judge are strangers, you can imagine the opinion he will form of such judgment, and he will forever be the enemy of a man who knew what he was doing, and yet did not use his *own* judgment, but only followed the instructions of the Executive Committee, or Superintendents of the Association. In this way discredit is thrown on the *Standard* when it is not to blame, and enemies are made for it against whom it has no defense. Now how much better is the course being pursued by many of our societies this winter. Many of them are advertising the *number of points* required for a first, second, and third premium, thus guaranteeing the proper use of the *Standard* in deciding upon the merits of the stock it awards its premiums to. Were this course pursued by all Societies fewer mistakes would be made and the *Standard* would have many friends where it now has enemies. In this way justice is done to the *Standard*, to the exhibitor, and to the public, and until this is done by *all* societies, we will not be able to judge of the value of the *Standard*, nor of the value of a premium won. This is just what the *Standard* is for; to make values in fowls equal, and not to be made a screen behind which ignorance or knavery may hide itself. Yet when was there ever a law framed, no matter how wise and far-seeing its authors, but that knavery could find a hole in it in which to hide its evil doings. But these exceptions are not rules, nor are they good arguments against the *Standard*. For by the old method of judging by comparison, how many more ways have not these same rogues of hiding their deeds of darkness.

All a comparison judge has to do if he is criticised is to say in his opinion such is a better bird than the other because he chooses to think so. But if the *Standard* is used, and he marks down his score, and tacks it on to the coop for the criticism and inspection of the public, he will be very careful not to judge the man instead of the fowl, but will make his *marks* so as to be able to defend them. If, as the enemies of the *Standard* claim, all judges do not award alike by the *Standard*, how much nearer do they suppose judges will award by comparison, where a man can favor heavy leg feathering, long or short legs, blue or white under color, &c., just as his peculiar fancy may dictate. I have seen a bird awarded first premium in a class where by the *Standard*—or even com-

mon sense or justice—would have given another bird *fifteen points* higher merit. And yet this judge could, and did say in his opinion the other was the best. And I may add just here, that I can—and so can you reader—name others who have done, and seen the same thing. But were the awards made by the *Standard*, could this thing occur? Certainly not, for in that case he would have been compelled to show where he found the superior merit—in other words, he could not have awarded the premium to his friend—he would have been obliged to award it to the fowl.

Now these are some of the points to be discussed by those who want a new *Standard*—no *Standard*—or Wright's Poultry Book for a Standard, and in that discussion let all personal and pecuniary motives be discarded, and let sober, honest and impartial motives prompt all criticism. The A. P. A. acted with a great deal of prudence in its discussion and action on the question of amending the *Standard*, brought before them at Chicago last winter, and we—the friends of the *Standard*—shall expect the same of them this winter at Boston. We have been shaping our ends so as to breed in conformity to its teachings, and now we must not have any radical changes that will derange our plans and calculations for the future. Besides it is the bond of unity that binds together the fanciers of the whole country, and by destroying its usefulness or radically changing it, we break that union of thought and feeling, and we are sent adrift again without either compass or rudder to guide us. Let it alone, gentlemen, except perhaps in a few important matters of phraseology or a few omissions that may be supplied to make the sense more complete. But let the "Supplement" be small, and let it not materially interfere with our present work, or you will inaugurate a warfare that will end in the destruction of the harmony which should prevail among the poultry fanciers of America.

Eliphalet Stowell.

YOUNG FOWLS FOR BREEDING,

Are not, in my experience, as good for mating to produce the best stock, any more than are the young of any animals. And chicks from the same broods, dogs from the same litters, rabbits from the same clutch, or pigeons from the same pair, bred together, very rarely give us progeny uniformly as thrifty, as healthy, or as promising, as those of any species more distantly related. I offer this general reply to an inquirer who asks "what is the better age to begin to breed from?"

With poultry, briefly, I would advise that *one* of the sexes at least be in the second year of its age. A vigorous young yearling cock mated to a few two-year-old hens, or an active two-years' cock to a clutch of one-year-old pullets, is a far better plan than mating all young birds for breeding.

A two-year-old dog is always best to line a young slut with, and for clean breeding, if both these animals are past their second year in age, the pups from them will be found in every way finer, in closeness to parental good qualities, in size, in subsequent hardihood, and thriftiness.

We are all too prone to hurry up these matters in breeding, and if we come into possession of a fine trio of promising chickens, they are put together at eight to ten months old for breeding, in the expectation that the pullets' eggs will produce their like, from the beginning. This is a mistaken notion, altogether.

I am aware that dealers send out their young fowls in trios—often at round prices—to novices who entertain "great expectations," from the beautiful young birds they so receive. The stock may be all that it is represented to be, and when it shall have attained the proper age, chicks from such a trio will be very satisfactory, no doubt.

But if I am asked (as in this instance) what is the better age to begin to breed at, I refer for answer, to the first paragraph of this article. Don't hurry your young stock, for reproduction; and whenever you can do so, use either the male or the female, for breeding, that is one season older than the others you mate them with.

G. P. B.

MIDDLESEX ASSOCIATION FAIR.

The third exhibition of the "Middlesex Poultry Association," was held at Huntington Hall, Lowell, Dec. 5, 6, and 7, 1876. There were over six hundred entries, and remarkably fine specimens in nearly every class.

The following are the awards:—

Asiatics.—*Light Brahmas.*—1st and 2d, Damon & Marshall, Cochituate; 3d, Geo. V. Fletcher, Belmont; 4th, Laurin Martin, Lowell. Chicks, 1st, J. E. Wilmarth, Taunton; 2d, W. F. Bacon, Lexington; 3d and 4th, Geo. V. Fletcher.

Dark Brahmas.—1st, 2d, 3d and 4th, Charles E. Perry, Wollston. Chicks, 1st and 2d, C. W. Chamberlain, Arlington; 3d, J. N. Willman, Fisherville, N. H.; 4th, C. E. L. Hayward, Peterboro, N. H.

Buff Cochins—1st and 4th, S. A. Jones, Lowell; 1d, Josiah Grover, Lowell; 3d, John H. Nichols. Chicks, 2d and 3d, Josiah Grover.

Partridge Cochins.—2d, S. A. Jones.

Black Cochins.—1st, Starkes Whiton, Hingham Center. Chicks, 1st C. L. Parker, Winchester; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward; 3d, C. C. Chase, Manchester, N. H.

Dorking.—Chicks, 1st and 2d, C. E. L. Hayward.

Golden Penciled Hamburgs.—1st, Wm. E. Shedd, Waltham. Chicks, 1st and 2d, W. E. Shedd; 3d and 4th, C. E. L. Hayward.

Black Hamburgs.—1st, W. E. Shedd, 2d, C. E. L. Hayward. Chicks, 1st and 2d, W. E. Shedd.

Golden Penciled.—1st and 3d, Luther P. Eaton, W. Peterboro, N. H.; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward; 4th, John Lowell, Jr., Chestnut Hill. Chicks, 1st and 2d, L. P. Eaton; 3d, John Lowell, Jr.

Silver Spangled Hamburgs.—Chicks, 1st, G. S. Wheeler, New Ipswich, N. H.

White Hamburgs.—Chicks, 3d, C. E. L. Hayward.

Spanish.—*Brown Leghorns.*—1st, Geo. A. Parker, Reading; 2d, Laurin Martin, Lowell. Chicks, 1st and 3d, L. Martin; 3d, Ed. G. Runnells, Hopkington, N. H.; 4th, E. A. Hurd, Lowell.

White Leghorns.—1st, C. E. Sanger, Watertown; 2d, F. W. Worthen, Chelmsford Center; 3d, G. Blanchard, Wilton, N. H. Chicks, 1st, D. H. Hayward, N. Cambridge; 2d, C. E. Sanger, Watertown; 3d, F. W. Worthen; 4th, John H. Nichols, Lowell.

Dominique Leghorns.—1st, Andrew J. Tuck, Nashua, N. H. Chicks, 2d, and 4th, A. J. Tuck; 1st and 3d, C. E. L. Hayward.

Black Leghorns.—1st, D. H. Hayward. Chicks, 1st and 3d, D. H. Hayward; 2d G. S. Wheeler; 4th, C. E. L. Hayward.

Black Spanish—2d, C. E. L. Hayward.

Andalusians.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward. Chicks, 2d and 3d, J. E. Wilmarth.

French.—1st and 2d, E. C. Aldrich, Hyde Park; 3d, W. J. Merrill, Lowell. Chicks, 1st, 2d and 4th, E. C. Aldrich; 3d, G. Blanchard.

Creve Cœur.—Chicks, 1st, J. H Nichols.

La Fleche.—Chicks, 1st, C. E. L. Hayward.

Polish—*Silver Spangled.*—1st, C. E L. Hayward; 2d, Wm. H. Sylvester, Brockton; 3d, Starkes Whiton; 4th, S. A. Jones. Chicks, 1st and 4th, C. E. L. Hayward; 2d, S. Whiton; 3d, W. H. Sylvester.

Golden Spangled.—1st and 2d, C. E. L. Hayward; 3d, W. J. Merrill. Chicks, 1st and 2d, C. E. L. Hayward.

White Crested Black.—1st and 2d, D. Frank Ellis, N. Cambridge. Chicks, 1st and 2d, D. Frank Ellis.

White Polish.—2d, C. E. L. Hayward.

B. B. R. Game—1st and 2d, D. B. Wallace, Lynnfield; 3d, G. E. Stanley, Lowell. Chicks, 1st and 2d, D. B. Wallace.

Brown Red.—1st, Geo. Volans, Newton; 2d, D. B. Wallace; 3d, A. H. Trowbridge, Winchester. Chicks, 3d, D. B. Wallace.

Ginger Red.—1st, D. B. Wallace.

Earl of Derby.—1st and 3d, Geo. Stanley; 2d, D. B. Wallace; 3d, A. H. Trowbridge. Chicks, 2d and 4th, D. B. Wallace.

Yellow Duckwing.—1st and 2d, Charles S. Lincoln, Warren; 3d, A. H. Trowbridge; 4th, A. J. Tuck. Chicks, 1st and 2d, C. S. Lincoln; 3d, D. B. Wallace.

White Pile.—1st, D. B. Wallace.

Red Pile.—1st, J. H. Fisher, Weston; 2d, D. B. Wallace.

Gray Pile.—2d, D. B. Wallace.

English White.—1st, D. B. Wallace.
White.—1st, C. S. Lincoln.
Blue Pile.—1st, D. B. Wallace.
B. B. R. Game Bantams.—1st, W. Frank Bacon, Lexington; 2d, C. M. White, Worcester. Chicks, 1st, 2d and 3d, C. E. L. Hayward.
Red Pile.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward; 2d, C. M. White. Chicks, 1st and 2d, C. M. White.
Yellow Duckwing.—1st, D. B. Wallace; 2d, D. Frank Ellis.
Bantam other than Game—Black Rose Comb.—1st, D. F. Ellis; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward; 3d, L. Martin. Chicks, 1st and 2d, D. Frank Ellis; C. E. L. Hayward.
Golden Sebrights.—2d, C. E. L. Hayward.
White Rose Comb.—1st, W. G. Garmon, Manchester, N. H.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sultans.—1st, E. A. Emerson, Waltham.
Creepers.—2d, J. L. Noyes, Lowell.
Plymouth Rocks.—1st, V. C. Gilman. Chicks, 1st, G. S. Wheeler, New Ipswich, N. H.; 2d and 3d, V. C. Gilman; 4th, F. A. Houghton.
Rumpless.—3d, C. E. L. Hayward.
Frizzles.—2d, C. E. L. Hayward
Dominiques.—1st and 4th, Geo. F. Andrews, Nashua; 2d, C N. Paige, Nashua. Chicks, 1st and 3d, C. N. Paige; 2d, D. Frank Ellis.

TURKEYS.

Bronze.—1st, G. S. Wheeler; 2d, John N. Nichols.
White.—2d, C. E. L. Hayward.
Black.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward.
Buff.—2d, C. E. L. Hayward
Pea Fowls.—1st and 2d, Jona. Bowers, Lowell.
Pearl Guinea.—1st and 2d, W. B. Felch, Lowell.
White Guinea.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward.

GEESE.

Bremen.—1st, C. L. Parker.
Gray China.—1st, C. L. Parker.
Wild.—1st, C. L. Parker.
Toulouse.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward.
African.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward.
Gray China.—2d, C. E. L. Hayward.
White.—2d, C. E. L. Hayward.
Wild.—2d, C. E. L. Hayward.
Egyptian.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward.
White China.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward.

DUCKS.

Pekin.—1st, Laurin Martin; 2d, 3d and 4th, C. E. L. Hayward.
Rouen.—1st, C. L. Parker; 2d and 3d, C. E. L. Hayward.
Aylesbury.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward; 2d, C. L. Parker.
Cayuga.—1st, C. L. Parker; 2d and 3d, C. E. L. Hayward.
White Crested.—1st, C. L. Parker; 2d and 3d, C. E. L. Hayward.
Muscovy.—1st and 2d, C. H. Parker.
Gray Call.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward.
White Call.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward.
Black Labrador.—1st, C. E. L. Hayward.
Wood.—1st and 2d, C. E. L. Hayward.
Rabbits.—W. H. Brackett won 7 first premiums, Charles A. Andrews, West Boxford, 1st, and 5 second premiums, Geo. S. Wheeler, 2 second premiums.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS:

Best collection Light Brahmas, Geo. V. Fletcher. Best pair Lt. Brahma fowls, Damon & Marshall. Best Lt. Brahma cock, Damon & Marshall. Best Lt. Brahma hen, Damon & Marshall. Best pair Lt. Brahma chicks, J E. Wilmarth. Best Lt. Brahma cockerel, Damon & Marshall. Best Lt. Brahma pullet, C. E. L. Hayward.

Best collection Dark Brahmas, C. E. Perry. Best pair Dark Brahma fowls, C. E. Perry. Best pair Dark Brahma chicks, C. W. Chamberlain. Best Dark Brahma cockerel, C. W. Chamberlain. Best Dark Brahma pullet, C. W. Chamberlain.

Best collection pea-comb Partridge Cochins, C. E. L. Hayward.

Best Collection Buff Cochins, S. A. Jones. Best pair Buff Cochins, S. A. Jones.

Best collection Golden Spangled Hamburgs, Luther P. Eaton.

Best collection Golden Penciled Hamburgs, Wm. E. Shedd.

Best collection Black Hamburgs, Wm. E. Shedd.

Best collection White Leghorns, W. E. Sanger, also for best pair fowls, best cock and hen. Best pair White Leghorn chicks, D. H. Hayward. Also best cockerel and pullet.

Best pair Brown Leghorn fowls, George A. Parker. Best collection Brown Leghorns, Laurin Martin. Also for best pair chicks, best cockerel and pullet.

Best collection Andalusians, J. E. Wilmarth.

Best collection Black Leghorns, D. H. Hayward.

Best pair Creve Cœur chicks, J. H. Nichols.

Best collection Houdans, E. C. Aldrich. Also for best pair chicks.

Best collection White Crested Black Polish, D. Frank Ellis.

Best collection Black Breasted Red Games, D. B. Wallace.

Best collection Games, D. B. Wallace.

Best collection Black Breasted Red Game Bantams, W. F. Bacon.

Best collection Red Pile Game Bantams, C. M. White.

Best pair Black B. Red Game Bantam chicks, C. E. L. Hayward.

Best collection P. Rocks, V. C. Gilman. Best pair P. Rock chicks. Geo. S. Wheeler.

Best pair Turkeys, Geo. S. Wheeler.

Best collection Pea Fowls, Jona. Bowers.

Best collection Geese, C. E. L. Hayward.

Best collection Ducks, C. L. Parker.

Best collection Rabbits, W. H. Brackett.

Best Canary, singer, Mrs. W. A. Safford.

DOMINIQUES.

Having read the different articles, pro and con, which have lately appeared in the columns of the JOURNAL, written by Messrs. Raub, Bicknell, and Darlington, I feel constrained to add my testimony to that of Mr. Darlington's in favor of this truly valuable fowl. Like Mr. D., I always had a strong liking for them, they being the first breed with which I entered the exhibition arena. So far as my experience extends I have found them to breed as true to form, feather, comb, etc., as any other breed with which I am acquainted. In fact the Dominique marking *will prevail* over any other variety with which it is crossed. A number of years ago I made several experiments in crossing with divers breeds, using a Dominique cock. When crossed with Light Brahma hens, the progeny were marked similar to the Dominiques, the pullets being lighter in color than the Dominique hens, but larger, good layers and sitters, and excellent for the table. The cockerels were fine large birds and also showed the Dominique marking quite plainly. I regard the produce of this cross well worth the attention of the farmer or market poultry man. The progeny of the Dominique cock when crossed upon Dark Brahma hens are magnificent birds, the plumage of the cockerels being exceedingly brilliant and showy, while the pullets, though less showily attired, are quite beautiful both in form and feather. Had I the time and space at command, I think by experimenting with the Dominique and one or two other breeds, I could produce a variety which for brilliancy of plumage would be unexcelled by any other breed extant. In conclusion, permit me to say that I do not own any Dominique fowls, neither am I interested in the sale of any. W. E. FLOWER.

SHOEMAKERTOWN, PA., Dec. 12, 1876.

MEAT FOR FOWLS.

Meat is essential, says an English writer, to promote egg-laying in winter. As a *rule* it should be cooked, although it is more stimulating given raw. Horse flesh cannot be surpassed for excellence, when it can be obtained, and even when given in quantity it does not impart the slightest flavor to the eggs.

Nothing but gross prejudice and ignorance prevents the more general use of horse-flesh for this purpose, thousands of horses being annually destroyed and buried, the flesh of which should realize £3 or £4 at 2d. per lb. A mincing or sausage machine is the best mode of preparing the meat when cooked.

There will be a grand trade sale of Poultry, Pigeons, and Pet-Stock at Boston during the week of the Massachusetts Poultry Exhibition. Catalogues can be had on and after Jan. 1st, by addressing W. F. Bacon, Lexington, Mass.

HIS NEIGHBOR'S CHICKENS.

Fritz has had more trouble with his neighbor. This time he determined to appeal to the majesty of the law, and accordingly consulted a legal gentleman.

"How vos dose tings," he said, "ven a valare's got a garden und der oder valare's got some chickens eat um up. Don't got some law for dot?"

"Some one's chickens been destroying your garden?" asked the lawyer.

"Straw in mine garden! Nine, it vos vegetables."

"And the chickens committed depredations on them?"

"Ish dot so?" asked Fritz in astonishment.

"And you want to sue him for damages?" continued the lawyer.

"Yass. Gott for tamages, und der gabbages, und der leteuges."

"Did you notify him to keep his chickens up?"

"Yaas, I did nodify him."

"And what did he say?"

"He nodify me to go to haal, und to vipe mine shin down off mine vest."

"And he refused to comply with your just demand?"

"He allowed his chickens to run at large?"

"Yaas. Some vos large und some vos leedle valars; but dey dos scratch mine garden more as der seven dimes reech."

"Well, you want to sue him?" said the lawyer.

"Yaas, I vant to sue him to make vone blank fence up sixdeen feet his house all around, vot der tam shickens don't got over."

The lawyer informed him he could not compel the man to build such a fence, and Fritz left in a rage exclaiming:

"Next summer time I raise shickens too, you bate. I raise fighting shickens, by tam! Vipe off your vest down."

JAQUES INCUBATOR.

MR. JOS. M. WADE:

DEAR SIR,—My JOURNAL came to hand as usual, with the exception of being one day late. The first thing I saw was an inquiry relating to me. It was headed like this, "Information Wanted." I will say to E. E. H., and all other inquirers, that if they will read on page 275, Vol. 3, No. 23, issued June 19, 1875, of THE FANCIERS' JOURNAL, they will find out all that I agreed to tell. The reason that I did not use it again was, that I had so much work that I could not give it proper attention. It is as good as ever, and if I do not dispose of it, I will heat it up again by and by. I have had quite a number of letters relating to my exchange in your JOURNAL. It is a "Jaques Incubator," and nothing else, and made in good shape, and will hatch good healthy chicks. I sold all I hatched with it, and got my money for them. JOHN H. BISHOP.

"A HEN PARTY."—We often hear of masquerades, euchre parties, sociables, bees, but we never before heard of a "hen party." One of this novel persuasion was given at the residence of J. B. Walch, at Wilson's Crossing. Mr. Walch had, unfortunately, lost all his poultry the previous week, by carelessly leaving some brine where the hens inbibed too freely, causing their immediate decease. There being a general sympathy felt by the neighbors, they proposed to give them a surprise in the form of a hen party, each one carrying with them one of the feathered tribe, and depositing it without ceremony in the cosy sitting-room. The result was favorable, despite the rain-storm, occasioning an agreeable and complete surprise, and causing an exhilaration of spirits unequaled by less novel occasions.

If our readers have never attended one of this kind of parties we would advise you to avail yourselves of the first opportunity.

C. J. N.

A MIDSUMMER RAMBLE.

(Concluded from p. 585.)

At New York I arrived the next morning. My first call was on Mr. Van Opstal. He was enthusiastic on the "fly." I did not see his birds. Next I called on Mr. Colell, a fancier who has a most wonderful collection of choice pigeons. Here I saw Trumpeters, with which the late cut in the JOURNAL cannot compete; the rose so immense, that it was in appearance not unlike a Polish fowl. Black Priests with white wing bars, and a fine *rose*, also Yellows with rose. Some very fine "China owls" with large breast frill, spreading like the letter Y. Mr. Colell says, most of his best birds he gets direct from Princess Charles of Prussia. His love for the choicest birds is such that a fabulous price does not hinder him from becoming their possessor. Inviting me to dine with him, I met at the appointed time, and at his solicitation Mr. A. M. Halsted and Mr. Burlingame joined us. The quartette was a lively one, the dinner excellent, and while we polished chicken bones, we discussed in a fowl manner also; pigeons likewise came in for their share—while the sable waiter—who perhaps had never before seen, four such "birds of a feather"

Come and dine there together,

with *open* countenance, suspiciously looked at us, as if we were not altogether right. In the evening Mr. Halsted invited me out to *Rye* (don't mean to imbibe) the *village*, where he resides, where I spent an agreeable evening. In the morning went through the place. I had expected to find some Brown Leghorns that would excell any I had ever seen—and I *did*. Excellent in all points. Steering clear of a splendid Newfoundland dog, chained near the hennery, I took a stroll through his fine grounds, and found Mr. H. had a taste for fine grapes, pears, flowers, &c. Certainly a most charming place, and poultry yards, finely situated. He is manufacturing here quite enthusiasticly his new incubator, which has proved such a decided success. Next, in company with Mr. H. we reached the Centennial. Here we saw *so* much that, like Hans Schneider, we almost got "confoosed." What can we say about this *show* to fanciers?

In the Japanese department, we saw a pair of Japanese Bantams, made entirely of cloth—*standard* in plumage colors, very stylish and natural.

From Manila, Philippine Islands, some wonderful specimens of embroidery, which gave relief of from *three* to *four* inches, representing baskets, and bunches of fish, barrels, birds, &c. Some Aubrusson tapestry, by hand, that contained 3,000 different shades. One of the finest being a vine and scroll work centre, surrounded by a deep border, on which was seen fruit, vegetables, game, guns and fixings, rabbits, ducks, turkeys, fowls and chicks, hen's nest, a peacock, pigeon, monkey, and fish, and tackle, all wonderfully correct and fine. In this class of work, there was in the French department also two productions worthy of notice. In size, they were about fourteen feet square. The entire work by hand. One represented "The Queen of the Harem, 15th century" and had *seven* life size figures. The other, "The Fortune-teller," containing eight figures. In this department were also several others, equally as large, and some with as many as *sixteen* figures, but to our idea, not so artistic in coloring as those mentioned. The above named, at a little distance, were almost equal to an oil painting. The coloring and shading harmoniously blending in the most artistic manner. In the *extreme* right end of this the main building, (as you enter,) we found a case that interested us. It is, "Game Cocks after the fight," and shows two birds captured in the descent on "Mulholland's cock-pit" in New York, Feb. 19, 1874, by the officers of the Society of Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Thirty-two men (?) were arrested, tried in Court of Special Sessions, and each fined $6.70. Both birds show severe punishment, each wearing steel gafs. Here are also maimed pig-

cons—from shooting matches; hard looking specimens of bull-dogs after "action;" results of abusing horses, &c. In the Agricultural Hall were two taxidermy specimens of chester white hogs. One 21 months old, weight 1307, the other weighed 1253, both were raised by L. P. Cooper, Croyden, N. H. *Chester* White—he is some on hogs.

Of the numerous collections of birds, (taxidermy,) there were many cases deserving of more than a passing notice. One particularly noticable, was a case of Hawaiian birds, studiously grouped among natural moss, the effect novel and pleasing. A fine aquatic collection is shown from the Orange free states. Prof. Baird, Washington, D. C., had a case of nicely mounted birds. And Mr. C. H. Howlett, Hudson, O, six cases of birds finely arranged and grouped in a very characteristic manner. P. Aldrich, Milton, Mass., a splendid glass shade containing a collection of very rare and choice birds, with astonishingly brilliant plumage.

In the women's department, Ellen Robbin's (Boston,) decorated china—gives evidence of a clever artist. A pencil sketch on stone, of a wild turkey, by Mary Peart, (London,) proves her to be a *peart* Mary in this line. There were other specimens of artistic and commendable productions, that brought out with naturalness flowers, chickens, squirrels, dogs, &c. Here though, the *strangest* attraction is *Dreaming Iolanthe*, an artistic *piece* (of butter,) sculptured. A lady with butter-paddles, sticks, knife, small camel's hair brushes, and *genius*, has represented (in butter) dreaming "Iolanthe." It is a bust in *butter*, and no one *but-her* could bust butter in such an artistic manner. "Iolanthe' reclined in her pure Orange County colors—a pretty face—the profile quite classic. It was truly the *boss* attraction in this department. As I stood and gazed upon "Iolanthe," and saw lean, hungry looking individuals look upon her, with the eye of a gourmand, I thought, "yes there are some of you, looking at this artistic novelty, that would be sacrilegious enough to cut poor "Iolanthe's" nose off, while she is thus dreaming, and composedly spread it on a slice of stale bread, and others would bark her cheek or remove one of her dainty ears, in the same spirit, to use in buttering their Centennial lunch." And thanks to the *panes* they showed they had for her, the *glass* case *preserves but her*. But would these amputations really occur, wouldn't the fair sculptest have a time getting a nose and ear to *match in color*, and how suggestive of approaching winter would poor *'Lanthe* look with a *white* butter nose and ear. We shiver in imagination, look around and discover the fire has *gone out*, and our article is getting lengthy, so we will for the present stop.

Brooklandville, Md. G. O. Brown.

GAPES IN POULTRY.

In a recent conversation with an experienced chicken grower, he informed us that he had been very successful in conquering that precarious disease in his young fowls by the application of air-slaked lime. As soon as a manifestation of gapes in his fowls appears, he confines his chickens in a box, one at a time, sufficiently large to contain the bird, and places a coarse piece of cotton or linen cloth over the top. Upon this he places the pulverized lime, and taps the screen sufficiently to cause the lime to fall through. This lime dust the fowl inhales and causes it to sneeze, and in a short time the cause of the gapes is thrown out in the form of a slimy mass or masses of worms, which had accumulated in the windpipe and smaller air vessels. This remedy he considers superior to any he has ever tried, and he seldom fails to effect a perfect cure. He has abjured all those mechanical means by which it is attempted to dislodge the Entozoans with instruments made of whalebone, hog's bristles, or fine wire, alleging that people are quite as certain to push the gape worms further down the throat of the fowls as to draw them out.—*Lancaster Farmer.*

PRESIDENT'S PRIZE.

Next month the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society will hold its Sixth annual exhibition. We were shown to-day the President's prize medal to be awarded at this exhibition, for the best pair of Light Brahma chicks. This medal is of solid silver, three inches in diameter, and weighing sixteen ounces—one pound. It is valued intrinsically at $35, and will be exhibited at E. P. Roberts & Son's jewelry store. The obverse bears the engraving of a Brahma cock, and on the reverse is inscribed "West Penn. Poultry Society, Pittsburgh, awarded to ———." Besides this fine medal, the awards will comprise twenty or thirty silver cups, of an average value of $15. These will be awarded for best dogs, pet stock, &c. Silver mounted dog-whips, collars, &c., also find a place among the awards as special premiums. The society will distribute some $3,000 in premiums alone, six of these being for the "Asiatic" class of fowls. There is every indication that the next exhibition will be a very attractive and interesting one.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Dear Wade:—

Sorry you feel compelled to "throw up the sponge," or the *weekly* issue of Fanciers' Journal. But I have been expecting this for some time.

The fact is, there are not *enough* poultry men in this country, of the class who feel that they can afford a weekly poultry paper these exceptionally hard times—and they are satisfied with a monthly, (or *none*, some of 'em!)

We shall miss the weekly visits of the F. J. nevertheless.

Put me down for next year, any way; and I will pay for both subscriptions.

I will send you some articles for it, by and by. You have given us a *good* paper, and we have enjoyed it, for three years. There is no reason why you should attempt to run it weekly at a loss. I want a bound volume (3d) to preserve. I will send you my numbers for this purpose, at close of year.

Yours always truly,
G. P. B.

P. S.:—My new "Diseases" book has had, and is still having a *very* good sale. Third edition is printed this week, and most of them are bespoken. A fourth (revised) edition will be printed by Jan. 1st. It has gone in goodly numbers into *every* State and Territory in the Union, and considerably into Canada.

The next Treatise, companion vol: "*Secrets in Fowl-Breeding*," will be out by Jan. 7. I have got a splendid cartoon frontispiece for this. B.

BLACK-ROT IN FOWLS.

The complaint obscurely known as "black-rot," from the blackening of the comb, is a blood disease which affects the whole system. The lungs are seriously affected; indeed it may be that the disease originates there, and the blood is poisoned from want of perfect aeration. This however is not certain. When fowls are overfed, especially upon highly nitrogenous feed, as milk curd, or buckwheat or oats, and are not kept clean, or supplied with plenty of pure water, they are frequently attacked by this complaint. To prevent it, fowls should have wheat, crushed bones, corn, and no buckwheat except in winter. They should have the whole milk in place of curd; the whey contains a very important part of the milk, viz., the salts, which are more necessary to health than the curd alone. To cure the complaint, give a few drops of castor oil frequently, with a few drops of sulphuric acid in the water, and boiled wheat.—*Selected.*

Shoes have lately been manufactured in Gloucester, Mass., from the skin of the cusk fish, a member of the cod family.

THE TAMAQUA COLUMBARIAN SHOW

Seven o'clock A. M., December 12th, 1876.—I departed from Doylestown in company with my physician; (I always take my doctor with me, might be taken with roup or cholera, you know,) After a pleasant ride of one hundred miles in a warm car, the conductor shouted "Tamaqua," and I stepped upon the platform to find Messrs. Shriner and Moore with hands extended to greet me. Tamaqua is not the loveliest city of the plain, for the simple reason that there is no plain there. "Hills to the right, hills to the left." I was informed by a gentlemen of Tamaqua that the dead were taken up an inclined plain at Mauch Chunk; I presume by steam power, and I expect the same thing is done at Tamaqua. I had hoped to see a funeral while I was there, but was disappointed. Now, then, what of the exhibition? It was held in the same building as last year; if you were to ask me the name of the hall, my opinion would be that you were endeavoring to impose upon good nature. Mauch Chunk and Tamaqua have some very singular names, and it will not do to trifle with them. The Columbarian part of the show was a grand success. Over one hundred pair of pigeons were on exhibition, while last year only fifty pair were shown. Some of the kinds were very good, and some very poor. F. H. Schwartz, of Robesonia, Pa., had a fine show of Pouters, Black Pied, Blue Pied, and Yellow Pied; his Red Pied will not pass muster. One of his Black Pied measured nineteen inches, only one-half inch less than the largest Pouter at the centennial show. Come, friend Schwartz, when I judge your birds next year, I want you to have that extra half-inch, and I know you will have it. Mr. Schwartz received several first premiums on his Pouters, and well deserved them. Messrs. McKeen and Hulick of Easton, Pa., had on exhibition a fine collection of Antwerps, Blue Owls, and Turbits, and some of them were remarkably fine birds. Mr. C. S. Trexler of Allentown, Pa., made a fine show of White Fans, Magpies, Carriers, Duchess, and Barbs, some of them showing very fine points. He received the ten dollar special for best display of birds. Mr. O. D. Schock of Hamburg, Pa., had very good White Jacobins, Yellow Fans, and other birds. Mr. Houser of Tamaqua had good Tumblers. Taken all in all, the show of pigeons was *a good one.* Mr. E. T. Fry invited me to spend an evening at his house, and partake of the good things of life. I do not like good thiugs, never did. Some persons however have been heartless enough to say that I do. However I accepted the invitation, was introduced to his beautiful wife and his accomplished daughter. When supper was announced, my physician said to me in a side whisper, "Now my dear Tennent, do try and eat something, if only a cracker." Well, when I looked over the table and saw so many good things, I thought, for once in my life, I will partake of all. I did it, and my dear friend, Mr. F. will never never know what a moderate eater I am at home. The evening hours were spent in pleasant conversation, with music, sweet music by my host's daughter. Methinks I hear it still. Ten o'clock came and I took my departure, hoping I may be permitted to meet them again in the sweet by and by. On Thursday afternoon I took my departure from Tamaqua. When I held out my hand to Graff, the tears came into his eyes; good natured, (sometimes) whole-souled Graff, may you live a thousand years. Shaking hands with Wheatley, Moore, Shoemaker, Fry, and Houser, the train in waiting I was off for Doylestown.

TENNENT.

PIGEON PREMIUMS AT MIDDLESEX FAIR.

Pouters.—Red Pied, 1st, W. H. Perkins, Watertown. Black Pied, 1st, R. H. Justice, Lawrence; 2d and 3d, W. H. Perkins. Blue Pied, 1st, W. H. Perkins. White, 1st, H. Ramsdell, Natick; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward; 3d, L. C. Hunt, Sudbury.

Carriers.—Black, 1st, R. H. Justice; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward. Blue, 1st, L. C. Hunt. Yellow, 1st, R. H. Justice. Red, 1st, R. H. Justice; 2d, H. Ramsdell. White, 1st, H. Ramsdell; 2d, C. E. L Hayward.

Fantails.—White Crested, 1st and 3d, Laurin Martin, Lowell; 2d, L. C. Hunt. White Smooth Head, 1st, W. F. Bacon, Lexington; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward; 3d, L. C. Hunt. Black, 1st and 2d, E. H. Moore, Melrose; 3d W. F. Bacon; 4th, D. Frank Ellis. Red, 1st, E. H. Moore. Yellow, 1st and 2d, C. E. L. Hayward. Blue, 1st, W. F. Bacon; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward.

Tumblers—Almond, 1st, C. E. L. Hayward; 2d, R. H. Justice. Beard, 1st, C. E. L. Hayward; 2d, R. H. Justice; 3d, H. Ramsdell, 4th, D. Frank Ellis. Mottled, 1st, John H. Nichols; 2d, H. Ramsdell. Kite, 1st, Laurin Martin.

Jacobins.—Black, 1st, R. H. Justice; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward; 3d, H. Ramsdell. White, 1st and 2d, H. Ramsdell; 3d, C. E. L. Hayward. Red, 1st, R. H. Justice; 2d, L. C. Hunt.

Turbits.—Black, 1st, C. E. L. Hayward. Red, 1st, R. H. Justice.

Nuns.—Black, 1st, Laurin Martin; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward.

Owls.—White, 1st and 2d, D. Frank Ellis; 3d, C. E. L. Hayward. Blue, 1st and 3d, Michael Stanton, Lowell; 2d, D. Frank Ellis. Red, 1st and 2d, D. Frank Ellis. Magpies, Black, 1st, J. H. Nichols; 2d, W. F. Bacon; 3d, C. E. L. Hayward. Blue 1st. W. F. Bacon.

Barbs.—Black, 1st and 2d, E. H. Moore; 3d, R. H. Justice. Yellow. 1st, E. H. Moore; 2d, R. H, Justice; 3d, Laurin Martin.

Swallows.—1st, W. F. Bacon: 2d and 3d, C. E. L. Hayward.

Ring Doves.—1st, R. H. Justice; 2d, C. E. L. Hayward.

Spots.—1st and 2d, Michael Stanton; 3d, C. E. L. Hayward.

Trumpeters.—1st and 2d, W. F. Bacon.

SPECIAL PREMIUMS.

Best collection Pouters, W. H. Perkins. Best collection Carriers, R. H. Justice. Best collection Fantails, C. E. L. Hayward. Best collection Jacobins, Henry Ramsdell. Best collection Owls, D. Frank Ellis.

HOMING ANTWERPS AS OCEAN MESSENGERS.

I have read a great many articles on the Antwerp Carrier Pigeon but do not call to mind one advocating the use of these birds as messengers on our ocean steamers. Several steamers are now from three to six days overdue, and it must cause a great deal of anxiety to persons having friends on board of any of them. This anxiety could be relieved and in many cases danger averted by each Steamship Company having a stud of trained birds, both in America and Europe, and when a vessel sails she should have several of these birds from both ports, that in case she is disabled when within from five hundred to eight hundred miles of land on either side, the agent of the line can be notified and relief sent. Let us hear from some of our Antwerp fanciers.

BARB.

MR. WADE:

I am much pleased with your JOURNAL, and will try and get some subscribers for it.

It is just the thing for me. I have made some good exchanges through it. I disposed of all my canaries, with one insertion. Through it I received some fancy pigeons that I had wanted to get. I exchanged with a Mr. Green, of West Chester, Pa. He sent me a nice lot of pigeons. Mr. Cox, of the same place, also sent me some very good Pouters.

When friends call and see my pigeons, and ask where I got them, I tell them through THE FANCIER'S JOURNAL. I have lent them one or two copies, and think I may get some subscribers.

T. H. HAYDEN.

THE THIRTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION

Of the New England Poultry club will be held at the City Hall, Fitchburg, Mass., December 27, 28, and 29, 1876. $1,500 offered in cash premiums, payable at the close of the exhibition. All premiums will be awarded before the exhibition is opened to the public.

JOSEPH MASON, Sec'y,
Princeton, Mass.

TOYS vs. HOMING ANTWERPS.

MR. EDITOR:

I noticed in the present number (49) of your JOURNAL, a communication from G. W. A., in which he rather disparages our Toy birds. I wonder if he ever undertook to breed a perfect "frill," "skull," "gullet," or "ruffle." I hardly think so. If he had he would know the time, patience, and care it takes to get *one* of these points. How anxiously we look for a good skull in an Owl or Turbit, aye, as anxiously as G. W. A. ever looked for a returning Antwerp. And we are as willing to take that same perfect head to our breast, as *he* is to take his 100-mile ærial bird to his.

Let him once endeavor to breed a perfect Carrier, Pouter, or Barb, and he will find more trouble in doing it than he will in getting a bird of his to "do" 200 miles. Every man to his choice. G. W. A. prefers, and therefore keeps, Antwerps, but do not, my friend, sneer at a "frill" or "ruffle," for be assured that the owner of the "frill" has worked as hard, and even harder, to procure that frill, than you have to cover 100 or 150 miles. And we with our "Toys," have as much pleasure in seeing the gradual improvement of *our* pets as G. W. A. in his.

Apart from the above, there are many (I among the number) who have but a short period of each day to devote to their friends, for they are friends indeed, and who have not the time to go to railroad stations to send their birds off, nor the money to pay for their training. Such as these have to content (?) themselves with "Toys," and we *are* contented, aye even happy. And with a hearty wish for the success of G. W. A's pets, and the hope that he will not look down *too* much on our Toys,

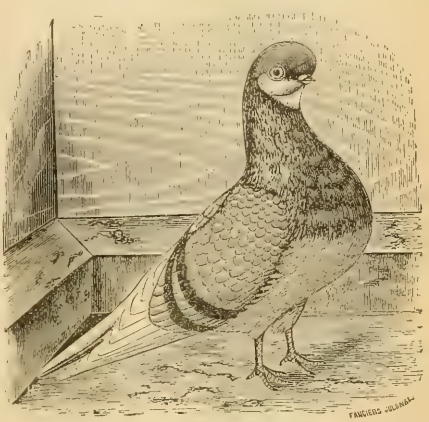
I remain yours in the fancy, R. E. JOICE.

THE BALDHEAD AND BEARD PIGEONS

We have this week the pleasure of placing before our readers, the portraits of two of the prettiest and most interesting varieties of our Fancy Pigeons—the Short faced Bald and Beard Tumblers, two varieties which we have no hesitation in saying have not of late years received that attention and consideration to which their beauty and merit deservedly entitle them. We very much question if there is any fancy which possesses greater attractions and interest for the breeder than the one in question. A prettier sight we are certain it is impossible to gaze upon, than a first-class loft of these charming and sprightly little pets, when the plumage is rich and clean, and the colors of the several varieties evenly represented. In a great measure we suppose this apparent neglect must be attributed not so much to want of appreciation, as it is to the one characteristic which they in common with all their Short faced brethren more or less participate in.

In answer to the question often put, "If you admire the varieties so much, why do you not keep them?" the invariable unswer nearly always comes, "Oh! because they require so much attention and are so difficult to breed good, even if you can breed them at all." Now, this difficulty of rearing the progeny of all the Short-faces, as we remarked with regard to the Almond is more imaginary than real. The impression seems somehow to have got abroad amongst the fancy of the present day, and serves to turn in another direction the inclination of many a fancier, and in nearly every instance without a trial. We have only emphatically to repeat that this impression is entirely unfounded, and that if the right system is pursued, the breeding of Short-faces is, so far as our experience goes (and it is not inconsiderable), a far easier and more pleasing task than the rearing of high-class young Carriers and Pouters. Yet how many are there who persevere in that direction! We will, however, say a little more on this point further on, and in the meantime turn to the primary bject of these notes.

In setting forth the points of the two varieties in question, their similarity, with one exception, will render only one description necessary. As color is in our opinion the most important property, we will commence by remarking that the standards are



THE BEARD.

red, yellow, black, blue, and silver, the latter two possessing the black bar common to all their brethren of these colors. Richness and depth of color are essential features, and more particularly is this so in reference to the three first-mentioned. To obtain this with the correct marking will be found a task of no easy accomplishment. The eye should be white, or what is termed the "pearl eye," bright and full. In structure the birds should be as small as possible, compact, and short in the body, flights, and tail; the legs short, and the feet small and neat.

Regarding the shape of the head we have a word or two to say, merely by way of suggestion. As in all Tumblers, it should be as round as possible, with a short, fine, and straight beak. We must confess, however, that it is a matter of surprise to us that no ardent enterprising lover of the Bald and Beard has endeavored to place upon them the broad and lofty skull of the Almond; That it would enhance their beauty and value we think no one will deny. In this direction we think there is ample scope for improvement; but fanciers of late years do not seem to hold this opinion, very little, if anything, having been done by them to improve the varieties in this particular, or, perhaps, we might also add in any other. Small and beautiful enough in color and marking we do frequently see them, but in every other respect they are merely their longer and larger *confrères* repeated. The answer may, and no doubt will be made, that all this is very fine, and very much more easily talked about than done. But has it not been done with the Almond by our fathers? Why cannot we repeat it in the Short faced Bald and Beard. Surely we must not conclude that there are not as much ability and zeal in the fancy now as there was fifty or one hundred years ago. Veterans tell us so, but we will not believe it, nor that the birds of their youth far excelled anything of the present day.

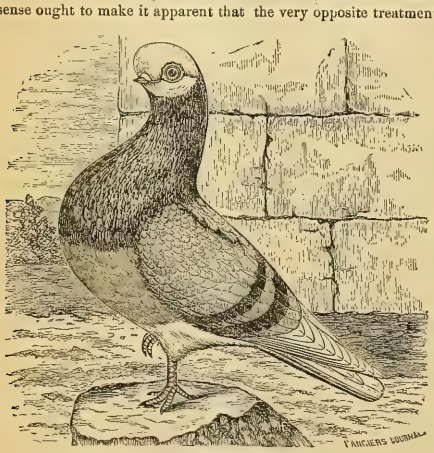
And now as to the markings. The body should be self-colored; the first ten flight feathers in each wing, together with the rump, tail, belly, and thighs, of a pure white, as shown in the portraits. And here the similarity in the two varieties terminates and the distinctive characteristic steps in which gives to each its name. The head of the *Baldhead*, as far down as the ear and just under the lower jaw, should be white; the line of demarkation being

clearly and evenly defined, or, as it is termed by fanciers, they must be "clean cut." The head of the *Beard* is the same color as the body, but it should have a crescent-shaped band, or beard like marking, of white feathers on the throat immediately under the lower mandible, as will also be seen in the admirable sketch, which we think fanciers generally will agree with us equals, if not excels, any former production from the pencil of our able and esteemed Secretary, Mr. J. W. Ludlow.

We have now, we think, said all that is necessary to lead to a right judgment in reference to the varieties before us, but by way of conclusion we think a few remarks in reference to Shortfaced breeding will neither be unacceptable nor out of place. As far as regards the Bald and Beard in particular, there is no doubt but they are much better nurses than the Almond and other Short-faces, as in many instances we have known to them rear their own progeny strong and well. They are not, however, to be depended upon even in the most favorable weather—it is, in fact, the exception and not the rule; so that if any thing like success is to be achieved a staff of nurses is an essential requirement, as, in fact, it is to every breeder of high-class birds.

For this purpose none are better than the flying or common Baldheads. We do not allude to the excessively long-faced birds, but to a medium between them and the Short-faces, known as "pleasant-faced" birds.

All that is necessary in reference to nests, hatching, shifting, &c., was fully explained in our article upon the Almond; it is, therefore, unnecessary to repeat it here. What we more particularly wish to say at present is upon a most important and neglected feature in connection with Pigeon-breeding, the providing of proper accommodation for the nurses or feeders. The common notion is that any out-of-the-way hole or corner is quite good enough for them. Their requirements are generally the last to be attended to either as regards cleanliness or food, whereas common sense ought to make it apparent that the very opposite treatment



The Baldhead.

should be their lot. The warmest, driest, and most comfortable portion of the loft should be set apart for them; and if convenient they should be allowed full liberty in the open air, the benefit of which will soon be perceptible in the manner in which the important functions allotted to them are discharged. A hopper of vetches and a constant supply of pure fresh water should always be at their command. Our experience is, that by keeping them to one kind of grain they feed better and keep their young better supplied than by feeding in any other way, and no food is more wholesome or more suitable for Short-faces than tares. In our own lofts on this principle the death of a young one is a rare occurrence, and then it is from no neglect of the nurses; on the contrary, many of them are constantly raising three and even four young ones, and always in the kindest possible manner. But for the pens such a loft should be provided with. They should be 2 feet in height and length, 18 inches deep. Half the front, as shown in the diagram, is closed with a board or blind, and the other half with a wicket or wire gate. Inside from the blind to the back is fixed a shelf 1 foot from the floor and the same width, on to which opens through the blind a small door for the egress and ingress of the birds, with a ledge for them to alight upon. On the shelf is placed the nest-pan, and as soon as the old birds are ready to lay again, it should be shifted with the young to the floor beneath, and a clean one substituted.

The advantage of the above plan must be apparent at a glance. The young birds cannot disturb the old birds while sitting, it puts them entirely out of danger when they begin to leave the nest, causes them to learn to feed themselves early, so that when they are able to ascend to the shelf they are ready for removal to the general loft. These pens have, among many other advantages, those of being readily and thoroughly cleaned, they give the loft a neat and uniform appearance, and in every way add to the pleasure of the fancier in ways unnecessary to detail. Notwithstanding that we have never seen these pens in use in any other loft, we wish to claim nothing original or novel in their production. It is possible that they may be in use in many breeding establishments; but for those who have not adopted them, and want to be successful Pigeon breeders, especially of Short-faces, we have only to say, "Try them and you will not be disappointed in the result."—*Journal of Horticulture.*

PIGEONS.

Concluded from Page 536.

In 1825, the Society of Amateurs at Antwerp sent ninety Carriers to Paris, to fly for a prize. They were started from the French capital at seven in the morning, and by noon of the same day, thirteen of them had reached home. The first arrived at half past eleven o'clock. One of the Flemish breed, turned off after the fight for the championship, at Warwick, by Harry England, of the Green Man Inn, Kent Road, performed the ninety-two miles in three hours and thirty minutes. Mr. Atwood made a bet of one hundred sovereigns, that he would fly six pigeons from the high ground near Crostwick, in Norfolk, one hundred and fourteen miles, and that one should arrive at his loft, in the Sanctuary, St. George's Fields, within four hours and a half. The other part of the match was, fifty pounds, that the second bird would not be at home in five hours and a half, and a like sum that the third would not in seven hours. The event proved as follows:—the first bird was at the end of his flight in twelve minutes within the given time, and the second bird arrived within five hours; but the others were not heard of during the day.

In July, 1828, fifty-six Carriers, brought to London from *Liege*, were flown in the neighborhood of Aldersgate-street, at thirty-four minutes past four o'clock, A. M. One of them, called *Napoleon*, reached its destination, a distance of three hundred miles, at about twenty-four minutes past ten o'clock the same morning,

having thus accomplished its journey in five hours and fifty minutes, which is somewhat beyond the speed of the eagle, (a heavy bird,) and is stated to be about forty-five miles per hour. The other pigeons followed in succession, and most of them reached *Liege* at noon. This is a large city in *Westphalia*, long famous for the pigeon fancy. In July, 1829, another prize flight took place, with forty-two pigeons, between *Maestricht* and London. The first bird lost by a few minutes, though it traveled at the rate of forty-five miles per hour.

By what kind of natural qualification birds are able to explore their way across such immense distances of land and sea, seems to mock all human powers of inquiry; and granting the accuracy of ancient relations in respect to the regular and successful use of pigeons as messengers, it appears to be one of those ancient arts said to be buried in the grave of time, which has not hitherto encountered resurrection. The price of a pair of Carriers was about six guineas.

The Carrier Pigeon fancy has never since been so attractive and prevalent in this country, as it was fifty or sixty years ago. It revived, but in a comparatively inconsiderable degree, a few years since, but at present seems to have suffered a total eclipse. Men's minds have assumed a direction entirely opposite to that of sportive amusement; political reform, and redress of ancient grievances, are now the popular substitute for pigeon flying; in course, both the breed and price of Carriers are proportionally reduced. It is true, pigeon-shooting up the Thames, at Battersea, has yet its annual term, but pigeon-shooters, and pigeon-flyers, have generally been distinct classes.

The following imperfect account of pigeons used and sold from a Berkshire dove-cote, in 1807, is extracted from the Survey:—147 used in the house, at 5*s.* per dozen, 3*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*—Sold 550 for 10*l.* 15*s.* 10½ *d*=13*l.* 17*s.* 1½*d.* The DUNG estimated at one fourth of their return per annum.

NEW GUINEA pigeons are said, in some Lady's Voyage to India, nearly to equal the turkey in size, of a slate color, with a crest of gauze feathers some inches high, in the form of a fan; the iris of the eye bright vermilion.

By my memoranda, in 1801, I observe that sixty-five pairs of old pigeons, and one hundred and forty squeakers of all sizes, regularly fed, consumed in one week, five pecks of the smallest beans, and ten quarts of seeds. The above old stock, without any young, consumed about half the quantity.

From the same. FAN-TAILS or SHAKERS, the head always in motion, are a beautiful stock, and good breeders, but so stupid and silly, as scarcely to be capable of taking care of themselves, or finding their home. RUNTS, although so much larger, breed as fast and equally forward as Tumblers. The duration of life in the pigeon is said to extend to about twenty years, and it is deemed full-aged when the wings are full of the quill feathers.

According to 7 and 8 Geo. 4, c. 29, Sect. 33, persons unlawfully killing, wounding, or taking any house-dove or pigeon, under such circumstances as do not amount to larceny, at common law, shall forfeit over and above the value of the bird, any sum not exceeding forty shillings. Occupiers of lands may lawfully kill pigeons destroying corn.

At the Westminster Court of Requests, in February 1829, a decision was made against TRAPPING pigeons, the defendant being amerced in the price of the pigeons and costs. There is, however, a by-law among the fancy, that a *groat* shall redeem a trapped pigeon. But suppose the stray should be a valuable bird, worth many pounds?

The following singular detection of a thief occurred on a late examination at Queen's Square, Westminster:—Mr Bepy, in the Wandsworth Road, had his pigeon-house robbed. A known thief was stopped on the road with six fancy pigeons in his possession, by Sergeant Reardon of the police, and taken before the magistrates, but no evidence appearing against him, he was discharged, and suffered to take away the birds, which he claimed as having purchased them. Cooper, an officer of the court, being somewhat up to the pigeon fancy, and seeing them above the common sort, purchased them, and very commendably determined to find out the real owner, which he effected in the following ingenious mode. Selecting a fine bald-head, he attached a note to its foot, with his address, and then threw up the pigeon, which instantly flew to its own home, and was recovered by its owner, who returned it to Cooper, making him a present of the half-dozen as a reward for his sagacity.

On conclusion of the subjects of the feathered race, I have a few notes to make relative to the VERMIN which infest the country, and are unavoidably so destructive to the eggs and young of game, and occasionally to those of domestic poultry. These are too well known to need much attention here, as to their names or description, viz., the stoat, polecat, weasel, martin, cat; together with most birds of prey, and reptiles, the snake, adder and viper; for in various examinations in former days, it appeared to me, that there is a specific difference between the two latter, particularly in size and length, and the colors of the belly. Such animals, however, it would seem, there necessarily must be, for though wolves, in old time, were finally and completely exterminated in this country, a similar end appears not to be attainable with respect to the minor breeds of depredators. Our only resource then, and it ought to be established as a general rule, is to reduce their numbers by constant unceasing periodical attacks; for if these, however immediately effective (to refer particularly to the rat) should be, as is too usually the case, subsequently neglected, a temporary advantage only is obtained, and a too numerous breeding stock left. Such was the sound advice given in a Pamphlet published many years since, intituled, "Multum in Parvo, or every man his own Vermin Killer." The best means to the above ends, are keeping vermin curs and ferrets, and when poison is used, arsenic is to be preferred as certain without deception. A few grains of this are mixed with any article known to be attractive to the vermin, intended to be destroyed. From its known danger, poison ought to be the ultimate remedy employed. Trapping is a sort of retail method, to be managed by the initiated in that practice. The best vermin dogs, those also watch-dogs, the tongues of which when alarmed, nothing could still, were those I had during my former residence on Sudbury Green, Harrow on the Hill, and at that period, a very distant one indeed, there was an extensive breed of them in the vicinity.

The RAT must certainly be looked upon to be the heaviest and most expensive depredator, as subsisting on corn, particularly on wheat. Should a farmer catch two or three rats, and board them during a week or two upon wheat, taking account of the quantity consumed, with the probability that it would be much more were the rats at large, he might gain intelligence worth knowing, granting he made good use of it, and would thence take the advice given in the New Farmers' Calendar, to have a perpetual periodical rat hunt, the periods never being too distant. The following example of the Proprietors of the St. Catherine's Docks, London, is indeed a shining and a radical one. I learnt from a well-informed person, who is often in the vicinity, that some hundreds of cats are kept in the Docks, to destroy the rats, which previously to this mode of insurance, made havoc amongst the sugars there deposited, to a vast annual amount. The annual expense of this plan is £104. The cats' meat is bought by contract, and two men are allowed to attend and feed them. They are fed in the morning at six, and in the evening at nine o'clock. A Proprietor, it seems, some time since, took a fancy to one of the cats, a great beauty and famous vermin-killer, and would have it, much against the inclination of the attendants. It was accordingly trapped; and the gentleman himself undertaking the perilous

attempt to lay hold and release it, the cat flew at him most ferociously, inflicting very severe wounds on his face, and then escaped.

PLANT FOOD—MEAGRIMS IN PIGEONS.

J. M. Wade:—Am sorry you are obliged to change the *Journal* into a monthly, for I always note its appearance with interest, and from it I have received a number of useful hints in pigeon culture.

While writing, if I don't occupy too much of your time, I may speak of the successful employment of a Journal recommendation, viz.: making a water solution of pigeon dung for potted plants. We have used it on the most delicate plants, ferns, exotics, &c. Two or three applications twice or thrice a year works wonders. Every one said "it's too strong, you'll kill your flowers!" We didn't. The quality is 1½ spadefuls of pure dry pigeon dung to a bucket of water.

In the *Journal*, I have noticed inquiries as to the cause of "meagrims" in pigeons. I think I, or rather my brother and self being both Doctors, have found the cause. In my box there were two cases; we made dissections, and found a tumor on the brain. We know that such a tumor would produce symptoms similar to "meagrims." Understand we don't feel sure for we have not investigated cases enough. If I obtain more opportunities, and find the same tumor, I will feel sure, and will let you know.

To help you keep up a weekly, here is a new subscription, to commence Jan 1, '77. Chelton.

MATING.

I have two cock Fans that lost their mates, they seemed to sympathize with each other, and went together as a pair. At last they took a female to their box, and the three kept together. I took one male and put with another female, confined them for awhile, but as soon as let loose, the three would get together again.

If I take the female away they get another, and all seem to agree; but they will not agree to a second female coming into their house. I have been a long time trying to have each male take a female, but do not succeed. I have turned one out loose, to find him a mate outside of the loft, and have turned the pair, or one male and the female out, and put in a female or two for the other. But to no purpose, they try to get together, they coo to each other, and will not settle down to nest.

T. H. H.

THE FANTAIL.

clip from the *Journal of Horticulture* the following, having to the Fantail article we published in No. 47. After enumering the many points good birds of this breed ought to possess, the printer leaves out one of the most important, that of size. As regards this, they cannot be too small; and I disagree with the writer as to their being hardy birds, as the finer the quality the more tender they are. As we are referred to the illustration, it is full of errors. The head is far too round, it ought to be long, and the neck about half the thickness at the part where the head is set on. As the body is in profile, and the tail more than three quarter view, it is twisted—a grave fault in a Fantail. Taking it altogether, I should consider the bird figured exceedingly coarse, and of but little value. The number of feathers in the tail of a high-bred small Fantail seldom exceeds thirty-two. The shaking of the neck is a point, and is indispensable. Why should Blacks, Blues and Silvers have pearl eyes, and Yellows and Reds be doubtful? What is right for one is right for the other, at least so says—Prizetaker.

Familiar Science.

Contributions to this department respectfully solicited from all.

For the Fanciers' Journal.

THE WOOD ROBIN.

Turdus mustelinus, Gmelin.

BY THOMAS G. GENTRY.

This rather homely but attractive species, seldom revisits the scenes of past association until spring has spread her mantle of verdure over Nature's form, and gemmed it with many a star of Flora's making. Unlike its nearest congener, the plain and Quaker-breasted robin, it is a rather late comer; scarcely daring to venture from the sunny South until the season has re-asserted her full supremacy. In the latitude of Philadelphia, the last week of April or the beginning of May marks its coming; when from the tallest tree-tops, long before the first approaching beams of light announce the advent of old Sol in the East, are heard his mellifluous, gushing, tinkling notes. As night approaches, the same delicious music is again begun, and continued for more than an hour, with scarce an intermission. It is the males who are thus occupied; doubtless with the view of attracting their sweethearts, in their arrival from their far-off southern home; for it must be remembered that the latter succeed the former by several days. After mating is accomplished, their song measurably diminishes.

Notwithstanding much has been said concerning the shy and retired nature of this Thrush by leading ornithologists, instances are recorded in the work entitled the "Birds of North America," where considerable confidence has been shown in man, as evidenced by breeding operations having been performed in close proximity to his habitation. I have noticed, during several years past, that there is a greater predilection for such localities than for more sequestered situations. With the progression of time, a pre eminently more social and trustful disposition will be acquired; the current of events tending in this direction. This statement should not be accepted, however, without certain qualifications. A relapse into our former condition of inhumanity towards the feathered creation, and the falling into desuetude of wise and salutary laws, may, and surely will, alter this happy condition of affairs, and drive from our midst these joyful songsters in which we so much delight. In thickly-wooded regions where the species has not had a foretaste of man's association, and the pleasures arising therefrom, there still prevails the old feeling of shyness and distrust.

Besides the occupancy of man's domains, the depths of dense forests, the outskirts of thickets, and the borders of waste fields, are famous places of resort. I have never known individuals to build in "low damp forests, shaded by large trees," as affirmed by Dr. Brewer.

The movements of the Wood Robin, while on the wing, are decidedly more graceful, but less sustained than those of the Robin. When foraging for food, much of its time is spent upon the ground, where it destroys immense numbers of beetles and orthopters; some of which are very destructive to the roots of our grasses and other plants, as well as to the tops of the same. As the season advances, its habits become more arboreal. Divers caterpillars and berries are now eaten with a *gusto*. But did it confine its attention to such diet, verily would it be pronounced an *unmixed good*. But, alas! like its near cousin before-mentioned, it visits our orchards with their delicate blooming, not more for the "caitiff wretches" that lurk in the cherry and apple blossoms, than for the succulent ovaries and tender stamens themselves. Not satisfied with the wanton destruction thus committed, as if to detract still further from its good reputation, it

pilfers the juicy cherry, which it richly esteems; and even dares to intrude its presence into forbidden grounds, to pluck the melting and delicately-flavored strawberry. This is not to be wondered at. In its wild native haunts, it doubtless acquired a passion for this favored berry; and who can, with a particle of sympathy in his bosom, justly censure a creature so low in the scale of reason and intelligence, when measured by the human standard, for obeying the irresistible instincts of its being? The berries of the wild Rubus, Red Cedar, and common Juniper, are dainty viands. When pressed by hunger, the seeds of many of our commonest weeds and grasses are greedily eaten. Besides relieving man of many of his most inveterate dipterous tormentors—the blood-thirsty *stomoxys* of our stables, and in the sharpening and piping mosquito—hosts of sugar-loving ants, and vegetable-eating caterpillars, meet at its hands an untimely death. I might instance the destructive Canker-worms which commit such untold ravages upon the fruits of the apple, gooseberry, and other plants; the cabbage-loving leolias, and the smooth, naked, and loathsome spindle-worm. For the manifold good which it thus accomplishes, we should willingly draw a veil over its evil traits, and not begrudge a juicy berry when we have enough, and some to spare.

Having devoted considerable space to a few of the many articles which constitute the bill of fare of this Thrush, I now approach that part of our sketch which will have more of interest to persons of delicate nerves and refined tastes; for, bear in mind, the barest mention of a worm or caterpillar, is apt to cause a thrill of horror to pervade the frames of such beings.

After a brief but eventful courtship, the male succeeds in regaining and strengthening the plighted love of by-gone days. With the partner of his choice by his side, and his spirits all aglow with hope and joy, he leads the way to a neighboring copse, or, maybe, to a beautiful lawn surrounding the palatial residence of opulence, where the happy pair, with a due degree of diligence, endeavor to discover a suitable place wherein to build a home. The wished-for spot being at length found, after a brief consultation, they immediately set themselves to work. The nest, according to my experience, is generally placed upon a horizontal branch; but not unfrequently, within the crotch of certain species of *Pinus*, at a height of less than ten feet above the ground; very rarely at an elevation of fifteen feet.

The typical nest is said to be composed of decayed leaves, closely aggregated while in a moist state, which on drying, cause the fabric to become very firm and compact; thus presenting a semblance to pasteboard that has been soaked, and thoroughly compressed and desiccated. A few dried sticks intermingle therewith, and seem to strengthen it. The interior is lined with fine roots and grasses. A layer of mud occasionally replaces the dried unpasted leaves.

Several careful analyses which I have made, satisfy me that the above description which is substantially that given by Dr. Brewer, in the work above referred to, needs some modification, at least so far as this latitude is concerned. My dissections clearly show that a normal structure is composed of a basal layer of leaves, chiefly of the oak and beech, rather loosely aggregated, and increasing very gradually in compactness towards the center; these leaves are secured in a partially hemispherical position by small twigs, which serve to strengthen the structure. Surmounting this, is a superstructure of decaying plant-stems, decayed bits of pine-wood, and a *modicum* of mud; the whole is carefully lined with small roots, most intricately adjusted.

The surroundings of this Thrush sometimes determine a marked deviation from the typical structure. In a nest before me, which was placed upon a horizontal branch of a species of pine that grew by the side of a carriage-drive, which was the scene of much daily travel, the internal, parchment-like arrangement is wanting. The outside is built of the dried leaves of the oak and beech, the inner bark of trees, and largely of the leaves of grasses; fragments of paper constitute an occasional feature. Within is a dense lining of small roots and grasses.

In building, the birds labor with a perseverance and a will, until the nest reaches completion, which requires a period ranging from five to six days. The period of incubation, which occurs not later than the 12th of May, continues for thirteen days. The brunt of the task devolves exclusively upon the female, while the male, like a faithful and devoted husband, meanwhile attends to her appetitive wants.

The young are the objects of the deepest parental solicitude. Both parents vie with each other in untiring and unremitting attentions. Their food consists of earth-worms, diptera, and various coleopterous and lepidopterous larvæ, which are substituted for beetles and moths, when such articles are adapted to their age and condition. The cherry, strawberry, and the several wild blackberries, are esteemed dainty luxuries. To enumerate the various articles, both vegetal and animal, that contribute to their subsistence, would be highly irrelevant to our present purpose.

When the nest is assailed by human or other foes, the parents exert themselves to the utmost to infuse a feeling of fear into the assailants, by vigorous cries and menacing gestures.

This species is single-brooded. Nests with eggs have been taken by the writer as late as the 15th of July, which were doubtless the labors of birds whose early efforts had been frustrated. The eggs are usually four in number. In some instances, but three have been observed. They are of a deep blue color, with sufficient yellow to impart a greenish tinge, and have an average measurement of .99 by .75 of an inch.

Its melody is one of its most pleasing characteristics, and possesses remarkable power and sweetness. No lover of sweet sounds can fail to appreciate it, and having ascertained whence it emanates, can fail to recognize it when heard again. It consists of several parts; each succeeding strain being more pleasing than the preceding. The conclusion may be likened to the tinkling of a small bell. The following syllables will give my readers a pretty accurate idea of its syllabic language: *ki-ki-ke-wĭl-ăh tēē, ke-wĭl ăh-tēēēē, twĭtĭkĭ-kē wĭl-ăh-twēēēē, kē-wĭl-ăh-tēē, ke-wĭl-ăh-tēēēē, tur kwĭllăh.* The ordinary call-note is *twēēē-kŭ-kŭ* pronounced very quickly and sharply.

This species remains with us, often as late as the 15th of November, when the season is remarkably propitious; when it returns to Central America, the home of its winter diversions. Its departure seems to be regulated by the scarcity or abundance of appropriate food-stuffs. For some time before it bids an adieu to its northern home, the woods and vales around are made to ring with its mellow tinkling notes, during the morning and evening twilights.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

FIRST EXPERIENCE IN SAILING.

Those who have experienced the pleasure of sailing in a skiff, under favorable circumstances well know what a delightful and exhilerating enjoyment it is. How pleasant to go bounding over the waves, before a stiff breeze, watching the spray dashing over the gunwale, and sparkling in the sunlight like a myriad of diamonds; while a gay party of young ladies and gentlemen lounge back in the stern seat, laughing and joking, and adding life and pleasure to the scene.

I had enjoyed such excursions several times, but I was not satisfied; I wanted to be more than an ordinary passenger; I wanted to be captain myself. I wanted to be alone, where I could steer my own little craft, and joyously sing "A life on the Ocean Wave," and imagine myself on the briny deep, and have no one

to laugh at me. An opportunity soon offered itself. One day a gentleman was landed on the wharf near our house, and wished to get to his home on the opposite side of the river. I ventured to suggest that I would take him over, if we could obtain a boat. This we soon did, and in the space of half an hour, he was safely landed on his own shore, a distance of nearly two miles, he taking charge of the craft on the way over. It did not exactly correspond with my "beau ideal" of a boat, as it was a flat bottomed, rickety-looking, leaky affair, and carried one leg of mutton sail, which was a great deal too large for it, making it decidedly top-heavy, while the center board hadn't the least inclination to stay where it was put, but would continually rise, and allow the boat to make considerable leeway. The tiller was exceedingly long so that I was compelled either to get up and step over it, or crawl under it to the opposite side, whenever I tacked (which, I may mention, was very often). And to crown all, it commenced to rain, just as I left the shore; a disagreeable drizzle. As soon as the sail became wet it stretched to such an extent, that I had to lift the boom over the stern board every time I "went about." I jammed my hat over my ears, and sit down in the stern, taking the tiller in one hand, and the sheet in the other, feeling just a little concerned, as to whether I should succeed in reaching the other shore or not. When I judged it necessary to tack, the first thing to be done was to step over, or crawl under, the tiller, then to lift the end of the boom over my head, by which operation (tried only once) it became detached from the mast, and swung about as though it was distracted, placing me in imminent danger of being upset at any moment. Leaving the tiller and sheet to themselves, I rushed forward and fastened the boom back to the stern again, when the center-board "riz," and once more leaving the tiller, caught my foot in the sheet, stumbled and fell flat into the dirty water which covered the bottom of the boat. Smelling considerable fishy when I arose, I fixed the center-board, and discovered that the boat had swung around head to the wind, and was *sailing backward*. I was wet through to the skin, sailing backwards down stream, and for the last *two hours* had been jumping around like a madman, endeavoring to reach the opposite shore. I didn't sing "A life on the Ocean Wave," I didnt think of singing it. I only thought of the legend of the "Flying Dutchman," and of my dinner. This was getting monotonous. I would have unstepped the mast and rowed over, but was afraid I would drop it and capsize the "ship," and if I attempted to row with that sail up, a flaw of wind would have done the business surely. I sat down and wondered if anybody else had ever been in such a "fix," and felt as mad and hungry as I did.

Suddenly some one called, "Hello!" Looking up, I discovered a skiff approaching me, in which were a couple of friends. "Hello, yourself!" "What are you doing?" "Nothing." "Ha! ha! Wait till I come over to you." Coming alongside, one of them jumped in, and after I had told him of my troubles, laughed, and giving me directions, soon brought the boat to land. Suffice to say that it was a long time before I heard the last of that boat ride.

H. A. S.

NATURALISTS' DIRECTORY.

Mr. S. E. Cassino of Salem, Mass., is preparing for the press a Directory of Naturalists, and will be pleased to receive the name and address of every Naturalist who may see this notice. Give name and address distinctly, and what special line of study you are interested in.

An Immense Eel, measuring four feet eight inches in length, fifteen inches in diameter, and weighing seventeen pounds, was caught on Wednesday of last week, on the "Moss" fishing ground, about two and a half miles south of Fisher's Island.

WATERING WINDOW-PLANTS.

There is nothing that seems to bother more those who would grow window-flowers, than how often to water them. It is an exceedingly simple thing to those who have had experience; though so mysterious a thing to those who have had none. When the skilled gardener is asked for advice he says, "water only when the plants need it;" but this tells the inquirer nothing. There still remains to be understood how to tell when plants need water.

After all, this is a species of knowledge that cannot be well taught by another. It has to be learned from experience. The good plant cultivator tells from the color of the earth; but even this is a relative term. There is dark soil and there is light soil; but all soils are darker when they are wet that when dry. One can soon learn this by experimenting a little; and can soon tell whether the earth is dry or wet by the eye or finger alone. If it is wet it of course wants no more water; if much lighter than its usual color, the earth is dry and needs some. It is an exceedingly simple matter to those who will try to learn; to those who cannot learn themselves it is a hopeless task.

There is one hint that we may give that may be of value. If the earth never gets dry, the plants are not in good condition. something is wrong. It is the active, growing, working roots that take the moisture out of the earth. It is a sign of good health for the plant to want frequent watering. As we have already said the color of the soil, as compared to what it is when wet, will tell whether it wants water or not.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Beeswax.—The uses for wax are numerous and important. Its property of preserving tissues and preventing mold or mildew was well known to the ancients, who used cerecloth for embalming, and wax for encaustic painting, as in the wall pictures of Pompeii. Wax candles and tapers play an important part in the processions and ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church. Wax is used by the manufacturers of glazed, ornamental and wall papers, and on paper collars and cuffs for polishing the surfaces. It is used in varnishes and paints and for the "stuffing" of wood which is to be polished, as for pianos, coach work, fine furniture, and parquette floors. Electrotypers and plasterers use wax in forming their moulds. Wax is an important ingredient in preparations for covering surfaces of polished iron and steel to prevent rust. Combined with tallow, it forms the coating for canvas and cordage to prevent mildew, as in sails, awning, &c. Artificial flowers consume much wax, and, despite the introduction of paraffine, ceresin, and mineral wax, its use appears to be extending. One of the oldest of its applications is in the laundry, and in polishing wood-work.

The product of wax in the United States is stated to be 20,000,000 pounds annually, and increasing—worth in money at least $6,000,000. Of this about $700,000 worth are exported, and about $1,200,000 worth of honey also goes abroad. The total product of honey and wax is worth at present in the United States nearly $15,000,000.

The ingenious production of artificial combs, in a machine recently constructed, that turns out combs with cells rivaling, if not excelling, the natural product, is an important American improvement in apiarian culture, which will add largely to the economy of that industry, yet in its infancy. As the bee is said to consume three-fourths of its time in producing comb at the very time when the honey harvest is at its best, it is evident that the invention of artificial combs must be a great economy in collection and storing of honey; but it is not so clear how the stock is kept up unless man deceives the bee by using "mineral wax" in the formation of the artificial comb; and this wax is not true wax, but a natural paraffine.—*American Grocer.*

SMALL PET DEPARTMENT

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN,

Philadelphia, for the week ending Dec. 13, 1876.

1 Snowy Owl (*Nyctea nivea*). Presented by W. C. Farnsworth, Philadelphia.
1 Virginia Deer (*Cervus virginianus*). Presented by W. F. Whitner, Philadelphia.
1 Red-tailed hawk (*Buteo borealis*). Presented by J. Richardson, Rutland, Vt.
4 Goldfinch mules. Presented by A. W. Stevenson, Phila.
1 Bald Eagle (*Haliætus leucocephalus*), and 1 Caracara vulture (*Polyborus brasiliensis*). Purchased.

ARTHUR E. BROWN, Gen'l Supt.

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

PETS, AND THE FATE OF SOME OF THEM.

BY HUON.

No. 5. THE PET COATIMONDI (*Nasua nasica.*)

"Alas! our young affections run to waste, or water, but the desert" ——
—*Byron.*

Once upon a time a jolly Jack tar, on a return voyage from South America, brought home with him a little "animile," which he imposed upon a young gentleman, who was a great lover of all kinds of pets, though not *too* well posted in Natural History—as a regular ant-eater. It was about the size of a young cat; was covered with brownish fur on the back, which shaded off into orange and yellow underneath. It had a long tail, ornamented with a series of black and yellow rings; and such a nose! No one knows what such a nose is, until it has been seen! The sailors on the vessel in which it came, called it "Nosie," for want of any other name, but science had already named the animal "Nasua," which in a matter-of-fact way means just "nosie," or the animal with a—*nose.*

The gentleman was soon informed that Nosie was no ant-eater at all, but a pretty little coatimondi of the female persuasion, nor was he long in discovering that she was well-named by both sailors and naturalists, for her nose was at once into everything, and she had not been in his house twenty-four hours, before the idea became general that "Nosie's nose knows too much." Insatiably inquisitive, she one day raised the lid of a pot which was full of boiling water, having just been lifted from the fire. The escape of hot steam made the attempt a sudden failure. The next moment her prehensile nose had pried up the lid of the knife-box, and she was handling the contents in happy ignorance of the warning, "beware of edge tools." Indeed, Nosie's curiosity was equal to that of the most inquisitive monkey. Everything hollow was particularly attractive; as for instance, a sleighbell; but being unable to get her nose or paws in its little aperture, the clatter within set her wild with excitement, and then would follow a most desperate attack upon the offending tintinnabulator with her teeth. When she found this was futile she gave it up and seized upon the dinner ringer, which in turn was abandoned in disgust, because she could not detach the clapper! Her attack next day was upon a bottle of ammonia, out of which she soon got the cork, and though some of the household were near being strangled by the powerful odor, Nosie did not seem to mind it a jot, and she played with the bottle as though her nose was proof against scents—of whatever power. One day a closed tobacco box was given her. Resting it on the floor between her two paws, she first gave it a general inspection, then nose, claws and teeth went to work with a will! Round, over, under, every way was the box turned, but all in vain. She must have gotten a smell of the weed, so determined did she seem to have the box open, and at last, in pity at her distress in not having her curiosity satisfied, her master opened it for her, when Nosie was at once in a state of ecstatic enjoyment! In went her long nose among the "fine-cut," and very soon that wonderful smeller of hers had separated every fiber of the tobacco, of which there now appeared to be about treble the actual quantity, so thoroughly did she stir it up! Another day Nosie got hold of a well-used briar-wood pipe, which was rank enough to "smell to heaven," but for all that, in to its bowl went the animal's flexible, velvety nose, clear to the bottom; and without offense! Of course it was not long after Nosie entered the house before she was, to a certain extent, mistress of it. Claiming the largest liberty, she "ran up stairs and down stairs, and in the lady's chamber." When the sun went down she retired to her cage, which was always open, and then how she would sleep! rolled up like a little ball of fur, with nothing on her mind, and a clear conscience, why should she not sleep? I wish, friends, we could all sleep like Nosie—Nosie could not have had a conscience at all, or she could not have slept in the manner in which she did!

Endless were the incidents of Nosie's curiosity, but sad to relate, her nose, like the fatal gift of beauty to woman, was her ultimate destruction, or like the pitcher to the well, it went once too often, and thus it was her destroyer. One morning the poor girl was found dead! A paper of strychnine, supposed to have been safely placed away, had been hunted out, as a matter of curiosity. Enough of the poison had been taken by poor Nosie to send her to the far beyond "where the surges cease to roll," even over coatimondis!

I have heard that the females of my friend's family were not *very* sorry at the sudden demise of Nosie! Indeed, some said that cook knew more about that paper of strychnine than she chose to tell, but at all events, thus ended the earthly career of Nosie.

—*Sic transit gloria coati-mondi.*

CANARY BIRDS.

Now that winter has closed about us and driven us with our plants in-doors, we would strongly recommend our readers to drop a few rape seed (which is the dark round seed in the canary mixture) in their flower pots every few days, when they will soon appear above the surface. When the plants are a few days old, take one or two each morning and give to your canary bird. Do this regularly and you will be surprised to see how much it will notice you; especially if you neglect your duty for even a few moments he will call, and talk to you, until he attracts your attention. At least this has been my experience for many years. Your pet will never make a mistake and call the wrong person. Should you go away from home for a few days, no member of your family will welcome your return so heartily as your pet canary. Yes, it is pure selfishness on the part of the bird, but nevertheless very gratifying. WADE.

Which works on Angora or fancy cats are the most reliable and where can they be obtained? Yours truly,

I. W. SATPHIN.

"Cats, their points and characteristics," by Gordon Staples; and "The Cat," by Hon. Lady Cust. For sale by Dean & Row, London, England.

The latter work we intend to reproduce in the JOURNAL, beginning with No. 1, Vol. 4.

Wheezing in cage birds is not infectious.

Young Folks' Corner.

QUEEN CATASAUQUA AND THE GIANT HANDENDOCKQUA.

A LEGEND OF THE LEHIGH.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Once upon a time, a long while ago, when the mountains of the Lehigh were young, there lived among them a huge giant named Handendockqua, who said he was king over them. Far down in one of the largest of the mountains, whose peaks pierced the sky, was his palace. There he dwelt surrounded by great fires which he kept burning to melt all the coal and iron which abounded there, to produce what he called "Slag," with which he might cover all his mountains over, so that when the world should be on fire at the last day, they should not be destroyed; there, too, he himself would escape and be the owner of the whole world, as all but himself and his mountains of the Lehigh, would be burnt up! So King Handendockqua used to go about his fires, stirring them up, melting great loads of iron and then with his giant slaves he would carry tons and tons of it out as "slag," and cover with it all the mountain sides and tops until it was piled up hundreds of feet high, for miles and miles in extent, and thus they stand even unto this day. You should have seen this King Handendockqua! He was a terrible fellow, and carried a lighted lamp in his forehead, that he might see to come and go to and from his fiery home deep down in the mountains.

Now there lived at this time in the beautiful valley of the Lehigh a fairy, young and lovely, whose name was Catasauqua. Her husband, who was the Fairy-King, and named Tamaqua, ruled over a neighboring realm, called the Blue Juniata, and there he spent much of his time. They had two lovely daughters, the Princess Catawissa, and Catalpa, or as she was sometimes called Catawba.—You must know that Queen Catasauqua was very fond of cats—white cats in particular,—so much so that she called her two children by names which would remind her of them, and she would even have dwelt in the Cats-kills by the side of some roaring cat-aract, but that King Tamaqua desired she should be Queen of the Lehigh, and in that valley reside.

Now Queen Catasauqua loved the beautiful valley of the Lehigh, and every spring, taking her daughters, Catawissa and Catalpa with her, she went forth to decorate her beloved mountains from their bases to their summits with green, and dot them over with various colored flowers. It was Catawissa's duty, when her mother had put on the green to spread out the cat-nip blossoms and other beautiful hill-side blooms, while it was Catalpa's to hang on her namesake tree its showy sweet-scented white flowers, violet-tinged, with purple-dotted throats and its fine, pale green, heart-shaped leaves. Especially was it her duty to decorate her favorite tree on her birth-day which was the 21st of June.* Now when they all had done their work right—when the Fairy Queen had put on the green,—Catawissa, the flowers of various colors, and Catalpa had garlanded her namesakes with their gorgeous blossoms,—oh! but King Tamaqua was proud, for oh! the valley of the Lehigh (which means the Fairy's Nest,) was a very Paradise, an Eden of loveliness.

Now all this was before the giant Handendockqua had made his appearance on the *outside* of the mountain with his melted slag, and one beautiful night, while the Queen, her daughters and her maidens were having a fairy dance

"All in the moonlight pale——"

The giant and his men, each with a fire burning in his forehead, came forth and began to throw the hot slag on the mountain-top, in such abundance that it rolled down the sides cooling as it went, covering up all the beautiful verdure of Queen Catasauqua, the sweet-scented flowers of Catawissa, and even causing the blossoms of the Catalpa to wither and fall from her heart-leaved tree; thereby making a scene like unto Vesuvius after an eruption of fire, sand, and water! And still the giant and his Cyclopean band kept pouring their molten "slag" upon the mountain-top, until it ran down in red-hot streams, never cooling until it plunged hissing into the blue waters of the Lehigh. In vain Queen Catasauqua first commanded, then implored; in vain the beautiful Catawissa wrung her tiny hands; in vain the delicate Catalpa in sweetest tones begged that her namesake-blossoms might be spared; all in vain! the giant continued pouring out his red-hot iron which still rolled down hissing into the waters of the Lehigh.

Plunged into despair, Queen Catasauqua now determined to hold a council. King Tamaqua was away on Fairy-King duty in the land of the Appalachians,* and she had but to wave her fairy wand three times to call him home. Soon upon the wing of a Grand Emperor Butterfly, he came riding up, and when he had greeted his Queen with a fairy kiss, he enquired why he had in such earnest haste been summoned to her side, and why she was thus preparing to hold a council under a Polyanthus† leaf instead of on the green, among the sweet blossoms, and under the Catalpas? Then the Queen rehearsed the doings of the giant Handendockqua, and how he was going to have the Lehigh valley with its sky-piercing mountains clothed in slag instead of green, flowers, and blossoms!

Very angry then was King Tamaqua, and in his fairy wrath he said: "When I was in the land of the Appalachians, I met with a brother Fairy-King, who rules among them and he gave me a charm which would circumvent and overthrow any giant who did not reverence and obey the GREAT CREATOR. Now this Handendockqua does not love the flowers which the Great Creator has made, nor does he keep His commandments, nor reverence or fear Him, or he would not undertake to make fire-proof a mountain, and thus defy the Supreme Being, like those who built the tower of Babel to prevent the world from being drowned, all of whom were punished for it by a confusion of tongues. Now this charm is very simple; it is but to say whenever I see an evil giant, doing anything wicked—as this gnome of our mountain is now, "Feet slip, knees shake, and body tremble, in the name of the Great Creator," and if the giant is doing wrong, which we know he is, his feet will slip, his knees will shake, his body will tremble, and he will die. So fear not my Fairy-Queen, we will watch for him to-night, and when he and his men come forth the spell shall be put upon him, and he shall perish! So fear not my Queen."

Now when the council was dissolved, and the night had come, King Tamaqua, Queen Catasauqua, and the Princesses went forth. It was a beautiful night, each star was shining on its throne of blue and gold. No moon was to be seen, for so high had the giant Handendockqua piled up the slag on the mountain-top, that Luna could not rise above it until far into the night. Soon came the giant and his attendants forth from their mountain home rolling before them a great ball of slag as tall as themselves, cold on the outside, but red-hot within, a great egg shell filled with melted slag, which he was going to break on the topmost height and send its fiery contents down the mountain side. Just then King Tamaqua appeared at the foot of the mountain, and three times waving his magic wand, he cried in his tiny but clear shrill voice: "Slip feet, shake knees, and body tremble if you love and reverence not the Great Father!" The giant had

* On June 21st, the Catalpa is always out in full foliage and flower.

* Alleghany Mountains.

† The Polyanthus bears the largest leaf of any tree in North America.

now raised his molten egg, holding it in both hands to a level with his head, ready to cast it down, when all at once his feet began to slip, his knees to shake, his body to tremble, causing the great ball to fall upon him, and which bursting open as it fell, engulfed him in its molten contents, when all in one red-hot mass of slag, went crushing down the mountain side, never halting in its course until it hissing plunged into the middle of the river Lehigh, where in due time it cooled and there to this day it may be seen.

Then was there peace in the Fairyland of Lehigh. Again did the flowers bloom, set in their beds of green, again did the Catalpa blossoms gladden the eye and fill the air with their sweet perfume, and once again the fairies held their court and danced by the light of the moon, for the great Handendockqua lay cold in his watery bed, all the days of the year, except at each return of Christmas, when he seems to rise to his feet a giant of ice, formed by the hand of King Winter out of the dashing waters and spray which roll up from the obstruction of the huge boulder which forms his bed. When the spell of King Winter is broken by the warm hands of Spring, then down sinks the giant to be seen no more for another year. Then, as the hands and heart of Spring grow stronger and warmer, forth go Queen Catasauqua and her daughters Catawissa and Catalpa to perform their work of beauty and love as in times past, making the valley of Lehigh to appear in verdure clad, and blooming in all its former glory. Yet do the waters of the river roll and tumble, dash and roar against the great boulder of slag, once the mighty and presumptuous Giant Handendockqua.

Guy S. Cutis.

THE FIRESIDE.

It is as the focus of home fellowship and intercourse that we speak of the fireside—as the spot consecrated to the freest action and utterance of family sympathies and affections—where conjugal, parental, fraternal and filial anxieties, hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, loves, resentments, confessions, forgiveness, are wont to be exchanged. There is no other place in which can be realized more thoroughly the weaving into one of several lives, each imparting and receiving something from the rest. No other is so sacred to the memory of those who have been summoned thence into the wide world, who are, perhaps, afar off, on the sea, or doing their allotted work amongst strangers, or removed to those more inaccessible shores where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Elsewhere the absent may be forgotten, but seldom, for long together, at the fireside. It is crowned with associations which touch the heart at some point or other of its surface, and make it thrill with affectionate emotion, in which every member of the family gathered around the hearth can take an appropriate share. No lessons leave a more abiding impression than those which gently drop into the mind at the fireside. No fun is more tickling, or leaves behind it less regret. No history is purer, as a whole, than fireside history, and none lives longer or more lovingly in remembrance. He who cannot look forward with yearning desire to fireside enjoyment, as the staple enjoyment of life, is greatly to be pitied, and, if the cause be himself, is greatly to be blamed.

BEGIN AT HOME.

"My daughter keeps my farm accounts, sir, and she is as particular as ever my son was, who kept them before he left home. I tell you it does girls" (and he might have added boys also) "good to give them some responsibility, and set them to watching things about the farm and household. They learn, I find, economy by it, and soon discover their father is not necessarily a crabbed old curmudgeon because he doesn't loosen his purse-string whenever they see something they happen to fancy, for they discover the real reason why the purse should not be opened."

Parents would prove themselves wise if they would oftener take their daughters into their counsels, and into the management of their finances. Let daughters learn economy, regularity, order, and the value of money (not so much as a medium of exchange, but as the foundation of home comfort, as a wage, an income under parental supervision,) and much of the misery, extravagance, and discouragement of young house-keepers and husbands, that is the breaking of the first bond of home love, will be avoided.

"Do I believe in second love? Humph! If a man buys a pound of sugar, isn't it sweet? And when it's gone, don't he want another pound? and isn't that sweet, too? Troth, Murphy, I believe in second love."

(For Fanciers' Journal.)

THE TUSCARORA.

BY T. G. G.

Calm was her course adown the tide
To Mobile's placid bay;
Bright flashed the gorgeous autumn sun
From drops of azure spray.
Hope beamed from each expectant face,
Joy thrilled each throbbing breast;
For naught arose to break the spell
That charmed the waves to rest.

Her hold with snowy cotton packed
From hills by zephyrs fanned,
Borne by the lusty breeze along,
She sped for Albion's strand;
Her many thousand looms to feed
With light and feath'ry foam,
Plucked from the rich and fertile fields
Of freedom's sunny home.

Far out upon the briny deep,
A prey to heavy sea;
Lashed by the pelting storm and wind
From caverns dark set free;
With rudder gone, upon the surf
She staggered to and fro,
Like one bereft of reason's power
By an unkindly blow.

In this sad plight, from her mast-head
A signal was displayed;
Betokening to the passing ship
Her need of friendly aid.
At this dark hour when all seemed lost,
Some hopé-gleams did appear;
For through the black and sullen gloom,
A vessel hovered near.

Alas, alas! Unlucky fate!
No aid could she bestow;
For wild and high the billows leaped,
And fierce the winds did blow.
Her captain now, a second sign
Flung out 'mid tossing spray;
These pleading words inscribed therein,
"O stand by me, I pray."

But all in vain; the noble ship
Spent by the with'ring blast,
Down to old Ocean's rocky bed
She slowly sunk at last.
Her captain bold, and half a score
Of sturdy seamen brave,
Soon found beneath the wat'ry waste,
A cold and cheerless grave.

As many more of that sad crew
Were saved the tale to tell,
How through those bitter, bitter scenes,
They bore their fortunes well.

And when the final struggle came,
To part from kindred dear,
They yielded to their cruel fate
With scarce a pang of fear.

But one among that gallant band,
The captain—kind and true,—
Had left a young and loving spouse,
And tender infant, too;
An old and weather-beaten sire,
And many a faithful friend,
To mourn his dark and luckless fate,
His sad, untimely end.

Now nevermore around the hearth,
That graceful form shall stand,
To listen to *her* loving words,
To press *her* tender hand;
For in those dark and silent halls
Where sea-worms sport and glow,
His lifeless corpse, mayhap, shall sleep,
Till time shall cease to flow.

No marble slab hath he who lies
Beneath the sullen spray;
Inscribed within the heart, his name
Shall live an endless day;
For in its halls love's magic wand
Shall rear a lasting bust,
Which shall survive when storied urn
Have crumbled into dust.

EXCHANGES.

☞ Advertisements under this head of 5 lines or 40 words, describing and offering "for Exchange only," will be allowed at 25 cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

☞ "To Exchange for Cash," or "Greenbacks," "Wanted, a Purchaser," or "Wanted, an Offer," etc., etc., cannot under any circumstance be admitted to the Exchange or Want column.

☞ "Enclose stamp for reply" will not be allowed. Each and every advertisement must be written on a separate slip of paper, and on one side only.

☞ No Exchange will be inserted unless accompanied with 25 cents.

BLACK LIST.

John C. Metcalfe, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

C. BOGGS, Moorton, Del., will exchange Dark Brahma Cockerels for Partridge Cochin Pullets, Bantams, or Pigeons; also one Aylesbury Drake (Bicknell's eggs), for an Aylesbury Duck; also one fine Partridge Cochin Cockerel, for an Aylesbury Duck, or offers. Stock all good. Postal cards answered.

ORLANDO SEELEY, Box 129, Ithaca, N. Y., will exchange B. B. R. Game Bantams, 3 P. C. Hens, 1 Japanese Silkey Hen, 1 Black Game Pullet, all bred from the best of stock, for German Canary Singers, Black or Blue Fantail Pigeons, or pets of any kind.

J. T. BELL, Franklin, Pa., has 1 Cock and 8 Hens, Silver Penciled Hamburgs, all extra good birds; will give the lot for Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry, in good condition, or Single Breech-loading Shot Gun, or offers.

D. Z. EVANS, JR., Town Point, Cecil Co., Md., has for exchange one A 1 Liver and White Setter, (has been gunned over one season with the best results,) for Lop-eared Rabbits, L. Brahmas, W. C. B. Polish, Guina Pigs, Pigeons, or offers. Speak quickly.

LEROY GOODIN, Kenton, Ohio, has for exchange three Light Brahma and three Partridge Cochin Cockerels, for Partridge Cochin or Light Brahma Pullets. Want nothing but first-class stock.

T. H. HAYDEN, West Stafford, Conn., will exchange 2 males, 1 female Shepherd and Newfoundland Pups, seven weeks old; also 1 female, 7 months old, for land or water fowls. Write soon. Letters preferred.

WM. B. HARRIS, Dodgeville, Wis., will exchange No 1 Houdans, Black Spanish, or Golden Polands, for a small well-bred English Beagle Hound Dog, from 8 months to 2 years old. Write, stating age, height, length of ears, stock, &c. Postals accepted.

S. O. CHASE, Killingly, Conn., will exchange one new Common Sense Family Sewing Machine, one new German Concertina, twenty keys, and one pair White crested Calcutta Fans, for Buffalo Robe, Black Fans, or offers. Quick, or you lose it.

W. L. T., Bridgetown, Caroline Co., Md., to reduce stock, will exchange pair of Cashmere Goats for Alderney Heifer Calf, or offers Must be first-class, as Goats are; She Goat thought to be in kid. Full description and sample of fleece sent on application. All communications answered.

I. W. HARTMAN, Westchester, Pa., will exchange Blue wing Swallows, Flying Antwerps, Carriers, white, red, black, &c., Silver Pouter Cock, Blue Pouter Cock, Jacobins, Turbit Hen, wings and tail black, and about 100 others, for good Silver Watch, Commode, or offers. Send along your postals.

A. J. TUCK, Nashua, N. H., offers two trios G. P. Hamburgs for two trios Brown or Dominique Leghorns; also 1 pair Silver Duckwing Game Bantams for Leghorns. Must be good. Mine are.

I. F. EMMONS, Keene, N. H., manufacturer of Custom Boots and Shoes, will exchange a few pairs of Misfits for pure bred Poultry or Fancy Pigeons. Correspondence from breeders of fine stock solicited. "Dunghill fanciers need not apply."

CHAS. LIPPOLD, 167 N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa., will exchange 1 pair White Owls, 1 pair Solid Yellow, 1 pair solid Black Turbits, 2 pair Calcutta Fans, (Bestor stock,) for a solid Yellow Trumpeter Cock, B. B. Games, (Warren's stock,) or good Parrots, or offers.

BOX 368, North Attleboro, Mass., has for exchange The Poultry World, from No. 5, Vol. 3, up to Vol. 6; also The Fanciers' Journal, from No. 22, Vol. 2, up to Vol. 4, for B. B. Game Hens, Canaries, Poultry Book, or offers.

N. C. BACON, Potsdam, N. Y., will exchange 2 trios White Leghorns, 2 trios D. Brahmas, 4 trios Houdans, 2 pairs Rouen Ducks, for good Hunting Case Watch, Single Buggy Harness, Buffalo Robes, or pair Runt Pigeons. My stock is good; shall expect same. State price.

W. GLADWIN, 5 Enos Place, Vine St., west of 23d St., Philadelphia, will exchange Blue Antwerps, Carriers, bred from imported stock, for Canaries or offers. No other live stock wanted.

M. BOKEL, 307 N. Eden St, Baltimore, Md., will exchange, for Fancy Pigeons, a full set of Tailor's Patterns, consisting of Sack, Frock, Oversack, Pants, Vests. These patterns are worth $100 to any man that means business.

DANIEL MILLS, Newfield, N. J., has one trio B. Hamburgs, 2 B. Hamburg Cockerels, 1 G. P. Hamburg Cockerel, 1 G. S. Hamburg Cockerel; all hatched in July last from eggs imported from James Long, England; also 2 Golden Poland Cockerels, to exchange for Brown Leghorn Pullets. What offers.

BOX 43, Pillow, Pa., will exchange a store of about $6,000 capital, situated in Uniontown, Dauphin Co., Pa., with an established trade on cash basis, for a good Farm that is suitable to raise Poultry.

J. A. LAUDENSLAYER, Pillow, Pa., wants a White Cochin Cock or Cockerel, in exchange for a new Wheelbarrow, or Hitchcock's analysis of the Bible.

D. J. STOLTZ, Parkers Landing, Pa., will exchange two good Light Brahma Cocks, one year old last July, out of premiums and pedigree stock, for Pit Game Cocks or Stags, or anything useful.

MONTVUE POULTRY YARDS, Brooklandville, Md., has for exchange B. B. R. Game Bantams, W. L. Cockerels, 16 choice W. L. Pullets, D. B. Hen, Gold. P. Hamburg Hen, W. C. B. Poland Cockerels, for offers.

L. P. REED, Newport, N. H., will exchange B. B. R. Games, imported, for Ducks, Polish, or offers.

G. O. BROWN, Brooklandville, Md., has a fine collection of choice Stereoscopic Views for exchange. Make your offers quick. Just the goods for appreciative presents.

WM. SENDKER, Parker's Landing, Pa., has to exchange one pair Silver Duckwing Game Fowls, bred to feather, good birds, one year old last Spring, for offers.

E. S. RODWELL, Keene, N. H., will exchange Telegraph Instrument and Battery complete, Electric Battery, Colt's Police Revolver, and large lot of interesting Books, for Fancy Pigeons, B. R. Game Bantams, W. C. B. Polish, W. Leghorns, or other offers in Poultry. I want none but good birds.

HARRY K. WELSH, York, Pa., will exchange White Fans, Tumblers, pair Red Jacobins, a pair Red Barbs, (slightly booted,) a Silver-wing Turbit Cock, a Red Mottled Fan Cock, and a lot of other birds; also a Liver-colored Pointer Gip, (7 months old, with white breast,) for a trio of Red Pile Game Bantams, a trio B. B. R. Bantams, (fit to exhibit,) a Seven-shooter Revolver, nickle plated, or good Poultry Books. Give offers.

JOHN R. GLENN, West Chester, Pa., wants to exchange 1 pair of Blue Pouters, and 1 pair of Gray Squirrels and Cage, for White Crested White Polish Chickens, or Brown Leghorns; also two Fan-tailed Hens for 1 Cock Bird.

J. B., JR., 719 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y., will exchange Yellow, Black, and White-crested Fantails, for Yellow, Black, and White Smooth-head Fans, Smooth head Red Fan Hen, Crested Red Fantail Cock. See wants

JOHN F. HOUSER, Tamaqua, Pa., will exchange 5 beautiful Grey Squirrels, with Fancy House, 1 pure White Female Squirrel, with French Roof Cottage, wheel attached; 3 good Violins, 3 Parrot Cages; 1 Rabbit Hutch, 4 apartments; 15 pair of Aylesbury Ducks, 1 trio P Cochins, 3 pair Black English Carriers, and 2 pair White, extra birds; 7 pair White Calcutta Fans 1 Red Helmets, 3 pair Black Short faced Tumblers, 1 Pouter Cock, 1 Red-wing Turbit Hen, 1 pair Mottled Tumblers, 2 old style Family Clocks, stand about 8 or 9 feet high, first-class timekeepers: 1 show case, with four drawers, for Cigars or Tobacco, Oats, Corn, Potatoes, Buffalo or Lap Robes, or offers, but no live stock.

E. F. ERLAND, Plymouth, Mass., will exchange first-class Pekin and White Call Ducks, for German Canaries, good singers, and Wild Geese, first-class.

ROOM. 373 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn., will exchange 1 White Fox Robe, cost $150, but little used, for Seal Skin Sacque, or offers.

J. B., JR., 719 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y., has to exchange 4 Red-Pied Pouter Cocks, 1 pair White Pouters, 1 Blue, 1 Black Pied Cocks, and 1 Mealy Pouter Cock, for Pouter Hens, or Blue Fantail Hens; Red, Black, and White Barbs, for Swallows. See wants.

F. A. PENNINGTON, Delaware City, Del., will exchange G. S. Hamburgs, No. 1 birds; 1 Flute, cost $10; 1 Walnut Mocking Bird Cage, cost $12, for White Barbs, Red or Blue Fans. Must be No. 1 birds.

E. M. PEASE, 35 Grand St., Hartford, Conn., wishes to exchange a set of Key Check Dies, Letters and Figures, (steel); also good assortment of German Silver Key Checks and Rings, for Leghorns, or a Fleetwood Scroll Saw.

THE WOODBERRY NEWS, published at Woodberry, Md., will exchange Advertising, for Chickens, Ducks, Geese, &c., of fancy breeds, or for the Eggs of either.

E. FRIES, Sherrills Mount, Iowa, will exchange first premium and pedigree Essex Pigs, for other breed, or good Newfoundland and Sheblerts Pup; also D. and L. Brahmas, premium birds, for Pigs. Will warrant all my stock to give satisfaction. Answer quick.

BOOK EXCHANGES.

ROOM 24, Hurlburt Block, Hartford, will exchange "A New Way to Win a Fortune," "A Double Wedding, or How She Was Won," "Ishmael, or in the Depths," "Self Raised, or Out of the Depths," "Hester Howard's Temptation,"—all new—for Gray's Manual of Botany, Works upon Natural Science, Standard Poets, or offers. Dinks on the Dog, to exchange for offers.

WANTED.

Advertisements under this head of 5 lines or 40 words, describing what is wanted, will be allowed at twenty-five cents for each and every insertion. For every line extra 10 cents will be charged.

W. D. HUMPHREY, Danbury, Conn., wants ten Plymouth Rock Pullets and one Cockerel. C. O. D. If returned I will pay express charges both ways. First-class birds is what is wanted. Those having others need not reply. Price must rate the times.

W. H. BRACKETT, Boston, Mass., wants a Doe Rabbit, of the "Silver Gray" variety, from first-class stock. A black and white, finely mixed, of some other variety, will not be acceptable.

JAMES MOORE, North Granville, N. Y., wants six Pullets and one Cockerel, P. Rocks, ten Brown Leghorn Pullets. Must be strictly pure bred. Give strain and description. No fancy prices.

J. W. POINTER, Box 372, Danville, Pa., wants a good and well-broke Pointer or Setter Dog about two years old. Answer, with lowest cash price.

G. W. DIXON, Box 188, Worcester, Mass., wants to hear from the gentleman at Kingston, Ont., Canada, to whom he sent money in a registered letter for four Game Bantams, four weeks ago, who takes no notice of letter I have sent him.

E. S. STARR, Asylum St., Hartford, Ct., wants Lindley's Botanical Works. Address above with price.

JOS. M. WADE, Rockville, Ct., wants a copy of Nutall's Ornithology. Address above, with description and price.

J. B., JR., 719 Ellicott St., Buffalo, N. Y., wants Pouter Hens, Smooth-head Blue Fantail Hen, Crested Blue Fantail Hen, Smooth-head Red Fantail Hen, Crested Red Fantail Cock, Blue Barless Swallows, Red and Yellow Swallow Hens, Blue Bar Hen, pair of good Black Swallows.

"BRAHMA FOWL."—This excellent work ought to be in the hands of every Fancier of Asiatic Fowl. Colored plates. Sent postage paid, on receipt of $2.50.

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